









# CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

OF

POPULAR

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

*Fourth Series*

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS.

No. 575.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 2, 1875.

PRICE 1½d.

## WALTER'S WORD.

By the AUTHOR OF 'AT HER MERCY.'

CHAPTER I.—IN THE SMOKING-CARRIAGE.

IN a quarter of an hour the mid-day express will leave the terminus at Paddington for the west, and the platform is beginning to fill. Paterfamilias, with his mountains of luggage and oceans of children, is already there. The fidgety maiden lady who 'always likes to be in time,' was there ten minutes ago, but has gone by mistake by 'the parliamentary'—a literal exemplification of 'more haste less speed,' since it 'shunts' at Windsor, to enable the express to pass. The old gentleman who prefers to 'start comfortably' is ensconced in his favourite corner of the carriage, has acquired his pile of newspapers, seen his 'traps' put into the next compartment, and with his head out of window, and his travelling-cap upon it, is urging the guard to signal 'All right,' since there is surely nothing more to wait for. The two nervous sisters, who, when they must needs travel on 'those horrid railways,' always do so together, that in death they may not be divided, are sitting, silent, hand in hand, hoping the best, and expecting the worst: their advertisement, addressed 'To those who prefer the road to the rail, and are willing to share the expenses of posting to Exeter,' having met with no response: they were 'journey proud,' and could eat no breakfast; but they have some sandwiches in a hand-bag, of which they will partake at Swindon, when the train (thank Heaven) is stationary for ten minutes, and all danger, save that of being run into, is temporarily suspended: as for getting out, that is out of the question, for these horrible trains never wait for ladies, and they would be sure to be left behind. The bride and bridegroom about to pass their honeymoon in Devonshire, have also come, with the intention of securing a coupé, and are very much disgusted to find that there is no such carriage to be had; Charles, who has three hundred pounds a year in the Customs, is half-disposed to take a compart-

ment to themselves; a design which Angelina (already wife-like) combats on the reasonable score of expense; it is true that there is one carriage with a door in the middle, but the gentleman departing quietly from his creditors is already in possession of its most secluded corner, and they come upon him unawares with a mutual shock. As for the business-men, to whom time (they say) is 'such an object,' and the young gentlemen who never hurry themselves; and the young gentlemen who think it fine 'to shave the train,' and the ladies who 'never have a notion of what o'clock it is'—these will not be here for the next twelve minutes, if they are so fortunate as to arrive in time at all. Of young gentlemen, indeed, there are but two as yet arrived, and these two of the very class that you would have expected to be among the latest. They are both well dressed, though one more fashionably than the other; they are of too tender years (unless they have been very 'imprudent') to have any domestic ties, since, in the eye of the law, one is little more than 'an infant,' and the other only his senior by a few years; and they are in a smoking-carriage, which at present they have all to themselves. The anomaly of their being so much before their time seems to strike the younger of the two as it does ourselves, for he removes his pipe to remark: 'I hope you have brought me here early enough, Selwyn; you used not to be so punctual in your college days, if I remember right: I suppose it is the discipline of the Crimea which has effected the reform.'

'Well, you see, old fellow, with a game-arm' (his left arm is in a sling) 'and a game-leg' (he has limped across the platform with the aid of his friend, and also of a crutch), 'one feels a little helpless; and hurry and bustle are to a poor cripple like myself'—

'My dear fellow,' interrupts the other effusively,

his comely face blushing to the roots of his brown beard, 'don't say another word; I am ashamed of myself for having forgotten your misfortune even for an instant. I ought to have four legs myself—to be such a brute.'

He leans across and pats the knee of the uninjured leg of his companion, an affectionate impulse strange to behold in one of his muscular and manly appearance, and which evidences, one would say, a very tender heart. He has not been thoughtless in his acts, in spite of that little verbal slip, for he has not only seen to everything, but taken as much care to make the other comfortable, as though he were a sick child. If he shewed impatience about the train, he shews it now in a much greater degree with himself, twisting threads of his silken beard as though he would tear them out, and looking volumes of penitence out of his large soft brown eyes. 'What an idiot I am,' he mutters: 'a man that would say things like that' (he is referring to his malapropos observation) 'would say *anything*, and steal the coppers from a blind man's tray.'

His companion, quite unconscious of these ejaculations, is gazing out of window, watching the platform as it fills with its hurrying throng: a photographer would have an excellent chance of taking him, so intent is his expression of interest, and this is the portrait that would result. A lean, dark face, with well-formed and what are called speaking features; the mouth hard when in rest, but capable of much expression, and improved rather than otherwise by its delicate black moustache; the eyes large and lustrous, but without the softness that is the characteristic of his friend's; the nose aquiline, the forehead high: altogether a very handsome face, nor marred—to the female eye at least—by a certain haughtiness of aspect. When we add (for so far does he lean out of window that we get a 'quarter-length' of him) that his left arm lies in a sling, it is clear that he must needs present an image as dangerous to woman's heart as he did but a few months back to England's foes, when, with those reckless few, he flew across the cannon-swept plain of Balaklava, and sabred the Russians at their guns.

'By Jupiter, there she is!' cried he excitedly, and beckoning with eager joy to some one in the passing throng.

'What!' exclaims his companion, in a tone of astonishment; 'surely not your'—

'Yes, it's Lotty,' interrupts the other, in a tone which has triumph in it as well as pleasure. 'You don't know what a trump she is. I thought my letter would "fetch" her.—Why, my darling, this is kind.'

These last words were addressed to a young girl of singular beauty, who had hurried up, at his signal, to the carriage-door, tall and well shaped, with a head crowned by bright brown hair, 'a love of a bonnet,' with delicate blonde features, that speak of gentle tendance and refinement, and with her air and attire breathing of luxury and the power that belongs to wealth. The expression of this young woman's face, as she caught sight of the wounded soldier, was (when we consider these attributes) a marvel to behold. If she had been a slave, and he a prince, nay, if she had been a Russian serf, and he the Czar, her king and priest in one, it could not have expressed a more devoted and submissive admiration. An instant before, she had been moving with stately dignity, and that consciousness of

superiority to those about her, consciousness of having more of style, that is, and being better dressed—of which women are so demonstrative, and now—having suddenly darted through the crowd like a boy after a dropped apple—she is standing by the carriage-door, flushed, palpitating, and speechless, with her right hand clasped in his, as though defying steam-power itself to part them.

'This is very, very good of you,' continued the captain tenderly.

'Good of me, Reggie! why, when you wrote'—Then she stopped, and the flush mounted to her brow, as she saw for the first time that she and her lover were not alone.

'That's only Litton, my dear,' explained the captain assuringly; 'you've often heard me speak of Walter Litton.'

'O yes, indeed,' said she, with a sweet smile, as she disengaged her hand from Selwyn's grasp, and offered it to his friend: 'his name is very familiar to me—and welcome.'

It was now Mr Litton's turn to blush, and he did so very thoroughly. He had by no means so much confidence in his own merits—perhaps he had none, as he had certainly no wounded arm to shew in proof of them—as his companion; in his eyes, every woman was hedged about with a certain divinity; and one so beautiful and winning as this sweet-voiced girl, he thought he had never beheld before. He was a painter, not only by profession, but by natural calling, and beauty, whether in face or landscape, had a marvellous charm for him. Moreover, as this face flashed upon him, it had begotten the thought: 'If I were a favourite of Fortune, instead of a penniless painter, and might make bold to ask her for the highest bliss she could bestow on mortal, I would ask her for this woman to be my wife.' The wish died in its birth, for he instantly remembered that her love was pledged to his friend; but for all that, his soul was lost in glamour, his ready tongue was for the moment bewitched, when she made him that gracious speech.

'Walter is modest, and you overcome him,' said the captain pleasantly. Then he whispered in her bent-down ear: 'How I wish, my darling, you were coming with me to-day, instead of bidding me good-bye for Heaven knows how long.'

'Ah, how I wish I were!' was the hushed response, and the tears rushed to her eyes.

In the silence that followed, the harsh platform bell began to knell, and the warning voice: 'All take your seats for the south,' rang hoarsely out. 'To have seen me but for these fleeting moments is scarce worth the pain, Lotty.'

'O yes, it is well worth it,' answered she, no longer able to prevent the pearly tears falling one by one down her now pale cheeks. 'It is something to think of afterwards.'

'Look here!' cried the captain eagerly: 'why not come with us as far as Reading; you will just catch the up-express there, and be back in town before six. None but Lillian need ever know.'

A look of troubled joy came into her face. 'How nice that would be,' murmured she; 'but then'—

'Now, miss, you must please stand back,' said the platform guard; 'the train is moving.'

'This lady is coming with us,' exclaimed the captain quickly; and before a word of remonstrance could pass her lips, the door was opened, the official handed her deftly in, and the train

glided softly past the lingering crowd of those who had come to say 'good-bye,' and to which she herself had a moment before belonged.

'O Reggie,' exclaimed the girl in frightened accents, as the train steamed out of the station, and the full consciousness of her audacity smote upon her for the first time. 'And it's a smoking-carriage too!'

'Not now,' said Walter Litton, smiling, as he emptied out of the window the pipe which he had held concealed in his hand from the moment of her appearance.

'Oh, I am so sorry,' said she earnestly. 'I don't at all object to smoking; I rather like it.'

'You mean, you like to see *others* smoke,' observed the captain, laughing. 'Well, you shall see *me*. Litton had only a pipe—the contents of which were, moreover, almost exhausted—but it really would be a sacrifice to throw away a cigar like this.'

'You're a naughty, selfish man,' said Lotty, with such a loving stress upon each adjective, that you might have imagined she was eulogising the dead.

'My dear, the doctors recommend it,' answered the captain mildly: 'all our men that have been badly hit—unless they were shot through the jaw—were enjoined to smoke the best tobacco, and very often.'

'Poor fellows!' ejaculated Lotty pityingly. 'I am sure they deserve the best of everything.'

'One of them has *got* the best of everything,' whispered the captain—'at least so far as Reading.' Lotty sighed.

'I believe I was very wrong to come, Reggie; the people stared so at me as we came out of the station. What *must* they have thought!'

'The people always do stare,' was the contemptuous rejoinder; 'but I never heard of their thinking.'

'But I am afraid that it *was* wrong,' persisted she, 'and that everybody must think so.—Don't you think, Mr Litton, it was a wrong thing to do?'

This was rather a poser; for Walter Litton *did* think it was so; as wrong a thing, that is, as so exquisite a being as Lotty was capable of; that is to say, he thought it injudicious, rash, and a little 'fast': a thing which, if he had been in his friend's position, he would certainly not have permitted, far less have invited and pressed a young lady to do. In his own mind, he blamed the captain very much, but he was not so bold as to say so: he felt that that would be much more dangerous than to blame Lotty herself.

'There can be no harm in it whatever,' answered he, 'if, as Selwyn says, the up-express can be caught so conveniently at Reading. Our train stops nowhere else, so we cannot be intruded upon by strangers; otherwise, that would certainly be embarrassing. As it is, you go back to town in the ladies' carriage, and no one need be any the wiser.'

There was no very high morality in this speech of Walter Litton's, it must be owned; but let the reader (male) put himself in his place; he could not call her 'a bold creature,' and prophecy that harm would come of it—like a woman.

No more questions of conscience were put for his decision, and he hid himself at once behind the broad sheet of his newspaper, and left the lovers to themselves. It was a somewhat wearisome situation for one with so delicate a sense of what was due to his fellow-creatures; for when he had

read one sheet, he had still to keep it up before him, for the sake of appearances, or rather in order to ignore them. He did not dare turn the paper over: 'the liberty of the press' was denied to him. An accidental glance had shewn his two companions in such very earnest converse, that their lips seemed inclined to touch. He could not well cry 'Ahem, ahem!' before removing the obstacle between them and him; and so he remained in durance. Stone walls, however, do not a prison make, and much less those of paper; his thought was free, though always within honest bounds of license. He thought no more of Lotty as of one with whom he had fallen in love at first sight, but as of a sister who had become betrothed to his friend; and of her future. She was, he knew, the daughter of some wealthy 'self-made' man—Brown by name, and something, he did not know what, by *trade*—and that her father was set determinately against the match. If he himself had been in Brown's place, he might (he owned) have been of the same opinion; not because his friend was poor (which was the obstacle in this case, Selwyn had told him), but because he did not think him likely to make a good husband. He was a good friend—or at least Litton had always persuaded himself so—genial, witty, bold, an excellent companion, and a man who had been a general favourite at college. Yet it was said of him, that if a room, no matter how many were its occupants beside himself, had but one arm-chair in it, Selwyn was sure to get it.

Now, in a friend, this might be overlooked; indeed, it was so in Selwyn's case. His friends, and Litton above all, did not grudge him the arm-chair, though he always got it; but in a husband this was not a promising trait. It was unpleasant to reflect on it. Half an hour before, Walter would have been ashamed to have found himself dwelling on 'dear old Selwyn's' little weaknesses; but that was before he had seen Lotty, his *sister* (you see), as he was supposing her; and, without doubt, Selwyn had behaved very selfishly in getting her to come to Reading. There were risks in it—none to him, but all to her—such as he should not have allowed her to run, and which, as her brother, he (Litton) resented. Suppose she were to miss the up-train, or her absence were discovered at home, or some acquaintance were to recognise her as she left the carriage at Reading. Any one of these unpleasant accidents might happen, and the consequences to her might be very serious. There was no knowing what a 'self-made' man (probably intensely 'respectable') might do, on hearing of such an escapade in a member of his family; it might be even the cause of an estrangement between them, though that, indeed, would be likely to throw her into her lover's arms, which was the very thing, perhaps, by-the-bye, that Selwyn—

'That is a pretty plan to impute to your old friend,' here interpolated the voice of Conscience. 'Why, if this girl had not been so uncommonly good-looking, and taken your precious "artistic" fancy, Master Walter Litton, you would never have attained this lofty elevation of ideas: you might have gone up a little way, I don't deny, but not so high as all this. Moreover, it is a sheer assumption that anything like an elopement was contemplated. How could Reginald Selwyn know that this young lady would come to the platform to see him off to Cornwall? The whole affair was

evidently the work of a moment; and yet you were about to attribute a design—and a very mean one—to the lad who, when you were schoolboys together, often stood between you and harm, and used his three years of seniority, and the superior strength that went with them, to your advantage and succour; to your old chum at college; to the man who went down into the Valley of Death among those heroic Six Hundred, and whose wounds should be mouths to speak for him to the heart of every fellow-countryman. For shame, Master Walter!

Something like this did really pass through the young painter's mind, and covered him with self-reproach; and all this time the two objects of his thoughts were sitting hand in hand immediately opposite to him, billing and cooing, but unseen, and almost unheard. All that he knew, and could not help knowing, was, that Selwyn was pleading earnestly for something or other—advocating some injudicious and rash course of conduct, as was only too likely—and that Lotty was objecting to it, if those gentle tones of remonstrance could be called objecting.

At last, as the train shot through a station, with a whirl like the rising of some enormous pheasant, the captain observed aloud: 'Why, that's Twyford, isn't it?'

'Yes,' answered Litton: 'the next station, I believe, is Reading.'

He took up his *Bradshaw* to see whether this was the case; but hardly had he begun to peruse it before he uttered an exclamation of horror: 'Look here; Selwyn, you are quite wrong about the up-express: it does not start from Reading for the next two hours.'

'Are you sure, my dear fellow? Let's look.—Well, that's exceedingly inconvenient. I can't imagine how I could have made such a mistake.'

'The only thing to be done,' said Walter, moved by Lotty's white and frightened face, 'is for us two to get out also, and keep this young lady company; our time is no object, or, at least, none in comparison with her staying at the station for so long alone.'

'Oh, I don't mind *that*,' interrupted Lotty, in terrified tones; 'but what am I to do about papa? I shall not be back in London till eight o'clock. He will be certain to find it all out. O dear, O dear!'

'He will be quite certain, Lotty,' said Selwyn, with earnest gravity; 'and this necessitates the step to which I have been trying to persuade you all along. This mischance may be turned into the happiest stroke of fortune, if you will only take my advice; and such an opportunity will assuredly never happen again.'

'O Reggie, but I dare not. Dear papa would never forgive me.'

'He will not forgive you for coming down with me to Reading and going back again, and will keep a very tight hand on you in future, you may be sure, Lotty; but he will forgive you if you don't go back at all, when he finds there is no use in being in a passion, since the mischief is done, and you have become my wife.'

'Your wife!' exclaimed Litton. 'You must not do anything rash, Selwyn.'

'Rash! no, quite the reverse, my good fellow. This young lady has promised to marry me sooner or later; that has been settled long ago, but her

father will not consent to it. He says "never;" so it is no more disobedient in her to marry me now than it would be ten years hence. By this lucky piece of imprudence, she will have already offended him beyond measure; her life will henceforth be made a burden to her under his roof. She can't possibly get back, you see, without the most tremendous row; and after that, there would be the other row, when we were married. Now, why shouldn't we have the two rows in one, and get it over for good and all! When the knot is once tied, the old gentleman, perceiving it is of no use to anathematise us, is all the more likely to listen to reason.'

'But really, Selwyn, this is a most serious step'—

'Of course it is, my dear Litton,' interrupted the captain; 'it's the most important step in the world just now, but only to two people in it—to her and to me. Lotty is of age, and can judge for herself.'

To this speech, so significant in its tone, Walter Litton did not know what to reply. The affair was certainly not his business, nor did any valid objections to Selwyn's arguments occur to him, save one—namely, that the young lady in her present position, separated from those who had the right to give her good advice, and urged by one whom she passionately adored, was not a free agent.

'I don't know what to do for the best,' cried Lotty, wringing her hands. 'Oh, why was I so foolish as to get into the train!'

'Not foolish, darling, only so fond,' whispered the captain. 'You acted as your heart dictated, and that is a guide to which it is always safe to trust. So far from regretting your position, you should rejoice that it has placed the happiness within our grasp which sooner or later we had promised ourselves. Life is too short for such procrastination.'

'Oh, what will papa say?' sobbed Lotty, uncomfortable by this philosophy, but at the same time obviously giving way to the inevitable, which in her idea was Captain Reginald Selwyn.

'I can very easily guess, my darling,' said he, smiling. 'There will be an eruption of the volcano; burning lava—some very strong language indeed—will stream forth in every direction, and overwhelm the solid Duncombe and his myrmidons. Then after a while there will be silence and calm. The crater will cease to agitate itself; "What's done can't be undone," it will sigh, and nobody will be a penny the worse.'

'A penny the worse,' echoed Litton inwardly: 'is it possible he is calculating upon getting money with her?' All his uncharitable thoughts regarding his friend had gathered strength again; he could not forgive him for taking advantage of this girl's love and isolation.

'What will Lily say?' sobbed Lotty, after a long pause, during which the whistle sounded shrilly, to proclaim their approach to the station.

'She will say, "How lucky dear Lotty is to have married the man of her choice. Shall I ever have the like good fortune?" And, in the meantime, being the kindest-hearted girl (save one) in the whole world, she will employ herself in effecting a reconciliation between your father and ourselves. Come, darling, the time is come for your final decision; be firm, be courageous'—

'Selwyn,' interrupted Litton abruptly, 'there is one thing that has been forgotten: with whom is this young lady to reside until you can procure a marriage-license? Have you any female relative in Cornwall who can receive her? Otherwise, the whole plan must needs fall to the ground; that is positively certain.'

'You are as right as the Bank,' said the captain admiringly. 'What a stickler you are for the proprieties; if it was not for your beard, you would make a most excellent chaperon! Why, of course, I have thought of a home for Lotty until she shall be mine. My aunt Sheldon lives at Penaddon that is only a few miles from Falmouth, for which we are bound, and quite as pretty; you will fill your portfolio there just as well!'

'Never mind me,' interrupted Litton impatiently. 'Good Heavens! as if anything signified except this. But are you sure of her getting a kind reception, a welcome?'

'Yes, quite sure,' answered the captain decisively. 'Mrs Sheldon will do anything for me. We shall be married from her house in the orthodox manner; it will be scarcely an elopement at all. See, here we are at Reading; and to think that my own darling is not going to leave me, neither now nor ever!'

'O dear! O dear! what will poor Lily say?' murmured Lotty, nestling, however, close to her Reginald, and evidently quite resolved to stay there.

'Can we not telegraph to her?' inquired Litton eagerly.

'What! and tell her where we have gone?' cried the captain. 'That would be madness indeed.'

'No, no; I mean to relieve her mind; to let her know that her sister is safe and well. Otherwise, they will think she has come to harm.'

'Oh, thanks, Mr Litton,' answered Lotty gratefully; 'I should never have thought of that.'

'Litton thinks of everything,' said the captain laughing; 'he ought to be a courier to a large family travelling on the continent. But seriously, it is an excellent thought; and as I am a cripple, and I daresay Lotty would find her pretty hand shake a bit under existing circumstances, you shall telegraph for us.'

'Yes, but not home, Reginald. Lily will not be at home until five o'clock; and some one else might open it; and no one must tell poor papa, but Lily. She will be at the drawing-class in George Street, you know.'

'Quite right. Then this is the telegram,' said the captain, dictating. '*From Lotty, Birmingham (that will put them far enough off the scent), to Miss Lilian Brown, Ladies' College, George Street.—I have gone away with R. S. to his aunt's house. Your sister will be married to-morrow. That will prevent the telegraph clerk from taking particular notice, as he would do if he thought we were a runaway couple, and at the same time convince them that all interference will be too late. Say all you can for her to her father. Her dear love to both of you. That you will forgive and not forget her, is her prayer. Farewell.* There is a deal more than the twenty words there, but sentiment is always expensive.'

The message had been written while the train was slackening speed, and now they had reached the platform.

Litton sprang out at once upon his mission,

which he had but just time to accomplish, ere the engine began to snort again.

'Some fellows wanted to get in here while you were away,' observed the captain, on his return to the carriage; 'so I have got the guard to stick an engaged board over the window. It combines utility and truth, you see, for it keeps us private, and exactly describes the mutual relation of Lotty and myself.—Don't it, Lotty?'

The captain had been mentioned in despatches for his coolness.

#### CHAPTER II.—THE DAUNTLESS THREE.

'Where is Penaddon?' asked Litton, when the train was once more on its way. 'I mean, how far is it from Falmouth?'

'Oh, well, a good step: when I said a few miles, I rather underrated the distance. I should think it was twenty miles. It is on the south coast of Cornwall, near the Lizard.'

'Then there is no railway,' observed the other curiously.

'No; but it is a goodish road, though hilly; and with four horses, we shall spin along in a couple of hours.'

'Is it a telegraph station?'

'Yes, there's a telegraph; but we can't go by that,' said the captain sharply.

'No; but you can send word to your aunt that you are coming. That you must certainly do, Selwyn, for, with an hour's stay at Plymouth for dinner, we shall not arrive at our journey's end till very late; and it will, of course, be necessary to make preparations for your reception.'

'Our chaperon is always right, Lotty; he shall telegraph at Swindon,' said the captain comfortingly, for the news that they were to be so long on their way seemed to have come on the poor girl quite unexpectedly, and once more she had dissolved in tears. 'You must tell my aunt the state of the case, Litton; ask her to take charge of Lotty, and also to secure a couple of rooms for you and me at the little inn. It's just the place for a painter—covered all over with the blossoms of a great what-you-may-call-it—a westeria—the branches of which keep it from tumbling to pieces, and looking on to the old castle.'

'I hope there are not many people at Penaddon. It is not a gay place, is it, Reginald?' asked Lotty tearfully.

'Gay! No, my darling,' replied the captain laughing. 'My aunt Sheldon complains that she is buried alive there. There is not a soul to speak to within five miles.'

'I thought you said there was a castle.'

'Yes; but it has no roof to it. It is a Roman ruin. Even the church has fallen to pieces, and half of it into the sea. There is another church, however, built judiciously more inland, in which marriage services are no doubt performed upon occasion.'

'What will your aunt think of my coming down like this, Reggie?'

'What will papa think? What will Lily think? What will your aunt think?' mimicked the captain. 'Why, my dear Lotty, you seem bent on collecting the thoughts of all the family. As for Aunt Sheldon, I promise you she will think no worse of you for this little escapade, but rather the

better, for she made a runaway match of it herself—and not so very long ago neither.'

Here Litton looked up quickly; his friend's eyes were fixed on Lotty, but the captain's foot came in significant contact with his own, and gave it a warning pressure.

'There is something wrong about Selwyn's aunt,' thought Walter. 'Sheldon, Sheldon! surely I have heard that name before;' and presently he remembered where he *had* heard it. Mrs Sheldon might have made a runaway match, but that was not the incident in her married life which occurred to his memory. He recollected her name in connection with some law-case in which there had been circumstances, he did not remember what, but which had made a vague impression on him, not to her advantage. It was too late, however, to make any objections now, even if one could ever have been made on such a ground. Sixty miles were already put between Lotty and her home; an hour and a half had elapsed which had placed her old life and her new irrevocably apart. A less time suffices to do as much for many of us. A word spoken in the heat of hate; a look given—nay, suffered to escape—in the ardour of love; is often a Good-bye to all our Past, and on its ruins Life begins once more.

From Swindon, 'the chaperon,' as the captain had christened Walter, and as Lotty herself now also termed him (for she was fast recovering from her apprehensions and anxieties), Litton telegraphed to Penaddon, and, when they reached Exeter, to Falmouth also, to order the carriage and posters to meet them at the station, that not a moment should be lost. He did not tell his companions of his having taken this latter precaution, since it would only have aroused the captain's mirth; but, to Walter, everything that seemed likely to conduce to Lotty's comfort was of importance, and he was quite content to do her service without acknowledgment. It was he, of course, since his friend was incapacitated by reason of his honourable wounds, who procured Lotty her railway ticket, provided them with refreshments, and ordered their dinner at the inn at Plymouth. In fact, as Reginald subsequently observed, it was Walter who did the 'bulling,' and he the 'cooing' throughout that journey. The former duty required no little adroitness to avert public attention from Lotty, for, despite all that has been done, for the independence of the sex, it is still unusual for a young lady to travel with two young gentlemen, neither of whom are related to her, in an 'engaged' smoking-carriage. The interest of the passengers, who had somehow or other become cognisant of this social anomaly in their midst, was greatly excited by it, and most of them, as they got out at their various destinations, would stroll up the platform to steal a look at 'the dauntless three,' as the captain himself styled themselves. On these occasions, not only did Walter confront the intruders with indignant countenance, and every hair in his beard bristling defiance at one side-window, but he built up on the other an eidolon, made of his own and the captain's surplus travelling gear, to obscure the view. At Plymouth, too, he preceded them to the inn, and bespoke a private room for the little party, whereby he obtained a fleeting reputation of being Lotty's husband. The waiter's powers of observation were not so keen as those of the

chambermaid, who remarked at once that Lotty wore no wedding-ring, and built up a little romance upon the circumstance.

Whether anything of this was guessed by Lotty, or that she had been made to feel in any other way the embarrassment of her position, it is certain, that so far from being invigorated by her meal, her spirits had deserted her when she entered the train again; and as dusk came on, the doubt of a welcome from Mrs Sheldon, and the certainty of the unhappiness that she had by this time inflicted on those at home, oppressed her mind in spite of her Reginald's efforts to enliven the way.

'Stare, my darling, of course the people stare,' he would explain in mitigation of her discomfort; 'but it is only with admiration. They see a Crimean hero and his sister—that is, a Sister of Mercy in attendance upon him—also a young surgeon rising fast in reputation, but who has sacrificed his professional prospects for the time, in order to accompany his friend to a warmer climate. It is quite an idyll of Hospital life.' As for the perturbation produced in the Brown family, the gallant captain was sublimely indifferent to it; and with respect to the reception they were likely to get at Penaddon, his knowledge of his aunt's character, and of her liking for himself, perhaps made him confident of a welcome. At all events, his stoicism only once broke down, which happened on their arrival at Falmouth, where, in addition to the carriage-and-four bespoken by Litton, they found a considerable crowd attracted by that phenomenon.

'Well, I must say you have advertised us pretty completely,' was Reginald's only acknowledgment of his friend's forethought. And certainly the remarks of the bystanders were of a nature calculated to irritate an invalid. That the four horses were ordered for an elopement, the natives, it seemed, had made up their minds, and from that stand-point not even the presence of a third person could move them. They only adapted their old theory (as men will) to suit the unexpected fact, and exclaimed admiringly: 'Why, if she ain't a running with two of 'em!'

The rest of the journey was melancholy indeed; for, however pleasant Dr Johnson may have found it in his time to travel by post, he had no experience of what it is after one has already come some three hundred miles by railway; it rained unceasingly too, for the first hour, so that, though the moon was at her full, there was little to be seen from the windows of the carriage, and when it grew clear, the country was no longer picturesque. They had no more, it is true, to toil up one hill-side only to descend another, but their way lay over bleak and barren moors, swept by a wind that seemed resolute to oppose their passage, and in whose hiss and moan poor Lotty, though her hand was clasped in Reginald's, heard many a warning and remonstrant voice. At last there fell upon their ears that sound, which has no other like to it in nature, the roaring of an angry sea; and the captain let down the window, and bade Lotty look out. Around them and before them, for they were on a high-set promontory, spread the moonlit sea, wild and white with wrath as far as eye could reach, and beneath them a spectral ruin.

'That is Penaddon Castle, Lotty, in which, as you may observe for yourself, no county family



resides at present. The light down yonder is from the Hall, which shews that hospitable preparation has been made for your reception. The scene looks a little ghastly by this light ; but, to-morrow, you will own that you never saw a prettier place, or one, I hope, in which you were so happy.'

### STORM-WARNINGS.

OUR readers are probably aware of the remarkable efforts of the late Admiral Fitzroy regarding records of the weather, and the organisation of a system of storm-warnings. At his decease, the Meteorological Department at the Board of Trade was abolished. In lieu of it, the Admiralty agreed to place an annual sum of ten thousand pounds in the hands of the Royal Society, who appointed eight or ten of its members, well versed in these matters, to form a Meteorological Committee, to be trusted with a generous reliance on the honest and unselfish prosecution of their duties. This system has been in force seven or eight years ; and the results of the committee's labours are annually published. The members of the committee (whose services are wholly gratuitous) meet once a fortnight, or oftener, if necessary. At present, they comprise the veteran Sir Edward Sabine, Mr Warren De la Rue, Captain Evans (hydrographer to the Admiralty), Mr Galton, Mr Cassiot, Admiral Richards, the Earl of Rosse, Major-general Smythe, Major-general Strachen, and Sir Charles Wheatstone ; with Mr Scott as Director, and Captain Toynbee as Marine Superintendent.

The complete Report of the proceedings in 1873, only recently published, affords means for explaining, in a brief way, the kind of work carried on, and the organisation by which it is conducted.

In the prosecution of ocean meteorology, the committee supplies on loan to captains of ships a set of instruments which have been properly verified at Kew Observatory ; these instruments are returned to the office when the voyage is over, for recomparison with standards. They comprise a marine barometer, thermometers, and hydrometers, with occasionally an azimuth compass. The conditions of the loan are, that careful observations shall be made with these instruments ; that the results shall be entered in a tabulated register ; and that the register shall be transmitted to the office when each voyage is ended. No observations are recognised except those made with the committee's instruments. In regard to the ships of the royal navy, the plan is different ; the committee supplies all the meteorological instruments, duly verified, but is not empowered to demand a record of observations. This is in accordance with an arrangement made between the Admiralty and the committee, whereby a division of labour is established. Nevertheless, captains of royal ships frequently, and voluntarily, send valuable Reports to the committee. In addition to the supply of instruments direct from the office in London, a stock is kept at some of the more important sea-ports, under the care of agents responsible (through Captain Toynbee) to the committee. Presents of valuable charts are made to those captains who send duly prepared registers of observations. At the close of 1873, more than seventy merchant-ships, voyaging in almost every ocean, were making and recording daily observa-

tions with the instruments supplied. As one result of the mass of valuable information thus gradually accumulated, the committee prepares charts on a large scale of such portions of the ocean as exhibit meteorological peculiarities. For instance, there is a part of the Atlantic known to mariners as the *Doldrums*, concerning which it is desirable to obtain as much information as possible, of such kind as meteorological instruments can furnish ; and the committee is preparing charts that will give this information. From two hundred to two hundred and fifty registers are received annually at the central office, from all parts of the world ; and then computers and transcribers are employed in reducing these authentic records of observations to a form suitable for future use ; with the fairly grounded hope, that we shall thereby add every year to our weather-lore of the various oceans and seas. Many of the documents are from sea-ports abroad, in addition to the entries jotted down by the captains of ships during their voyages. At the beginning of the present year, 82 of the committee's barometers, 510 thermometers, and 314 hydrometers, were afloat in ships of the mercantile marine, all doing useful daily work ; these, including others in store, and at the out-ports of Liverpool, Aberdeen, and Glasgow, made a total of more than 1700 scientifically constructed instruments, all tested to the highest degree of accuracy. The instruments belonging to the Admiralty, but equally under the scientific care of the committee, comprised at the same time barometers, thermometers, and hydrometers, to the number of more than 3200. This is not all.

The committee maintains many agencies in various parts of the United Kingdom, charged with the duty of taking daily observations of the weather, and of forwarding tabulated registers of the results to London. The director visits all these agencies in turn. In addition to this, voluntary observers aid in the useful work. Forty or fifty private gentlemen, in various parts of the kingdom, make regular observations with instruments approved by the committee. Some send up to the central office monthly tables, with one observation per day, some with two per day, and some with three ; while others prepare complete monthly registers. A quarterly Weather Report is published, giving a summary of results obtained at all the stations ; mean values are given, not only in English measures, but also on the metric and the centigrade scales. Hourly tabulated values for each class of instruments are likewise issued. Seven self-recording observatories are maintained, from each of which issue anemograms, barograms, and thermograms—self-recorded diagrams of the results furnished by the instruments. An enlarged publication of results is about to be undertaken, in conjunction with the Meteorological Society. It is also contemplated to obtain, with the aid of the lighthouse Boards, observations on sea-temperature near the coasts, with especial reference to the migrations of mackerel, herrings, and other fish ; and thus some important information will be procured on a subject of interest to the community.

Perhaps the most interesting part of the committee's labours is that which relates to Weather Telegraphy. By the aid of land wires and submerged cables, a constant intercommunication is kept up between the central office and numerous

out-port and other stations, all which are periodically visited and inspected, and competent agents are appointed. There are sixteen such stations in England and Wales, eight in Scotland, and five in Ireland, some of which send two telegraphic communications every day; and two stations abroad contribute to the good work. Foreign governments are supplied with copies of some of the telegrams, such as relate to British ports most contiguous to the territories of those governments; and transmit telegrams in return. The committee thus practically knows, every day, and in some instances twice a day, the state of the weather along a vast range of European coast, from Christiania in Norway, to Corunna in Spain.

The daily observations are made at eight in the morning, and the telegrams relating to them all reach London by nine, *via* wire and cable. The 'Intelligence Department' at the General Post-office then extracts from these telegrams such portions as are required for its wind and weather Reports. A private wire next transmits them to the committee's office. By eleven o'clock, the particulars are reduced and tabulated into a daily weather Report, copies of which are sent off to the evening newspapers, in time for publication. A wind-chart for the day is also prepared for the *Shipping Gazette*. If necessary, telegraphic intelligence of storms or atmospheric disturbances is sent to our own coasts and to foreign countries. Later in the day, the foreign telegrams, and subsequently the afternoon Reports, come in. The daily weather charts are drawn and ready by noon, and forwarded to the lithographers to be printed; the copies for distribution come in about half-past three; and by half-past five several hundred copies are sent off to the general post. The daily weather Report is supplied gratuitously to seventeen London newspapers and journals, to thirty or forty seaports, to the public and private observatories in the United Kingdom, to scientific societies, to government offices and departments, and to various institutions and official establishments in foreign parts.

Simultaneous or synchronous observations, as a means of ascertaining the exact state of the weather at one particular instant over wide-spreading regions, are about to be made daily in as many parts of the world as can be conveniently selected. The importance of these simultaneous observations in determining the law of storms, and the occurrence of those hurricanes and cyclones so destructive to human life and shipping, it is impossible to estimate. The time selected is that particular instant which corresponds with twelve hours forty-three minutes P.M. Greenwich time, and which can easily be translated into the local time of other longitudes.

Storm-signalling apparatus is supplied by the Board of Trade to about a hundred and thirty stations on the coasts of the British Islands; besides those at the royal dockyards under the management of the Admiralty. These signals are so shaped and coloured as to symbolise different messages or warnings; at some stations, lamp-signals are used at night. The committee's central office sends out intelligence of storms probably approaching, chiefly to such stations as are most likely to be affected—sometimes on the east coast, sometimes on the west, and so on. The message sent usually comprises an order to hoist the storm-signal, accom-

panied by a brief statement of the reasons. The message itself is to be posted up for the information of the public, and is to remain in force for forty-eight hours, unless superseded by another in the interim, denoting either that the danger is known to have passed over, or that there are signs of the approach of another storm. All information sent to the coasts is also forwarded to Lloyd's, where it is posted up for the information of captains, shipowners, and underwriters, or ship-insurers. In 1873, about two hundred and fifty storm-warnings were transmitted by wire and cable; and of these, two hundred were justified by the rough weather that supervened—a striking proof of the advance that has been made in scientific weather forecasts. The uninitiated cannot interpret storm-signals; but port authorities, and sailors generally, know that a cone hoisted with the point upwards denotes an approaching wind veering round from the north-west by north to south-east; with the point downwards, a wind veering from south-east by south to north-west; while a drum, as well as a cone, is considered to denote a very heavy gale approaching from the direction indicated by the cone.

The committee is not without hope of being able shortly to commence a system of *daily forecasts*, to announce all over the kingdom the probable state of the weather in different localities, on the morrow or the day after. If this can be done, the result will be almost beyond price—supposing always that the result justifies, or approximately justifies the prediction, a matter to which the committee will direct close attention before setting the scheme on foot.

It will be seen, therefore, that the work done by the Meteorological Committee of the Royal Society, in conjunction with various governments and scientific bodies, is of a very high degree of importance, giving us some clue to the solution of that world-perplexing question, 'How about the weather?'

#### THE WILMINGTON GIANT.

THE White Horse in Berkshire has been, until recently, regarded as the chief representative of the turf-cut monuments in England. It has, however, at length found a rival in the Wilmington Giant, a figure that now appears as a prominent object on the South Downs, and which has already attracted a large number of visitors, and may be seen by every traveller on the south-coast line, as he journeys to the fashionable and rising watering-places which are in the eastern part of the county of Sussex.

Until recently, few comparatively were aware of its existence, for it had been so nearly obliterated by the turf, that it required a peculiar light to be easily traced. And those who looked on the 'Long Man,' as it was locally called, were not likely to recognise the interest of the inquiry which it had the power to awaken. At length, the figure became known as the Wilmington Giant, and as such has undergone some restoration. The Giant is two hundred and forty feet in length, while the head is above twenty-one feet in diameter. In each of the outstretched arms is a club or staff. It is cut on so steep a slope of the hill as to appear almost upright, and by its size and altitude brings to mind the Colossus of Rhodes. It towers to

an immenso height; and when the spectator has mounted only as high as the breast, on looking north, the whole of the country between him and the mid-Surrey hills is fully commanded.

Assuming it to be a work of high antiquity, whose preservation was the first object considered by the original designers, indications of its purpose are sought for in every detail which it presents. The whole figure tells of the perfect idol; its form and size may be considered as fairly indicative of the veneration of the workers for the object represented. What have been previously looked on as staves in the Giant's hands, are now suggested to be emblems of a gnomonic character; that is, indicative of the hours of the day, according to the shadows that may be thrown on the surface. Even at the present time it may be said to act as an enormous gnomon, little as it is thought of or needed by the existing race. At noon, the sun is exactly over its head, and the whole figure then is seen only in its restored outline; while the most casual observer can easily trace by the shadows, as they lessen or deepen in tone, the hours before or after noon. If the whole surface was kept clean, as is the case with the Berkshire White Horse, this power would be intensified; realising which, we are the better able to understand the part it would play in regulating and directing the movements of our early ancestors. It has indeed been calculated, that, with the chalk fully exposed to view, it could have been used as a day-signal, and made the means of communicating over a vast area: two of such figures, it is asserted, would have been sufficient, if placed at suitable distances, to have conveyed a sure, though *shadowy* message to London—a power not likely to have been disregarded by those whose painstaking skill had secured it. Inferior as it may be to the achievements of modern telegraphy, it is some indication that our British forefathers could cut off the difficulties created by distance in their communication to a detached body, and might convey to them signals that would direct their movements.

Cæsar, in his notice of the painted savages whom he found on first landing on these shores, refers to their habits and religious ceremonies, wherein sacrificial rites had a prominent place. 'They have,' he says, 'figures of a vast size, the limbs of which are formed of osiers; they fill these with living men, which being set on fire, the men perish in the flames.' This terse and simple statement appears to have been the foundation for the belief, that wicker-work idols of the human form were the recognised deities of the Britons. This idea has been introduced into ballad literature, and popularised by pictorial illustrations. The description of the 'wicker giant grim,' and of the 'victims caged within his limbs,' must now give place to more sober definitions, which will stand the test applied by the searching system of modern investigation. And no sooner is attention seriously directed to the monstrous pictures, representing a basket-work idol of the human form standing erect, filled with struggling victims, than the merest exercise of common-sense is ready to pronounce the thing depicted to be impossible. No figure of the kind could be made to retain its perpendicular position when packed with human beings. The absurdity of the picture, which is familiarised to us by its appearing as a woodcut in magazine literature, and also as gracing the pages of that which

intends to lead us into thankfulness for our present light and knowledge, when compared with the dark and gloomy past, is made apparent by tracing the 'artist's license.' A pitchfork is being used by a bystander, on which is hoisted an infant, to be thrust through the open wicker-door, which then only can be reached by a ladder. The frantic struggles of the older victims who are caged in below, made to fill the legs of the human-form basket, may tend perhaps to convince us that the principle of *voluntary sacrifice* was utterly unknown to our forefathers.

But no sooner is Cæsar's description removed from such encumbrances, and we gather up the simple facts that remain, than we find we have enough left to satisfy us. On his landing in Britain, he found that there were 'idols of immense size with osier limbs,' that these were used in 'human sacrifices wherein the victims perished in the flames.' We neither question his statements, nor for a moment doubt his thus giving us concisely the 'manners and customs' which he witnessed. The same authority assures us that *wicker-work* boats covered with skins were found to be in use by the natives of these islands upon the invasion of the Romans. The hurdle—that texture of twigs, osiers, or sticks, made more or less firm according to the purpose it was intended to serve, was doubtless known to the aboriginal inhabitants

is still in use for sheep-pens. It is suggested that the Wilmington Giant serves in every particular as an illustration of Cæsar's text, if it be admitted that at the time of the sacrificial rites being observed, *hurdles* were placed round as an inclosure. It is well known that the whole district over which the Giant towered was occupied by an enormous wood, sacred to two deities known as Andred and Andras—in other words, the powers of nature; and probably there is some connecting link between the remaining monument and the departed forest-like feature of the country.

Antiquarian labours, with which Mr Phené's name is inseparably connected, must have guided him in forming his opinion and estimate of the great monumental turf-cut work, which has given rise to a popular and interesting inquiry, as his zeal has been the moving cause for securing its restoration. He is referred to as an authority on the subject; his multifarious learning seems to condense on any object which reflects the scattered rays of a past age. Friendly controversy has of course arisen; but the feeling of surprise and wonder generally prevails, that so venerable and ancient a work should have been attributed to mediæval times; or that the terse text of Cæsar should have been distorted from its original force by hampering commentary or absurd illustration. The literary feature introduced thus into a matter of antiquarian or archaeological inquiry, deepens greatly the interest which was so suddenly aroused. If the evidence given by the Wilmington Giant is rejected, and he is not allowed to appear as a witness to the pagan rites which were practised on British ground, he must be allowed to stand in the glory of mystery, and henceforth to share with Stonehenge the privilege of being a 'not understood' monument of a bygone time.

We must conclude by noticing that the East Sussex Archaeological Society selected Wilmington as the place of their annual autumn meeting, on which occasion the church, the ruins, as well as

that part of the old monastic building which is now used as a farm-house, were duly inspected by the members and their friends. And then, *last, not least*, the Giant was visited. The enjoyment of all present was greatly promoted by the presence of Mr Phené, who pointed out the peculiarities which confirmed the opinion he had elsewhere expressed. 'In the middle ages, the Colossal,' he observed, 'was never dealt with, while it was, to the ancients, a great feature, in which they delighted and excelled.' He referred to the enormous figures and sculptures to be found in Egypt, India, Central America, and other parts of the world, and mentioned the identity of attitude of the Giant with figures on Gnostic gems, as also with figures in Egypt and Nubia, and with that of Diana at Ephesus. The monkish theory was remarked on, as popular error; when Mr Phené, in reply, expressed his opinion that some medieval effort had been made to obliterate that which was sure to have been found objectionable to the monks, but that, fortunately, such iconoclasm had been insufficient to destroy the contour. He then compared the Wilmington Giant with the Dorsetshire Giant; and on the possibility and probability that Cæsar saw both of the monuments which had so long lain hid, or uncared for, being pointed out, the company seemed ready to receive the proposition, none being prepared with evidence which tended to contradict it. That relics so important are so easily restored, and given freely to the people, that they may enjoy and learn thereby, is one of the pleasant and satisfactory features attending the *securing of turf-cut monuments*.

#### SOME SPORTING REMINISCENCES.

IN a book entitled *Past Days in India*, some excellent stories are told by 'a late Customs officer,' relying upon his 'sporting reminiscences of the valley of the Soane and the basin of Singrowlee,' in the district of Mirzapore. His reminiscences embrace what he was told as well as what came within the range of his own personal cognisance; so that he does not, fortunately, vouch for the truth of *all* that he relates. And it must be acknowledged that, in certain cases, more than ordinary powers of credulity are required.

To 'bell the cat' was considered by the fabulous conclave of rats so hazardous a proceeding, that the expression, from the time of the celebrated Douglas to the present day, has been commonly used to denote any bold measure which would entail the necessity of personally confronting a redoubtable creature. To 'bell the bear,' then, should require an extraordinary degree of boldness; and yet even that feat is said to have been accomplished. An 'aheer,' let it be understood, is a 'herdsman.' Now it happened upon a day, near the village of Murkoondé, that three or four aheers were tending buffaloes in a jungle, 'when one of them (the aheers, not the buffaloes) suddenly came upon a bear at the foot of a tree, half-buried in the hole he was digging to get at a white ants' nest.' He made signs to his companions to come to him. This they did; and they all stood for a long while watching the bear, which was far too intent upon procuring a dinner to take any notice of them. Hereupon, inspired by that spirit which 'finds some mischief still for idle hands to do,' one of the aheers conceived a more or less happy idea,

which he communicated forthwith to his appreciative fellows. Producing a buffalo-bell, he made a proposition which was received with approbation, silently expressed; for there was the fear of attracting the attention of the bear. Then the two boldest, heaviest, and strongest of the aheers noiselessly drew near to Bruin, whose 'head was buried deep in the hole,' jumped upon his back, and by main force held the bear down until the others had tied the bell round his neck. The practical jokers, having performed their task with the utmost rapidity, retired with corresponding nimbleness to a place of safety, whence they watched with great interest the bear's behaviour. 'The antics he played, and the awful row he made in trying to get rid of the sonorous bell, sent the aheers into fits of laughter. The poor animal is said to have been seen or heard of for four days in different parts of the country, and is supposed to have traversed between one hundred and two hundred miles, being at last found dead of fright and starvation on the borders of Rewah, fifty miles from where he had the ornament put on.'

There is no telling to what straits a true sportsman may be reduced; and it is always advisable to know what is good and palatable to eat. Now it appears that the 'fretful porcupine,' though its quills may be its most remarkable and, from a commercial point of view, most valuable peculiarity, is by no means to be disregarded by a hungry hunter who longs for savoury meat. This fact is vouched for by the 'Customs officer,' who testifies that 'roast, or rather baked, porcupine' is 'a first-rate dish.' And this is the way to dress and cook it: 'The porcupine, after being cut open, cleaned, and stuffed with proper seasoning, is enveloped, quills and all, in a thick paste of atta (flour with the pollard and bran in it); the cook then digs a hole in the ground, and smoothing it all round with thin mud, puts in a quantity of live coals. When the hole becomes well heated, the ~~ashes~~ are withdrawn, more live coals put in, and the porcupine on them, and all covered up with live coals and wood. After a sufficient time has elapsed to allow for the porcupine to be properly cooked' (no definite number of minutes, however, being mentioned for the guidance of experimentalists), 'the black mass is taken out of the hole and cut open; the head is then cut off, and the skin (the quills coming with it) peeled off easily, the rest being sent to the table, looking and tasting very much like a well-fed sucking porker.' There is, of course, no reason, except prejudice, why one should not eat porcupine. It is a rodent of healthy appetite, feeding chiefly on roots and vegetable substances in general, to such an extent as to play havoc, sometimes, in a garden. Indeed, the ancient Romans are said to have bought and sold it for food; and there are many points, besides water-supply, in which we might advantageously imitate the ancient Romans. Hedgehog, which is not unlike porcupine, is believed to be a very common dish amongst our gipsies; and the way in which the former, baked whole in a wrapper of clay, is prepared for the table, is not dissimilar from the process just described in the case of the latter.

The time to thoroughly enjoy some baked porcupine is, no doubt, when the appetite is ravenous after some hours of exercise and excitement; let us say, after a 'hankwa.' But as everybody may

not know what a hankwa is, and how it is conducted, the present occasion may be seized for giving an explanation in detail. A hankwa, then, is a 'drive of wild animals;' and it is conducted as follows: 'The first thing to be done is to send off an experienced shikari (sportsman) to discover the traces and lair of a tiger. This having been done, and a young buffalo-bull provided as a "victim," the shikari takes it before sundown to the spot arranged for the hankwa or drive, and in the track of a tiger, and fastens it securely to a stake driven firmly into the ground, or to the roots of a tree. The shikari has with him two or three villagers, who have brought their tangarees, or wood-axes, and charpoys (native bedsteads), according to the number of sportsmen, which they proceed at once to fasten securely in trees conveniently situated. Poles are then cut and fastened twelve to eighteen inches above the front edge of each charpoy, and to these poles small leafy branches are tied, hanging downwards, which serve as a screen to the sportsmen on the machaun (platform). These poles are also used to rest the barrels of the guns on, that they may be close at hand. (It is, however, generally best to fasten the charpoys in the morning, as then the leafy screen, being fresh, presents a more natural appearance, the shikari doing it directly he finds the "victim" killed.) These preparations being completed, the shikari's party make their way out of the neighbourhood as quickly as possible, knowing that the jungle is no longer over-safe, because about that time wild animals of all kinds issue from their various coverts in search of their prey or food.' Messengers are then sent to all the villages in the neighbourhood 'to give notice of a hankwa the next morning, and to summon all the men and boys not absolutely required for any special duties. As a properly conducted hankwa seldom lasts longer than two or three hours at most, generally in the early morning, and as the villagers engaged in it receive a whole day's pay for their trouble, they are always glad of the summons.' As soon as day breaks 'on the following morning, the shikari, taking one or more crafty men with him, proceeds very cautiously to the jungle, to see whether the "victim" has been killed or not. If on his return he reports "a kill," the gentlemen, who by that time have got everything ready, proceed quickly to the spot, but with as little noise as possible, all talking on the way being in a decidedly subdued tone of voice. Some eight or ten of the bravest and most intelligent villagers accompany them, and station themselves in trees, a few yards apart, to the right and left of the trees in which the machauns are. As the duties of these men are more onerous and dangerous than those of the beaters, they will have double pay each for their trouble.' It should have been mentioned that the charpoys 'are placed about ten feet from the ground, this height being generally considered the safest, as the machaun then would be just out of the reach of a tiger, were he to stand up on his hind-legs and try to get in. Finding himself foiled, should he still be bent on mischief, and make a spring, most likely he would go clean over, harming no one, even if the sportsmen were foolish enough to allow him so much time as to accomplish all this. Whereas, were the machauns placed some feet higher up, unless at once very high, the tiger's spring would land him nicely in the machaun. . . . No doubt, in such a

case, on making his spring he would be saluted with a volley; still, unless hit in an immediately vital spot, he might have strength enough left to inflict some ugly wounds with his teeth and claws;' and 'it is well known to sportsmen that wounds from any of the feline race are extremely troublesome to heal.' The villagers who have placed themselves in the trees to the right and left, and at about the same height as the machauns, act the part of, and are called, rokhs or stoppers. When, then, 'a rokh sees a tiger coming his way, he cries out "Hish," or some such sound, not too loud, or else taps the tree once with the handle of his axe, just loud enough to attract the attention of the tiger, and make him apprehensive of danger in that direction. If this sound is not enough, he taps again louder, and if the tiger still persists in advancing, he throws a stone or a bit of stick at him, which usually turns him, and makes him go in the direction required.' When the gentlemen have 'started for the machauns, the shikari takes all the rest of the men and boys (fifty to a hundred or more), and places them a few yards apart, forming a semicircle in rear of the place where the tiger is supposed to be lying down, preparing for a sleep after his heavy repast. Two or three tom-toms (small native drums) are also stationed, one in the centre of the line of beaters, the other at even distances to the right and left. The shikari then having ascertained that all is ready, placing himself in the centre of the half-moon, signals to the men right and left as far as he can see, and these again pass the signal on till it reaches the gentlemen, warning them that the hankwa is beginning. The signal is always made with the hand, never with the voice. When the return-signal from both sides reaches the shikari, he orders the beaters to commence shouting and beating the bushes with sticks, or throwing earth or stones into thick clumps, whilst the drummers' create the greatest din of which their instruments are capable. And it is, altogether, quite noise enough to waken 'every animal couching within a long distance on either side of the line of beaters, causing them to start up, and wonder what on earth is going to happen.' Meanwhile, in the machauns stand the gentlemen 'on the tiptoe of expectation;' and, though they be 'stung by one or more of a cloud of mosquitoes, or bitten by a villainous red or black tree-ant, or, it may be, tickled to the height of irritation by one or more wilful, persevering flies,' they 'dare not move hand or foot to drive them away, momentarily expecting the burst, or the stealthy tread, as the humour may be, of the tiger or tigers.' Here he comes, you think, as there is a movement and a rush out of the bushes; no, it is 'a wild boar only,' but quite enough to give 'the unpractised nerves of some a rude shock.' There he goes, then; no, this time 'it is a bear,' which, thinking 'that the sooner he is out of such a neighbourhood the better,' puts his best foot foremost, and 'shuffles off double quick.' Surely, this is he; but no; this is a hyena sneaking past, and nearly mistaken by some excited novice for a tiger. And the fear of committing such an error is what makes the tension of the nerves so painfully great; for, 'if an unlucky shot was fired at such small game, the tiger or tigers would be alarmed, and break past the rokhs, or double back on the line of beaters, scattering, and, likely

enough, grievously wounding, if not killing, one or more of them.' At last the grand spectacle is seen: one, and, perhaps, two tigers shew themselves within range; there is a rattle of artillery from the trees, and both the grand creatures roll over in the dust. At the same moment a third comes rushing past; bang! bang! go a couple of rifles; and there 'follows a roar which must be heard, for it cannot be imagined or described.' The animal's back has been broken; and, 'owing to the contortions and roars, which rather disturb a fresh hand's nerves, it is somewhat difficult to give a maimed tiger his quietus. . . . Old tigers are much more game and dangerous than young ones only two or three years old; the bones of the former, having solidified, become capable of resisting a leaden ounce-ball. . . . For tiger-shooting, it is advisable to use composition balls, made of one part tin and two lead. . . . On the first shot being fired, the beaters redouble their shouts, making the welkin ring again. When the wounded tiger has received its quietus, the men of the hankwa draw up, and the sportsmen descend from their not over-easy perches. The examination of the spoil comes next, and the allotting of due honour to the successful shots, the remarks of the gentlemen being interspersed with those of the villagers, complimentary to the sportsmen, but by no means so to the dead game, or their living female relations. During this interval, by the orders of the shikari, some of the beaters have cut down branches and young green bamboos, peeling off and twisting the outer skin of the latter into a sort of rope, with which, tying up and swinging the recently fierce, but now quiet enough monsters, they bear them off triumphantly to the sound of the tomtoms to the sportsmen's camp. The beaters are then mustered, and paid off by the paymaster personally, boys getting two, three, or four pice (½d. to 1½d.) each; men, five pice (1½d.); the rokhs, two annas (3d.), and the shikari, two or three rupees (4s. to 6s.). Lastly, the defunct tigers are made over to the shikari, to skin them properly, and take off their heads (cleaning the latter well), preserving the teeth (either separate or in the skull), and also the claws. Many persons do not give the shikari his present until the separate parts of the trophy have been produced; and this is the best plan, as men of that kind are apt to steal the claws and teeth to sell as amulets. Some people go to the trouble and expense of boiling the carcase down for the sake of the grease, tiger-fat being said to be a specific for rheumatism.' Such 'is a tolerably faithful account of a hankwa, or drive of wild animals, the manner of conducting it, and the results.'

The superstitious awe with which the natives regard the tiger, has given rise to ludicrous stories, which would not gain credence amongst the least incredulous of European children. Of this kind is a story told about a khansamah, or native butler. The general idea of a butler is a portly, not to say obese, personage; but this khansamah, on the contrary, 'was of a very lean and spare habit.' He, then, having made some purchases at a market-town, was returning through the jungle to the camp whence he had set out, when, according to his own description, 'a monster of a tiger, with a light leap, bounded over some bushes into the road right before him, and only a few paces distant.' He was, he said, so overcome with fright

that he did not know what to do; but, as if he were in the presence of a superior being in human shape, he dropped his bundle, fell on his knees, took off his turban, and placed it on the ground in front of him, joined the palms of his hands together, and thus addressed the tiger: 'My lord, compelled by the harsh order of my employer to traverse this forest, it has been my misfortune to darken your exalted excellency's presence with my insignificant shadow. I am a very poor man, with a wife and several small children . . . and as they have no one else to look to for a mouthful of food, should your excellency's highness be pleased to make a meal of me, they would be left entirely destitute. . . . Besides, if your excellency's highness will only condescend to look at me better, you will perceive that . . . I am little better than a bag of bones. . . . Most exalted prince of the forest, I submit it to your highness's judgment whether my lean and spare habit' (and with that he stripped off his chupkun, or coat, shewing his skin, for flesh he had none) 'would afford you a single toothsome morsel.' His speech had been accompanied with a series of bows; and he prostrated himself, every now and then, 'until his forehead touched the ground.' Which of the many dialects of India he spoke is not recorded; but he asserted that the tiger perfectly understood him, for the beast, having eyed him over, and sniffed contemptuously at his 'bag of bones,' gave one growl of disgust, and bounded back again over the bushes, leaving the khansamah 'in a bath of perspiration,' and 'singing *sotto voce*' a song of deliverance. It is said 'that a villager was a concealed spectator of the whole comedy; and his report, together with that of the khansamah, is embodied in the above relation;' and it is quite possible that the story is merely an oriental exaggeration of a real fact, for even tigers have been known, under certain circumstances, to let men go scathless.

Amongst the many pieces of advice offered by the 'Customs officer,' there is one which strongly recommends itself to one's notions of common-sense: 'When any one in India,' he says, 'asks you to go out with him after a tiger, *on foot*—don't go.'

## JUDICIAL PUZZLES.

ELIZA FENNING.

INSTANCES do occur, though less frequently, perhaps, than might have been expected, in which public opinion, not merely the wild prejudice of 'an ignorant or angry populace,' is directly at variance with a legal decision. And of those instances not the least remarkable was one which occurred in 1815, and which offers for solution a really pathetic 'puzzle.' It was a case in which, after conviction, a fresh investigation was ordered; three months were occupied in reconsidering the matter; 'every opportunity was afforded for bringing forward any circumstance that might tell in the prisoner's favour,' and yet 'the result of this inquiry, the patience and impartiality of which there seems to be no reasonable ground to doubt, was a confirmation of the verdict of the jury.' And, nevertheless, when all was over, and a girl of two-and-twenty summers, 'whose pall was borne by six young women, robed in white,' and whose remains were followed to the grave by thousands—as many



as ten thousand, it is said—of spectators, the feelings of the sympathising crowd were shared by so cool a hand as Sir Samuel Romilly, who 'recorded his belief in her innocence;' by so keen a possessor of intuition as Curran, who 'was in the habit of declaiming in glowing words on the injustice of her fate;' and by so experienced a practitioner in criminal cases as the late Charles Phillips, 'Brougham's pet,' who apostrophised the 'convicted felon' in these words: 'Poor Eliza Fenning! So young, so fair, so innocent, so sacrificed! Cut down even in thy morning, with all life's brightness only in its dawn! Little did it profit thee that a city mourned over thy early grave, and that the most eloquent of men did justice to thy memory.'

Now let a short statement of the principal facts that led to Eliza Fenning's untimely and awful fate be given.

On the 21st of March, Mr Robert Gregson Turner, law-stationer in Chancery Lane, his wife, and his father, Mr Orlibar Turner, who 'was a partner in the business, but resided at Lambeth,' dined together at the house in Chancery Lane. All three partook of some dumplings, which were served up at dinner; and 'they had hardly done so, when they were attacked by violent pain, accompanied by the symptoms of arsenical poisoning.' Mr Gregson Turner's household consisted, besides himself and his wife, of two apprentices, named Gadsden and King respectively, 'youths of seventeen or eighteen years of age, who lived in the house;' of Sarah Peer, the housemaid; and of the cook, Eliza Fenning. And Eliza Fenning 'kneaded the dough, made the dumplings, was in the kitchen the whole time until they were served up to table, and during the greater part of that time was there alone,' so that she had plenty of time and opportunity for doing pretty much as she pleased with the dumplings. 'Indeed, she herself stated that no other person had anything to do with the dumplings.' Let us now proceed a few steps further. Sarah Peer, King, and Fenning had dined, earlier than the three persons taken ill, upon a pie, the crust of which had been made of the same flour that had been used for the dumplings; and Sarah Peer and King, who did not touch the dumplings, took no harm of any kind. The poison, it is clear, was not in the flour. Was it in the sauce, which was served with the dumplings? The 'sauce had been served in a boat separate from the dumplings, and of this sauce Mr Orlibar Turner did not partake, yet he was one of the sufferers. The poison, therefore, was not in the sauce; nor was it in the yeast, the remains of which were also examined.' But to go on with the series of singular facts. It appears that Gadsden, for whom Eliza Fenning may have felt some partiality, and for light conduct towards whom and his fellow-apprentice she had been rebuked by her mistress, came into the kitchen, just after the dumplings had been brought down, and was about to eat a piece of one, when Fenning exclaimed: 'Gadsden, don't eat that; it is cold and heavy; it will do you no good.' Gadsden, however, did eat 'a piece about as big as a walnut, or bigger;' and, there being some sauce in the boat, he 'took a bit of bread and sopped it in it, and ate that.' And he 'was taken ill about ten minutes afterwards.' Moreover, Eliza Fenning herself was taken ill with exactly the same symp-

toms of arsenical poisoning: but when? Not until after Gadsden, whom she had warned; and not until after the arrival of the elder Mr Turner's wife, who had to be fetched all the way from Lambeth to Chancery Lane. All the other sufferers were, it must be remembered, taken ill almost immediately after eating; so that, though Eliza Fenning did taste the dumplings, either she must have had a very peculiar constitution, or she must, for some reason or other, have thought it incumbent upon her, at the last moment, to be included in the number of those who had partaken of what might be suspected of having caused the illness, whether it were to shew by her fearlessness that she did not believe the dumplings to be deleterious, or to gain by her recklessness credit for such belief. Anyhow, the fact that she had eaten of the dumplings was urged in favour of her innocence: whilst the other fact, that they were not intended to be touched by herself and her fellow-servants, may be regarded from two different aspects; for, if she had made them for herself and her fellow-servants, it would have been strange indeed if she had been shy of them, whereas there is nothing strange in refusing to touch what, though you yourself have had a hand and, conscience tells you, an innocent hand, in it, has had the most disastrous effects upon others: at anyrate, until suspicion has been openly directed to you.

However, was it a case of poisoning at all? And was the poison discovered in the dumplings? It is uncomfortable to be told that 'there was what would now be considered a most unaccountable amount of carelessness in the examination of the dumplings themselves;' still 'the remains of the dough left in the pan in which they were prepared were examined, and unquestionably contained arsenic;' and it was proved that Mr Turner was 'in the habit of using arsenic,' which 'was kept with the most culpable negligence;' so that Eliza Fenning had no easier access than anybody else in the house to the fatal preparation. And how did she herself behave when suspicion took form and voice, and openly attributed the general illness to poison contained in the dumplings? She expressed no surprise at or dissent from the idea of poison, but she, first of all, maintained that it must have been in the milk fetched by her fellow-servant, Sarah Peer, and used for the sauce; then she suggested that it was in the yeast; and ultimately, 'on her trial she abandoned both these stories, and confined herself to a general assertion of her innocence, in which she persisted on the scaffold.' Reasons have already been given to prove, as clearly as proof can go, that the poison was not in the sauce or the yeast, and that it was in the dough of which the dumplings were made. And, whilst 'by a process of exhaustion we arrive at the fact, that it was hardly possible that any person but Fenning could have introduced the arsenic into the dumplings,' it was as open to anybody else in the house as it was to Fenning to get at the arsenic. It will naturally be asked if she bore ill-will to anybody, so as to have a motive for doing a fiendish deed. It appears that 'Fenning had been in the service about seven weeks. Soon after she entered it, her mistress observed some levity of conduct on her part towards the apprentices, and reproved her severely for it, threatening to discharge her; but this passed over; and with this exception, she does not appear to have had

any discomfort or ground of ill-will against her mistress, or any others of the family.' Would any reasonable being consider that an 'adequate motive' for running the chance of involving in one common destruction the offending mistress and her unoffending husband and father-in-law? Besides, said Fenning's champions, she partook of the dumplings herself, and suffered. It has been already shewn that she might have had reasons indicative of anything but innocence for the latter proceeding. And as for the slight motive, Mr Paget aptly cites, from one of Scott's novels, 'the scene in which Elspeth of the Craighurnfoot discloses to Lord Glenallan the conspiracy which resulted in the death of Eveline Neville,' and remarks that Scott's knowledge of the human heart was never 'more completely shewn by anything than the trivial cause which he assigns for Elspeth's bitter hatred and deep revenge. "I hated Miss Eveline Neville for her ain sake. I brought her frae England, and during our whole journey, she gecked and scorned at my northern speech and habit, as her southland leddies and kimmers had done at the boarding-school, as they ca'd it." So that we should be careful how we let inadequacy of motive weigh with us, whether we be called upon to give a verdict from a jury-box or from our easy-chair, in the face of other evidence. It may be added also, that many a person, and especially an ignorant servant-girl, may, without any intention of doing serious harm, play with edged tools, or with other dangerous things, and, meaning only to inflict a slight wound, or cause a transient twinge of pain, may be so appalled at the unexpected consequences, as to lose head and nerve, and rather trust to falsehood and the chapter of accidents for a chance of escape, than boldly confess the truth, and appeal to common-sense and mercy for a mitigation of punishment. However, Eliza Fenning was found guilty of the most heinous crime of all, and suffered for it upon the scaffold. The verdict of the jury had undergone reconsideration at the hands of the law-officers of the crown, and Eliza Fenning's conviction and sentence were confirmed; but the public by voice and deed expressed dissent. Whatever may be the true solution of this 'puzzle,' it is, no doubt, in consequence of the sentimental opening it offers, a great card in the hands of those who advocate the abolition of capital punishment.

#### ODD CURES.

WHEN Pulteney, afterwards Earl of Bath, lay prostrate with pleuritic fever, the greatest physicians in the land found their skill avail nothing; and all the statesman's alarmed friends got for expending seven hundred guineas in fees was the cold comfort, that everything that could be done had been done, and the case was hopeless. While those gathered round the bedside of the supposed dying man listened for his last sigh, he faintly murmured: 'Small-beer, small-beer!' The doctors did not think it worth while to say nay, and only interfered to squeeze an orange into the half-gallon cup of small-beer before permitting it to be put to the lips of the sick man, who drained it to the dregs, and then demanded another draught, which he served in the same way; then, turning on his side, he went off into a

deep slumber, attended with profuse perspiration, and awoke a new man. Nature knows what she is about, and when she prescribes, a happy result may be pretty safely predicted.

Graham, the once famous quack, was wont to exhibit himself plunged to the chin in mud, a mud-bath taken regularly being his specific for insuring a century of health, happiness, and honour. Every physician at the time treated mud-bathing with ridicule, but in the present day the mud-baths at a certain German watering-place are among the recognised means of meliorating several disorders. Graham was not wrong; he only took a quackish way of announcing his theories. There is apparently a curative power in earth. Not long ago, a man employed at some iron-works near Melksham managed to get himself fixed in the narrow part of an iron tube, and when he was extricated, was to all appearance dead. His mates dug a hole in the ground, put the unconscious patient into it, and filled in the earth, leaving only a small hole for him to breathe through, should he draw breath again. In a very short time he shewed signs of returning life, with his own hands cleared away the earth; and a dram of brandy set him once more on his legs, little the worse for his mishap. Joaquin Miller's earth-cure experience had a more ghastly ending. Travelling with a mining-party in California, six of them were suddenly struck down with scurvy, and there being none of the usual remedies at hand, an old sailor suggested the trial of one which had saved a ship's crew in some land in the tropics. This was simply to bury the men upright as far as their chins, until the earth drew the poison out of their bodies. Six pits were quickly dug in the warm alluvial soil, and when the sun went down, the men were placed in them, and the earth shovelled in around them. It was a beautiful moonlight night; and the operation completed, the invalids chatted gaily together; their shaggy heads just bursting through the earth, in the fitful moonlight, made them look like men coming up to judgment; their voices sounding weird and ghostly, as of another world. After a while, one by one they fell asleep, and all was still. Their comrades then stole away and sought their cabins. When they rose in the morning, and went to see how the buried men fared, they found that the wolves had come down in the night, and eaten off every head level with the ground!

A good story is told of an old shoemaker. He was charged with practising unlawful arts as an ague-charmer. 'I cure people,' said he, 'by pretending to do it. People believe I can cure the ague, and when they come to me, I say I can cure them. Bidding them wait my return, I go into my garden, cut a twig of some tree, make nine notches in it, and bury it in the garden. Then I tell them I have buried the ague with it, and they have such confidence in me that the ague leaves them.' Here we have the whole secret of a magical medium. Dr Faith is a famous exorciser of disease. In plain English, according to the well-known saying,



'Conceit can kill, and conceit can cure.' Addison advised the learned men of his day to use the time they wasted in controversies about nothing, in brandishing loaded sticks, thereby enjoying all the pleasure of boxing without the blows, while evaporating the spleen that made them uneasy to the public as well as themselves. The strains of David's harp drew the evil spirit out of King Saul; Farinelli sang the Spanish monarch out of a melancholy stupor not far removed from madness; and with still greater ease, an amateur comic singer used to charm away a lord-lieutenant's tic-douloureux; while a French gentleman of the olden time had such reliance upon the power of sweet sounds, that, instead of calling in a doctor when he was troubled with any pains, he sent for a band of musicians, who never failed to play every ache out of his body. Equally sceptical as to the worth of nauseous potions was the son of Lord Lauderdale, who, when his father's physicians despaired of his overcoming his obstinate wakefulness, quietly suggested that they should send for a preacher who always made his father 'to fall asleep in the kirk.' The preacher was brought, and the worthy man's harangue had the wished-for result. There is a powerful somniferous effect in monotonous reading or speaking.

Pope once found himself in a stage-coach with a young and pretty gentlewoman, who let him know, with a great deal of innocence and simplicity, that she was the lately married daughter of a neighbour, who, having come up to town to consult her physicians, was returning to the country, to try what good air could do to recover her. Happening to have some fruit with him, Pope ventured to prescribe a little, which, though prohibited by her doctors, she accepted, and ate. Some laughing and agreeable conversation ensued. The young woman's colour returned. A little cheerfulness had done its work, and she confessed to feel herself getting well. The incident reminds us of the scriptural text: 'A merry heart doeth good like a medicine, but grief drieth the bones.' Why is this capital old prescription so little kept in remembrance? Singing a humorous song may do more for one than taking a dose of medicine. In our young days, a collection of droll songs had, by way of recommendation, on the title-page:

Care to our coffin adds a nail, no doubt,  
While every song so merry draws one out.

There was a good deal of philosophy in these two lines.

Dr Crawford, a Baltimore physician, had a troublesome patient, a man who had taken it into his head that he was slowly dying of a liver complaint, when he had nothing at all the matter with him, barring the delusion. The doctor sent him travelling, and he soon forgot his disease altogether; but, unfortunately, he had no sooner returned home in the best of health, than news came of the death of his twin-brother, of schirrous liver. He was thereupon seized with the fancy that he,

too, was dead like his brother, of liver complaint. Dr Crawford was sent for, and after hearing the story, merely remarked: 'O yes; he is dead, sure enough, and probably his liver was the death of him, as he expected it would be. However, I will soon ascertain that, by opening the body before putrefaction sets in. Bring me a carving-knife.' The knife was soon in the doctor's hands, and he stepped towards the hypochondriac; but before he could commence his post-mortem examination, the dead-alive jumped up, shouting 'Murder!' dashed out of the room, and out of the house, and made across country; he ran till he ran himself out, and fell from exhaustion. Finding nobody followed him, as soon as he was able, he returned to the house, and though he lived a score years longer, he was never heard to complain of his liver again.

There is another anecdote of the same kind. Dr Cabarus was called in by the friends of a French duchess who had convinced herself that she had swallowed a frog, which was revenging itself by destroying her health. She had consulted several eminent men, but they only tried to reason her out of her hallucination. Cabarus, with greater wisdom, gravely felt the pulse of the poor lady, listened patiently to her details, and then gratified her with: 'The frog is there, madame; but I will remove it.' Proceeding to the nearest shop where such a thing was procurable, the doctor bought a small green frog, and returned to his patient. Administering an innocent emetic; as soon as it operated, the doctor took an opportunity of slipping his frog into the basin provided for the occasion. Believing she beheld her tormentor, the duchess gave vent to her gratitude, but suddenly stopped, turned very pale, and exclaimed: 'O doctor, the frog has left some little ones behind her!' Not at all put out by this new freak of a diseased fancy, Cabarus replied: 'We shall see;' then taking the frog in his hand, he scrutinised it for a moment before uttering in assuring tones: 'Madame, that is impossible; the frog is a male!' The duchess was satisfied; and the young physician from that day had no lack of fashionable patronage.

Howel relates that Lord Sunderland, three months after being badly bruised in the breast while playing at football, was taken with a qualm, whereupon Lord Rutland put a pipe of tobacco to his mouth. Unaccustomed to the weed, Sunderland took the smoke downwards, and being seized with a violent fit of coughing, cast up divers little imposthumated bladders of congealed blood, which saved his life, and brought him to have a better conceit of tobacco ever afterwards. With a regular smoker, the remedy would have failed, so he owed his cure to a happy accident. A somewhat similar story is told of a colonel of the 42d Regiment, who, after being shot through the body in the West Indies, became a confirmed invalid, until set coughing by the smoke from some flambeaux at an illumination in honour of Duncan's victory at Camperdown, when he threw up a piece of cloth, carried into his body by the bullet, and soon

became a strong man again. Another brave officer had his life prolonged by a kindly ball. He had served as aide-de-camp to Wellington in the Peninsula, and when peace was proclaimed, was ordered to Torquay under sentence of death, his medical advisers pronouncing him to be in an advanced stage of consumption. When news came to him in his retirement that the Corsican was once more master of the situation in France, the captain asked his doctor to tell him how long he might expect to live if he took proper care of himself. 'With care, several months,' was the disheartening fiat. 'Only several months!' said the doomed man; 'then I may as well die in battle as in bed.' He joined the army, and at Waterloo received a shot which carried away part of his lungs—the diseased portion, as it fortunately chanced—and the gallant fellow lived for many a year afterwards.

Cæsar held, that to die quickly was to die happily; so too thought one whose case has been cited by Montaigne as an instance of Fortune playing the physician. Jason Phereus, troubled with an incurable imposthuration, resolved to end his pain by dying in battle, and throwing himself into the thickest of the fight, was run quite through the body, which caused the imposthuration to break, and his wound healing, he found life enjoyable after all. 'This lucky hero, who could brave death better than he could endure pain, owed his cure to a foe. A quinsy-afflicted cardinal had to thank a monkey for a like good turn. His physicians had left him to die, and as he lay, waiting helplessly for the end, the dying cardinal saw his servants carry off everything that was movable, without being able even to expostulate with the thieves. At length, his pet ape came into the room, and, taking the hint from the provident lackeys, looked round for something he could appropriate. Nothing was left but the cardinal's hat; this the ape donned, and proud of his novel head-gear, indulged in such odd antics, that his all but dead master burst into a hearty fit of laughter; the quinsy broke, and the cardinal recovered, as much to his own astonishment as to the dismay of his plundering servitors.

A number of years ago, an eccentric Edinburgh surgeon, of high repute, popularly known as Lang Sandy Wood, once had a lady patient who was in the same sore strait as the aforesaid church dignitary, owing to the presence of a tumour in the throat, which stubbornly refused to yield to medical devices. The Scottish surgeon was at his wits' end, when a lucky inspiration saved him being compelled to own he was beaten. While conversing with the sufferer, he stirred the fire, and left the poker there, and after a bit, asked his patient to open her mouth as widely as possible. Directly she obeyed orders, Dr Wood seized the red-hot poker, and rushed at the wondering lady, as if he proposed thrusting his strange surgical instrument down her throat. A shrill scream rang through the room, the tumour broke, and the frightened lady found herself out of danger.

When messengers were despatched to Blücher in his retirement, with the stirring tidings of the escape of 'the man of thousand thrones' from his island prison, they found the marshal—believing

he had been transformed into an elephant—exercising himself by running round a room, the floor of which was covered with sawdust. However, they told their tale. The name of Napoleon acted like a charm upon the rough and tough old war-dog; the cloud passed from his mind; Blücher was himself again, ready to go anywhere and do anything. His visitors were better physicians than they thought themselves. Just as unpremeditated was the cure a mad woman effected on herself. She swallowed more than half a pint of laudanum, bade her servants good-bye, drew her bed-curtains round her, and composed herself for her last sleep. In the morning, the would-be suicide awoke in terrible agony; the doctors managed to expel the poison, and, to their astonishment, the madness vanished with it.

#### TO A YOUNG GIRL.

On! gentle grace of early years,  
And guilelessness of maidenhood,  
What timid charm thy beauty wears,  
Ere yet the rose has tinged the bud:

Ere yet the warmth within the heart  
Is kindled into light and flame,  
Since Love and Love's impassioned art  
Are still unknown in all but name.

The dimpled cheek, unstained by tears;  
The furtive glance, the downcast eye,  
Uncertain if it hopes or fears  
It knows not what, half pert, half shy;

The wayward smile which curves the lip,  
As yet not ripe for lover's kiss;  
The myriad fairy thoughts which slip  
Through maiden dreams of future bliss;

The thousand lurking loves which lie  
Asleep beneath each silken tress,  
Who, when they wake, shall instant fly,  
And wound in very wantonness;

The charms which rest as yet concealed,  
Behind the veil of maidenhood;  
The fancies which, but half revealed,  
Give colour to the pensive mood;

When time is full, and years are ripe,  
And Nature's wonder-work is done,  
Shall yield a woman, archetype,  
Who must be wooed, but would be won.

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# CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

OF

POPULAR

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

*Fourth Series*

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS.

No. 576.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 9, 1875.

PRICE 1½d.

## ABOUT 'GENIUS.'

THERE is hardly a word in the language more misunderstood and misapplied than that placed at the head of this paper. It is generally supposed that the possessor of the coveted quality may dispense with those habits which are admitted to be so essential to a man of business. We admit the existence of the quality—a disposition of mind, often hereditary, which qualifies a man for a particular pursuit—but deny its importance, unless accompanied by the less showy but more sterling attributes of industry, energy, and perseverance. So important are these characteristics, that even writers eminent for their knowledge of mankind have asserted, that an individual possessed of a determined will can distinguish himself in any pursuit, irrespective of predisposition towards it. Though we are not prepared to go to this length, we conceive that a little genius, when accompanied by these qualities, will go a long way; whereas, a large share of it, unassociated with such important accessories, will be a curse rather than a blessing to its possessor.

If there is one fact more than another which strikes one in perusing the lives of great men, in any of the avenues which lead to distinction, it is the life of unceasing toil they lead, coupled with such an attention to details as less gifted men would have scorned. To hear some people talk of a man of genius, one would think that the general had but to grasp his sword and lead his men to victory; or the author to take up his pen, and the work which is to charm thousands flows readily from it. But in the one case, the years of toil expended in training these soldiers, in mastering the science of manœuvring them, and attending to camp details, are forgotten; and in the other, if we follow the author to his desk, we shall probably find, by the blotted and interlined manuscript, the knitted brow, and frequent reference to books, that the work is not produced in so easy a manner as had been supposed. The case of Sir W. Scott may be advanced in opposition to this, for some of his books were penned as fast as his quill could 'trot'

over the page; but then we must remember the years of preparation he had gone through—thirty-four years had passed over his head when he wrote his *Lay*, and forty-three when *Waverley* was published—to accomplish such a result, during which he had steeped his soul in archæological lore, Border legends and ballads, and studied character with unwavering minuteness.

We trust that the examples we shall give in the present paper of the toil undergone by those who have won a niche in the Temple of Fame, will shew that really good work of every kind is the product of hard unflinching labour—mere drudgery, often—and that such statements will encourage those who—misled by the too popular estimate of genius—wonder that they do not more easily accomplish their designs.

Sir W. Scott's rapid method of working has been mentioned as a fact which might be quoted against our theory, but nothing could exceed his care when 'getting up' a subject. For example, when writing *Rokeby*, he visited Mr Morritt, and said he wanted 'a good robbers' cave, and an old church of the right sort.' That gentleman says: 'We rode out in quest of these; and he found what he wanted in the ancient slate-quarries of Brignall, and the ruined abbey of Egglestone. I observed him noting down even the peculiar little wild-flowers and herbs that, as it happened, grew round and on the side of a bold crag near his intended cave of Guy Denzil, and could not help saying that, as he was not to be upon oath in his work, daisies, violets, and primroses would be as poetical as any of the humble plants he was examining. I laughed, in short, at his scrupulousness; but understood him when he replied: "That in Nature herself no two scenes are exactly alike, and that whoever copied truly what was before his eyes, would possess the same variety in his descriptions, and exhibit, apparently, an imagination as boundless as the range of nature in the scenes he recorded; whereas, whoever trusted to imagination would soon find his own mind circumscribed and contracted to a few favourite images; and the repetition of these would sooner or later produce that very monotony and barrenness

which had always haunted descriptive poetry in the hands of any but the patient worshippers of truth." Lockhart was astonished to find, that even during a trip in which he accompanied Sir Walter into Lanarkshire, the latter continued his literary labours. 'Wherever we slept, whether in the noble mansion or in the shabbiest of country inns, and whether the work was done after retiring to rest at night, or before an early start in the morning, he very rarely mounted the carriage again without having a packet of the well-known aspect ready sealed and corded, and addressed to his printer in Edinburgh.'

At a banquet given at Liverpool to Charles Dickens in April 1869, he said, that all he could claim in establishing the relations which existed between himself and his readers was constant fidelity to hard work, and remarked that his literary fellows knew very well how true it is in all art, that what seems the easiest done is oftentimes the most difficult to do, and that the smallest truth may come of the greatest pains. This was exemplified in himself in a remarkable degree, as the following incident, related by Mr Mundella, M.P., at a public meeting at Sheffield a year after, will shew. A distinguished artist once said to him: 'When I was painting a portrait of Dickens, it was arranged that I should sit in his room while he was at work. He was a most painstaking, industrious, and methodical man, and nothing would divert him from the regularity of his habits. I was there for hours, and he wrote, as it seemed to me, almost with anguish. I looked in his face, and watched the anxiety and the care. I saw the blotting and the re-writing of his work, and was astonished to find how much he owed to his indomitable perseverance.' To the same effect wrote Mr Arthur Helps in *Macmillan*, June 1870: 'Those who have seen his manuscripts will recollect what elaborate notes, and comments, and plans (some adopted, many rejected) went to form the basis of his works. To see those manuscripts would cure anybody of the idle and presumptuous notion that men of genius require no forethought or preparation for their greatest efforts, but that these are dashed off by the aid of a mysterious something which is comprehended in the word genius. It was one of Mr Dickens's theories, and, I believe, a true one, that men differ hardly in anything so much as their power of attention.' Lord Lytton—himself an indefatigable worker—was of the same opinion. 'What men want,' he wrote, 'is not talent; it is purpose; in other words, not the power to achieve, but the will to labour;' and Lord Chesterfield had observed before him: 'The power of applying our attention, steady and undissipated, to a single object, is the sure mark of superior genius.'

Take the testimony of two schoolmasters of the highest class. Dr Arnold of Rugby wrote, as the result of his great experience: 'The difference between one boy and another consists not so much in talent as in energy;' and his successor, Dr Temple, in one of his sermons (third series), says: 'Nothing can be a greater mistake than to suppose that genius dispenses with labour. What genius does is to inspire the soul with a power to persevere in the labour that is needed; but the greatest geniuses in every art invariably labour at their

art far more than all others, because their genius shews them the value of such patient labour, and aids them to persist in it.'

Lord Macaulay's industry was untiring. He would spend hours in the Library of the British Museum hunting up what many would think an unimportant fact, and those who read his well-rounded periods little knew with what labour they were produced. His thrilling narrative of the western rebellion was not written in his own study, but in a cottage on the Somerset marshes, in which he spent weeks, so that no detail to be gained from the spot might be wanting in his description! To this quality, more than any other, he was indebted for his fame.

Jeffrey, the original editor of the *Edinburgh Review*, was an indefatigable worker. If he had not been, it is probable that the *Review* would have died in its infancy. That he had great difficulty in keeping his team in order, appears from the following extract from a letter to Horner, asking for his contribution: 'I have some right to dun, too, not merely because I am the master, to whom your service is due, but because I have myself sent fifty pages to the press before I ask you for one. Hear now our state, and consider: Brown has been dying with influenza, and is forbidden to write for his chest's sake. Brougham is roaming the streets, or correcting his colonial proofs, and trusting everything to the exertions of the last week, and the contributions of the unfledged goslings who gabble under his wings. Elmsley—even the sage and staid Elmsley—has solicited to be set free from his engagements. And Timothy refuses to come under any engagements, with the greatest candour and good-nature in the world.'

Byron said that Sheridan had written the best comedy, the best opera, the best farce, and delivered the best speech known. He appeared to his friends as a brilliant wit and writer, producing *bon-mot*, speech, or play without effort. But when Moore published his manuscripts after his death, it was discovered that all was the product of toil and elaboration. The wit he had been conning over in the morning, he would wait patiently to introduce in such a manner that it appeared an inspiration; and his speeches were often written several times over, and committed to memory. Such a sentence as the following would be written many times before he was satisfied with it: 'His (Bonaparte) are no ordinary fortifications. His martello towers are thrones; sceptres tipped with crowns are the palisades of his intrenchments, and kings are his sentinels.' The dialogues in his plays were elaborated in like manner.

Moore spent nearly eighteen months reading up Greek and Persian works for *Lalla Rookh*, and the result was, that it exhibited such fidelity to oriental manners, customs, and scenery, that its popularity even in the East was extraordinary, and people found it difficult to believe that its scenes were not penned on the spot. The circumstance of this poem, with its gorgeous oriental scenery and sentiment, being written during the depth of winter, in a secluded dwelling in Derbyshire, is in itself a marvel. Many of Moore's songs were also the product of much labour. On one occasion, he wrote to Power: 'You will hardly believe that the two lines which I had, with many hours of thought and glove-tearing, proposed to insert in the vacant

places, displeased me so much when I read them yesterday, that I am still at work for better. Such is the easy pastime of poetry !'

We trust we have given sufficient examples of the painstaking zeal of men of genius, and we think it is much to be regretted that such a valuable—almost indispensable—characteristic should have led men like Dr Johnson to deny the existence of genius altogether. The learned lexicographer says : ' People are not born with a particular genius for particular employments or studies, for it would be like saying that a man could see a great way east, but could not west. It is good sense applied with diligence to what was at first a mere accident, and which by great application grew to be called by the generality of mankind, a particular genius.' Now, while agreeing with Dr Johnson that to get through literary work it is often necessary to 'set to it doggedly,' we venture to think that all the application in the world would not make a man a first-rate musical composer, artist, or poet, unless he had a natural gift or faculty for either of those pursuits. Experience has proved that when a child, almost as soon as its little fingers can grasp a pencil, tries to draw surrounding objects, an artistic genius is there, and should not be neglected. The same holds good with music, mechanical and other pursuits. That education will be the most successful which develops and encourages these evidences of genius, instead of endeavouring to stifle them. If such indications were always watched for and acted upon, we should not so often see the round man in the square hole—to use Sydney Smith's simile—but the world would contain more of those much-to-be-envied men whose occupation is their pleasure—whose heart is in their work.

Is genius hereditary ? A few years ago, Mr F. Galton, F.R.S., wrote a book to prove that it was, and his investigations are extremely interesting and instructive, if not conclusive. He considered it quite practicable to produce a highly gifted race of men 'by judicious marriages through several consecutive generations,' and that it is our duty to investigate and exercise that power for the future advantage of the human race. He found that the custom of English peers—particularly judges and statesmen—marrying heiresses was most fatal to the continuance of the order. It is natural that a judge or statesman should wish to marry an heiress, but the latter has generally either only one child or none. From this cause, many of what we may call 'peerages of merit' have become extinct, and valuable qualities not transmitted to future generations.

Of forty-two great painters of antiquity, half had relations and sons, as the Caracci and Van Eyck's kinsmen, eminent in the same art. As a rule, in all classes Mr Galton found that 'the eminent sons are almost invariably more numerous than the eminent brothers, and these a trifle more numerous than the eminent fathers.' In contradistinction to the often expressed opinion, he considers that the average ability of the wives of such men is above mediocrity. Hence the ability and careful training their sons display is often, to a great extent, to be traced to the influence of an able and good mother.

Religious and political persecutions, by draining countries of their intelligent men, have proved—in Spain, for example—suicidal policy. Mr Galton

points out how large a proportion of the eminent men of all countries are the children of refugees. He thinks—and very probably—that the long period of the Dark Ages was much extended by the celibacy of the clergy and monastic orders, for the array of talent entering the ranks of the 'religions' not being able to transmit itself, became to a great extent lost.

## WALTER'S WORD.

### CHAPTER III.—THE ARRIVAL.

THE carriage here began rapidly to descend, and passing under a gateway, and through a wilderness of shrubs and laurels, drew up before a flight of stone steps.

Litton knew, of course, that they had stopped at the front-door of the Hall, and was all anxiety to note how his companions were received. His quick eye had observed, even in that uncertain light, that the gateway was not only old, but crumbling to its fall ; that the shrubbery shewed no tokens of the gardener's care ; and that the steps were chipped and broken. The whole place was evidently poverty-stricken ; but it was not poverty—just then—that he feared upon Lotty's account. He was anxious to see what sort of guardian Selwyn had provided for her in his aunt. The door opened, and an old man-servant appeared, and came slowly down the steps, at the top of which, with a lamp in her hand, stood a tall dark woman, gazing at them intently.

'That's my aunt,' whispered the captain, jumping out and running up to her. She did not move towards him a hairbreadth, nor even hold out her hand. Then a question and answer were, as it seemed, rapidly exchanged—and, to Walter's extreme relief, a smile broke out upon the hostess's face, and she came swiftly down to the carriage-door. She was only just in time, for poor Lotty, in an agony of grief and shame, had almost fainted away : it had seemed to her that Mrs Sheldon was about to refuse her admittance.

'What a journey you have had, my dear, and how tired you must be !' were that lady's first words, uttered in a sweet and sympathetic, though, as it seemed to Walter, a somewhat affected tone. 'However, you have reached home at last.'

She held out her arms, gracefully, almost theatrically, in welcome, and Lotty fairly threw herself into them, and burst into tears. She had not known till then how much, how very much, she stood in need of womanly countenance and succour.

'Welcome to Penaddon, my dear,' said Mrs Sheldon, this time, as it seemed, with genuine tenderness.—'And welcome to you, sir,' added she, to Walter, extending to him graciously her unoccupied hand. The pose of her tall, well-rounded figure was magnificent, nor did she seem at all embarrassed by the weeping girl who hung upon her shoulder.—'Who is this gentleman, Reginald ? You have not introduced us,' said she, pointing to Walter.

'Oh, it's only our courier.'

'Your courier!' exclaimed Mrs Sheldon indignantly.

'Yes; our courier, our chaperon, our gooseberry-picker, our all.—Is he not, Lotty?—Mr Walter Litton.'

Even Lotty could not refrain from laughing—though, truth to say, it was in a half-hysterical way; and Mrs Sheldon, not uninfluenced, perhaps, by Walter's comely looks, took her nephew's mischievous joke in high good-humour. As she led the way from the hall into the dining-room, with Lotty on her arm, Walter could not help remarking how like aunt and nephew were: the lean fine-featured face, the bright but somewhat unsympathetic eyes, the hard yet mobile mouth, were common to both; and if the woman was not so handsome for a woman as the man was for a man, it was only because time had laid its inexorable finger on the former's charms. She was still young—that is, for a married woman—not more than five-and-thirty at the most; but there were lines about her face which spoke of trouble past and present; and now and again her mouth would shape itself, as it seemed unconsciously, into a painful smile.

Her manners were perfect, however, and the tact with which she ignored the embarrassing position in which all were placed, was worthy of Talleyrand.

'I have provided nothing, Reginald, but tea and coffee and cold chicken,' said she, pointing to the table, which was laid for supper, 'because I knew that this dear girl of yours would have no relish for a heavier meal. What she wants more than anything else are rest and quiet; and as for you two gentlemen, you will find fare more suited to your taste at the inn. You will think me very inhospitable, I fear, Mr Litton, but'—

'I think you very wise, madam,' interrupted Walter earnestly. 'In my opinion, Selwyn and myself ought to be off to our quarters at once. We must have kept up the good people at the inn already long past their usual time.'

'O bother the good people at the inn!' said the captain disdainfully, as he helped Lotty to a cup of tea.

'Yes; and that is just what you *will* do, Reginald, if you don't get there till two o'clock in the morning,' rejoined his hostess. 'Moreover, the later you arrive, the greater will be their surprise, and the more they'll talk about the matter; and for the present, it is just as well that they should not talk about it. I have sent my own maid to bed, lest the spectacle of a young lady's advent without so much as a hand-bag in the way of luggage, should stimulate her curiosity. The idea'—here she turned to Lotty—'of your travelling about the country, my dear, with two portmanteaus warranted solid leather, and a couple of hat-boxes, is something too ridiculous.—You can't touch a bit, you think? Well, of course, you can't, while this veteran from the wars, of whom you must have got thoroughly tired by this time, stands sentry over you in that way.—Come, sir; you are an invalid yourself, and must not keep late hours. Bid her good-night, and be off to your inn.'

Reginald said his 'good-bye' to Lotty accordingly—a very decorous one, and then Walter offered her hand.

'I shall never forget your kindness, Mr Litton,' said she softly. The words, and still more the

tone, thrilled through him with a strange pain. How beautiful she looked, and yet how pitiful; far from her home and all, save one, that loved her. No; there was a second person, who did not indeed love her, because she was plighted to another, but who had devoted himself heart and soul to her interest; one whom her very sighs had troubled, and whom her tears had smitten like drops of molten lead. Would it ever be *his* future, he wondered, to be loved, as his friend was, and by such a paragon? No, alas; for there could be no two Lotties in the world.

'Good-night, Mr Courier.' It was his hostess who was addressing him for the second time, and with that pinched smile about her lips which is the outward sign of woman's cynicism. 'Why, you seem to take parting from your charge almost as much to heart as Reginald himself. I feel as if I were the angel commissioned to turn you both out of Paradise.'

'You look like the angel,' observed the captain gallantly, 'and I leave my Lotty with confidence under your fostering wings. Good-night.'

'Good-night, irreverent boy; and remember, we do not receive company to-morrow morning before eleven o'clock, at earliest.—This poor child is utterly done up,' she added in a whisper: 'girls took to elopements in my time very differently.'

'Like ducklings to water, eh?' laughed the captain.

'Go away, sir; for shame!—Good-night, Mr Courier.'

'I tell you what, Litton,' said Selwyn, when they had re-entered the carriage, and it was moving rapidly towards the inn; 'you've regularly "fetched" Aunt Sheldon.'

'Fetched your aunt Sheldon?'

'Yes; made a conquest of her, man, I mean. If you had not been with us, I doubt if she would have been half as civil.'

'Upon my life, Selwyn, I thought she was not going to be civil at all, when you first spoke to her on the steps. What cake did you throw to Cerberus that made things at once so pleasant? She knew you had eloped, of course?'

'Yes; but she didn't know with whom.'

'But you couldn't have explained everything in that quarter of a minute—who the young lady was, and all that?'

'Oh, she knew about Lotty well enough; but she was not certain that it *was* Lotty.'

'But who else *could* it have been?' inquired Walter, aghast.

'I am sure I don't know,' laughed the captain; 'no more did she. That was her little difficulty. She would never have countenanced the affair, you see, unless she had approved of my choice for material reasons. She has a very sharp eye to the main chance.—has Aunt Sheldon. By-the-bye, I never call her aunt, nor must you hint at my being her nephew. Her little weakness is to belong to the rising generation, not to the elder one. And, indeed, there are not so many years between us, though she is scarcely in her *première jeunesse*.'

Litton remained silent: he was stricken dumb by the thought of the risk that Lotty's reputation had incurred; of the chance, however small, that had existed of her finding the doors of Penaddon Hall closed against her. From one point of view, indeed, now that all had turned out right, this was

satisfactory, since it shewed that Mrs Sheldon did draw the line of propriety somewhere. But what a hard and fast line it was! What misery and disgrace might have resulted from this woman's 'No!' And she looked quite capable of saying 'No' upon occasion, and of sticking to it. That hint about 'material reasons' too, jarred upon the young painter's ear. It was evident that Lotty's expectations—the fact, that is, of her being a rich man's daughter—were known of old to Mrs Sheldon; had probably been debated between herself and Selwyn; and again the suspicion, he had more than once entertained that day, flashed on him, that the whole affair in which he had himself played so prominent though involuntary a part, was not the result of a momentary impulse, as it had appeared to be, but was designed by the captain from the first. And yet, that could hardly have been, unless Lotty had been a party to it; and Walter could never, never believe that. It was impossible that that touching conflict between Love and Duty, of which he had been a witness, that maidenly hesitation, those regretful tears, could have been acted by any girl; and above all, it was impossible—he would stake his life upon it—that this particular one could have stooped to such deception. Lotty was simplicity itself, and but that her tenderness for her lover outweighed all other considerations, the very last girl in the world to have made what the vulgar call a runaway match. How shocking, how cruel, would be the verdict passed even now upon this sweet innocent creature for that indiscretion; and once more he shuddered to think of what it would have been had Mrs Sheldon refused her countenance to her. He felt as though he could have laid down his life, if that might have shielded her from the breath of evil report, for those gracious words of parting that still rang in his tingling ears: 'I shall never forget your kindness, Mr Litton,' seemed to have paid him, as it were, in advance, for any sacrifice.

Oh, great and wonderful is the power of woman's beauty over the heart of man! Old or young, married or single—for though it blooms not for ourselves, it is still passing sweet—we all alike acknowledge its sway. Man has no social gift to compare with it; for man's comeliness is not, in woman's eyes, what woman's comeliness is in man's. A young girl who is beautiful is a princess, to whom the knee of every male is bowed in allegiance, either openly or in secret; and those who affect to be indifferent to her, are often her most abject slaves. It is but skin deep, this beauty, we are told; but what more is majesty? It must fail and fade—that is also true, alas—but while it lasts, no matter though it be in the humblest, what potentialities—what possibilities abide in it! Think of that, my friends, when you are about to sneer at her in whom it is fading: who feels the power she once wielded slipping from her passionate clutch, who cries with Arthur, 'Authority forgets a dying king,' and yet who must needs live, and behold others usurp her place; think, I say, of the wretchedness of the woman who has staked all upon those fading charms, and has lost, since she has failed to win, and pity her.

'Here is the *Wheatsheaf* at last,' exclaimed Selwyn, as the carriage stopped. 'Did you ever see such a jolly inn?' By the adjective 'jolly' the captain was won't to describe anything that was

good of its kind—a jolly girl, a jolly row, a jolly lobster—but in this particular case he used it in an artistic sense.

The *Wheatsheaf* was undeniably picturesque. So entirely had the plant of which he had spoken taken possession of the whole edifice with its spreading branches, that it looked more like a house in a tree, than a dwelling overgrown with vegetation. The purple blossoms, that covered it as thickly as peaches grow on a sunny wall, had a beautiful though weird effect in the moonlight; and so protected was the nook in which the little inn was situated, that not a blossom stirred, though the wind could be heard still roaring on the moor above, almost as fiercely as the waves beat upon the neighbouring shore. The house stood with its back to the spot upon which frowned the old Roman ruin, gaunt and straggling; and to the left of it, at a slightly lower level, was dimly seen another edifice, also in decay—the church which had succumbed to the encroaching sea.

The visitors were ushered to their apartments—small and plainly furnished rooms enough, but of exquisite cleanliness—and presently came down to supper, for which they by no means manifested the disrelish which their fair companion had shown. When the table had been cleared, and the waiter dismissed to his long-wished-for bed, the two young men sat over their tobacco—the captain, as before, smoking his cigar, the painter his pipe—and discussed the day's events, with which the former expressed himself as more than satisfied.

'If my dear Lotty has a fault,' said he, complacently, 'it is indecision, and it is most fortunate that circumstances have thus decided for her. In a few days, we shall be married; and even as it is, matters have gone too far, thank goodness, for any interference of her family with her happiness. If "Napoleon in person," as the war histories magnificently put it, should descend upon us—if old Brown himself should come to Penaddon, she would now become Mrs Selwyn in despite of him.—This is very tolerable sherry to find at such an *Ultima Thule*. Let us drink the old curmudgeon's health, and a speedy reconciliation with his offspring.'

'By all means, my dear Selwyn,' said Walter, filling his glass. 'But suppose he refuses to be reconciled, and disinherits her?'

'Let us hope better things,' answered the captain.

'I do hope them, most sincerely, most warmly, my dear fellow; but one must not shut one's eyes to what may happen, merely because it is very unpleasant. It is much better to look the worst in the face—while there is yet time to avert the worst.'

'I don't understand you, Litton,' said the captain, speaking with the unnecessary distinctness which suggests that particular state of mind which ladies call 'temper.' 'I am sure you do not intend to imply that there is a possibility of my retracing this step. If I were inclined to think of such a thing on my own account—to sacrifice, that is, my own happiness to this old man's will, to forego the advantage I have gained, and once more put myself in the position of a suppliant to him—I say, if I were inclined to humiliate myself to that extent (which is not to be thought of), still, it is wholly out of the question that Lotty can return to her home, after what has taken place to-day, unless as my wife.'



'But can you maintain her as your wife—that is, as your wife ought to be maintained, my good fellow? We are very old friends, you and I, Reginald: you cannot imagine that I have anything but your own interest, and that of your destined bride's, at heart. I know your circumstances. The question is: How are you to live?'

'That is *our* look-out—or at least mine, my good friend. And, at all events, the question—though I grant it is a pertinent one—comes a little late.'

'That is true, Selwyn. All that I meant was, would it not be easier to conciliate your future father-in-law before you have absolutely set him at defiance? His daughter is at your aunt's house—the match is so far countenanced by your family: is not that a vantage-ground from which you could treat with this old gentleman with a better grace, than after having utterly cast off his authority? Consider, too, with how much lighter a heart, with what an infinite increase of happiness, the girl of your choice would go to the altar, could this cloud of parental displeasure be dispelled beforehand!'

'No, Litton,' returned the other positively; 'you don't know this old fellow as I do. He is as hard as nails, where he *can* be hard; but he has sufficient common-sense, I think, to make the best of a bad job—which is the term he will no doubt apply to my becoming his son-in-law. I shall be able to make a better bargain with him when I possess that *locus standi*, and I mean to have it. Of course, the present position is very unpleasant for us all round. People will say hard things even of yourself, to whose friendly help we are both so much indebted, for having "aided and abetted" this young lady to leave the paternal roof. You will be like the second in a duel, who gets all the odium, and none of the glory.'

'Oh, never mind *me*,' said Walter impatiently. 'I was thinking of somebody else. I was thinking,' added he hastily, his face growing crimson as he spoke one of the few falsehoods his lips had ever uttered, 'of your aunt, who will certainly come in for her share of discredit.'

'Oh, never mind my aunt,' returned the captain contemptuously. 'Beatty Sheldon (her name is Beatrice) is not unaccustomed to the censure of society, and cares about it as little as any one I know. She is a real good plucked one, whatever her faults, and not likely to give way to clamour. By Jove, I wish we had her at the Horse Guards, instead of some other old woman I could mention.'

Walter sighed, and took up his bed-candle; there was nothing more to be said, he knew. Whatever slender hope he might have entertained of inducing his friend to make an effort, even now, to gain his intended father-in-law's consent to his marriage, it had utterly died away. What Selwyn had hinted, too, of Mrs Sheldon's past was not calculated to dispel his doubts as to the suitability of that lady for a young girl's chaperon, in the present circumstances. He regretted much that his accidental companionship with the captain had made him an involuntary actor in that day's doings; but not, as he had truly said, from any apprehension of what the world might say of them or of him: he regretted it because he had seen Lotty—the brightest, fairest sight that his eyes had ever lit upon, her face the sweetest his painter's fancy had ever pictured, her voice the tenderest his ears had heard. He regretted it because he had seen

Lotty, yet was forbidden by cruel Fate to love her, because she was the betrothed of his friend.

#### CHAPTER IV.—PENADDON.

In spite of his long travel of the previous day, Walter Litton was up betimes on the morning after his arrival at Penaddon. Not so the captain, who, since the sight of his destined bride had been forbidden to him till eleven o'clock, thought himself justified in indulging in one of his favourite weaknesses—that of rising late. He was not a man to set a fancy value upon his time under any circumstances, nor had he much appreciation of the beauties of nature, never so charming, fresh, and inspiring as when the day is young. Litton, on the contrary, was ordinarily much impressed by them; and never had a fairer scene awaited him than that which met his eyes when, having unfastened the door of the *Wheat-sheaf* with his own hands (for no one in the house was yet stirring but himself), he stood in the roadway, which at a few paces from the inn, was lost in the shelving sand of the sea-shore. The tiny waves were lapping softly upon it, for the storm of the previous night had spent itself, and the gulls, which it had blown about like foam, were sliding noiselessly through the sunny air. To the north and east lay the illimitable ocean; but southward, the view was interrupted by a small projecting promontory, upon which, and not on the shore, as he had imagined, from his friend's description, stood the ruined church. The sea, indeed, had encroached upon it, and in a manner swallowed it up; but this had been effected by sapping the foundations of the cliff on which it had been built. The Romans, wiser in their generation than those whose devout hands had raised the church, had placed their edifice, half-castle, half-camp, upon much higher ground, where it still bade defiance to all assaults, even those of Time itself. The two together offered in their decay as picturesque a spectacle as could well be imagined. A winding road, itself broken and jagged on the side towards the hungry sea, and already unsafe for wheeled conveyances, led up to the more modern ruin; but the other stood in a cornfield, approachable only by a narrow path through the standing grain. The uses of the castle, wrapped around in its mantle of ivy, and with many a leafy shrub growing from the interstices of its huge walls, in which the dust of centuries had accumulated, were wholly fled: the fosse, which had once formed its external defence, was filled with earth; the watch-tower, on which its sentinels had been posted, was unapproachable, for the steps that had led to it were fallen away; it needed a scholar even to guess at what had been the design of those massive outlines, which had once sheltered the soldiers of Cæsar. The church, on the contrary, if for fewer folk than of old, kept its uses still. Just as there are men and women, in whom, in youth, there was seen by their contemporaries little to admire above their fellows, but who, when age approaches, are clothed in reverence to the eyes of a later generation, so was this sacred ruin—now that the voices of its preachers were silenced for ever, and the winds of heaven made music in its roofless aisles in place of any mortal choir—far more suggestive of religious thought than it had been in its palmyest time. The long-forgotten dead—those at least whom the sacrilegious sea had



not devoured—still lay around it, though the grass that covered them had well nigh lost all semblance to that 'swelling turf' which marks the last resting-places of our kind; their headstones had fallen, or sunk, or disappeared, and with them, in dust and nothingness, lay the hands that out of dear remembrance might have strewn the autumn flowers on their graves; but Nature had performed this pious duty, and in less transient fashion. The golden furze scattered its perfume over them with every breath of air; by mossy stones, half-hidden from the eye, the violet scattered its incense, and a thousand little blossoms, yellow, blue, and red, enamelled the green pall that covered all. Even within the church, these innocent intruders had made their way, bordering the broken slabs, beneath which lay nameless knights and squires, embracing the chancel arch with their delicate tendrils, and giving each prostrate pillar a florid capital to replace that which it had lost in its fall.

As Walter climbed the stile that led into this deserted sanctuary, a partridge whirled from beneath his feet, and flew towards a neighbouring wood; his eyes mechanically followed it, and perceived through the trees the glint of a white house, which he rightly conjectured to be Penaddon Hall. In an instant, the church, the castle, and the fair scene which was on all sides spread before him, were forgotten, and his thoughts recurred to the subject from which they had won him, and from which he had been glad to be won—Lotty. He had never called her by that name, of course, but he had heard her called so, and never thought of her under any other. He was not a poet, even in feeling—as, indeed, many painters are; but he had something more than an eye for natural beauties; he had a reverent spirit. His first idea, on beholding this sacred solitude, whose silence the noisy exit of the partridge had made even more impressive, could not have been such as would certainly have occurred to his friend Selwyn: 'What a jolly place for a picnic!' The presence of the dead would have hushed his lips. He would have thought with solemnity upon the generations of men whose bones had been buried in that lonely spot, and whose memory had died away. He would have contrasted their position, perhaps, with that of their far-off descendants, living and toiling yonder in the ships at sea, or on the earth that was to know them no more, with pity—for youth and hope were still his own. The kestrel, at all events, whom his coming had disturbed from its eyrie in the ruined castle, and which now hung reassured and motionless above his head, would for certain have attracted his attention; but the eye only sees what it brings with it, or, rather, the outward eye is but the deputy of our sense of seeing, and can see nothing save by commission from its principal, the inward. And Walter's inward eye was fixed on Lotty. He could not have helped it, even though it should have cost him his life, and his thoughts did him no dishonour. How beautiful she was, how gracious, and in what sore need of help and guidance! These were the three aspects in which she chiefly presented herself to him. He did not resent the fact that his friend had secured her affections; he bowed before it, as before any other harsh decree of Destiny; but he did, without quite acknowledging it to himself, resent in his heart the complacency with

which the captain took his good-fortune, and the small store he apparently set by it. It was not exactly that he did not value his prize as it deserved, but that he seemed to value it for what were not its rarest and most precious attributes, but for such as were common to other girls. It was hateful, for example, to hear him talk of her expectations, and still more hateful to perceive that the difficulties of her position, and the evil consequences that might result from it to herself, were not the only, if even the chief considerations with Selwyn. He regarded them fully as much, nay, more, as they affected *him*. And if this was the case before he had married her, while those intoxicating charms were not yet his own, at the time when the Chord of Self passes from the Harp of Life even with the most selfish, how would it be when he had become possessed and was tired of them! And if, with satiety, poverty should also befall this man (as it was like to do), who had always been wont to fare of the best, and valued it, would not Lotty have to endure much worse than poverty—coldness, neglect, and the bitter consciousness that she had been the wilful cause of her own ruin! Litton was hard upon his friend, no doubt, but it was because his heart was poured out like water in tenderness for this friendless girl; nor was he selfish in his indignation. If the captain had not existed, he could still not have hoped to make Lotty his own. He had no position in the world, and no money to be called 'money'; that is to say, he had just enough to live upon in a very sparing and Spartan-like manner. His brush had as yet earned him little or nothing, scarce enough to pay for his canvas and the paints, with an occasional share of a model. And though so young, and really clever with his fingers, he did not believe that his genius would give him an independence for many a year to come. His parents had long been dead; he had been left to the care of a distant relative, who had all but declined the trust bequeathed to him, and had only let him have his way in embracing Art as a profession, because it was less trouble than to oppose him. He had been practically left to his own guidance in London for years, just as much as now that he was legally his own master. To some lads, this would have been ruin; with most of us, notwithstanding the best of bringing-up, 'good principles'—a vague name, but a very real thing—do not actuate our conduct till long after we have passed Litton's age; but it had not been so with him. He was no saint, indeed, but he was a man of honour in a fine sense, and a true gentleman. Old age, and womanhood, and poverty had always exacted from him respect and pity. He had knocked about in the world (a very different thing from *being* knocked about in it, remember) without losing his tenderness of heart, or honesty, though he had got rid of a good many illusions prevalent among those of his age. If Lotty had been a poor girl of humble birth, and had been free to love him, he would not have hesitated to become a suitor for her hand. He would have thought very little of the opinions of society about that matter; but in such circumstances as the present he would have thought a good deal of *her*, and would certainly never have persuaded her to give up home, and friends, and competence, to accept him and poverty. He had a habit, rare

at any time of life with men, of thinking of others even in the affairs in which he himself was also concerned.

At this moment, however, as he walks up and down the deserted churchyard, gazing mechanically, and not as usual with a keen eye to 'effects,' at earth, and sea, and sky, his thoughts were mainly of his own position, present and future. How long was he doomed to live in those dreary lodgings in Beech Street, practising his art, while the short light lasted—drawing 'studies' that had to be rubbed out again to make room for others, but little better, or painting likenesses of which even the hired sitters did not always express their admiration? Upon the whole, he was afraid he would never 'make much of it' in the way of his calling, though he loved it well, and was prone to magnify it upon occasion; never enough, probably, to have a home of his own, that he could call such, ruled by some dear helpmate and sympathiser. Jack Pelter, who lived on the floor below him, and went halves in his models, was a good fellow enough, it is true, and said 'Poor devil' really as if he felt it, when Walter's picture came back from the Gallery in Pall-Mall last month rejected by the committee; but that was not the sort of consolation for which he yearned. He did not relish the prospect of becoming in time like Jack himself, though that agreeable veteran had plenty of accepted pictures, some of which were even marked with that charming St Andrew's cross in the catalogues; red-nosed, hoarse-voiced Jack, given to singing ballads 'amatory and bacchanalian,' as the old song-books term them, late into the night, and rising in the morning with a relish for beer. Walter was no milkop, but the prospect of such a future had no charms for him, and yet it seemed the best he had to look to. He had not speculated upon these matters hitherto, being wisely content to work and wait; but now—now that he had had a glimpse of the What-might-have-been, if everything had been quite different, he had become sadly dissatisfied with his condition. He was not envious of the captain's good-fortune, but he could not forbear contrasting it with his own. 'When could he ever hope to possess—indeed, was it possible that the world held another like her for him or any man?—such a paragon of loveliness as this young girl, whom he had seen for the first time but yesterday, but whose charms would never, while memory'—

At this point in his soliloquy, Walter instinctively glanced towards the Hall, and coming down towards him through the trees, he caught the flutter of a petticoat. For a moment, he became rose-colour—not from motives of delicacy, for the petticoat was a long way off, but from the force and suddenness of an emotion that he could not resist. Lotty was about to join him, to take his hand, to speak with him. He felt inclined to flee to the inn, and bid the captain come—for whom, and not for him, this visit was obviously designed. The distance must have deceived her beautiful eyes, and she had taken him for her beloved object. But it was already too late for flight; she had left the cover of the wood by this time, and was coming through the corn-field, like Ruth to Boaz, only Boaz was asleep in the *Wheat-sheaf*: and now a while the Roman ruin shut her from his view. What should he say, what should he do? Ought he to offer some excuse for the captain's somno-

lency, or to ignore it, or to say he had left him on the shore somewhere, writing her name with his walking-stick on the sand? He was prepared to take any course that would please her most; to shield, to praise—but here she came in sight again, much nearer, and he perceived, with mingled relief and chagrin, that it was not Lotty at all, but Mrs Sheldon! She was a tall fine woman, and of a graceful carriage, yet he felt aggrieved with himself that distance should have lent such enchantment to her that he had taken her for her lovely guest; nor had the mistake, it appeared, been reciprocal, since the lady's first words, after her 'Good-morning,' were, 'I felt sure that it was you, Mr Litton, who had come out to enjoy this beautiful morning, and not that sluggish Reggie. I do believe that he was secretly rejoiced last night when I forbade him to call upon his innamorata before eleven o'clock this morning. The dear fellow has made a charming choice, has he not?'

'Yes, indeed. Miss Brown is very beautiful, and, as it seems to me, has a disposition calculated to make any man happy.'

'How long have you known her?'

This question rather staggered Walter, for the hours which he had passed in Lotty's company had not been estimated in his mind by their mere number at all; his life seemed to be divided into two portions of about equal length—the one during which he had not known Lotty, and the other during which he had. Brought face to face with the facts, by Mrs Sheldon's inquiry, he felt that there was something ridiculous in replying: 'Since yesterday;' so he answered evasively: 'Oh, only very recently: but I have seen her during such a trying time, that I seem to know more about her than I should have learnt in months of ordinary acquaintance.'

'I see,' said Mrs Sheldon dryly. 'Well, I too have seen her under exceptional circumstances, and, though I quite agree with you as to her good looks, her character appears to me to be a little weak.'

'You must remember, Mrs Sheldon,' answered Walter quickly, 'that the circumstances are not only exceptional, but, in your case, are not altogether favourable. Up to the moment of your reception of her, she was not quite certain that it would be a kind one; that she was utterly alone—nay, worse than alone—till you held out your arms to her; and had really no opportunity of shewing any strength of character, even if she possessed it. Moreover, she is so devoted to your nephew, that her individuality is, for the present, as it were, lost in his.'

'For the present, you say, Mr Litton: you do not think this devotion of hers, then, is likely to stand the test of matrimony?'

'Nay; indeed, I implied nothing of the kind,' said Walter earnestly. 'I only meant that the young lady is placed just now in a most difficult and embarrassing situation, and needs the most charitable construction to be put on her words as well as actions.'

'I see you are a true knight-errant, Mr Litton, and happy should be the lady whose colours you elect to wear upon your helm,' answered Mrs Sheldon with a scarce perceptible sigh. 'Dear Reggie, I fear, is not quite such a Don Quixote. He would do battle, of course, for his own fair lady, but not for another's, as you have been doing.'

She is fortunate in having so disinterested an advocate.'

Walter felt not only uncomfortable, but even abashed; he was not unconscious that he had been somewhat enthusiastic in his praise of the object of his friend's choice, and that it was no more his place to be so—nor, indeed, so much—than it was Mrs Sheldon's. 'I still, however, think that Lotty is weak,' continued that lady, musing; 'not only born to be led rather than to lead, which is the fate of our sex, but, what is not so usual with us, well content with that dependent position. However, that is the less to be regretted, since Reggie has will enough for two. I don't think he would stand much opposition in a wife, after the honeymoon days were over; what do you say, Mr Litton?'

'I think Selwyn likes to have his way, like most of us men,' answered Walter.

'You are virtuous,' said Mrs Sheldon, smiling, 'for you withstand the temptation of criticising an absent friend. Well, I am his aunt, you know—though it seems rather ridiculous perhaps'—

'It seems incredible,' said Walter gallantly. 'When I first saw you, I thought Selwyn had been playing one of his jokes upon us in saying that he was your nephew.'

'But it really is so,' said Mrs Sheldon: 'my father and Reginald's were always taken for brothers, so nearly were they of an age, and yet they belonged to different generations. Well, as I was saying, I am his near relative, and privileged to speak the truth about Reggie. I think this young lady very suitable to him in many respects; but, of course, he runs a tremendous risk. I mean, of course,' added she, in answer to Walter's questioning look, 'as to the money. I am not a mercenary person, I hope, but I know men can't live upon air.'

'Nor young ladies either, I conclude,' said Walter dryly.

'Well, yes; they can live upon love, which comes to the same thing, my dear Mr Litton. There is a great deal of nonsense talked about the expensive requirements of girls of the present day, and of how men are afraid to marry them in consequence. It is true that men have mixed more in the world, and therefore seen more of the inconveniences of poverty than the young people of my own sex, but, in addition to that, they are more selfish, and (if I may use the word without cant) less spiritual. Even the most foolish girl, whose happiness seems dependent upon the smiles of what is called "Society," has capabilities of self-sacrifice in her for the sake of him she loves, such as you men do not dream of; nay, she would not be conscious, as all you would be—for never yet did a man give up for another's sake so much as the smoking of a cigar without patting himself on the back for it—that it was a sacrifice, so long as the husband continued to be what he seemed when he was her lover. If his love is not meat, drink, and clothing to her, it is all beside those three essentials; and possessing it, she can dispense with almost everything else.'

The change in Mrs Sheldon's manner, as she thus spoke, was very remarkable: her lively, yet somewhat cynical air had wholly disappeared, and was replaced by a certain passionate earnestness. 'It is possible,' was Walter's involuntary thought, 'that Society may have judged this woman harshly,

after all; she may herself have married one who did not continue to be the man he had seemed, or whom she discovered, perhaps, to be the lover of somebody else.' His heart, always tender towards womankind, was moved with pity, and his face betrayed it.

'I am speaking of men and women generally, Mr Litton,' said she, in a softened tone, 'for there are women as hard as nails (as Reginald would say), and men more noble than the best of women; and in this particular case, I do not doubt there will be love enough, and on the right side, to make it no hardship to dispense with luxuries. It is the vulgar meat, drink, and clothing question that is the present problem. If Brown *père* refuses to be reconciled, how are the young folks to live?'

'That is the very inquiry that I ventured to put to Selwyn last night,' observed Walter gravely, 'but one which he was either unable or disinclined to answer. He has his pay, of course.'

'That is nothing,' answered Mrs Sheldon. 'He has always looked upon it as so much pocket-money, to be spent in cigars, and sodas and brandy. The inheritance he received from his parents was to a great extent anticipated before it came to him, and he has been living on it—that is, on the principal—ever since. I should be surprised, even, if he could shew a fair balance-sheet, and start in life to-day with anything to the good, if all his debts were paid.'

'Good Heavens!' cried Litton, 'this is terrible. I knew Selwyn called himself a poor man; but I thought that was considering his position in a crack cavalry regiment: poor, compared with such a man as myself, for instance. I felt that it was indiscreet of him to marry; but if what you say is true'—Walter hesitated, for he was about to say something harsh.

'If what I say is true, and it is true,' said Mrs Sheldon, 'this marriage is Madness, you were about to observe. It is worse than madness—unless he has good cause to reckon upon the forgiveness of this young girl's father—it is suicide. It is upon this very matter that I came down here this morning to have a few words with you. I wanted to know, from a really trustworthy source, what chance there was of a reconciliation.'

'My dear Mrs Sheldon, I know less of that even than yourself,' returned Walter, a sort of diorama of poor Lotty's married life projecting itself on his brain—a little whirl of gaiety, then debt and duns, the shifts of penury, and at last the depths of it—and filling him with indescribable distress. 'I cannot, will not think that matters are quite so bad with Selwyn as you describe. If they are, how did he *himself* look forward to extricate *himself* from his difficulties, supposing this—this running-away had never happened?'

'By a lucky marriage,' observed Mrs Sheldon coolly. 'Reggie has no expectations in the way of money at all; but there is an Irish cousin of his, a baronet, to whose title, although to nothing else, for he has nothing to leave, he is the heir. This man is both old and ailing, and in all probability my nephew will soon become "Sir Reginald." He flattered himself, and with reason, that with a handle to his name, his good looks would procure him a rich wife, when it should become absolutely necessary to him to redeem his fortunes by matrimony. With such personal advantages, aided by the glitter of his Crimean medal, he could hardly,

indeed, have failed. But now, if he has overrated the strength of Brown *père's* affection for his offspring, he has done for himself altogether.'

'He has done for somebody else also, it appears to me,' said Walter bitterly.

Mrs Sheldon shrugged her plump shoulders and threw out her little hands: 'That goes without saying, Mr Litton: man and wife are one; such, at least, is the view of the law.'

'And I suppose they must now be man and wife,' observed Walter mournfully. There was nothing of selfishness in his thought, only commiseration for what seemed the wretchedness of Lotty's future; but it was with a sarcastic smile that his companion answered: 'The alternative would be even worse, under the circumstances, my good sir, for the "somebody else," for whom you express so disinterested a solicitude. Matters have gone too far, in the eyes of the world, to admit of retreat, even if Reginald would listen to such a proposition. The girl is of age, and even if she were not, the law is not so paternal as it is (perhaps fortunately) supposed to be by young ladies and their would-be swains. If she were a ward in Chancery, then, indeed, even Reginald's will would have to give way for once, and I myself might get into serious trouble for giving my countenance—though, you will do me the justice to own, I had not the opportunity of refusing it—to yesterday's escapade. You must never run away with a ward in Chancery, remember—unless she is somebody else's wife;' and Mrs Sheldon broke into a light musical laugh, that startled Walter not a little.

'You are shocked,' said she, 'at my want of gravity; but what would you have? The mischief is done, and there is nothing left but to make the best of it. If you will take my advice, you will not put Reginald in a huff by useless expostulation upon a matter which is, after all, his own concern; nor shall I make Lotty sad by allusion to her blank prospects. If evil is to come, it will come soon enough, and let us at least spare her the misery of expecting it. She will be up by this time, and looking for her hostess, so I must say *au revoir*.'

'One moment,' said Walter earnestly. 'May I ask how long— I mean, how soon will the marriage take place?'

'Well, doubtless as soon as the law will permit it. In a case of special license you will think I have these things at my finger-ends, but I was married myself,' here she gaily touched her wedding-ring, 'under these very circumstances—the period of residence is of no consequence. I hope we may succeed in preventing you from being bored to death at Penaddon for the very short time that will be necessary to get the document from Doctors' Commons.'

'I thought of going back home—that is, to town,' said Walter hesitatingly. 'I only came down to look after Selwyn, and now, of course, I shall be no longer necessary to him.'

'My dear Mr Litton, you are more necessary to him than ever,' replied his companion gravely; 'your presence, indeed, is absolutely indispensable at the marriage itself.'

'How so?' inquired Walter, with amazement.

'Why, you will act, of course, as the deputy of Brown *père*. You will have to give Lotty away.'

Mrs Sheldon had turned upon her heel, and was half over the churchyard stile (exhibiting a very

charming foot and ankle) before he could recall his senses, scattered by this bombshell of a reply. Give Lotty away! So inhuman a command had never been laid upon him since his first schoolmaster had bid him fetch the stick which was designed to be the instrument of his own correction.

#### DR GRANVILLE'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

LITTLE more than two years ago passed away an eminent physician, known in London as Dr Granville, who was an Italian by birth, and whose original name was Augusto Bozzi. His autobiography, which has just been published, abounds in interesting reminiscences of public events and personages. While strongly recommending the book for perusal, we take the opportunity of giving a sketch of Bozzi's remarkable career. He was born at Milan on October 7, 1783, his father belonging to an old and respectable family in Lombardy. His mother was an English lady, Rosa Granville, and it was at her request that he, while still a young man, added Granville to his surname. On his father's side, young Bozzi could boast of being connected with the Bonapartes, for the Bozzis had settled in Corsica as well as Genoa.

At six years of age, little Augusto, under the protection, no doubt, of the patron saint after whom he was named, was sent to a school 'kept by an old lady;' whence he progressed through higher establishments, until he entered the University of Pavia, as an undergraduate, at sixteen years of age or a little over, and left, as a doctor of medicine, in his nineteenth year, having obtained his diploma. He had, in the meanwhile, coquetted, not altogether fruitlessly, with architecture, music, and painting; he had displayed great 'zeal for republicanism,' and had been arrested and imprisoned for his pains. The youthful doctor's diploma was not sufficient, on his return to Milan, to exempt him from the impending conscription; and so, in the capacity of a merchant, he took refuge with his uncle, a 'successful whaler,' at Genoa. But he was not much safer at Genoa than he would have been at Milan; and the young enthusiast, who had but lately suffered captivity for the cause of republicanism, was fain to seek an asylum at a theatre at Venice, where he found an engagement, under the title of Signor Augustino. From Venice, the adventurous signor made his way to the Ionian Islands; and at Corfu he met Mr Hamilton, 'who had been filling the post of private secretary in Lord Elgin's embassy at Constantinople,' and with whom he, bearing 'the title of physician to the English Embassy at Constantinople,' set out for a tour through Greece, and thus, in a manner, took his 'first step towards England.' This was in 1803; but it was not until 1806 that Signor Bozzi, having in the interval employed his medical talents in the Turkish service, transformed himself into Augustus Bozzi Granville, was introduced 'to Captain M'Kinlay, at that moment senior officer in the *Tagus*, commanding His Majesty's frigate *Lively*,' and was appointed by him 'acting assistant-surgeon to His Majesty's ship *Raven*.' The appointment, however, did not actually take place until the 8th of March 1807. 'Such,' says the autobiographer, 'was my initiation into the great community of England, with which my destiny for a period of sixty-five years became indissolubly entwined, my bond of union being

sealed by my marriage with an English lady, and the birth of seven British-born children. Of five sons, the eldest died in infancy, the second entered the army, the third took holy orders, the fourth gave himself up to the fine arts, and the fifth became an engineer. Of my two daughters, the youngest alone survives as the constant and devoted companion of my old age.' And on that younger daughter devolved the duty, filially but diffidently performed, of adding a few supplementary pages to her father's autobiography.

Dr Granville was not only a fair actor, but a good musician, with the advantage of a fine tenor voice; and, of course, such a combination of accomplishments and natural endowments opened the doors of society to him constantly; and he became a notable character in London.

Of the doctor's anecdotes very many refer to himself personally as the chief character concerned; and they are by no means the least amusing or, at anyrate, curious and striking. He was, in the capacity of a lecturer, endeavouring to make his 'hearers familiar with the labours of Sir Humphry Davy concerning the real nature of chlorine.' He 'had prepared and carefully collected . . . a considerable volume of chlorine gas in a globular glass vessel, intended to shew the physical not less than its chemical properties,' when by an accident he was deprived of the sense of smell. 'It was,' he says, 'about ten years after the chlorine accident, and the deprivation of my sense of smell, that driving with my wife towards Harrow, and while passing what were then fields celebrated for carpet-beating, but now crowded with houses and streets, I became suddenly sensible of the delicious smell of new hay, which was in the process of being made that day. I pulled up my horse, and remained some time perfectly enchanted with delight (I don't exaggerate) at my recovered sense. We remained nearly an hour motionless, and I drove off towards Harrow, proposing to come back the same way at sunset, hoping to enjoy the same delicious sensation. In this, however, I was disappointed, nor have I ever enjoyed it since.'

Being at Leghorn in 1814, Dr Granville had an opportunity of seeing the Countess d'Albany (widow of the so-called Pretender), to whom he had a letter of introduction. 'The Countess d'Albany,' he says, 'like most elderly ladies from Central Germany, looked older than her age. At sixty-two, all traces had entirely vanished of that beauty that had for a time subdued a rough and drunken Celtic prince, enslaved the greatest of modern tragic writers (Alfieri), and kept captive to the day of her death an obscure painter (M. Fabre) belonging to the most volatile nation in Europe. Nothing but the prestige of her name and the surviving graces of her manner could explain the desire travellers expressed on arriving at Leghorn to pay their respects to this last remnant of the Stolberg and Cardinal York's families.'

Dr Granville refused the proffered post of physician to the celebrated Ali Pasha, with whom he had frequent interviews, and whose personal appearance, as indicative of character, he thus describes: 'Under a forehead of brass, inscribed with harshness and obstinacy, were piercing eyes flashing fire at times, and anon darting scorn with the accompanying curl of the lip. Presently, those same eyes would assume the insidious look of meekness calculated to deceive people not on their

guard against, but rather fascinated by, the prestige of a chief who, while in the plenitude of an almost kingly authority, condescended to converse, argue, and treat with a person not his equal. Under the spell of those looks, some English travellers succumbed who visited Ali a few years after us, when his name had become still more famous throughout Greece, and his satraps compared him to Philip and Pyrrhus, his predecessors as rulers of the same country. He should have been compared rather with more than one of those tyrannical governors whom the Lacedæmonians, when supreme in Greece, sent to oppress the people, and who met, at length, their fate by treachery and death.'

A most ludicrous account is given of the consternation created by the appearance, at one of Lady Bessborough's suppers after the theatre, of the learned Madame de Staël; the picture reminds one of a number of school-boys afraid to approach the head-master. 'On Madame de Staël entering the room,' it is said, 'and her name being announced, all the gentlemen assembled retired to the farthest end of the room. . . . Not a creature could be prevailed upon to go and offer to lead Madame into the supper-room, each gentleman excusing himself awkwardly, skulking one behind the other. . . . At last, Lord Townshend boldly advanced and gave her his arm. . . . At supper, matters were rather worse, for on Madame de Staël being seated, the gentlemen drew themselves quietly to the bottom of the table, fearful to be addressed by her. . . . Sheridan was present, . . . and when his name was mentioned,' and himself pointed out, 'Madame de Staël exclaimed, turning to him: "*Ah! voilà le grand Sheridan*," who, however, did not appear inclined to go up to her, until Lord Holland actually pushed him towards her. She then addressed him with several flattering compliments, to which Sheridan replied by observing that he knew not one word of French.' After this brilliant exhibition on the part of the wittiest and most sparkling talker of his day, 'we others' may surely take courage, and carry off our clumsiness and unreadiness with more gaiety.

Dr Granville had the privilege of being acquainted with the wonderful Mezzofanti, 'who, from the humble station of the son of an artisan, rose to be a cardinal, and one of the pope's ministers, could speak thirty-one languages, exclusive of dialects, all equally well, whether as regards facility or pronunciation--the latter probably the most remarkable speciality of his talent, since he had never once been out of his native country. . . . Being possessed of a prodigious memory, his references to, and citations from, authors of so many nations, were frequent and appropriate, rendering his conversation a perfect intellectual treat.'

Dr Granville happened to be an eye-witness of the fair held on the frozen Thames in 1814, when he had given up the naval service. He hints pretty strongly that his foreign extraction was sometimes a stumbling-block during his career in England; but it did not, at anyrate, interfere with his reception at Sir Joseph Banks's assemblies, at which it was his good-fortune to meet such men as 'Humphry Davy and his brother, Wollaston, Dr Thomas Young, Thomas Brande, Marcet, Henry Brougham, Lansdowne, Herschel, Whewell, Brewster, Henry Ellis, William Lawrence, Leonard Horner, Humboldt, De

Candolle, Doctor Baillie, Sir Astley Cooper, Sir Everard Home, Birkbeck, Stewart, Playfair, and other members of that galaxy of talent which in those days shone so pre-eminently in this land.' At one of these assemblies, as Dr Granville has stated, there took place a strange scene, in which Mr Payne Knight, the eminent antiquary, and Pistrucci, the celebrated cameo-engraver, played the principal parts. Mr Knight had lately, at the price of fifteen hundred pounds, become the happy possessor, as he boasted, of an antique fragmentary cameo, which he would have great pleasure in allowing Signor Pistrucci to examine. Signor Pistrucci was much obliged, examined the cameo most carefully with 'a lens,' returned the precious piece of antiquity to the owner, and quietly remarked: '*Questa è opera mia!*' (I did that). There was, of course, what the newspapers call 'sensation.' Mr Knight, feeling his antiquarian reputation at stake, asked how Signor Pistrucci would prove his assertion. Signor Pistrucci answered: "Easily," adding, that his private mark would be found in a certain part, and explaining what his private mark was. There it was, sure enough. But, as if this were not enough, Signor Pistrucci, in less than a fortnight, produced a *replica*, so indistinguishable from the original, that Mr Payne Knight 'was unwilling that his own should pass into the hands of the person who held the *replica*, mounted in a case of the same form, lest there should be no possibility of distinguishing the one from the other.' It turned out, as everybody will have foreseen, that the eminent antiquary had been imposed upon by a still more eminent swindler, who had been making profitable use of Signor Pistrucci's talents, and at the same time scantily remunerating the signor.

Of the late emperor, Napoleon III., Dr Granville has related an anecdote containing 'a fact suppressed by order,' according to the doctor's own expression. It is asserted that in July 1840, Prince Louis Napoleon (afterwards Napoleon III.) took leave of his uncle Joseph 'on board the *Batavier*, a Dutch steamer.' When 'the bell for visitors to leave the vessel sounded, and the nephew and uncle separated,' the latter, still holding the former by the hand, said: 'There are to be no plots, you understand: keep your money for better purposes; when France wants us, she will be sure to summon us.' 'Be quite easy, uncle,' was the reply: 'you may rely on me.' 'Really?' exclaimed the other, with tears in his eyes. '*On my honour*,' replied the prince, as, with one hand on his heart, to emphasise the expression, he turned on his heel and was gone. Those words still rang in Dr Granville's ears thirty years after the notorious 'affair of Boulogne,' which occurred within a few days of that interview which Dr Granville witnessed, and has recorded. The doctor has expressed an opinion that readers may be embarrassed 'in the choice of a right appellation to be affixed to the conduct' described.

It was Dr Granville's fate, in his prophetic character, of which he was not a little proud, to meet sometimes with as little honour as if he had been in his own country, or as if he had been own brother to Cassandra. He was much employed, professionally, in Russia, amongst persons of rank, and even amongst members of the imperial family. He, accordingly, wrote to Lord Palmerston a long letter, which, if the 'professional warning' it contained had been heeded, might, we are asked to

believe, have prevented the Crimean War, but which Lord Palmerston merely acknowledged with the curt response: 'My dear sir, your letter of the 6th has been duly received.' When, however, we reflect that 'the prediction of the pathologist,' to the effect that, 'before July 1855, when the emperor would be fifty-nine years old,' the haughty and irritable Czar would suddenly collapse and be removed, was confessedly assisted to fulfilment by that very war, the 'prognosis' loses a little of its infallibility. 'Alma, Inkermann, Balaklava,' we are told, 'shook the mighty brain;' and 'Eupatoria completed the stroke.' If, then, none of these events had happened, it seems reasonable to suppose that the 'mighty brain' would not have been shaken, the 'stroke would not have been completed,' and the emperor might have lived to read Dr Granville's autobiography.

Not the least amusing characteristic of the autobiography is the ingenious simplicity with which Dr Granville, to use a homely phrase, 'blows his own trumpet.' He was at Dover, when he read in a newspaper an account of 'the dangerous state' of the lamented Princess Charlotte. He arrived in London too late to offer his services, but, 'had I arrived one day sooner,' we read, 'Sir Walter Farquhar, as physician to the Prince Regent, would have recommended that a medical man fresh from a Paris lying-in hospital should be called in. The difficulty once overcome that threatened two lives, and these saved, the British crown might have descended on a different head. Never could it have been worn by one more fitted to fill the exalted station than the august lady who now wears that crown, only my own fate would have been different, for I should have filled the office which fell instead on a brother naval-officer of mine, the late Sir James Clark, Baronet.'

In setting up in London, Dr Granville had the tact to fall into the style of dress and manner of the more pompous class of metropolitan physicians. He says that, although his cheeks were very smooth, 'I had, however, from the very commencement of my practice, taken care to assume the garb of a much older person, by adopting the dress I saw Sir Henry Hallford, Dr Latham, and other popular physicians wear, at which the sprightly M.D.s of the present day would laugh indeed. Yet was that style not only in fashion then, but positively expected in a practising physician. So I donned a square-cut coat of black cloth, a single-breasted black cloth waistcoat, descending low down, shewing off the well-starched frill of an irreproachable white shirt, smalls with knee-buckles, black silk stockings, and buckles in shining black narrow pumps. I did not adopt the gold-headed cane as well, but wore powder and a broad-brimmed hat, which completed the dress. It certainly added age to my appearance, and I was not long in getting used to it, as I had done to the more theatrical transformation in the Levant, when I assumed the Turkish vestments; but, oh! how different, with the bother of buttons and buckles in the present instance! Fortunately, the dons in physic whom I had taken for models, soon swerved from the stiff practice, to become more modernised in their views, and I was not long in following their steps by adopting the more ordinary day garb of all gentlemen.'

Any readers who desire to know more about his struggle to get into practice in the metropolis,



must have recourse to the two bulky volumes of the autobiography. As a 'lady's doctor,' Granville pursued a successful career in London, where he was vain and peculiar, but was trusted for his eminent professional ability, as well as esteemed for his genial qualities.

### THE MARVELLOUS COUNTRY.

SOME months ago (May 16, 1874), we attempted, in a brief way, to describe the 'Wonders of the Yellowstone Region,' amidst the Rocky Mountains, in the western part of the United States. We now desire to take the reader southwards to the boundary-line between the United States and Mexico, lately visited by Mr Samuel Wordsworth Cozzens, whose account of matters adds another to the marvels of the North American continent. Amongst its alleged wonders are the unrealised wealth in its mines, the remains of cities of unknown antiquity gone to ruin, and, considering the general fertility, the absence of inhabitants, for in a space of a hundred and twenty thousand square miles there are, besides some roving savages, not more than two thousand Anglo-Americans.

Though the aborigines are few in number, they are so utterly vicious and apparently irreclaimable, that any advance towards improvement of this vast region is for the present next to hopeless. These tribes of Apaches, as they are called, have for centuries scourged Northern Mexico and Arizona. Nor can much good be said of the so-called civilised whites. It is recorded that they are, or were (for the description seems to apply to the state of things which existed some few years ago), 'the worst class of gamblers, renegades, and ruffians that could, by any possibility, be gathered together from the four quarters of the globe, a very large portion of whom found a home in Arizona, only when driven by the Vigilance Committees of Texas and California to find some country where law was unknown, and justice recognised only so far as it suited the particular ideas of the party administering it, and who, under its sacred guise, assumed the right to gratify his worst passions, answerable only to the stronger, or most dexterous in the use of the bowie-knife or pistol.'

To touch lightly upon a few of the wonders and attractions, as well as upon some of the pests and drawbacks, of the 'marvellous country,' which term, by the way, is evidently intended, from the localities mentioned, to cover at least a portion of New Mexico in addition to Arizona, is quite worth a little while and a little space.

As good a marvel as any to begin with, though it carries us back to the remote date of 1683, is 'a mass of virgin silver,' weighing the incredible number of two thousand eight hundred pounds, which a certain Don Rodrigo Gandera dug out of his mine, and which was immediately claimed by a zealous officer for the king of Spain, 'because it was a curiosity; and all curiosities taken from the soil, of whatever kind or nature, belonged to His Most Gracious (Catholic?) Majesty.' Then there is the Mimbres River, which 'sinks into the plain in places, reappearing miles below, and then flows on as peacefully as if its mad freaks had never astonished old Father Kino,' a Jesuit, who, in the cause of his religion, made more than one pilgrimage, during the latter half

of the seventeenth century, to the 'wonderful country;' and side by side with that hide-and-seek-playing stream may be placed the singular 'Ojo Caliente,' or hot spring, 'shewing a temperature of one hundred and thirty-five degrees Fahrenheit,' which, however, is a heat not within fifteen degrees of that shewn by the celebrated springs in Arkansas. Then there is the panorama provided by nature: there are lofty mountains, level woods and plains, and blue lakes, with shores of dazzling white, caused by 'pure crystallised salt;' and, far away across the sandy tract, the sun rises upon a 'city not made with hands.' Ruins there are of edifices built by man, and peopled, once upon a time, by thousands of families; but this is no ruin, and never teemed with any human population. Take a field-glass, and examine it well. Streets there are 'plainly visible; massive temples with their spires and domes; monuments of every conceivable shape; castles of huge proportions; towers and minarets;' the whole surrounded by 'a massive wall ten feet in height, with arched gateways and entrances as perfect as it is possible for the imagination of man to conceive,' and glittering and flashing in the golden light. 'A mirage, of course,' the reader will say, with the smile of superior experience. Not at all; it is no mirage; you may ride or walk up to it, and enter it and handle it. It is 'a mass of white sandstone, worn by the winds and waters into a wonderful similitude of a magnificent city.' As for cities made with hands, the ruins of them may be found extending for miles; ruins of houses, ruins of aqueducts, 'ruins of massive churches,' some of them having sculptured over the main entrance 'the coat-of-arms of old Spain; while the walls, still standing, measure sixty feet in height,' and the ground beneath them has the legendary credit of hiding 'treasure worth fifty millions,' buried by the miners when they hastily left their city, panic-stricken by the war-whoop of the Indian. And certainly not less wonderful than the ruined city, or the city built by nature's workmen, wind and wave, is the 'petrified forest, prostrate and partially buried in a kind of red marl.' All around lie hundreds of trees, 'converted by some chemical process into specimens of variegated jasper;' here is a tree 'ten feet in diameter,' and 'over a hundred feet in length;' there is another, not so huge, looking as if it had been charred by fire, with a trunk 'of a dark brown colour, while the smaller branches and twigs are of a reddish hue.' A walk through a cañon will reveal other marvels; on either side of you is a perpendicular wall, the colour of blood; overhead, a narrow land of light, serving just to make darkness visible; rocks, and cliffs, and fissures, and jagged edges like the teeth of a saw, overhang, and yawn, and grin, and threaten; the gloom gradually increases until the path, which cannot be seen for more than four or five feet ahead, 'abruptly turns an angle,' and suggests the idea of a slip into space; a single cry of surprise, or horror, or anger, is reverberated so many times as to startle the nerves; and the only sound that gives any comfort—but comfort not unmingled with apprehension—is a faint murmur from below of refreshing water. There is also a wonderful plant, which, in its different species, yields meat and drink (agreeable, but intoxicating), and many other more or less desirable things, including soap,

or, at anyrate, a saponaceous equivalent; there are the rich silver mines, worked, some of them, more than a hundred years ago by the Spaniards, and capable of still yielding plentifully.

It is now time to pass in brief review the objections there are or, at anyrate, were, a few years ago, to a settlement in the 'marvellous country.' These objections have already been just glanced at; they are chiefly of two kinds, geographical and anthropological. The former may be summed up by the word isolation; the latter, by these two expressions, American 'ruffians' and Indian 'braves.' It might be difficult, from a moral point of view, to choose between these two classes; but it does not appear that the former make any organised attempt to prevent settlers from gaining an honest livelihood by subduing the earth and embowelling it, whereas the latter do. It seems that the former only shoot down a friend or neighbour when he is 'awful provokin', which, however, happens quite frequently enough to render life uncomfortably precarious, whereas the latter appear to have devoted themselves to the task of murdering the white man and destroying the fruits of his labour. And of those Indians, the most dangerous and most cruel are called Apaches. It may be interesting, therefore, to have some information about that tribe, especially as Mr Cozzens gained his knowledge of it under the guidance of one of its most distinguished war-chiefs, Cochise, who, on consideration of 'a bale of smoking tobacco, a five-gallon keg of whisky,' and 'a pair of bright red blankets,' consented to act as guide and protector, much as an inspector of police would accompany the late Mr Charles Dickens on one of his voyages of discovery in the haunts of roguery, or vice, or need, and with whom Mr Cozzens, in the most courageous manner, went on his adventurous pilgrimage all alone. 'The Apache tribe,' we are told, 'which for so many years has been the terror of Northern Mexico, and the scourge of the white man in Arizona,' was, at the time the knowledge was acquired, 'composed of eight bands: the Mescaleros, the Mimbres, the Mogolones, the Chiricahui, the Coyteros, the Pinals, the Cerro-Colorados, and the Tontos. These bands,' the account continues, 'have now no fixed residence, but wander at will over the territory, making raids into Sonora and Chihuahua, killing men, women, and children, or taking the latter captives; stealing horses, mules, and cattle; destroying haciendas, ranches, and villages; then retreating into the mountain fastnesses, not only defy pursuit, but laugh at the futile efforts made to overtake them. In character they resemble the prairie wolf—sneaking, cowardly, and revengeful.' The personal appearance of Cochise, who was not cumbered with more clothing than the scantiest possible supply of linen and a pair of moccasins, is thus described: 'He was a tall, dignified-looking Indian, about forty-seven years of age, with face well daubed with vermilion and ochre. From his nose hung pendent a ring about five inches in circumference, made of heavy brass wire, while three of the same kind dangled from each ear. His body had been thoroughly anointed with some kind of rancid grease, which smelled very offensively. His stiff black hair was pushed back, and gathered in a kind of knot on the top of his head, while, behind, it rested on his shoulders. One or two eagle's feathers were fastened to his head in an upright position, and swayed with every breath

of wind.' He had a bow and arrow in his hand, which was remarkably dirty, and garnished 'with finger-nails fully an inch in length.'

With this formidable warrior for guide, Mr Cozzens 'determined to start alone for the *rancheria* (settlement) of the Pinal and Tonto Apaches, situated about one hundred and twenty miles west of north from the Chiricahui Mountains, near the Rio Gila.' It should be remarked, however, by the way, that Cochise left his brother as a hostage; and, perhaps, even amongst the Apaches there is some regard for the ties of kindred. For the first day or two, the road lay over alkali plains, affording nothing particularly worth notice; and then began what Cochise not inaptly termed the *Jornada del Muerte* ('Journey of Death'), through 'a valley or plain eighty miles in width, and extending for hundreds of miles on either side.' Nor was it to be called a valley for any other reason than that it lay down in the midst of interminable ranges of mountains; or a plain for any other reason than that it presented, from a distance, to the uneducated eye 'a smooth and unbroken surface,' though in reality there was 'hardly a level spot upon its face,' it being 'a mass of cañons, ravines, ridges, gullies, chasms, and mountains, piled one above another in inextricable confusion, in all conceivable shapes, towering above and around.' Then came a perilous passage through a frightful cañon, such as has been described. Ultimately, a point was reached 'on the top of a bare, rugged bluff,' whence Cochise stretched out his arm, and said: 'Look! Apache home!' It was a beautiful valley, about three miles long, and one broad, 'carpeted with a rich greensward,' watered by a stream meandering 'over its bed of pebbles,' and 'surrounded by a range of bluffs, fully a hundred feet high, worn into representations of castellated forts, with bastions, scarps, lunettes, gorges, and curtains, till one could almost fancy the whole encompassed by an impregnable fortress. Scattered up and down the valley were the Apache huts, looking, with their yellow thatch, like the inverted halves of so many huge melons.' No wonder Mr Cozzens felt as if 'about to descend into the "Happy Valley" of Rasselas, instead of into the home of the cruel and blood-thirsty Apaches.' But the delusion was soon dispelled by an interchange of yells between Cochise and the Indians who had perceived him from the valley, by the shouts of warriors, the screams of women and children, the barking of innumerable dogs, and the braying of mules, and especially by the appearance of 'a lot of the dirtiest, filthiest, most degraded-looking' creatures, male and female, that were ever seen 'in the guise of humanity.' It was all in vain to look amongst the women for even one 'of the "beautiful squaws" that had been pictured so graphically by Cooper and Lossing.' Here, nevertheless, Mr Cozzens, not without misgiving, found himself confronted by 'as noble a specimen of the Indian race' as one could wish to see.

This 'noble savage,' who had gone for 'a raid into Sonora' when Mr Cozzens first arrived, was 'more than six feet in height, straight as an arrow, his physique splendid; his long black hair hung loosely about his shoulders, and was profusely ornamented with eagle's feathers; his face was painted with vermilion and ochre, while his sides were striped with green. Upon his feet were a pair of richly



wrought moccasins. A heavy red Mackinaw blanket hung from his shoulders, and was fastened at the waist by a silk sash, that evidently had once belonged to some officer of the army. His only weapon was a spear, the head made of obsidian attached by deer sinews to a pole about eight feet long. Altogether, he presented a very picturesque appearance, and received the homage paid him by his people with much native dignity.' It was Mangus Colorado, a chief, superior even to Cochise; and that his eloquence was on a par with his other gifts will be manifest from the oration with which he hailed the presence of Mr Cozzens, and which consisted of the words: 'Good-day! Gim me "bacca."' His extreme affability was testified by the readiness with which he explained the meaning of something white attached to a lance, and supposed by Mr Cozzens to be a flag of truce. Colorado, with just pride, pointed out that 'it was a little child's dress,' stained with blood, and that the soul of the wearer had been 'sent to the "Great Spirit"' by means of the very weapon whereon the trophy hung. Other horrors followed; but Mr Cozzens has probably been followed quite far enough into that part of the 'wonderful country' which he visited with Cochise, and may be sincerely congratulated upon having had the discernment to make a hostage of Cochise's brother.

We may just add - what a splendid country, rich in produce, delightful in climate, and interesting in natural and artistic phenomena, condemned to something like desolation by reason of its barbarous inhabitants! When it shall be reclaimed, and brought under the influence of true civilisation, no man can tell. Mr Cozzens's explorations in this wonderful land are at all events valuable. And we may further remark, that, since this article was written, a description of Cochise's death and burial has been received in England, and published in a newspaper.

### GREEK EXHIBITIONS.

COLLECTIONS and public exhibitions of works of art—pictures, statues, and so forth—about which we now hear a good deal, are by no means a novelty. They are only revivals of what took place in Greece thousands of years since.

At a very early period, a passion for collecting works of art had begun among the Greeks. When the successors of Alexander divided the east among themselves, to found separate kingdoms, they remained faithful to Greek genius, by consecrating the riches of Egypt or Asia to arts and letters. The being able to do everything, leads to the desire for everything; they wished for the enjoyments they had had in their own country, and attracted to their courts philosophers, poets, and artists; they formed libraries, galleries of pictures, and collections of engraved stones and gems. That of Mithridates was renowned; Pompey removed it to Rome. In those days, the works of art commanded a price which surpasses all that has astonished us in later times. Alexander covered the pictures of Apelles with gold. Attalus, king of Pergamus, paid a price equal to twenty thousand pounds for one picture, a sum which then represented six times the value of what it now does. A

general exposed himself to the risk of not capturing Rhodes, rather than attack the side of the city where a celebrated picture was preserved. Nicomedes, king of Bithynia, offered to pay all the debts of the inhabitants of Chidus, if they would give him the Aphrodite of Praxiteles; but they refused. Thus not only did these princes order works from artists, or dispute who should possess them when finished, but they carried away the ancient riches of Greece to adorn their palaces. Aratus wishing to gain Ptolemy to his cause, knew what presents would be most agreeable to him, and sent some valuable pictures, not because he did not value them himself, though only a rough soldier; but he loved his country, and consented to any sacrifice in order to set it free. Sicyon also gave the works of its painters as a ransom for the liberty of the state.

It is also evident that besides the great esteem the ancients felt for art, they also knew how, like the moderns, to collect monuments and form museums. The free cities set the example to the kings. Athens possessed a collection of pictures in the Propylæa, which has been described in a special treatise. The temple of Hera at Samos, the temple of Artemis at Ephesus, also contained real picture-galleries, which they designated by the word *pinacothek*—an equivalent for museum. But the Greeks had other exhibitions, more solemn and permanent, which were each year increased by gifts. Can Delphi, Olympia, or the Acropolis be named without picturing a world of *chefs-d'œuvre* to which every age and every artist brought its contribution? During a period of ten centuries, the work never ceased of collecting monuments, colossal figures, statues of ordinary proportion, bas-reliefs, pictures, vases of exquisite workmanship, offerings of all kinds.

It is well known that the Greeks did not wholly occupy themselves with sculpture and painting for sanctuaries. There were detached works, sometimes ordered by private individuals, or waiting for a purchaser; this was more especially the case from the time of Alexander; these might be shewn and compared with others. It would be indeed surprising if the Greeks, who established prizes for everything, should have omitted them for painting. Besides offering them for all manly exercises from the days of Achilles, they had them for poetry, tragedy, comedy, dancing, and music. An inscription tells us that they were given for calligraphy; and it seems an approach towards art when we know that they were given for beauty. He only who had carried away this prize was permitted to be the priest of Zeus at Ægæ, a city of Achaia, or the priest of Apollo at Thebes, or to conduct the procession of Heracles. Sophocles himself obtained such a prize in his youth.

Corinth was the first Grecian city where painting was cultivated with success. The Corinthians claimed to have invented it, and, to justify a pretension so little in accordance with truth, were the first to establish exhibitions of painting. It was here that Parrhasius was crowned for his picture of Bacchus. The inhabitants of Delphi followed this example: during the time of Pericles, Polygnotus was engaged to decorate one of their public buildings. The presence of so illustrious a painter was not without influence on the council; he had acquired great esteem for his disinterested conduct in refusing a salary, and his arrival was followed by the establishment of an exhibition. In Athens,

the works of the painters were often exhibited at the theatre; the people came to judge of their merit there as they would of a tragedy. These were always in the open air, and in the well-known fable of the grapes which Zeuxis painted, it will account for the birds coming to peck at them.

With the exhibitions and prizes came the idea of proposing the same subject to all the competitors, imposing on each the same conditions and the same difficulties. It was under these circumstances that we read of Apelles competing when the subject was a horse. His rivals had recourse to so many intrigues, that they would have hindered him from obtaining the prize which he merited, if he had not brought in some horses. All the works were shewn to this singular jury, but the picture of Apelles alone made them prick their ears.

History has preserved the remembrance of another exhibition as illustrious and also more probable. It took place in the isle of Samos, where the arts shone with particular brilliancy, because it touched upon Asia, and borrowed more than one model from eastern civilisation. Among the rivals were Parrhasius and Timanthes, and the subject was Ulysses and Ajax claiming the arms of Achilles. The latter gained the prize; whilst Parrhasius, whose pride was immense, consoled himself for his failure by comparing himself to Ajax, 'whose destiny,' he said, 'was always to yield to one less worthy of the reward that was due to him.' Sometimes the painters themselves held private exhibitions, and a fee was often paid for admission. When Zeuxis shewed his celebrated picture of Helen, he demanded payment from all who came. It was ordered by the people of Crotona, and placed in the temple of Juno Lacinia, in Italy. Five of the most beautiful virgins of Crotona had sat to him, and he produced a work of ideal purity. Apelles also exhibited his pictures in the hall for public sales, and concealing himself behind them, listened to the criticism of the spectators, and profited by their advice; not disdaining that of a humble shoemaker, who found fault with the sandals he had painted.

The same rules were applicable to architects and sculptors; frequently, when they wished to construct a monument, or raise a colossal statue, it was thrown open to public competition. The Athena of the Parthenon was thus given to Phidias, and when the Athenians wished to consecrate a statue to Aphrodite, two of his pupils each made one: that of Alcamenes was chosen. Alcamenes was the rival as well as the pupil of Phidias, and when they had both finished an Athena of colossal proportions, to adorn the centre of each front of the Parthenon, they were exhibited before being placed on the summit of the temple. That of Alcamenes, more graceful and delicate in execution, made to be examined close at hand, was preferred; whilst the judges were indignant with Phidias, who had given to his figure dilated eyes, a large mouth, and open nostrils, because he had taken the perspective into consideration. Accordingly, when both were lifted into their places at a height of forty-five feet, opinion was suddenly changed. The Athena of Phidias appeared in all its beauty with a magnificent effect, whilst that of Alcamenes was judged pitiful.

Thus the Greeks neither neglected nor despised any means that would advance progress in art. There was a spirit of rivalry among them in

power, religion, politics, races, physical strength, and beauty; their exhibitions were a strong manifestation of it. With what fire did the different schools of Athens, Corinth, and Sparta struggle towards the perfecting of every branch of art! Aristotle tells us that the men who were intended to preside over the exhibitions received a special education. Painting was considered the first of the liberal arts, and all Greece followed the example of Sicily, when it declared that the sons of its free citizens should, before all things, learn the science of drawing.

Certainly, with all our civilisation, we have not reached so advanced a stage.

#### THE WINTER BROOK.

TASSELS of ice hang over the foam  
And gloss of a crystal stream;  
The happy brook is 'going home,'  
Beneath the sunset gleam.

It hurries through a mountain dale,  
Thrice-rich with slope and pine;  
It comes as from 'behind the veil';  
It lisps of the divine.

The sunset deepens and dies in the west,  
Making the heavens so brave;  
In the east the clouds seek infinite rest—  
Will sleep in the ocean wave.

Over the Alps' snowy shoulders  
The sun trails a mantle of gold;  
And flecks the brook and its boulders,  
And lances fashioned by Cold.

The Earth, in her spotless garb,  
Is a maiden that rises from prayer—  
A rose without a barb—  
Even to angels fair.

Or call her a spirit of beauty  
Deprived of material breath,  
Wanted in heaven for duty,  
Clothed in the robe of death:

O'er whom the stars come stealing,  
And the winter moon will rise,  
Blessing what has not feeling—  
The lids and the ever-closed eyes.

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# CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

OF  
POPULAR

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

*Fourth Series*

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS.

No. 577.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 16, 1875.

PRICE 1½d.

## STORY OF LADY JEAN GORDON.

IN lately telling the 'Story of the Setons,' it was mentioned that a younger son of this ancient family adopted by marriage the surname of Gordon, and became progenitor of the dukes with that title. The person in question was Alexander Seton, who flourished at the beginning of the fifteenth century, and speedily rose to eminence. The Gordons originally belonged to the south of Scotland. The marriage of Alexander Seton with the heiress of the family led to a migration northwards. Under the surname of Seton-Gordon, Alexander got a grant of Strathbogie and other lands on the border of the Highlands, and his eldest son, also called Alexander, was created Earl of Huntly, with limitation to his heirs-male by his third wife. History speaks of the earl as an ambitious and rather troublesome person, often at feud, and, as a laird, not very scrupulous in 'brizzing yont,' which in plain English signifies pressing beyond the boundaries of your property, and forcibly taking possession of the lands of your neighbours—an inexpensive process of enlarging estates, not at all uncommon in old times. The Highland border was eminently adapted for carrying out such a cheap process of acquisition; for there were various broken clans—tribes who, having lost their chief, had nobody to guide or protect them, and so were easily dealt with, and could, in short, be robbed with impunity. It may even have happened, that the poor people who were treated in this unceremonious fashion were glad to be taken possession of by some masterful neighbour, in order to be protected from violence, and reinstated as members of a well-recognised clan.

With these facilities, the first Earl of Huntly 'brizzed yont' to some purpose. Enlarging his domains, he became so potent as to be appointed lieutenant-general of the kingdom; while in testimony of his power, which few dared to challenge, he was familiarly spoken of as the 'Cock of the North.' As another step in family aggrandisement, George, second Earl of Huntly, was married, in 1460, to Joanna, third daughter of that

accomplished monarch, James I., king of Scots. There was a further expansion in the family fortune by the marriage of the second son of George with Elizabeth, the sister and sole inheritor of the ninth Earl of Sutherland, whereby the surname of Gordon was introduced into that noble family (about 1512). In his stronghold, the castle of Strathbogie, the Earl of Huntly's style of living was on a scale even beyond that of royalty. Passing on to the reign of Queen Mary, George, fourth Earl of Huntly, was so powerful and unscrupulous as to be a terror to the state. Enriched at the Reformation by the plunder of the cathedral church of Aberdeen, and affecting to be ill-used in relation to some of his acquisitions, he had the audacity to put himself at the head of a force, with a view to seize the queen and her half-brother, the Earl of Murray, when on a royal progress in the north in 1562. In this instance, he went a step too far. A battle took place at Corrichie, some fifteen or sixteen miles from Aberdeen, and it was fatal to Huntly. He was killed, and his titles and estates were forfeited; while Sir John Gordon, his fourth son, was convicted of treason, and beheaded. It gives one a curious idea of the times to know that, at the instance of Murray, the queen attended the public execution of the unhappy youth, notwithstanding that he had been a favourite at court, and humoured with the notion that he might aspire to be Mary's husband.

Here was seemingly an end to the Huntly family, so far as social position was concerned. George, the representative of the ruined House, was a wandering fugitive. By a strange turn in the wheel of fortune, he was restored to the honours of his family, and partially to the possession of the forfeited estates. The reasons for this change in affairs had something to do with the insecure position into which Mary was brought in relation to her more powerful subjects. She had married Darnley in July 1565, and was at feud with Murray and other discontented noblemen. Friends required to be raised up, and in desperation, Huntly was brought into requisition.

Lady Jean Gordon, who was destined to take an important part in the history of the period, now comes upon the scene. She was daughter of George, the fourth earl, and sister of the restored Huntly. Being only twenty-one years of age, she could be turned to advantage by marrying the Earl of Bothwell, in whom, from his dash and fearlessness, the queen had vivid expectations of support. Lady Jean had no particular objection to the alliance; but there was a far-off family connection, and, according to the customary usage, it would be necessary to procure a dispensation from the pope to allow the marriage to be validly performed. Why any such dispensation should have been thought of, is by no means intelligible. By the overturn at the Reformation settlement, the canon law and the old ecclesiastical system had been abolished. The business of the church courts had been transferred to lay commissaries, by whose successors, until this day, the forms of process connected with wills and probates are administered. Yet, from an inveteracy of feeling, and to save any chance of future challenge—for no one could tell how things might drift back to the old arrangements—it was customary, in cases of this kind, still to rely on the good offices of the dispossessed archbishops, and the assent of their superior the pope.

Right or wrong—absurd as it now seems to be—the dispensation was procured from the pope, through the agency of his legate, Archbishop John Hamilton of St Andrews, for the marriage of Lady Jean Gordon with Bothwell. The alliance accordingly took place; and we should never have heard more about it, but for the marriage of Mary with Darnley. History informs us of that disastrous connection. Within the short space of two years, Rizzio was assassinated, Mary's son, James, was born, Darnley was murdered, and Mary was carried off and married by his murderer, Bothwell—a rapid succession of momentous events. What, however, of Lady Jean Gordon? How did Bothwell contrive to shake himself clear of her, so as to marry another? This was effected by a trick, regarding which, after an interval of three hundred years, we have only now got at the truth. We may go back a little in the narrative.

Bothwell, according to all testimony, was an unprincipled spendthrift and scoundrel, and Mary's infatuated attachment to him seems to be one of the oddest things we read of out of the realms of romance. That she knew he had taken the chief part in ridding her of Darnley, is matter of historical dispute. Huntly, however, was largely concerned in the transaction. For the selfish reason of getting the entire family property restored, he became a participator in the murder. What throws a certain grotesque character over the horrible affair is, that the desolate building at the Kirk of Field in which Darnley was blown up, was pompously adorned with hangings, carpets, and other trappings, the plunder of the cathedral of Aberdeen, which had been carried off from the castle of Strathbogie after the fall of the Huntlies. All this splendid upholstery was blown into the air, at two o'clock in the morning of the 10th February 1567

—the people of Edinburgh being roused from their slumbers by the terrific crash.\* Huntly was not unrewarded. He was put in possession of a large portion of the old domains of his family. In some sense, this was an act of gratitude for favours to come. It was expected that the earl would win over his sister, Lady Jean, to the scheme of a divorce from Bothwell.

The exact nature of Bothwell's propinquity to the Huntly family is nowhere satisfactorily explained. According to one authority, Lady Margaret Gordon, daughter of George, second Earl of Huntly, became by marriage Countess of Bothwell, and from her, in regular succession by three removes, was descended James Hepburn, fourth Earl of Bothwell. This, however, does not agree with the account given in the generally accurate *Pecrage* of Sir Robert Douglas. All we can really understand is, that Bothwell was related to the Huntly family by several removes—a degree of consanguinity which would, in the present day, be no barrier to intermarriage. Bothwell was born about the year 1535, and succeeded his father in 1556. Though turbulent and profligate, in his habits, and plain, if not repulsive, in features, he artfully managed to have honours heaped upon him, as if morally and physically he had been a paragon of excellence. He was created Lord High Admiral of Scotland, sole Warden of the Scottish Marches, Governor of the castles of Dunbar and Edinburgh, and received extensive grants of lands in East Lothian and elsewhere. His marriage with Lady Jean Gordon gave him another lift onwards, for her ancestor, George, second Earl of Huntly, as has been told, married a daughter of James I.; and thus by birth and alliance he claimed connection with the royal family. As regards the dispensation for his marriage with Lady Jean, it has been long a subject of grave dispute. Some historians have averred that there was no such dispensation; some have had doubts on the point; while others, though on obscure grounds, have maintained that the dispensation was validly executed. A mysterious question is now happily solved.

A short time ago, Dr John Stuart, Secretary of the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland, while engaged in examining documents in the charter-room at Dunrobin, for the Historical Manuscripts Commission, had the good-fortune to bring to light the original Dispensation for the marriage of James, Earl of Bothwell, with Lady Jean Gordon. In a volume just published under the title of *A Lost Chapter in the History of Mary Queen of Scots Recovered*, Dr Stuart presents a fac-simile of the dispensation. It is an instrument in Latin, issued by Archbishop John Hamilton of St Andrews, as legate of the Holy See, and is dated February 17, 1566. In

\* Whether Darnley was killed by the explosion or previously murdered, is not quite clear. His body, bearing marks of violence, was found under a tree in the adjoining garden. The house in which he lodged was inside and close to the old city wall, near the north corner of the present South Bridge Street and Drummond Street. A full account of the shocking event—with collateral circumstances, including the bringing of bags of gunpowder on horseback from Holyrood, and the buying of 'six halfpenny candles from Geordie Burns's wife in the Cowgate,' to give light during the operations—will be found in Burton's *History of Scotland*, second edition, vol. iv.: a work to be commended for its copious details, accuracy, and erudition, recently published.

the same volume is given a copy of the contract of the marriage. Among the parties who by their signatures assent to the alliance, are the queen, who signs as 'Marie R. ;' and Dame Elizabeth Keith, Countess of Huntly. This honourable lady was so illiterate as not to be able to sign her name—a very common imperfection among ladies of rank in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. To her ladyship's signature are appended the words: 'With my hand led on the pen be the lorde bischope of galloway.' Another of the signatures is that of George Lord Seton, who was the friend and counsellor of Queen Mary, and who sacrificed everything in her cause. The great interest of the queen in the affair is attested by her gift of a wedding-dress to the bride, consisting of 'cloth of silver, lined with taffeta.' She also bequeathed to her a 'coiff, garnished with rubies, pearls, and garnets.'

The marriage of Bothwell with Lady Jean took place in the Canongate Church on the 24th February 1566. Now commences the second act in the drama. Bothwell, after the murder of Darnley, February 10, 1567, wished to have Mary for a wife; but, to effect this object, means must be found to dissolve his marriage with Lady Jean. This lady had been so grossly maltreated, that there was abundant cause for procuring a divorce; but another reason, likely to be more effectual, was resorted to. It was no less than that the marriage betwixt Lady Jean and Bothwell had been effected without a dispensation, and was invalid, according to the canon law; that, legally, there had been no marriage at all. How Lady Jean, with the instrument of dispensation in her possession, should have lent herself to this deception, is only explicable by two facts—her desire to be rid of Bothwell, and a wish to conciliate the queen, with a view to promote the interests of her brother, the Earl of Huntly. But still more extraordinary is the behaviour of Archbishop John Hamilton. He had granted the dispensation on the 17th February 1566. Bothwell's application to him for a declaration of nullity of the marriage, on the ground that there had been no dispensation, was initiated on the 17th April 1567; and on the 7th of May following, the archbishop pronounced his sentence, 'that the marriage was radically null, in respect that the parties were related to each other within the forbidden degrees of consanguinity, and consequently were debarred from lawful marriage without a previous dispensation having been obtained.' Historical literature, we imagine, can scarcely produce a more scandalous instance of conniving with fraud. For John Hamilton, titular Archbishop of St Andrews, there can be no excuse. He must henceforth be stigmatised as a wilful perverter of justice and time-server, a disgrace to his profession. But for political or selfish ends, there was duplicity throughout. Lady Jean's brother, the Earl of Huntly, was a consenting party to the annulling of the marriage, and thereafter he took a prominent part in a meeting of nobles to recommend Bothwell as a suitable husband for Mary.

While the matter of the divorce was in hand, the queen, April 21, 1567, went to Stirling to visit her infant son. On her return, she was intercepted by Bothwell, with a body of horse, on the way to Edinburgh, and carried by him to the castle of Dunbar, where she was detained upwards of a week. Instead of taking offence at this outrage,

Mary, on the score of his eminent services to the state, gave a step in the peerage to Bothwell, by creating him Duke of Orkney. Her ill-starred marriage with this worthless personage took place on May 15, 1567, little more than three months after the murder of Darnley. What ensues belongs to history. Shocked with Mary's conduct, the people rose in insurrection. With Bothwell, she first sought refuge in Borthwick Castle. That being an insecure stronghold, they retreated to the castle of Dunbar. Thence, Mary adjourned to Seton palace, while Bothwell tried to raise a defensive force. In the shelter of the grand old mansion of the Setons, she had a few days' repose and recreation, one of the amusements provided for her being 'shooting arrows at the butts.' Then came the termination of her regal career. At Carberry Hill, on June 17, she surrendered herself to a confederated force, and, with 'tears and kisses,' bade farewell to her evil genius, Bothwell. She never saw him more. Their relationship as husband and wife lasted only a month and two days—a troubled honeymoon, ending in despair and anguish. We need not follow her to her island prison, her flight to England, the cruel treatment she experienced from Queen Elizabeth, and the tragical conclusion of her life at Fotheringhay, February 8, 1587. We may pity and deplore Mary's sad fate, without extenuating her errors.

Let us now turn to Lady Jean Gordon. Retaining the title of Countess of Bothwell, and endowed with a jointure from the Bothwell estates, she lived for a time in a suburb to the south of Edinburgh—probably the Sciennes, then a resort for retired persons of quality. Afterwards she went to reside with her brother, the Earl of Huntly, at his castle of Strathbogie. There she met Alexander, eleventh Earl of Sutherland, who, like herself, was by descent a Seton; her intimacy with him ripened into affection; and the pair were married in 1573. At this time, Bothwell was still living; but he died not long afterwards. Stripped of honours and estates, consigned to infamy, he was suddenly plunged into the condition of a homeless and reckless desperado. A moral retribution had at length overtaken one of the worst men of whom we have any record in history. Having ruined the fortunes of the young and hapless Mary Stuart, he was, by a just Nemesis, ruined himself. He betook himself to the profession of a pirate, in which he was captured by Norwegians, and he died mad in confinement, about 1576. It is not stated that Lady Jean regretted his decease. To Dunrobin, where she resided with her second husband, the Earl of Sutherland, she carried the dispensation which has been so much the subject of controversy. Deposited among the family archives, there it lay unknown to any one until lately discovered by Dr Stuart, who, by its publication, has done a material service to history.

Alexander, Earl of Sutherland, died while still a young man, at Dunrobin, in 1594, leaving his countess, Lady Jean, with a family to engage her motherly attention. One of her sons was Sir Robert Gordon, the historian of the House of Sutherland. To enable herself, as she said, to conduct with advantage the extensive estates for the benefit of her children, she took for third husband Alexander Ogilvie of Boyne, who had been previously married to Mary Beaton, one of the queen's 'four Maries.' In the excuse offered by

Lady Jean for entering into this fresh matrimonial engagement she can hardly be considered to have done herself justice. She was what would now be called 'a strong-minded woman,' with good business qualities. Douglas speaks of her as 'a woman of great prudence.' During the last illness of the Earl of Sutherland, she managed all the affairs of the family; and such was her energy and enterprise, that she caused coal to be dug for, and established a manufactory of salt, at Brora. The opening of a coal-pit at the spot had been previously attempted, but relinquished.

Lady Jean's union with the Laird of Boyne lasted only a few years. At his decease, she remained permanently a widow. Till her death, she continued to take an active share in the management of the Sutherland estates. Dr Stuart embellishes his book with a portrait of this remarkable woman, which seems to have been executed when she was advanced in years, and resembles the sober countenance of an aged nun. Till the last, she preserved the dispensation which had allied her to Bothwell, and there, as recently discovered, it continues at Dunrobin among the carefully preserved muniments of the Sutherland family. Lady Jean lived till her eighty-fourth year. She quietly drew out existence till the reign of Charles I., and died in May 1629.

How much it is to be regretted that, with her wonderful power of observation, Lady Jean did not write a diary of her experiences from the reign of Mary till the rise of the troubles which issued in the Commonwealth! For all this, she was competent; but possibly she was too much engrossed in family affairs to think of writing down an account of passing events. In 1615, she had to mourn the loss of her eldest son, John, twelfth Earl of Sutherland. At his decease, he left a son, from whom, in direct descent, sprang William, the seventeenth earl, who was destined to be the last of the family in the male (or Seton) line. His lordship had two children, daughters, Catherine and Elizabeth. An unlucky event deprived him of the elder when she was about a year and a half old. One day, after dinner, on coming into the drawing-room at Dunrobin, he, by way of frolic, held up the infant above his head, and, sad to say, let her accidentally fall, by which she received injuries from which she shortly died. In distress of mind at being the cause of his child's death, his lordship became ill, languished, and died at Bath in June 1766. From fatigue in having attended him on his deathbed, day and night, for three weeks, the countess, his widow, also died. Both were laid in one grave in the abbey church of Holyrood—a sacrifice to affection, and an acute sense of duty, pathetically commemorated in lines by Sir Gilbert Elliot of Minto:

for ne'er did wedded love  
To one sad grave consign a lovelier pair,  
Of manners gentler, or of purer heart!

There now only survived the orphan child, Elizabeth, who was born at Leven Lodge, near Edinburgh, in May 1765, and was little more than six months old when the heritage of the Sutherland family devolved upon her, which, unhappily, became matter of contest. Her right to succeed was litigated by two male relatives; but after various proceedings, lasting over five years, Elizabeth's title was sustained, as springing in a clearly traced line from the first Earl of Sutherland, 1275,

and that, on a previous occasion, a female had unchallenged inherited the titles and estates. Popularly, the decision was deemed a triumph, and extraordinary rejoicings took place in consequence.

The prudence, foresight, and vigour of character of Lady Jean Gordon were inherited by the young Countess Elizabeth. In 1779, she patriotically raised a regiment of a thousand men; and in 1793, raised another regiment of fencibles, which is now known as the 93d Sutherland Highlanders. At the court of George III. (nearly a hundred years ago), the Countess Elizabeth, for her beauty and fine figure, was justly considered to be a distinguished ornament. With her many estimable qualities, titles, and princely domain, her marriage could not but be brilliant. In 1785, the countess was married to George Granville Leveson Gower, Marquis of Stafford; he was also heir of his uncle, Francis, the famed Duke of Bridgewater. The marquis was created Duke of Sutherland in 1833; after which date, the Countess Elizabeth was generally styled the Duchess-Countess. She died in 1839.

To some, it may seem strange that we should extend the story of Lady Jean beyond the period of her varied existence. But in the institutions of Great Britain, a family with extensive possessions, and of historical note stretching over centuries, is a species of corporation identifying the past with the present, and calculated to be of use in imparting a certain solidity and permanence to the fabric of society. Is it not interesting to know, that the present Duke of Sutherland, noted for his public spirit and extraordinary desire to effect improvements on his property, traces his descent from Lady Jean Gordon, whose extraordinary history, in connection with Queen Mary, Darnley, Rizzio, Huntly, and Bothwell, we have very faintly delineated?

W. C.

### THE AMERICAN ICE-HARVEST.

DURING a late visit to the United States, I had an opportunity of witnessing the spectacle of an industry almost peculiar to that country, namely, the *cutting and storing of ice*. It is not every traveller who has the chance of seeing it, and, indeed, but few Americans are themselves acquainted with the process.

Some American families who reside in the country, and have a pond of pure water on their premises, cut and store their own ice. But, as a general rule, the article is supplied by men who make a business of it—either as companies, or by individual enterprise. Of these, there are several in the northern states who not only provide ice for home consumption, but also in large quantities for exportation.

When the first great frost sets in, and is likely to last long enough to produce ice of a sufficient thickness, the ice-cutter's care commences. Not in now cutting the ice, for it takes some time before it is ready for this operation—even in America, where the thermometer often falls to twenty degrees below zero. If the prospect for a crop be good—that is, if the frost promises to be a severe one—the ice-cutter will wait till the ice be about fifteen inches thick; or more, if he feel confident that the freezing will continue. In some seasons, a thickness of two feet is attained. But there is something to do besides waiting: the surface has

to be kept clear of snow; and this is done by means of *scrapers*, as soon as the ice is strong enough to bear men upon it for the handling of them. These *hand-scrapers* are immense hoe-shaped implements, with wooden blades of about six feet in width along the edge; their use being to remove the loose snow, which retards congelation.

When the ice becomes strong enough to carry horses, which it soon does with the thermometer below zero, the *horse-scraper* is brought into requisition. It resembles a large shallow wooden box without the lid, only that at one end it is not square, but cut off diagonally—very much like the cases in which grand pianos are packed. The diagonal edge is shod with iron, so as to penetrate the frozen snow, and scrape it clear off, which it does very effectually. Not the *snow-ice*, however, as this has to be got rid of in a different manner, and with altogether a different implement—the *snow-plane*.

As the horse-scraper is carried on over the ice, the slanting edge throws the snow to one side, just as a ploughshare turns over the furrow of earth. The horse is harnessed as if for drawing a harrow, a trace being attached to the scraper by a hook fixed in the head or fore-end of the slant; and if the machine be not thought heavy enough to reach the bottom of the snow, the driver leaps inside the box, and so increases its weight.

When the time at length arrives for the ice-cutting to begin—in short, the reaping of the *ice-harvest*—the process is exceedingly interesting, and a variety of tools is displayed upon the pond. First, an area of clear ice is selected, perhaps an acre in extent, or it may be several acres, according to the amount of business transacted by the individual or company who has charge of the enterprise. A stake or *target* is set up at one edge of the cleared space, either by being inserted into the ice, or simply stuck in one of the heaps of snow that have been scraped off. The target is to guide the eye in striking a line. The true line being fixed on, a straight-edge is held firmly in its place, and the *hand-groove* is brought into requisition. This consists of a series of sharp steel chisels—each a quarter of an inch in breadth of blade—set firmly in an iron back-piece, one behind the other. The blades are usually seven in number, and of unequal lengths; the front one being the shortest, the second coming behind it a very little longer, the one behind that a little longer still, and so on, to the last. They are placed parallel to one another, and slantingly to the surface, as the coulter in a plough, or the steel-piece in a carpenter's plane. It is, in fact, a species of groove-plane, such as carpenters make use of for moulding; only that the groove is cut in the ice by seven steel pieces, instead of the one used for grooving wood.

When the hand-groove is once entered in the ice, the front tooth or chisel cuts out a slight square trench of a quarter of an inch in breadth, and about the same in depth; the second chisel following, deepens the trench another quarter of an inch; the third, another; and so on. Thus, when the hand-groove has been drawn along the ice, being firmly pressed down, it leaves a score of an inch and a half in depth, cut out as neatly as if done with a moulding-plane. What might be called the 'shavings,' or ice-chips, are thrown out

by the chisels—each, as it passes on, casting out its own. The track thus made must be in a true right line; and it is for this that the straight-edge is laid along the ice, just as a ruler is applied upon paper.

As soon as a commencement is made by one length being thus cut, the straight-edge is taken up and shifted along, still keeping in the same line, through the guidance of the stake or target; and thus the trench is continued, bit by bit, till it has reached one corner of the great square, or rectangle, of ice intended to be taken out. The straight-edge is now turned at right angles to the course just completed, and a new groove is commenced, leading off so as to section off the ice into squares. When thus sectioned, the ice, by the aid of a plough, is 'marked' out by trenches, until the whole space of an acre, or acres, presents the appearance of a gigantic chess-board, the squares being each twenty-two inches wide.

And now another implement appears upon the scene—the *four-inch cutter*. This is simply another plough, drawn by a horse; and when it has gone over the ice, the trenches will be found four inches deep behind it. And then comes a *six-inch cutter* of exactly similar construction, making them six; and an *eight-inch* cutter hollowing them out to eight; and then a *ten-inch* one, still further deepening them to ten. There is even a twelve-inch ice-plough upon the premises, should it be required to make a furrow of this depth; which it rarely is; and only when the ice is over twenty inches in thickness. The reason for having the 'cutters' thus graduated is, that the strength of a horse is not equal to cutting a groove of sufficient depth all at once. Two inches at a time is a fair pull for an ordinary plough-horse.

It is not necessary that the ice be cut clean through to the water. Five or six inches may remain, to be split off by the *ice-bars* and chisels, soon after to be brought into play. Ice separates easily in a vertical direction, though it is not so easy to break it horizontally.

In America, ice-houses, built above-ground, without any cellarage, stand upon the shore of the lake or pond from which the ice is procured, as near to the edge of the water as a proper foundation can be obtained for them. As some of the ice-cutting concerns have a very large trade, both for home consumption and exportation, they require storage-houses of large capacity. The ice-houses are not all upon the same pattern. They are usually, however, large, square, or oblong structures, of three or four stories in height, several of them standing side by side in a row, their gables flush with one another, and facing the same way. When we speak of them having three or four stories, it is not intended to be understood that they have this number of floors. On the contrary, they are open from ground to roof. It is but by rows of windows that the separate stories are represented—the windows being only in the gable ends. In point of fact, they are not windows intended to admit the light, but doors, designed to give entrance to the ice. Along each row of them, and slightly elevated above their sills, runs a plank-staging, wide enough to allow of men passing conveniently back and forward. It is continued along all the houses (if there be more than one); and this is why they are set so closely together. The purpose of this staging will now be discovered.



The walls are of wood—'weather-boarding'—painted white. They are double—that is, there are two sheetings of plank, standing at least twenty-four inches apart, the interspace being filled up with *tan-bark*. This substance is used because it has been found to be the best non-conductor.

By the side of the huge pile stands a building of a different character, having a tall chimney towering over it. Within, will be found a steam-engine, of perhaps forty horse-power, with its boiler and other apparatus complete; while outside, will be seen two wheels, one of them fixed down by the edge of the water, so that its circumference just clears it; while the other is set in a framework at the end of the first or lowest staging, already described. Around both, and connecting them together, is a great movable belt of iron, nearly two feet in breadth, and pointed or hinged in sections of about two feet each, so that it may play around the wheels when they are in motion. It is the well-known mechanical contrivance of the *endless chain*. On this, at intervals corresponding with the jointed sections, cross-bars are placed, projecting out from its face, and giving it a certain resemblance to the common step-ladder, the cross-pieces representing the rounds.

And now, to set this machinery in motion, and see how it acts. First, a canal has to be cut through the ice, commencing at the lower wheel, and leading to the area of ice already marked and prepared for removal. This canal has to be of such width that a section of ice of twelve squares' breadth will pass conveniently through it. The next thing done is to separate a large rectangular piece of the ice, and float it along the canal towards the storehouse. This rectangle is usually thirty squares in length by twelve in breadth—in all, three hundred and sixty sections, as big as the floor of a ball-room. A man leaps upon it, having in his hands a long pole, with spike and hook at the end—a tool very much like a boat-hook. With this he directs its navigation along the canal, now springing to the adjacent firm ice, anon returning to his raft, which we will follow along its water-way to the edge of the pond, where the lower wheel has commenced its revolutions, the upper one, of course, also revolving, and the endless chain continually travelling between them.

There we behold new displays of ingenuity connected with the ice-harvest. Men standing upon a wooden platform by the *slip*, or dock in which the lower wheel revolves, with huge ice-chisels, or *splitting-bars*, break up the rafts as they are brought in, separating them into sections; while other men with tools resembling boat-hooks, guide the great crystal cubes, so that they get caught upon the projecting cross-bars of the endless chain, and by it are lifted out of the water, and carried up to the staging of the storehouse. One after another, in endless succession, these pellucid parallelopipedons are seen gliding upward, just like the buckets of a mud-dredging machine, or those used for drawing water on the banks of the Nile.

At the end of the staging already described, a man, armed with a grappling-iron, seizes hold of the block of ice as it comes opposite him, and, with a dexterous jerk, detaches it from the endless chain, and transfers it to a smooth timber track, gently descending. Along this it glides towards the open windows, at one of which it is again

grappled, turned from its course, and shoved inside the house, along a similar smooth way, till it reach its place of deposit among thousands of its fellows. Like boxes of goods, or cotton bales in a warehouse, the ice cubes are piled one upon another, of course in regular order, to economise the precious space.

When the ice-house has been filled up to the level of the first row of windows, the steam-engine must stop, and the wheels for a time cease to revolve. The endless chain has to be rearranged. This is done by fixing the upper wheel on the next staging above, where the proper appliances have been already erected. Then the work goes on as before; the only difference being, that the ice-blocks are now elevated one story higher. The ice-house being filled up to the second tier of windows, there is another stoppage, and a fresh adjustment of wheel and chain; and so on, till the huge cavernous inclosures are filled up almost to the rafters. Then the remaining space is padded with hay, and the housing being completed, the windows are 'shut up for the season.'

At the opposite end of the ice-house, there is usually a tramway, with cars, to convey the ice to some railway station or shipping port; and these are loaded by means of stagings and slides, very similar to those used in the storage. Grappling-irons are always required in handling the blocks of ice, as to attempt moving them with the naked hand would be not only uncomfortable, but dangerous, bringing frost-bite and blisters as a sure consequence. It is in the coldest weather that the work is performed; for it is a strange, and yet unexplained circumstance, that ice cut and stored in mild or open weather is more liable to melt than that harvested when the thermometer is very low. Hence, the ice-cutters, disregarding comfort, choose frosty weather for their work. Despite its discomforts, it is a pleasant and cheerful calling. Those who follow it, get well paid; and as it lasts only for a short time, its hardships are easily endured. The picturesqueness of its surroundings make it attractive; and despite the pinching cold, there is perhaps as much cheer in the American cutting and housing of ice, as in an English 'harvest-home,' or the 'wine-gatherings' of continental countries.

## WALTER'S WORD.

### CHAPTER V.—MRS SHELTON'S REVENGE.

ON Walter's return to the *Wheat-sheaf*, he found the captain just descended from his room, and looking very handsome, but haggard. He had not slept well, he said, for his 'confounded arm' had troubled him. At this spectacle, his companion's heart was instantly moved to pity, and smote him sore for its late severe judgment upon that hero. He had taken this man to task for selfishness, yet here he was maimed, or, at all events, disabled, in the performance of his duty: it could not have been a pleasant thing, however glorious, to have crossed and recrossed that Crimean valley, with the cannon-balls hurtling over it, and the grave gaping before every stride of his horse.

'My dear fellow, can I not do something to ease the pain? A cold-water bandage, a'—

'No, no; you might as well blow upon it,' answered the captain impatiently. 'But I tell



you *what*, if you'll sit down, while the breakfast is getting ready, and write an application for the Special License—that will be really doing me a service. I'll sign it, of course, but writing is as hard a job for me just now as when I first learned pot-hooks and hangers.'

This was another stick to be fetched for the schoolmaster; but Walter obeyed with a smothered sigh; and the missive was despatched at once by messenger, in order to catch the mid-day mail from Falmouth.

In spite of his wounds and his love, the captain made a much better breakfast than Litton, though he had been out for hours in the sea-breeze.

'Gad,' said the former, without notice of this circumstance, 'this Penaddon air is first-rate for the appetite; and now that that license is sent for, and one has nothing on one's mind, one feels inclined to eat for ever.'

Litton thought within himself, that that poor girl up at the Hall, for the first time separated from home and friends, and having for her sole companion a lady so well acquainted with the law of the land as respected clandestine marriages, might not be so fortunate in having 'nothing on her mind;' but he kept that conviction to himself.

It was near eleven o'clock before the meal was concluded; and the captain, putting an immense cigar in his mouth, expressed his conviction that they were 'due up yonder,' and led the way to his aunt's residence by the footpath through the corn.

'Queer old church that,' said he, with a nod in the direction of the ruin; 'and a very favourite place for the "cheap-trippers" to bring their grub to. So was the castle here—it's no more a castle, by-the-bye, than it's a lunatic asylum, but that's what they call it—until Farmer Yates stopped their little larks by putting up "Spring-guns and man-traps set on these premises." Did you ever see a spring-gun or a man-trap? It would probably cost a man a thousand pounds in damages, or twenty years' transportation, who should set up any such engine; and yet people believe in their existence.'

'That is the case, perhaps, with some other dreadful penalties, that seem a little disproportioned to the offence,' observed Litton thoughtfully.

'How so? You don't mean that one can't punish those poacher fellows?' answered the matter-of-fact captain.

'No, no,' said the other, smiling; 'I was referring to certain theological menaces, the effect of which may be very wholesome, like that of the board yonder, but which one ventures to hope may a little exceed the reality.'

'Oh, I believe all *them*,' cried the captain resolutely. 'None of your free-thinking for me. I'm not strait-laced in morals and that; but when it comes to religion, that is quite a different thing. I'm a church-and-king man, I am.'

'What is that?' inquired his companion dryly.

'Well, a man that swears by the Thirty-nine Articles, and respects the laws, sir—the game-laws, for instance. It is true I have neither read the one nor the other, but I take 'em on trust. That's faith, my good sir; in which I am afraid you artist gentlemen are rather deficient.'

'My dear Selwyn, it is my opinion that Nature intended you for the pulpit—to beat "the drum ecclesiastic," instead of the kettle-drum.'

'As it happens, we don't beat kettle-drums, nor even possess them,' said the captain, with a little touch of temper, the usual accompaniment of theological discussion. 'It is a pity to see a clever fellow like you talking of matters you don't understand. Here's something which you do. Look at that fine view, yonder, through the trees: the church and the sea, and the ships, and that little beggar with the red cap, with his shrimp-net? I hope my aunt has given Lotty some shrimps for breakfast.—By jingo, there they are!'

The two ladies were walking in the wall-garden of the Hall, which, standing on a lower level than the spot where the young men stood, was completely commanded by it. Though the grounds about the house were, as we have hinted, as ill kept as the mansion was dilapidated, this did not affect their natural beauty, which was very great. The walls of the garden were crumbling to the touch of time, but moss and lichen covered them; the fruit-trees had escaped from the rusty nails that had once confined them, but their laden branches looked not less fair as they hung heavily down, and even trailed upon the ground; and though it might be difficult to tell flower from weed, so rankly did they grow together, the garden-plots blazed with colour.

This wildered Eden was bordered by a swift and brawling stream, and beside it paced Lotty and her hostess, apparently in earnest talk, and quite unconscious of the admiring eyes that were fixed upon them. The outlook to seaward had been well worthy of the captain's encomiums, but Walter thought this home-picture even still more charming, and one fair figure in the foreground worth them both.

'How very, very beautiful!' cried he in a rapture.

'It's a pretty spot, ain't it?' assented the captain, 'though one can't say much for the garden. The fact is, my aunt is as poor as Job, though she has not his patience (if her husband's testimony is to be relied on), and the whole place is tumbling to pieces. She ought to have taken a cottage—but I suppose she knows her own business best. She is clever enough and to spare. I'll lay my life—I can tell it by the bend of her neck—that she is pumping poor Lotty at this moment; "eliciting," as the police reports have it, every scrap of information concerning the Great Self-made—that's what I call old Brown—and his belongings. I'm obliged to have all *my* wits about me, I can tell you, when she takes to cross-examining *me*. Not that I've anything particular to be ashamed of, more than my neighbours; but if one has a little secret, one likes to keep it, and that woman is resolute to find it out. Scandal is the breath of life to her, so you may imagine what a difficulty of breathing she labours under at Penaddon.'

'But why does she live there, then?' was Walter's not unnatural inquiry.

'Well, you see, she has had a quarrel with Society, and it is better to live at a place where there is nobody to visit one, than where there are plenty of fine folks about who won't. I shall have to talk to her a bit this morning about family matters—"urgent private affairs," as we say in the Crimea—and must leave you and Lotty to get on together as you can. Young women that are "be-spoken" are not, I know, very lively companions; but she looks upon you, I'm sure, already as an

old friend. It is true "the friend of the husband," added the captain, laughing, 'is rather a dangerous acquaintance; but if I can't trust "our chaperon," there is no faith to be placed in man.'

Litton laughed, as he was expected to do, but the colour came into his cheek in spite of himself: it was not the blush of shame, for his nature was loyal to the core, and yet he was conscious that he was not so completely qualified for the post assigned to him as the captain imagined. No chaperon's heart goes pit-a-pat as her charge draws nigh, no chaperon's speech begins to fail her as she discourses (on the proprieties, for instance) to the object of her solicitude; yet both these sensations were experienced by Walter Litton within the next five minutes, at the expiration of which he found himself walking with Lotty by the little river, followed slowly, and at a considerable interval, by Selwyn and his aunt. The latter lady had saluted Walter as though she had not met him since the previous evening, which astonished him not a little, since it took for granted, what, indeed, happened to be the fact, that he had not mentioned the interview to the captain. Had she read that reticence in his face? Or did she deem that their conversation in the churchyard had been of too confidential a kind for him to have alluded to it? Or was it really true, as his friend had laughingly suggested to him, that this 'grass widow,' as he called her, had fallen in love with him, and wished to establish clandestine relations between them? Litton was 'human' enough, and not much less of a coxcomb, perhaps, than the rest of our sex; but circumstances alter feelings as well as cases, and just now, walking by the side of Lotty, he did not like Mrs Sheldon the better for her prudence.

The rims of Lotty's eyes were a little red, but that did not detract from her charms, in the opinion of her present companion: for that she had been weeping, only proved the tenderness of her heart. She had been somewhat overtired with her journey, she said, in answer to his inquiries, but was well enough in health. As to her spirits, she could not help being anxious about those she had left at home. That was only natural, Walter allowed, yet expressed his confident expectation that, in a week or two, she would, as the captain's bride, be as cherished a member of her family as ever.

'Nay, Mr Litton, you do not know my father,' answered she tearfully: 'I am afraid I shall have offended him past forgiveness. Reginald does not like to look upon the dark side of things, I know, far less to talk of it; but papa will be very, very angry, I know; and Lily, oh, so sad!'

Here she hung her pretty head, and a sob was heard, which wrung Walter's heart.

'But it is better to talk about it,' said he softly, 'than to let a woe unuttered prey upon your mind. I cannot fancy that any one who knows you—far less who loves you, as your father must do—can very long hold out against your pleading. Selwyn is a gentleman, well born, well bred, a soldier who has distinguished himself in action, one any man might be proud to call his son-in-law. It is not as though you had married, I do not say beneath you—for you could never have stooped to that—but a mere nobody—like myself, for instance.'

Perhaps it was agreeable to him to put the case, even supposititiously, in this way, or perhaps he fondly expected that his companion would re-

monstrate against this lowly estimation of his own position (which in reality he by no means thought so ill of), but Lotty took no notice of this personal illustration whatever.

'No, no,' sighed she; 'it is not that; but my father has set his heart upon his daughters making what are called "good matches;" he wishes us to marry rich men. And now that I have chosen Reginald, it will be all the worse for poor dear Lily. Papa will choose for her himself some odious creature who has money, and she will be made miserable all through me.'

'Nay, it is surely wrong to harass yourself with the fear of so remote a contingency,' urged Walter; 'for having lost one daughter—or dreaming for the present that he has lost her—your father will be slow to part with the other; he will keep her at home to comfort him, and be won through her, in the end, to a reconciliation with you and yours. It must be so, I feel confident, and especially' (here Litton gave a little bow) 'if your sister Lillian is like yourself.'

The bow was quite thrown away, indeed it is doubtful whether Lotty observed it, but, to his question, she replied with simplicity: 'Oh, Lillian is worth a thousand of me. She is wise, and dutiful, and good!—oh, so good, Mr Litton! And I know she is breaking her heart for me, though I am so unworthy of her love;' and she put up her little hands before her face and sobbed anew.

'If all the rest you have told me,' said Walter earnestly, 'is not more true than that—I mean that you are unworthy of her love—I must be excused for not sharing your fears. Sooner or later, all must needs be well with you, since justice rules the world. The law allows you, being of full age, to make your own choice in marriage; and in forbidding you to do so, your father is himself disobedient to the law. You have immediate happiness in prospect; do not dim its brightness by apprehensions that time will shew are groundless.'

'I will try, indeed I will try, Mr Litton, to look on the bright side of things,' sighed poor Lotty, and, like a chidden child, she dried her eyes, and strove to smile.

'That's a brave girl,' said Walter approvingly; 'and here comes one to reward you for your courage, and who will know how to comfort you better than I.'

That was the last effort which Litton made to intrude his own personality, where, it must be acknowledged, it had no rightful place; at the same time, it was very innocently meant; he did love her, with all his heart, but with such a flame, that if his heart had been of glass, it would have been seen to burn with purity: there were no noxious exhalations of envy or hatred of his friend, nor did a thought of rivalry mingle with it. He was content to be a brother to Lotty, if she would have regarded him in that light; but even that, as it seemed, was not to be. She was so wrapped up in others, in her Reginald, and in her own belongings, that she had shewn herself scarcely conscious of his existence; and with that acknowledgment of his services of the previous day, as it seemed, he must be content for evermore. Her look, as she spoke it, was still mirrored in his mind; her words were stereotyped there, beautiful to read and read again, like some sacred text, all gilt and colour, which a mother hangs on the wall of her child's

chamber, to meet his eyes at morn and eve ; but there were to be no more such looks or words. Why should there be ? He had been overpaid already for what he had done ; and besides, there would have been danger in such thanks. This he felt to be the case, not so much from any consciousness of latent longings for that forbidden fruit, as from his indifference to other dainties. Mrs Sheldon, with whom he was thrown *tête-à-tête*, as a matter of course, from that hour, until he left Penaddon, was more than gracious to him, but without kindling a spark of gratitude ; the position was expressed by the formula of that great stumbling-block to the female intellect, the Rule of Three : As Mr Litton's delicate attentions were to Lotty, so were those of Mrs Sheldon to Mr Litton.

There were doubtless good points about the character of his hostess, but she was not so much above the average of her sex as to take this insensibility in good part : that a young man of two-and-twenty, no fool, indeed, but of a frank and simple nature, should have such opportunities of a little flirtation with her, and neglect them ; that she should put forth all her strength to make him captive, and yet fail, was a circumstance that she exceedingly resented. She knew something of his own art, and went out sketching with him to the most picturesque and romance-inspiring spots, in vain ; she sang to him to the music of the wave, yet shewed herself no siren ; she told him her own touching history—so much of it, that is, as it suited her to tell him—without evoking a single spark of sympathy more than the barest civility demanded. It was long since she had made a conquest, and that made her all the more eager to bring this young gentleman to her feet : her weapons, she flattered herself, were as formidable as ever, and she had certainly not forgotten how to use them. Yet he was as invulnerable as Achilles. Why she wanted to wound him, she probably did not know herself, nor what she would have done with the poor wretch, had she succeeded. A man's intentions in such cases, even if not honourable, are generally definite ; a male 'flirt,' though such a thing may exist, is a *lusus nature*. Mrs Sheldon was simply obeying an instinct of nature ; and just as a sportsman who delights in shooting, though the contents of the game-bag are not to be his own, is annoyed at missing, so was she annoyed, and even ashamed, at her ill success.

It is not with the mistress of Penaddon Hall that this story has mainly to do, else it would not be unconstructive to note the rapidity with which the barometer of this lady's feelings, with respect to the young painter, rose and fell ; within those few days, the arrow performed a complete circle. It pointed to 'set fair' as long as it could, and then something gave way (it was her patience), and it fell to 'very stormy.'

On the day when the stick which poor Walter had been set to fetch was used upon his own back—when the license arrived, that is, and he had 'given' Lotty 'away' to Reginald, and the happy pair had departed for the honeymoon, and the fly that was to take himself to the railway stood at the Hall door, Mrs Sheldon made him a farewell present : not a piece of plate, but a piece of her mind.

'I will not say I am glad you are going, Mr Litton,' said she, as she held out her hand, 'yet I

honestly confess it seems to me that you have been here long enough, for your own happiness and for that of another.'

Walter could scarcely believe his ears. He had conceived a dim notion for some time that this lady had been endeavouring to get up a flirtation with him, to which, perhaps, he had not responded very gallantly ; but he had taken Reginald's statement, that she had fallen in love with him, mostly as a joke, for which, indeed, it was half-intended ; this sudden suggestion, therefore, made apparently in all seriousness, that he had fallen a victim to her charms, staggered him not a little. To reply that he was sorry to have made her unhappy, was a flight of coxcombry beyond his powers, yet it really seemed as if that was expected of him.

'Believe me, my dear Mrs Sheldon,' stammered he, 'I shall never forget these days at Penaddon, and all that, thanks to you, I have enjoyed during my visit.'

'Endeavour rather to forget them,' answered she gravely, 'and especially what you have *missed*. I know your secret, and I will keep it, Mr Litton ; but I cannot but express a sense of relief that Lotty has left my roof, and with her *husband*.'

With that Parthian shaft, she withdrew into her sitting-room, closing the door behind her, and leaving him standing in the hall, transfixed ! He had received what is called 'a classical education,' and the *spretæ injuria formæ* of the poet recurred to his memory with a blinding flash. If he had despised the charms of his hostess, she had certainly taken her revenge.

How wretched was that weary drive over the moor to Falmouth, which, unhappily too, he could not but contrast with what it must have been to the pair who had preceded him ! How desolate was the sea, how barren the land, to *his* eyes, how bright and glorious to theirs ! For them was love, and the fruition of it ! for him too was love—he confessed it ; how could he ignore it, when another had read it written on his heart, through all the armour of duty, friendship, honour, which he had put on in vain, and with which he had striven to hide it from himself ! For him was love, alas, and loneliness. The spring of his life was broken, for hope was gone. If fame had been that day within his reach, he would not have cared to put forth his hand to grasp it. Oh, evil hour, in which he had consented to accompany his friend to the fair south, and tend him ! Penaddon was hateful to him. He had many a record of it in his sketch-book : its silver sands, its quiet bay, its time-hallowed ruins by the shore ; and he would burn them all. Yet what would that avail, since the recollection of them—every spot she had admired, every scene in which she had set foot—would be ever present to his eyes ! As to continuing in the neighbourhood, concluding there what he had once looked forward to as his 'holiday,' that was not to be thought of. He would return to town and Work—would work his fingers off, and his brains away, would kill himself with work, if possible ; for the grave itself seemed welcome to him !

Poor Walter ! It is not at all times that Heaven is kind, for refusing to lift the curtain of our future ; we often groan and writhe at the prospect of misfortunes which do not come, although they seem so near that the very shadow of their approach overwhelms us with its gloom ; and even the wretchedness that is present, and makes us in

love with death, and seems beyond relief, is not seldom mitigated, nay, dissipated, by an unexpected ray coming from an unlooked-for place—as though dawn should break at midnight and from the West—and making our murky sky a cloudless blue.

#### CHAPTER VI.—IN BEECH STREET.

If there is any panacea for wretchedness in this useful world, it is work, and work only. If all the suicides, and the motives that led to them, could be tabulated, it is certain that the want of work—incapacity for it, or inability to obtain it—would be found, in nine cases out of ten, under the column 'Cause;' even the Hopeless—those who work without prospect of reward in any form—do not commonly leave the sunshine for 'the sunless land' while hand or brain can still find employment. The uttermost misery of human life is probably expressed by that vulgar phrase which we read every day applied to some starving wretch, in our newspapers, with careless eyes, or at most with a shrug of our shoulders—'out of work.' Walter Litton was so far wise that he knew this. Left to himself, while still a lad, in the Great Babylon, amid temptations against which no common virtue is of avail, he had not succumbed to them, mainly because he had set himself to work; while others of his age, though under task-masters, had shirked it. His nature was wholesome, and he kept it so, by this simple means: in an atmosphere of vice and pollution, he carried about with him this purifier, this antidote, this disinfectant. He had faith, it is true, for his mind was reverent, and he had had a good mother; but faith without work would not have saved him. Among other marvellous virtues which employment confers upon him who has his heart in it, is a respect for others who likewise toil. The honest worker, no matter in what guild he is a craftsman, feels no contempt for those who labour in a humbler sphere. It is the idler, useless to others, and a burden to himself, who seeks to justify his own indolence by despising these. We have seen a state fall to pieces mainly from its own rottenness, wherein to work was held to be shameful and a badge of servitude; and the condition of the mere pleasure-seeker is like unto it. At the least stroke of misfortune, he collapses; though, while prosperity lasts, he sits above the thunder like a god, and smiles contemptuously upon the busy hands that supply his needs.

To those who are acquainted with artist-life, there is nothing more characteristic than the behaviour of a painter to his paid sitter; in this are found the extremes of rudeness and refinement, of selfishness and consideration, of coarseness and chivalry. When the model happens to be of the female sex, the case becomes all the more significant. It is the opinion of the outer world that 'the young persons' who sit for the Imogens that adorn the walls of our picture-galleries, or typify Innocence with her Dove, or Faith with her palm-branch, do not afford what is called 'improving' society for the young artist, nor the young artist for them. The whole Royal Academy, on the other hand, are zealous to affirm that the pursuit of art is far too elevating to permit its votaries to stoop to ignoble flirtation; nay, that not only good taste, but a certain reverence for their profession, compels decorum—*noblesse oblige*—towards these

handmaidens. To differ from a R. A. upon any question concerning his own calling, is (as is well known) an intolerable impertinence; and I will only venture to affirm that, in the days when one frequented studios, I remarked that honest young gentlemen of the brush used a brusqueness of manner towards their Imogen which suggested some distrust of their own virtue. It is easier, I fancy (though, singularly enough, it does not require so strong a flight of fancy), to conceive a lay-figure to be a young lady, than to conceive a young lady to be a lay-figure; and in order to accomplish this latter feat, we must not be too polite.

Mr Jack Pelter, for example, who, as we have mentioned, was wont to go halves in his models of both sexes with his fellow-lodger, Mr Litton, was exceedingly gruff and tyrannous with the 'Imogens'—a system which he had at first adopted from prudential motives; it had kept him heart-whole while that organ had been young and impressionable; and now that it was tough and leathery, and his soul defied enchantment, he was gruff from habit.

'You're a precious deal too civil, young fellow,' he would growl to Litton, who, to a woman, and a poor one, could not be otherwise than the very pink of politeness; 'and some day or another, you'll repent it.'

But no entanglement of the kind his mentor had suggested had happened to Litton, and it was less likely to happen now than ever. He worked even more diligently than before, since his return from Penaddon; but the recollection of her he had met and lost there could not be thereby effaced; his heart was so occupied with Lotty, that is, with fears and hopes upon her account—'Would her father forgive her? and if not, would her husband still be kind?'—that the sacred place in it, in which a man keeps the idols he worships without stain, had no room for the image of another woman.

Otherwise, parents and guardians, all one's female relatives, and men of the world generally (who know everything, and yet believe in nothing), would have thought it a dangerous thing for him to be painting Nellie Neale for two hours *per diem* in an attitude of supplication. What made it more dangerous for him, they would have thought (and also for her, if such young persons were worth thinking of at all), was, that Miss Ellen Neale was not a professional model. She was the daughter of 'a cobbler who lived'—or at least laboured—'in a stall' at the corner of a neighbouring street, and had never before 'sat' to an artist. Litton, who was far from being a dandy, had business relations with her father; and while bidding him send for a pair of boots that wanted mending, had seen this pretty little creature bring him his mid-day meal from home, wrapped neatly up in a basket; from which circumstance he had christened her on the spot Red Riding-hood, and she had learned in time to call him grandmamma. The honest young fellow perhaps adopted this latter title to give him a reverence in her eyes, which his years and looks might well have failed to extort from her; and if that blood-relationship had actually existed between them, his behaviour towards her could not have been more exemplary. Mr Jack Pelter had not been in town when this young lady's professional

services had been secured, nor was he now in need of an 'Imogen,' pecuniary necessities, consequent upon certain extravagances of the vacation, having caused him to confine himself to the less sublimated but more remunerative occupation of portrait-painting; so Walter had his present model to himself. He also had been taking portraits, since his return from Penaddon; and though not disposed of at a very high figure, these had furnished him with funds for more than his needs, as well as provided him with this excellent counterfeit presentment of Philippa, Edward's queen, in the act of beseeching that monarch to spare the lives of the citizens of Calais.

'A very uncommon subject, truly,' said Jack Pelter, in his usual character of cynical, but friendly critic. 'But why not strike out something perfectly original, my dear fellow—such as the Finding of Harold's Body after Hastings?'

'Because I mean to shew,' returned the other with equal gravity, 'how a great artist can appropriate a story, however often pictured, and make it his own on canvas, just as Shakespeare has done in literature.'

So every afternoon, from two until the wintry dusk closed in, Philippa of Hainault knelt upon a soft cushion of Utrecht velvet (or something like it), on the second floor of No. 99 Beech Street, and held up prayerful hands to the stern Edward, who thus replied to her supplications: 'The head a shade more to the right—the hands a little lower—just the faintest smile, as if you saw the ruffian was yielding. Thank you; that's beautiful' (which it was). 'If you are getting to feel stiff or tired, Red Riding-hood, be sure to mention it.'

'I do just a little, grandmamma.'

'Then get up, and trot about.'

This happened many times during each sitting, if Queen Philippa's position could be called so; and on one occasion, just after one of these trottings about, and when Nellie had fallen on her knees again, and was about to supplicate for the poor citizens with renewed vigour, there was a knock at the door, and in walked Captain Reginald Selwyn. The house in Beech Street did not boast of any room of the chambers; when the front-door bell was rung, a diminutive maid-of-all-work answered it, and directed the ringer to the first or second floor, according as Mr John Pelter or his friend was the object of his visit; neither of them had many callers, but Litton had far fewer than Pelter; the time had not yet come, if it was ever to do so, when critics should drop in, who would have a word to say, under the head of Art Gossip, about the forthcoming picture by Mr W. Litton; and still less for patrons or picture-dealers to shew their critical faces, with a view of bespeaking some immortal work before it left the easel. So Walter expected no company on that day, but least of all a visit from Reginald Selwyn. Many months had elapsed since the marriage of which he had himself been the aider and abettor, but not a line had the captain written to him from the day they had parted at Penaddon Hall; nor could his wounded arm have been an excuse for so long a silence, for there he stood in the door-way, with all his limbs like other people's, except that they looked more shapely and strong than most, which indeed they were. His face had lost its pallor, but also, or so it seemed to Walter's attentive eyes, much of its gaiety and brightness.

'Why, Litton, my good fellow, you must have thought me dead, as well as "done for." Matri'—Here his glance lit upon Philippa, Edward's queen, who had risen hastily from her cushion, and was regarding the new-comer with much embarrassment. It was the first time that her sittings had been intruded upon by any one, save Mr Pelter, whom she did not 'mind,' and looked upon as another 'grandmamma.'

'I think we will finish for to-day, Miss Neale,' said Walter quickly, 'as our time is nearly up, and this is an old friend whom I have not seen for long.'

'I hope the young lady will not go on my account,' said the captain gallantly.

But Nellie had already exchanged her high-peaked head-gear for the bonnet of everyday life, and thrown over her medieval robes her warm winter cloak; and while Walter was once more explaining that the sitting had been nearly over in any case, she slipped through the door, which Selwyn held open for her, and, with a hurried bow, in acknowledgment of that civility, was gone.

'By Jove!' said the captain gravely, 'this is what you artists call the pursuit of your profession, is it? I don't wonder that portrait-painting is so popular.'

'My dear Selwyn, you don't suppose that that poor girl comes here to have her portrait taken, do you?'

'No; by jingo! I don't,' answered the captain sententiously.

'I mean,' continued Walter, with resolute sedateness, 'that though my patrons are not unhappily in the highest position in society, Miss Neale is not one of them. She is a good honest girl, who helps her father by sitting to me as a model for a few shillings an hour.'

'O indeed! she is a model, is she?' returned the captain, still very incredulously. 'A model of what?'

'Oh, of anything, according to the subject, you know.'

Nothing would have been easier, or more convincing, one would have thought, than to have shewn his friend the picture of Philippa—which was already advanced towards completion in corroboration of this statement; but Walter's first act, on seeing the captain, had been to throw a large piece of linen over the work in question, and rapidly ply his brush on another piece of canvas, which, as it so happened, did not represent the female face divine at all.

'Why, that's the old church at Penaddon, surely,' exclaimed Selwyn, whose attention was easily diverted from one subject to another. 'It's just as well you should have sketched it when you did, for my aunt writes me that these stormy seas have eaten into it worse than ever this winter, so that there is hardly any of it left.'

'Well, never mind the church,' said Walter; 'I want to hear of your own affairs. How are you, old fellow, and—and—Mrs Selwyn?'

He felt that he was blushing, hesitating, and making a mess of his kind inquiries generally, for the idea had struck him, it was just possible that Mrs Sheldon might have written to her nephew about something else beside the encroachments of the sea, might, out of spite and malice, have communicated to him that suspicion about

himself, which had overwhelmed him with such confusion on his departure from Penaddon.

'Oh, I'm well enough, and Lotty too,' said the captain—'that is, in health; but that old hunk, her father, will not have a word to say to us, and what is of much more consequence, will not help us with so much as a sixpenny-piece. We are having a very rough time of it, I can tell you.'

'I am very, very sorry to hear it,' said Walter earnestly, his mind reverting to the fate his apprehensions had prefigured for Lotty, exposed to the keen bite of poverty, and shorn of all the comforts that had by use become necessities to her—a beautiful and tender flower fading and failing for want of light and air.

'Yes; it is an ugly story, Litton, and likely to be uglier. It was a risky thing, that marriage of mine, of course, but I never dreamt that things would have gone so deuced hard with me. My sick-leave cannot last for ever, and yet I can't go back to my regiment as a married man. We couldn't *live*—no, not even in barracks—and that's the short and long of it.'

'But, surely, my dear friend, other people who are captains in the army'—

'Yes, yes; but they don't owe a couple of thousand pounds to start with,' broke in the other impatiently. 'It's no use crying over spilt milk, but the fact is, I have made a precious mess of it. There will be nothing for it but to sell my commission, and then to cut and run, before the Jews can get hold of me. Talk about the miseries of human life; I don't believe there's any one of them to compare with the want of ready-money!'

'How very, very sorry I am,' repeated Walter.

'Yes; I am sure you are; but I wish I could make old Brown sorry. Lilian does her best to move him, she says, and perhaps she does; but no doubt there is a great temptation to her to keep us out of the old man's favour. He has a hundred thousand pounds to leave, if he has a penny; and that is a much better thing than a hundred thousand pounds divided by *two*, you see; for there is no doubt about it that Lotty was to have been Lily's co-heiress.'

'But surely your sister-in-law would never be actuated by such a base motive? Your wife, I know, has the greatest affection for her, and confidence in her goodness.'

'So she had in *mine*, for that matter,' observed the captain with a sneer; 'yet, I suppose, I was not much better than other people. I say nothing against Lilian; only it does seem strange that she can't do anything for us with the old fellow. He has *some* natural affection, I suppose, in spite of his treatment of Lotty, and a woman can always bring a man round, if she will take the trouble.'

'How old is your father-in-law?' inquired Walter.

'Oh, there's no chance of his popping off the hooks, if you mean *that*. He's no chicken, it is true; but he's one of those City fogies who are as tough as gutta-percha, and take a deal of care of themselves into the bargain. I daresay, if anything was to happen to him—I am sure I wish him in Heaven—Lilian would do something for us, though not one-tenth of what my wife expects of her; but while the grass is growing that is to cover his grave, the steed will starve, my good fellow.'

'I was not alluding to his death,' observed Walter thoughtfully; 'but I have noticed, even in my guardian of late, and much more in other old men, that, with increasing age, the character softens.'

'The brain may do so,' answered the captain contemptuously, 'but not—at least, I'll answer for it in old Brown's case—the disposition. He's as hard as nails. If I could get the commander-in-chief, or some tremendous swell, to intercede for us with him, instead of his own daughter, something might be done, I believe, for he's a snob to the backbone. He would grovel on all-fours, I understand, before a peer of the realm.'

'Then he ought to be at least tolerably civil to the heir-presumptive of a baronetcy.'

'Well, ridiculous as it seems, Litton, that is the one hope I have of circumventing the old fellow. If my first-cousin was to die—and I hear he is in a very ticklish state—I honestly believe that my self-made father-in-law would not shew himself so utterly inexorable to me as Sir Reginald; it is not in his British nature. But there! when do Irishmen ever die, or do anything else you want of them, when they promise it? No, no; my cousin will come round, if it is but to spite me, and I shall starve to death as plain Reginald Selwyn.'

'When you speak of starving, my dear Reginald, you are, of course, merely using a very violent metaphor,' said Walter with anxiety.

'I don't know about a metaphor,' answered the captain; 'but this half-sovereign,' and he took one out of his waistcoat pocket, and held it between his finger and thumb, 'is the very last of all the Mohicans; and when that's gone, I shall not know where to turn for another. Lilian has helped her sister a little out of her private funds; but, as though the old wretch suspected that she might be giving us assistance, her father keeps her very ill supplied.'

Throughout this interview, the captain had been smoking a very excellent cigar, which could not have cost less than eightpence in Regent Street; but this was doubtless either one of the large stock he had in hand when he became a Benedict, or he was smoking it—in which view it might be considered economical—as North American Indians smoke their pipes, in order to allay the pangs of hunger.

'I regret, indeed,' said Walter, blushing exceedingly as his manner was when embarrassed, 'that you should have allowed yourself to come to such straits, without applying to an old friend. I have been taking portraits wholesale, and have quite a balance at my banker's. Come, let me lend you fifty pounds;' and he pulled out his cheque-book.

'You are the best fellow out,' said the captain; 'but it is a deuced unpleasant thing to borrow of one's friends. Now, what is Lilian's is Lotty's, or ought to be so; so in that case I feel no compunctions'—

'Then you should feel them still less with me,' interrupted Walter, thrusting the cheque into his hand. 'You would borrow my umbrella, if it rained, I suppose, and I had no occasion to go out; then why not my money when I don't want it? What a fuss is made in the world about borrowing or lending a few pounds! You may ask for a shilling to pay your cab-fare, if you have no change, but gold is a sacred commodity, it appears.'

'It's a commodity that it is precious inconvenient

to be without, old fellow,' said the captain, putting the cheque in his empty purse. 'I won't give you an I.O.U., for that would be waste paper, but I will pay you when I can, upon my honour. You don't suppose, I hope, that I came here to-day, Litton, with any expectation of becoming your debtor?'

'Good heavens, Selwyn, how you talk,' exclaimed Walter; 'of course I suppose nothing of the kind. I took it for granted that you came to see me, as one of your oldest friends; when I come to see you, it will not be concluded, I hope, that I come as a creditor?'

'Don't be savage with me, my good Litton,' returned the captain gravely. 'I daresay, I don't express myself very prettily, but the fact is, I'm soured. The harrow of poverty takes all the skin off the man that is under it, and makes him tender to touch. He thinks everybody is crediting him with the basest motives, and in denying them—*qui s'excuse s'accuse*—he seems to others to acknowledge their existence. I know I'm savage with everybody, and quite as ready to pick a quarrel as a friend's pocket.'

Walter did not reply; he pitied Selwyn, but he pitied Lotty infinitely more. What a life must she be leading, destitute of material comforts, and exposed to the outbreaks of her husband's temper, 'soured,' as he confessed himself to be, by disappointment, and 'savage with everybody!' Was it possible that he could give any assistance to her, beside money? he wondered. If he were to see her, perhaps she could suggest something—and his heart did yearn to see her.

'There's another thing,' continued Selwyn bitterly, 'which poverty—the test of virtue—"the tonic bitters of life," as fools have called it—does for me—it makes one as proud as Lucifer. Nothing, for example, would seem more natural to you than that I should say: "Well, our home is a very humble one at present; but that will make no difference to you, old friend, so come and see us. I know it would make no difference to you, and yet I don't want to see you there.'

'Is it worse than this?' asked Walter, laughing, and looking round his own apartment, which was of no palatial proportions, and presented such a scene of picturesque disorder—and I am afraid I must add, of dirt—as is only seen in studios.

'Well, no; our London lodgings are not so bare as my barrack-rooms, perhaps, to which you have been always welcome; but they are not such lodgings as are fit for my wife to receive company in.'

'You are the best judge of that,' said Walter quietly. This was an unexpected blow, yet even while he staggered under it, he felt that the punishment was wholesome; his devotion to Mrs Selwyn was perfectly innocent; but for his own happiness, he felt that it was better that that 'yearning' of his to see her should not be gratified. He could not have resisted the temptation to do so, had it been offered, but neither would he fight against his friend's denial.

'You shall come and see Sir Reginald and his lady,' said the captain, laughing, 'and be invited, as their friend, to dine with the great Brown. That old villain has got some particular Madeira, the thought of which makes me still more impatient of my position, since every day by which our reconciliation is postponed (for he drinks it daily) makes an inroad on the bin.—How hard you must have been working lately, Litton!' Here the captain

began to look about him for the first time, his whole attention having been previously occupied in twirling and flattening his moustaches, a sure sign that he had been ill at ease. 'I wonder if I've had any of your pictures from old Levi: he always gives half in pictures, and I've got quite a gallery of them, ancient and modern.—Why, what's this?' and he threw aside the linen cloth that hung over the portrait of Philippa, Edward's queen.

'Oh, that's unfinished,' said Walter hastily, 'and I hate my pictures to be looked at till they are finished.'

'O nonsense, man, you don't mind me,' said the captain, persisting as usual in the indulgence of his own whim. 'Why, this is the best picture of the lot, to my taste. So this is Miss Neale, is it? Well, I confess I should never have recognised her but for the costume. This is a much fairer girl—more like the style of Lotty.'

'Do you think so?' said Walter. His tone was careless, but his face was very pale. 'It is only a sketch, a portion of a larger picture. Perhaps you would like to sit for her husband, King Edward, in chain-armour; I will give you half-a-crown an hour, and your beer.'

'You should have made that offer before you lent me these fifty pounds,' laughed the captain, tapping his pocket. 'Well, good-bye, old fellow, for the present; and if I have any good news, you may be sure you will be the first to hear it.' They parted very cordially, but Walter did not accompany his friend down-stairs. He stood gazing at the uncovered picture, and muttering scornfully to himself: 'I need not have been so apprehensive,' ran his thoughts; 'his indifference makes him blind. "More like the style of Lotty," he said. Perhaps she pleads with him like this, sometimes—upon her knees. Poor Lotty!'

## SNAILS AND SNAIL-EATING.

OLD writers on natural history were content to reckon the snail a mere insect; nowadays, being better instructed, we know it to be a species of mollusc, possessing many interesting qualities. Some things, however, in connection with the habits and physiological structure of the animal are as yet not well understood. For example, it is still a matter of dispute whether the snail has eyes; the so-called eye-specks on the horns admitting so few rays of light, that it is questionable whether they serve as eyes at all. But if the snail cannot see, how does it find its food? how does it infallibly pitch upon one's peaches and plums, the moment they attain the particular stage of maturity most grateful to its palate? That is another mystery; but there is no mystery about the way it works such havoc in fruit-gardens: it is furnished with a tongue bearing upwards of twenty thousand teeth, which it can use after the manner of a saw or of a rasp, as seems best, and, to make matters worse, its appetite is as voracious as the means of indulging it are perfect.

The snail's lease of life should be a long one, if that may be measured by its powers of endurance. A lady collected a number of prettily marked ones, and thought to kill them by a couple of boiling-water baths. The next morning she found the obstinate creatures crawling about the summer-house in which she had left them, some of the more hungry ones feeding upon the paste intended for



cementing them together. The tender-hearted shell artist cried at the sight, and determined to have nothing more to do with snail-boiling. In 1774, the members of the Royal Society could not be brought to believe an Irish collector, who averred that certain white snails that had been confined in his cabinet for at least fifteen years, came out of their shells upon his son putting them in warm water; but the possibility of the thing was proved in 1860, when, after four years' somnolence in the British Museum, an Egyptian desert snail woke up none the worse for its long rest and abstinence. It fed heartily upon lettuce-leaves, and lived for two years longer. Spallanzani asserted he had often beheaded snails without killing them, and that in a few months they were as lively as ever, having grown new heads in retirement; but we fancy the abbé must have played the headsman imperfectly, and only taken a slice off, instead of the whole head.

Snail-eating has been in vogue in Italy for many centuries. In Pliny's time, Barbary snails stood first in repute, those of Sicily ranking next; and it was the custom to fatten the creatures for the table by dieting them upon meal and new wine, with such success, if we dare believe Varro, that some of their shells would hold ten quarts of liquor, so that they must have rivalled the Brobdignagian snail over whose shell poor Gulliver broke his shin. In modern Rome, fresh-gathered snails are hawked by women from door to door, for the benefit of good housewives, who boil them in their shells, stew them, or fry them in oil. An Englishman strolling about Palermo, came upon some people gathered round a number of baskets filled with what, at first sight, he took to be white pebbles. Upon nearer acquaintance, the pebbles proved to be snails, waiting to be thrown into a large iron pot standing over a fire made between four stones, and boiled with herbs and tomatoes, for retailing to the expectant crowd. Dining afterwards with a Sicilian gentleman, he was invited to partake of some snails treated in this way, and, for politeness' sake, forced himself to swallow a couple of them, although he found it impossible to feign the delight with which his host and his daughter sucked the molluscs out of their shells. A century ago, some four millions of snails were annually exported from Ulm in 'cags' of ten thousand, fetching from twenty-five to forty florins a cag. We do not know if Ulm still carries on the trade, but any one desiring a lesson in snail-culture, may learn all about it in the Tyrol. There youngsters of both sexes are employed during the summer months collecting snails as stock for the snail-gardens—small plots of land, cleared of trees, and covered with heaps of moss and pine-twigs, and separated from each other by moats, having gratings at their outlets, to prevent any truants that may get into the water from being carried beyond bounds. The prisoners are supplied daily with fresh grass and cabbage-leaves, until their appetites fail, and they retire into the moss-heaps for their winter's sleep, the last one they will enjoy; for when spring comes, they are routed out of their beds, packed in straw-lined boxes, and sent on to market. In a favourable season, one of these gardens will turn out forty thousand snails. The consumption of them in the South Tyrol must be great. The Italians and Tyrolese are not the only people who appreciate the merits of these

clean-feeding molluscs. In Paris, Burgundian snails are worth a halfpenny apiece, and five hundred pounds worth of snails are disposed of in the markets in the course of a year. Indeed, the establishment of a special market for the sale of snails is talked about, and the authorities are considering the expediency of making snails pay the octroi duty—a very strong evidence that they have become a recognised article of food.

The snail generally eaten in Italy is the large brown one; and certain big brown striped snails to be found in Surrey are said to be descended from some imported from Italy by one of the Arundels, either to please his foreign wife's palate, or to save her from consumption. We do not suppose snails were ever served at ordinary English dinner-tables, although Robert May—whose cookery-book, published in 1660, was declared to deserve the praises of famous Cleveland or renowned Ben—gives full directions for cooking them. They were to be stewed in claret, vinegar, and spice, with some minced hard-boiled eggs, and served on bread, with slices of lemon; fried in butter with onions or eels; or—after being shelled, salted, and scoured—boiled with rosemary, parsley, thyme, and salad oil, put back in the shells, set over the fire, and served hot from the gridiron. According to this accomplished cook, snails were only in season in January, February, and March; so thought the country lass who told a gentleman who caught her catching snails: 'We hooks them out of the wall in winter-time, not in the summer; and we roasts them, and when they've done spitting, they be adone, and I loves them dearly!' Gipsies, too, love them dearly, esteeming a dish of snails something delicious. Some few years back, the newspapers gave currency to a story of a poor woman who had fed herself and family through the winter upon snails she had salted down in a barrel. A curious discussion arose upon this. Some insisted the thing could not be done without destroying the shells. Fearing that, if this view prevailed, people might be deterred from storing such wholesome and palatable food, a correspondent of *Notes and Queries* sent the editor a salted snail, which had lost little of its bulk, and less of its weight, in the process, for him to taste and criticise.

We are told that the Newcastle glassmakers hold an annual snail-feast; that snails are publicly sold in Gloucestershire markets, and that, properly boiled in spring-water, and seasoned with pepper and salt, they make a very nice dish. Nevertheless, the day is far distant when English folk will take kindly to them; they may, like Philemon Holland, own the possibility of snails being very wholesome, 'but toothsome, certainly not.'

Dr Bulleyn, a famous physician of Elizabeth's day, says snails broken from the shells and sodden in white wine with oil and sugar, are very wholesome, because they are hot and moist, for the straightness of the lungs and cold cough; so those who believe snail-soup as good as cod-liver oil have professional warrant for their faith, though most consumptive patients might declare the remedy to be worse than the disease, if it is necessary, as Mrs Delancy says, to take a spoonful of snail-soup with everything imbibed. In the winter and spring resorts for invalids in the south of England, snails are carefully collected for the purpose of making a kind of mucilaginous soup for those who are affected with certain complaints.



We are told that nothing is more delicate and nourishing.

When snails go wandering without their shells, it is generally supposed to be a sign of coming wet weather. An American observer says one species of snail, known in Cincinnati, never takes its walks abroad except rain is at hand; then it may be found ascending the trees, and getting upon the leaves. Others do this sort of climbing two days before a downfall—settling upon the upper side of the leaves if the downpour is destined to be soon over, but taking to the under side if it will be heavy and long-lasting. One species turns yellow before rain, and blue when it is over. The ‘solitary snail’ retires to crevices in the rocks, and fastens up his domicile a few days before wet sets in; while the ‘forest snail,’ which has been timed to travel a mile in forty-four hours, as soon as he feels foul weather is approaching, makes the best of his way to some more exposed situation, that he may have the benefit of it—so that, even among snails, tastes differ.

#### A VISIT TO ARCACHON.

A SUMMER visit to this little known French watering-place on the Bay of Discay, situated to the south-west of Bordeaux, is less interesting than a visit made in the last days of autumn or in winter; for then the little town, which aspires to become, at no distant time, a flourishing city, assumes a lodging-house and sea-bathing aspect; the natural industries of the neighbourhood are interfered with; and the primitive picturesqueness of the bay, the sands, the forest, and the clusters of semi-Swiss chalets, partly disappears. The proper time for a sojourn at Arcachon is when the October and November gales are heard roaring beyond the basin, crying, as if from the heart of black pine-forests fifty miles square, and when, on favourable nights, swarms of boats, illuminated by red fires at the stern, put out from the shore in search of fish, which are attracted by the light, and are harpooned by steady hands.

At Arcachon, the entire locality, as at Biarritz and Trouville, is comparatively new. Forty years ago, there existed only a church, a few huts, and a sort of infant pump-room. Only by boat, or on horseback, or on foot, could it be approached. Now, a railway invites the stranger. There is a long, straggling street, with rows of little shops resembling booths at a fair; a range of private dwellings with two fronts—one opening on the highway, and the other facing the sea; a street impossible to widen, since it is inclosed between the sand-hills and the bay; a sweep of galleried structures, often adorned by brilliant gardens, whence the sojourner may emerge, either to swim in the waters—quiet here—that pour in from the Atlantic; or plunge into the dark avenues of the forest, wherein the resinous emanations are declared to be of incomparable value to thin-blooded and weak-chested people. Arcachon, therefore, is a kind of French Bournemouth, with the superior advantage of a genial southern climate; its dry, sandy soil, and its far extending groves of pine trees, being deemed of much value in a sanitary point of view. From my own experience, the resinous perfumes of the Arcachon pines are rather overpowering, and a little trying to the head. But, on these accounts, Arcachon—the word

having a medical significance in itself—has been elected queen of the bay, notwithstanding that, along the same curve of coast, it had nine competitors, whose barks dot the waves with white spots by day, and kindle them with crimson flames by night.

Nothing that I saw in the interior of the sterile wastes lying inland, over which the stilt-walkers stride like phantoms, produces an effect more striking than the autumnal torch-light fishery. The quaint craft steal quietly out, with noiseless oars; no one speaks; behind the helm of each is an iron grating, upon which burns, with a blood-coloured blaze, a flambeau of pine-wood; close to this, a man, armed with a long and keen-pointed trident, keeps his eyes fixed upon the transparent ripples; the drowsy fish, fascinated, rise lazily to the surface, and are speared with marvellous dexterity. It was not an easy matter to get admitted to take part in one of these night excursions; but, upon condition of absolute silence, I was privileged; and nothing could have been more curious than to watch the harpooner as, from one moment to another, he flung his prey over his shoulders into the bottom of the boat. A still more fantastic sight, however—which I did not witness—is said to be exhibited on a perfectly dark night, when the surface of the sea is phosphorescent, and each mute stroke of the oar scatters around a cloud of sparkling drops. The fishermen stopped one evening at the Island of Birds, about half-an-hour's distance from the hotel, a spot embosomed in the water, of which it is declared that neither tree, nor shrub, nor flower will flourish upon it. Formerly, a few cows and sheep browsed upon its desolate hill, guarded by a solitary shepherd, inhabiting a rude hut, often threatened with destruction by the waves. You may shoot rabbits here, or ducks, or pick up oysters; but it is a dreary desert, on a miniature scale, and only suggests a picture to the eye when the fire-bearing boats are clustered about it, beneath the sky of a moonless midnight.

The people of this place, other than the fishermen and the resin-collectors, have grown ambitious within the last few years. Not merely do they aspire to create a luxurious little city on the shores of their basin, but they contemplate reclaiming the sandy territories behind, and converting the sweep of sea in front of them into a first-class naval refuge. Having seen all the simplicities of their life, it occurs to me that the fruition of such wishes might spoil the place altogether. No one, with a heart for the picturesque or the pastoral, could desire that Arcachon—the lonely and lovely bay of the Atlantic—should be converted into a Hastings, or a Scarborough, or a Rotheray, charming as those resorts unquestionably are; for, leaving the little town, and turning into the nearer woods, you have a perspective before you, which is that, not of a city, or a village, or anything else in Europe, the timber-built hamlets of the Black Forest not excepted. Here is a miniature villa, with foundations, walls, floors, partitions, balconies, staircases, and doves of pine, varnished bright, and impenetrable to rain, with resin. The place is almost desolate during nine months of the year, though some people are known who cling to these solitudes from one midsummer to another, preferring their retreats, in the neighbourhood of her vintages, to the fierce and talkative society of

Bordeaux. These hermitages, dedicated to the fishermen of the bay, are characteristic enough. At least, I visited one, where I heard that peculiar mysteries were celebrated on behalf of the fisher population. It was a structure, of poverty-stricken appearance, oblong in shape, built half of wood and half of iron-coloured clay, roofed with unbaked tiles, mossed over by damp and time, and miserable in appearance altogether. What a contrast between the picture and its frame! That hutch, in the depth of the forest, and the encircling majesty of pines, with—as it almost startles a stranger to see—the strawberry in flower and fruitage at the same time, an ever-green in that region, having leaves which the peasants compare with the wings of butterflies! Yet the streams, not far off, were glazed with ice, and the frost sparkled beautifully, like, as the Germans have it, 'its daughter, the snow,' upon the hollies. The interior, although hospitable in its way, as poverty often is, was more forbidding and hopeless than the exterior. I entered through a low-browed doorway, opening, as the doorways of these cabins invariably do, towards the south, and found an abode divided by a rickety partition into two chambers. The first was a kitchen; the second, a bedroom. The former contained an immense fire-place, surmounted by a mantel-piece of wood, supported by two fragments of stone, quarried from the rocks of the Landes; and this, be it noted, is excavated always in the western wall. The contents of the poor residence were characteristic—the resin-collector's pannikin and hatchet; a few dried skins; and some dishes, plates, frying-pans, stew-pans, and forks, all manufactured out of wood. Instead of chairs, there were stools, or planks upheld on tressels. In this snug apartment, there was plenty, if not fastidiousness, of food. For sleeping accommodation, I fear I was indebted to the self-sacrifice of the inmates. They gave up the second room, in consideration of a gratuity ridiculously small. In it stood two beds, resembling those Italian walnut or oaken chests which hold the bride's treasure and trousseau. No curtains, of course; a fresh, rye-straw mattress; a gray cotton coverlet, coarse and heavy; many draughts; a bare floor; and neither chair nor table. The lodging did not inspire you as does a pleasant second-floor in a Rhenish inn.

The whole affair shewed a curiously primitive state of things, but I liked it better for its very simplicity. Sleep was undisturbed, and, I am assured, made all the more tranquil by the wafted, thick, and heavy odour of the pines. But no laziness is permitted in this poor yet active region. Slumber after dawn is impossible. The people—men, women, boys, and girls, are up; the gallipots are cleaned out, ready for the day's work in the forest; the nets and lines are repaired; a few fellows, equipped for the small chances of a hunt in the woods, strap on their bags, and shoulder their guns, and, almost literally, nobody is left at home. For a burglar or a thief, in this country, you might as well explore North Wales. But for a tinge of fashionable assumption, I am not quite certain that Arcachon is innocent. There was a *seigneur*, renting one of the *pavilions*, as they are called, in the forest, who had actually brought fifty dogs, with a gay company of people, from his own château, somewhere in Gascony. To the astonishment of the poor pine-hewers, there

issued forth from the Swiss-eaved chalet a train of ladies, mounted; and, indeed, the spectacle brought back a reminiscence from the days of Louis X. at Chantilly. I confess to not feeling much sympathy with the hunters, or, rather, to more sympathy with the naturalists of the sub-Pyrenean forests; yet the ring of the horn, the cry of the hounds, the dash of the deer through the paths among the thickets, are awakening; and the final gathering of the group, in an old glade of the old forest of Arcachon, is a vision etched upon the memory, not soon to be obliterated. I thought, when I first dwelt for a few days in Arcachon, that it was destined to a monotonous existence as a mere fishing-village, and an occasional resort of the *matlades* from Bordeaux and the neighbouring cities of the south. But I found it a cheerful place of recreation, notwithstanding that it pretends to no theatre or concert-room; that it remains primitive in spite of improvement, and that it may be regarded as a happy asylum for those who have been wearied by the pretensions of the German spas. The breadth of the bay is in itself a curative power. I fancy that this splendid bay, combined with the new and pretty vanities of Arcachon, might suffice to render worn-out fashionables young again. I cordially recommend a visit to the spot, on the ground of its health-giving qualities. Let there be pilgrims to Arcachon, who may tell whether the unprofessional physician of experience be right or wrong.

#### WAITING.

WAITING! For what? Shall I ever know?

Or shall the new years creep drowsily by  
Till my death-day comes; shall I never know why  
I was born, and must live out my life of woe?

Is the whole of my lifetime merely a pause

'Twixt my birth that was, and my death to be?

Must I always follow, and never be free?

Am I only effect? Can I never be cause?

Or am I but a link of the weariful chain

Of life, and the sequence of things gone by?

I am forced to live, for I cannot die,

But my life is empty and all in vain.

Yet sometimes I hear my spirit, elate

At the thought of the glorious deeds to be done,

Cry: 'Strike! 'Tis the time!' But, in answer,  
one—

Shall I ever know who?—whispers: 'Silence! Wait!'

It cannot be Hope, for her voice is sweet;

It is not Despair, for I know her well:

'Tis like the ceaseless drone of a knell,

And wears the heart with monotonous beat.

Shall another voice ever whisper to me:

'Awake! 'Tis the hour! Go forward and fight!

Thy probation is ended, and impotent night

Has burst into day! So shall set me free?

I know not, I know not; this only I dread,

That, ere that voice shall proclaim that hour,

Not only the will may be lost, but the power,

And I may be cold with the nameless dead.

# CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

OF  
POPULAR

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

*Fourth Series*

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS.

No. 578.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 23, 1875.

PRICE 1½d.

## A TERRIBLE WEDDING-TRIP.

IN TWO CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER I.

My life, on the whole, has been commonplace and uneventful enough. Nevertheless, there stands out one episode, so strange and fearful, that even at this distance of time I am unable to contemplate it without a shudder. Before narrating it, I must introduce myself, and give a brief account of my antecedents.

I was born in India. Of my father, who was a surgeon in the army, I have but an indistinct recollection, for he died before I had attained the age of seven, and his kind face has faded into a dim memory. Very vividly, however, can I recall my mother's overwhelming grief at his loss, and the sad voyage which followed, from India to her native country, England. I was, of course, too young at the time to feel very acutely either my father's death, or the reverse of fortune which accompanied it; but the fact that we were left with no other means of support than the small pension of an officer's widow and child, was a bitter aggravation of mamma's trial. Naturally extravagant, and brought up with habits of reckless expenditure, the practice of economy was a new and difficult task for her. Prompted, however, by her excessive devotion to myself, she learned it well; and it is to the exercise of a rigid self-denial on her part, that I owe the very liberal education which she contrived to afford me. Unable to support the expense of an establishment, however small, we lived, during the first ten years after coming to England, in lodgings. But at the close of that period, when I had accordingly reached the age of seventeen, an event occurred which produced a welcome change in our position. Upon the death of her half-sister—a wealthy widow, who, with the exception of her son, Mr Hugh Fernley, had been our only relative in England—mamma found herself possessed, in addition to the agreeable legacy of a few thousand pounds, of a prettily furnished cottage in Westmoreland.

To our new home we removed forthwith; but

though at first highly delighted both with it and the charming scenery by which it was surrounded, we soon found that a residence in the rural village of Elstonlee was not without its drawbacks. Pleasant as it was during the summer season to ramble about in fragrant woods and winding country lanes, or to rake and weed in our own little garden, these innocent recreations palled in time; and when the long winter months succeeded, and outdoor life became less enjoyable, the loneliness and seclusion of the place oppressed us, and I, at anyrate, learned to consider Woodbine Cottage as by no means a paradise. Our all but sole society consisted of the rector and his wife, and Dr Adair. The latter was a gentleman about forty years of age, a bachelor, well educated and intelligent, but rather sedate. As the only physician in the neighbourhood, he enjoyed an extensive practice, his services being in requisition for miles of the country around our village. Undoubtedly a clever practitioner, and having a gentle and sympathetic nature, the doctor was a universally esteemed and welcome guest, but it was at Woodbine Cottage that he elected to spend most of his spare time.

Constituting himself from the first quite a friend of the family, he took an untiring interest in all our little affairs, and mamma and I had reason to be grateful for innumerable kindnesses most unobtrusively rendered. His evening calls became more frequent and prolonged as the time passed on; and as they formed the only breaks in the monotony of our lives, we were not sorry when they grew to be of even daily occurrence. Gifted with a wonderfully retentive memory, and possessing a large amount of dry wit, our grave friend proved an agreeable companion. Though never appearing to exert himself uncomfortably for our entertainment, he would, nevertheless, at each visit manage to amuse us by the relation of an interesting anecdote, or, when he could do so without betraying professional confidence, by the repetition of some morsel of local gossip. Regularly, too, each evening before parting, mamma and he would indulge in a few games at backgammon; whilst I, at their request, would drown the noise of

rattling dice beneath the sweeter sounds of Handel's water-music, Bach's symphonies, or Beethoven's sonatas. Dr Adair was passionately fond of music; and not unfrequently, at the conclusion of a game, he would leave mamma's side, and lean for a few moments over the back of my chair, silently watching my fingers as they strayed over the keys of the piano.

One evening, some two years after our settlement in Elstonlee, I had, I think, been playing with rather more taste and pathos than usual, and the doctor had taken his favourite position, when, happening to glance upwards, I detected an expression upon his face, which caused me quickly to avert my own, and which brought the warm blood rushing in a torrent over cheek and brow. It was the suddenness of the revelation which had broken upon me, however, and not any pleasure that I derived from it, which made my heart palpitate so rapidly as I continued the melody. Until that instant, I had never conceived such a thing as possible, yet that one glance had sufficed to convince me that the elderly physician was my lover. Had I needed further assurance of the fact, it was forthcoming, for, upon the following day, I received from him an offer of marriage. This, though with much distress on his account, I was obliged to decline, for, though my esteem and admiration for him were great, I had learned to regard the good doctor rather in the light of a father, and could not now feel for him a warmer sentiment. For three days this unfortunate contretemps disturbed the pleasant relationship which had subsisted between us; but upon the fourth, Dr Adair reappeared at the house. There was perhaps an additional shade of gravity discernible in his demeanour for some time afterwards, but the offer was not again alluded to, and by degrees we fell into our former unconstrained manner of intercourse.

Equanimity, however, had not long been restored to our little party, before it was again discomposed by anxiety on account of the state of my health. A severe cold had settled upon my lungs, appetite had entirely forsaken me, and day by day I was growing paler and thinner. Greatly alarmed, mamma nursed me indefatigably, whilst the doctor's kindness and attention were unremitting. Still there was no improvement, and the fear of consumption began to loom like a dread shadow over our horizon. Winter approached, and my obstinate cough defying all remedies, our medical adviser, though with evident reluctance, expressed his opinion that it would be advisable for me to spend it in a warmer climate. Mamma, of course, at once resolved to follow his recommendation, which I hailed with pleasure, as not only affording the prospect of recovered health, but also of some change from our quiet and solitary life. Consultations followed as to the best locality for the winter-quarters, and after a little hesitation between the rival merits of Ventnor and Torquay, decision was given in favour of the latter place. A preliminary bustle of dressmaking and other preparations ensued, and we left Westmoreland for the more genial south.

Arrived at our destination, we took up our residence in a highly fashionable boarding-house or private hotel. Albyn Hall stood in extensive grounds of its own, occupying a delightful and commanding situation; and the establishment,

which was large, and furnished throughout with extreme elegance, was in every respect well conducted. The season having commenced before our arrival at Torquay, the house was already well filled, and whilst the whole party was social in the extreme, many of the guests, to my supreme satisfaction, were young. It did not lessen my content to find that they were also gay, and that it was customary for the more quiet and elderly people to retire each evening to one of the public drawing-rooms, whilst the other would resound with merry laughter, and very frequently with music and dancing. It took me some little time to get accustomed to our new life, offering, as it did, so great a contrast to the stagnant existence, as I now considered it, which we had of late been leading. But I presently began to feel quite at home, and, delighting in society, my gratification daily increased. In fact, as I repeatedly told myself, I had never before felt so happy, and to my exuberant spirits was doubtless in a great measure to be attributed the almost miraculous improvement which took place in my health.

We had been at Torquay about two months, when, one evening, happening to be dressed a little earlier than usual, I sauntered into the drawing-room to await there the ringing of the dinner-bell. Several gentlemen were dispersed about the apartment, reading newspapers, or chatting upon politics, and amongst them was one lady. A glance shewed me that this was Lady Janet Griffiths, an especial favourite of mine; and seating myself by her side, I was admiring some lace-work upon which she was engaged, when the tones of an unfamiliar voice struck upon my ear. Looking up, I observed that a stranger sat directly opposite us, conversing with poor Herr Eberhard, a young German, who was endeavouring, by a winter in Torquay, to prolong a life, whose certain doom his hollow cheeks and hacking cough too plainly told.

The new-comer was a strikingly handsome man, apparently about twenty-eight years of age. His features were finely cut, and his fair and very clear complexion contrasted well with the raven black of his hair and moustache. His eyes were large and dark, and his figure, though small, was finely moulded. Very white and regular teeth displayed themselves when he smiled or spoke, and I noticed also the extreme whiteness and delicacy of his hand, my attention being drawn to it by the incessant movement of the long fingers as they played with his watch-chain. Never before had I been so singularly impressed as I was by this gentleman, and again and again I found my eyes wandering to his face, attracted by a peculiar style of beauty, that seemed absolutely to fascinate me. But at length, having once or twice encountered his glance, I felt my behaviour to be anything but feminine; so I turned to Lady Griffiths, and strove to interest myself in her work. Mamma was late that evening in performing her toilet, and as I waited until she made her appearance, we were the last to enter the dining-room. Upon reaching my usual place at the *table-d'hôte*, I could not help feeling a sensation of pleasure on perceiving that the fresh arrival had been accommodated with a seat next to my own; and my satisfaction was farther increased when, during dinner, I found his attention directed exclusively to myself; and so interesting did his conversation prove, that

the hour of dinner, usually so tiresome, passed but too rapidly. There was no dancing that evening. Mr St Julien—that, I had ascertained, was the name of my new acquaintance—was my partner in a game at whist, and in spite of the superior attractions of other girls by whom we were surrounded, he still kept his place by my side when it was finished.

That evening was but the prototype of those which followed; Mr St Julien continued, as he had begun, to select me as the principal object of his attentions, and as our intimacy increased, I discovered that he added to his other advantages that of being an accomplished scholar. How happy I was, as day by day our friendship deepened, and the conviction forced itself upon me, that Herbert St Julien was falling in love with me! It was but slowly, indeed, that I would allow myself to believe the fact, for it appeared to me too delightful to be true. Nevertheless, it was so. He loved me with an ardour and devotion equal to that which I bestowed upon him in return; and in little more than six weeks from the day I had first met him, Herbert St Julien and I were *fiancé*. Rejoicing in my joy, mamma readily gave her consent to the betrothal, and expressed perfect satisfaction with the account Mr St Julien had given of himself. This was, briefly, that, with the exception of a sister-in-law, he had no relation in the world; that he had latterly been living in the neighbourhood of Cambridge, where he had a house; but that, having been seriously ill, and suffering still from occasional severe headaches, and general debility, he had been recommended to travel. He had not, he said, intended to remain at Torquay longer than a week, as he was merely taking the place on his way to Italy; and had it not been for the 'sweet cause' of his change of plan, he would now have been at his estate upon Lake Como.

The mention of this latter particular brings me to notice the only thing which occasioned me any uneasiness with regard to my future prospects; this was, that, from all I could gather, my intended husband was a man of enormous wealth; from time to time he would mention by name some castle, property, or estate belonging to him, until it appeared to me that he had possessions in almost every European country. These possessions I presently learned to regard with positive dislike, perceiving, as I could not fail to do, that the responsibility of wealth, and the care of so much landed property, was a source of much solicitude to my lover. Indeed, as I thought, he allowed this anxiety to become oppressive; for although it would have been difficult to have described in what it consisted, it seemed to me that a subtle change passed over Mr St Julien's face whenever his estates formed the subject of conversation, and that his dark eyes, usually so calm and intelligent, took a different expression, and wandered from one object to another with a vague kind of uneasiness. This peculiarity did not, so far as I could perceive, attract mamma's observation; but, convinced that it was not altogether imagination upon my part, and attributing it to the cause I have mentioned, I quietly resolved that, so soon as we were married, I would persuade Mr St Julien to dispose of some of these estates, and thus to lessen his care. My determination upon this point was strengthened when I found that, whilst I was myself better than I had ever been in my life, poor Herbert's

health declined rather than otherwise from the time of our engagement.

The headaches, from which he had before suffered at but rare intervals, now became of frequent occurrence, and were accompanied by nervous irritability, which had not previously characterised him. Knowing that he had been recommended to travel, and believing that this would be the most efficacious remedy for his indisposition, mamma and I endeavoured to persuade him to leave Torquay at once for the continent, more especially as we were ourselves upon the point of returning to Westmoreland. But to this proposition he could not be induced to listen, except on one condition, and that was, that I should accompany him as his wife. And so persistently and unremittingly, when this idea had once taken possession of his mind, did he urge that our marriage should take place at once, that mamma at last gave in, and passing over to his side, expressed her opinion that Herbert's proposed journey to the continent might just as well be our wedding-trip. Against these united forces, there was, of course, no reason for my holding out, and before long, I had given a not very reluctant consent that the marriage should take place within a month.

## SOCIAL PRESSURE.

SIR ARTHUR HELPS and his 'friends in council' are well known to discuss all kinds of questions, and it is not surprising that they should have turned their attention to 'social pressure,' and more or less kindred topics. The size of towns is one of the subjects which have caused them to ponder; it is undoubtedly connected very intimately with social pressure, and it certainly suggests an inquiry as to whether towns may not be too large. Those who hold that towns may be too large, will probably set down amongst the merits of Henry VIII., Queen Elizabeth, and James I., monarchs otherwise sufficiently different one from another, the fact that each and all three of them were almost equally desirous of preventing their metropolis from 'becoming too large.' Whether their anxiety upon that point did or did not arise rather from an apprehension of the political dangers which might threaten their august selves, than from a far-sighted anticipation of the social pressure which would one day bring evil upon their subjects' posterity, it were invidious and censorious to ask; by all means let their departed majesties have the benefit of the doubt.

However it may be, there are those who hold that 'one of the greatest evils of modern life is the existence of great towns.' You will be told that, whatever their advantages may be (and they are not a few), their disadvantages include 'loss of health, of time, of comfort, of material resources of every kind.' It is said, though it may not be true, that, to begin with the lower animals, not more than ten per cent. of the horses now 'carried to the knacker's yard each week in London,' would find their way in the same time to the same scene of 'happy despatch,' if 'all the horses which do the work in London did similar work in smaller towns, where there would not be so much necessity for paved roadways.' It is reported to have been said by the celebrated and philanthropic Dr Arnott, that, 'though London is a place where the rate of

mortality is not exceedingly high, it is yet a place where nobody, except butchers' boys, enjoys perfect health—the full state of health that they are capable of enjoying; which, of course, is calculated to shake one's faith in the practice of estimating the healthiness of a given place by its statistical tables of mortality. It is said, and with some truth, that 'the first article of food' is 'fresh air,' and that, though 'there is no danger of London being starved for want of animal food,' there is more and more danger every year of its health being diminished from the want of a supply of pure atmosphere.

As to water, again, which is hardly second to fresh air, a man who lives in a 'huge city' has little power of protecting himself, and 'must take the water that is provided for his quarter of the town, whether he is satisfied with it or not.' It is said, moreover, though it may be far from true, that 'every year the hospital surgeons in London find it more difficult to cure wounds and injuries of all kinds to the human body, on account, it is supposed, of the growing inferiority of the London air.' There is, however, another theory which attributes the aforesaid difficulty to another cause, arising from the pernicious habit of doing everything on the 'big' plan, and having a large number of patients in one large room, instead of having them carefully distributed in smaller numbers, and, rather than not distributed at all, in smaller rooms. To recur to the lower animals: it is asserted that in London the cows are 'killed off prematurely, and do not last a third part of the time that they would last in the country or in a small town.' This may be so; but, as the writer of this article can testify on good authority, all London cows do not spend all their lives in London. The aforesaid writer, having received a great shock one day in London through seeing a cow's head suddenly appear at a drawing-room, or upper-room, window in a by no means unfashionable neighbourhood, not very far from Cavendish Square, was led to make inquiries, in order to convince himself that he had not been the victim of a spectral illusion; and he discovered that the whole house was tenanted throughout by cows, numbering from forty to sixty, which arrived at the upper series of apartments by means of properly arranged inclined planes. These cows, it appeared, according to the evidence of their very obliging and courteous owner, periodically exchanged quarters with other cows at that time enjoying country-air on a farm at Willesden; and, in that way, the two sets of cows were kept in as good health, or almost as good health, as they would have exhibited under any circumstances.

There can be no doubt the social pressure produced by overgrowth of towns leads to an exodus on the part of the thousands who can 'get away' into the fresher air of the suburbs or the nearest country, and whose exodus 'makes it worse for the hundreds of thousands who remain.' No doubt, too, 'private and individual charity is rendered very difficult by the immense size of the metropolis;' for those members of a family, the young ladies, and even the children, who in the country take, perhaps, the principal part 'in the charitable enterprises,' cannot in huge cities be permitted by any prudent father or mother 'to go into the almost dangerous neighbourhoods of poor

people.' About the nuisances bred of social pressure, and themselves breeding physical and moral mischief, everybody has a general idea; but would anybody include 'the vending of oysters amongst noxious trades?' It must be understood that the oysters are to be 'natives,' and of the highest excellence. But the following anecdote is related: 'One of the greatest vendors of oysters in the metropolis' had 'a large subterranean place where he deposited his oyster-shells. This place was connected with the sewers. The small portions of animal matter left in the under-shells became putrescent; and, from the huge mass of them which had accumulated in that subterranean place, there finally arose an odour of the most horrible nature, which came up through all the neighbouring gratings, and most probably into some of the neighbouring houses. . . . Of course,' concludes the narrator, 'I cannot prove that' a deadly fever which had prevailed in the immediate vicinity 'was the result of this accumulation of shells, but I believe it was, and such was the belief of those persons who, at that time, investigated the matter.'

There are many other topics connected with social pressure, such as the state of crime, and the facilities afforded for the commission of offences in large modern cities by persons who escape detection and punishment. In Liverpool, for example, with its teeming population, about four out of every five crimes of violence go unpunished. Notwithstanding, therefore, the vigilance of the police, the odds are four to one that a ruffianly offender will not be found out.\* Rather a startling view this of dense overcrowding in large cities! We say nothing about the 'political aspect of the subject,' which may be just hinted at as worthy of a serious reader's reflection. Whosoever would liken London to Babylon may be gently reminded that 'the similitude is a very unjust one as regards the city of Nitocris and Semiramis, for Babylon had just what, in its densest parts, is deficient in London. We are told that Babylon contained within its walls land sufficient for agricultural purposes to enable the inhabitants of that city to be fed by those resources during a siege.' And the most imaginative of poets would hardly venture to describe a band of sorrowful captives sitting down to weep by the waters of London, and hanging their harps 'upon the trees that are thereby:' and area-railings would be too prosaic.

The degree of social pressure in the present day may be said to be rising like the degree of heat recorded by a thermometer from winter to summer. Things that could be done easily fifty years ago, cannot be thought of now. The accumulation of capital in certain hands, and the advantages given by machinery, put the puny efforts of small concerns out of the question. No doubt, skill and industry are as much in request as ever—indeed, more so—but the competition is more keen, while the ignorance, heedlessness, and improvidence demonstrated in enlarged dimensions, are seen leading to the most appalling consequences—huge masses of human beings in a state of semi-destitution, who give no end of trouble to police, parish authorities, and benevolent institutions. Is this condition of things, as is evidenced in large cities, destined

\* See an interesting article from the *Liverpool Albion*, in *The Times* of December 26, 1874.

to be the outcome of what we call civilisation? Some will say *no*; but under the existing tremendous pressure, we fail to observe any turn for the better. Our only hope is in education, taking it in its widest sense. That, however, is putting off 'the good time coming' for at least a couple of generations; and how are matters to be comfortably managed in the meantime? There is more, however, to consider. The population of the metropolis is said to be now four millions. Can any one foretell what will be the degree of social pressure when the population has reached six, eight, or ten millions, for to these numbers it is assuredly advancing?

Social pressure has other aspects, but we cannot refer to all of them. In large cities, and more particularly the metropolis, it is vigorously displayed in those objectionable characteristics of our age, intrusiveness and over-publicity. Any individual eminent in literature, statesmanship, or any other walk in life, is sure to be pestered with attentions from those who wish to make capital in some way out of him. 'He will be asked to preside at public dinners; to speak at public meetings; to become a member of innumerable committees; to give testimonials to people as to whose qualifications he knows little or nothing; and to make one of the concourse of notable persons at public funerals.' And the worst of it is that, from some weakness inherent in human nature, the secondary work, as it may be called, thus forced and intruded upon the eminent man, will be almost imperceptibly allowed to become his chief occupation, will after a while 'not be unwelcome to him,' will appear even to himself to 'gain him sufficient applause and favour; and so we shall lose the best work of a great man, or, at any rate, of a man capable in one direction.' As for over-publicity, how near a relationship there is between it and intrusiveness must be evident even to the purblind. 'Nothing,' it is mournfully admitted, 'now is sacred. Sorrow, disease, misfortune—all are canvassed with minuteness before the eyes of an unwholesomely curious world; greedy of novelties, delighting in sensation, and no real or imaginative detail is spared, for the public dearly loves details.' By a sort of poetical justice, the great, as some people count greatness, are those who suffer, just as they are also those who gain most from publicity; for 'extreme publicity,' it is truly observed, 'tends to destroy the just privacy of private life; it furnishes a worthless occupation for mankind in general; that it is unwholesome, tedious, detractive, indelicate, and indecorous.' Publicity, moreover, cuts both ways; it is equally dangerous to fear and avoid it, or to love and court it. 'How many timid and shame-faced persons,' we are requested to consider, 'fear to take the right course, fear to take the course which would lead to just results, because of the aversion which they have to this demon of publicity,' which, as far as possible, interferes with the strongly recommended practice of washing dirty linen at home. 'On the other hand, a still greater danger lurks in the love of publicity, which comes to be a besetting sin, sometimes even of the greatest minds, and which leads to falseness, restlessness, and to a most dangerous desire always to stand well with that public, which is sure, very soon, to be made acquainted with all that the lover of publicity may say, or speak, or intend.' At the same time, it

must be remembered that there is a wholesome use of publicity, and that by its means many a grievous wrong may be remedied, and the rottenness of many a whited sepulchre proved beyond dispute. It is a terrible instrument to employ; but it is sometimes the only instrument which can be successfully employed against the treacherous, the cunning, the pettifogging, the over-reaching, and, at the same time, specious and pretentious expert in chicanery.

#### OUR MARRIAGE-LAWS.

Not long since, in a case before one of the police courts of London, there was a dispute as to whether one of the parties concerned, a Scotch-woman, was married or not. She alleged she was; but the man whom she claimed to be her husband, flatly denied the charge. The magistrate was puzzled; and some one in court dryly remarked, 'that so loose was the state of the law, that many people in Scotland did not know for a certainty whether they were married or not.' This was putting the matter too strongly. Things are bad enough, but not so bad as that.

There are two kinds of marriages in Scotland—regular and irregular. Almost all are regularly effected, by the proclamation of banns, and a ceremonial, at which, in presence of friends, a clergyman of some denomination officiates—a certificate of the proclamation being his warrant to do so. The ceremony may take place at any hour, and anywhere. In some cases, it takes place in a church or chapel; in others, and these by far the greater number, in the house of the parents of the bride. Among the humbler classes, the affair usually occurs in the evening, and is accompanied with some little festivity. No fees are exigible by officiating clergymen. The ceremony is reckoned to be an ordinary piece of ministerial duty. The actual cost of a marriage ceremonial, therefore, may be limited to the outlay for the proclamation, which varies from about five shillings to a guinea. As the minister verifies the marriage, with the names of witnesses, on the certificate, which is returned to the officer by whom it was issued, the whole thing is put beyond challenge. In all this, the sole object is a distinct verification of the contract which has been effected by the two persons concerned. The religious part of the ceremony is, legally speaking, of no moment. In law, marriage is not only a civil contract, but is allowed to be entered into with the same freedom as a contract of sale of effects; indeed, with more. Proof of mutual consent is what is absolutely required. Boys on reaching fourteen, and girls twelve years of age, are qualified to enter into the contract. Neither parents nor guardians have a right to interfere. Rather a strange privilege this; for minors are not entitled to negotiate the purchase of a house, or to enter into any heavy transaction, without consent of legal guardians. Luckily, we do not often find boys of fourteen or girls of twelve indulging in the whim of matrimony.



So much for regular marriages; now for those of an irregular kind. Herein lies the weak, we might say, the disreputable part of the Scotch marriage system. As nothing more than proof of mutual consent, followed by cohabitation, is deemed sufficient in the case of subsequent contest, a door is opened for abuse and litigation—we might add, domestic misery. Mutual consent may be expressed in words, uttered in presence of witnesses, or proved by letters or admissions of the parties. Thus, if a man say, pointing to a woman: 'That is my wife;' and she courtesy in assent, this is sufficient proof of their marriage. It is, however, important to note, that the consent on both sides must be serious, and placed beyond doubt. A man saying jocularly, or for some wicked purpose, 'That is my wife,' or writing an inscription in an hotel book, purporting that the lady who accompanies him is his wife, will not constitute marriage. There must be no trick, or even the suspicion of trick. That is law; but, unfortunately, young women liable to be imposed on, do not know the niceties of legal proof, and may imagine that the trick of inscription in an hotel book as Mrs So-and-so, marries them at once and for ever. Hence some of the litigations and disputes which we see in the newspapers regarding marriage. Looking to private morals and public policy, it is not easy to understand how lawyers, men of sound learning and the best intentions, do not make an effort, by an appeal to the legislature, to remedy the abuses that occasionally come before them. Fortunately, there are not a great number of 'bad cases.' But why should there be any?

We cannot leave this department of the subject without alluding to what have long been known as Gretna Green marriages. As on the western border, the village of Gretna Green was, in old posting-days, the first convenient halting-place on Scotch ground for runaway couples from England, it became a favourite resort at which a mutual declaration of marriage could be exchanged before witnesses, and verified by certificate. The declaration generally took place in the presence of a blacksmith, who, in reality, was no more necessary than any other witness, but who gradually assumed an authority which imposed on the credulity of the English strangers, and thereby profited by the liberality usually dispensed on such auspicious occasions for his trifling services. The declaration of the marriage being obtained, the parties could at once return to England, and their marriage was held ever after to be valid there and all the world over. An end may almost be said to have been put to Gretna Green and similar runaway marriages by an act of parliament passed some years ago, which declares that no irregular marriages of that kind are valid unless one of the parties has for the last three weeks preceding the union been resident in Scotland.

Scandalous as the irregular marriage-system of Scotland still remains, there was a similar looseness of procedure in England previous to Lord Hardwicke's Act in 1754. Things were in some respects worse. No notice or publication of banns

was required, neither was any license looked for. A small fee paid to a clergyman settled the whole affair. For the sake of the fees, parsons who were confined for debt in the Fleet prison, would marry any pair at a moment's notice. They made a kind of business of it. The usual fee was two shillings, but there were cases in which the parson in desperation would officiate for a glass of gin or a roll of tobacco. The Fleet prison, however, was only the centre of the traffic in marriages. The street leading to the prison was dotted with public-houses, where matrimony could be cheaply solemnised. Pennant says: 'In walking along the street in my youth, I have often been tempted by the question: "Sir, will you be pleased to walk in and be married?"' The invitation came from a dirty profligate-looking fellow, wearing a slovenly parson's costume, generally attached to one of the numerous taverns in the locality, over the door of which was inscribed: "Marriages performed within." It is interesting to know that each of these taverns kept a parson, with a register of its business in marriages—the liquor consumed and paid for on the occasion of these irregular nuptials being of course the inducement to carry on the trade. Lord Hardwicke's Act caused quite a flutter in the marriage-market. On the day before it came into operation, no fewer than two hundred and seven couples were united. As each tavern had its register, it became important to purchase up the whole; and we learn that government acquired over a ton of registers extending back to 1686. In comparison with this, Scotland has nothing so utterly flagitious.

The new law established under Lord Hardwicke's Act was not by any means free from blemish. From being loose, the observances required of those 'about to marry' went to the opposite extreme, and became odiously strict and punctilious. The ceremony could be performed only by a beneficed clergyman, and within canonical hours—that is, between the hours of 8 A.M. and 12 noon. But, by what clock or watch were these hours to be regulated? The marriage was liable to be challenged from some paltry error as to time. There was also a certain abuse as regards the warrant for conducting the ceremony. Instead of banns, there might be a license, under episcopal authority, costing very much more than banns, and which could be called nothing else than an 'indulgence.' By paying two or three guineas, one escaped the delay and the publicity of banns. Licenses and banns still keep their ground; but latterly, as is well known, marriages in England may be solemnised in dissenting chapels, registered for the purpose, or without any religious ceremony at all, in the office of the superintendent registrar of the district, in the presence of witnesses. Curiously enough, marriage in a simple, cheap, and dry way in a registrar's office, has not commended itself to popular favour. Marriage in the parish church, after due proclamation of banns, and with the impressive pomp of liturgical ceremonial, still receives general approval. The laws relating to the marriage of minors in England are more strict than in Scotland, but regulations on the subject are not greatly attended to, and practically are of little avail.

In Ireland, the marriage-law generally resembles that of England, but to it are superadded statutory obligations as regards the intermarrying of Catholics

and Protestants that are barely intelligible, and as leading to perplexity and distress of mind, cannot be too severely reprehended. During the last eighty-five years, there have been no fewer than three acts of parliament on the subject, each adding to the confusion. The whole would need to be swept away, and a simple intelligible law, free from sectarian distinctions, enacted instead. Ireland, like Scotland, wants a Lord Hardwicke; but he is long in coming.

We may now take a glance at continental usages. The French Revolution, which affected to liberalise everything, led to rigorous arrangements regarding marriage. In France, and wherever the Code Napoleon has taken root, marriage is ordinarily a matter of extreme difficulty—the trouble incurred perfectly monstrous. According to law, marriage is a civil contract, and must necessarily take place in the office of the mayor. It is customary to adjourn to a church, where there is a supplementary religious rite. To this there can be no objection. The pinch consists in the obligation to exhibit the assent of parents. According to law, each unmarried Frenchman and Frenchwoman is a child to be taken care of. No young man under twenty-five, or woman under twenty-one years of age can marry without the consent of parents. If the father and mother are dead, certificates to that effect must be produced, and the consent of grandfather and grandmother will be accepted; but if they are dead also, the fact needs to be certified. Getting together these certificates is such a terrible nuisance, that in an enormous multiplicity of cases in humble life, the marriage ceremony is dispensed with. In its efforts to avert moral wrong, the law is the fruitful cause of wrong. There is a possibility of a man or woman above twenty-five marrying without the consent of parents. But even in this case there are ridiculous formalities. The parents must be served three times with a summons or notice of the intention to marry; and a certificate of this notice legally verified must be shewn, before either the mayor or priest will perform the ceremony. Age does not liberate a man from these ridiculous obligations. If an old gentleman of eighty takes it into his head to marry, he must begin by getting legal certificates of the death, not only of his father and mother, but of his grandfather and grandmother—that is to say, he may have to rake up records a hundred years old. There is something comic in these obligations, but likewise something to be treated seriously. It not being generally known in England that the consent of parents is necessary to constitute a valid marriage in France, Englishwomen marrying Frenchmen in England, may find that their marriage has been altogether invalid. An English lady long resident in France, to whom we were lately indebted for an amusing sketch concerning French manners, mentions the following as a fact: 'Not many years since, a young English girl, who had married a Frenchman in England without the consent of his parents, was subjected to the misery and humiliation of finding that her marriage was null and void in her husband's country, and that he was at liberty to take another wife.'

Looking at the whole affair of marrying, on which so much of the welfare of society depends, we know of nothing of a serious nature that has engaged so little public attention. With some

modern modifications, the whole thing is little better than a chaos, which, as far as we can see, is maintained as a subject of costly and distracting litigation.

W. C.

## WALTER'S WORD.

### CHAPTER VII.—MR JOHN FELTER AS MENTOR.

It is astonishing how the profession of Love—that is, the love of man for woman, or *vice versa*—being of such endless variety, should be described by poets and philosophers as of only two or three kinds, or even 'lumped' (as Pope, for instance, lumps it) into one. Monomania, fever, atrophy, have each their name and place in medical science; but all these diseases, and many others, are in psychology spoken of as one, as though no difference existed between them. There is, it is true, an admitted peculiarity in the case of what is called a Platonic attachment; but this term is seldom used, except in irony, and I am inclined to think that those who so make use of it are right. I have never known a Platonic attachment where the lady, at least, would not have married the gentleman if she could. That love itself is protean in its outward shape, is (in spite of the poets) now allowed. We admit that the sweetness and light of the world do not change, as Byron, for instance, would have us believe, to gall and darkness, to Corydon because Phyllis rejects him; or that the sun seems to shine for him by night, and roses to bloom for him in February, if she accepts him. He is pleased and gratified, of course, more so, doubtless, than if he had won five shillings at skittles; yet not more, perhaps, than if he had won five pounds. I am speaking of a Corydon of the humbler classes, of course, when I mention so vulgar a game, and such small amounts; but if Corydon was a born gentleman, and, in the practice of his profession, the Turf, should pull off, say, fifty thousand pounds on a double event, that would probably give him almost as much pleasure as being accepted by Phyllis.

Love took up the glass of Time, and turned it in  
his glowing hands;

Every moment, lightly shaken, ran itself in golden  
sands;

but if such luck as we have supposed should happen to a gentleman-sportsman, don't you think the glass of Time would run itself into just as golden sands as if Love held it? I must confess I do. Of course, there are some young persons who, being denied by their Beloved Objects, immediately go and hang themselves; but these are fortunately exceptional cases, which do not materially affect the census returns. A more numerous class plunge into dissipation; a remedy which, though (besides other serious objections to it) it may kill as well as cure, has undoubtedly been found to be efficacious. Others have the good-fortune to see some other nice young woman, the next day, or the next month, after the disappointment, and get over

it by marrying her. All of us are agreed that there are many ways of meeting a misfortune of this kind, as well as many ways of expressing our bliss upon receiving an answer from Phyllis in the affirmative; and yet almost all are resolute to affirm that the love of Corydon for Phyllis is the same all the world over. This is a great error. Without any trespass upon that dangerous ground of Platonic attachment, a man may adore a woman with honesty and honour, whom it is utterly out of the question that he should marry, from whom it is impossible that he should receive any greater favours than a clasp of the hand or a kind word. The type is not common, because the Phyllises who are capable of inspiring such a passion are few; and such disinterested Corydons are few: but it exists. Such a love, for example, would have been entertained by Warrington for Laura, if he had met her in the first instance as the wife of Pendennis. There would have been no harm in such an attachment, nor thought of harm; but it could not have been expressed by the terms respect, regard, or friendship; nay, it would comprehend a devotion for Mrs P. not entertained, perhaps, even by Mr Arthur Pendennis himself.

It was some absorbing feeling of this sort which filled Walter Jitton's soul with respect to Lotty; in some cases, it might not have been a disadvantageous one—indeed, an unselfish passion of this sort is often most advantageous—but Walter was too young for such a gracious burden, not, as he imagined, because life lay before him lone and barren for so many years, but because he lacked the discipline of life; he could not free himself from its influence at pleasure, and though he could forget it—that is, the smart of it—in occupation, it pervaded even the work of his hands. It is certain that his present picture profited by this. Love, 'the more ideal artist he than all,' had given a spirituality to the expression of Philippa, Edward's queen, which Miss Nellie Neale, and perhaps even Lotty herself, did not possess; it was, in fact, a glorified likeness of the latter, a likeness that might easily escape the eyes of such as were but slightly acquainted with her, or had not seen her under circumstances calculated to evoke her deeper feelings, but which would strike most forcibly those who knew her best. Without, of course, recognising the source of his friend's inspiration, or even being aware of what it was, Mr John Pelter perceived that this portrait was far in advance of anything that the young fellow had yet achieved; and he told him so, after his peculiar fashion, puffing at his pipe, and regarding this *chef-d'œuvre* with his huge flax-covered head sloped to the critical angle.

'My dear Watty,' said he, 'I don't wish to flatter you, but that's the most like a human creature of anything that you have yet turned out.'

'I am glad to hear you say so,' returned Walter, well pleased with this moderate praise, which, indeed, in Jack Pelter's mouth, implied far beyond what it expressed. A huge good-natured giant was Jack, who knew much more of his profession, though he seldom used the slang of it, than many a man who can discourse of 'his art' by the

hour, and leave his hearers in the most inextricable entanglement; a man, it was true, who cared little to be known by the world at large, so long as he was known by the dealers, and was supplied by them with the funds sufficient for his not extravagant needs, but who worked as honestly, after his lights, as Raphael, whose cartoons he believed to be the most valuable bequest that any living being has left to posterity.

'Yes, Watty, this is a great advance upon your "Drunken Organ-grinders"—I beg your pardon, your "Brigands Carousing." The young woman's foot here is out of drawing, and I daresay the other would be, if it wasn't covered by her train; but the picture is good, sir—it's good.' And Mr John Pelter stepped back from it slowly, upsetting 'Penaddon Church' as he did so, and once more regarded it with fixed attention. 'You must not lump any King Edwards with a lot of this kind,' continued Jack, 'or else you'll spoil it.'

'But Queen Philippa must be kneeling to *somebody*,' urged Walter.

'Then don't let her be Queen Philippa at all. That high head-dress may very well be taken for a fool's cap; and if you write "Forfeits" under it, the whole thing will explain itself. "Who is the owner of *this* pretty thing? Let her kneel in one corner, dance in another," and so on. There; don't be affronted; I'm only joking, so far as regards the title. The girl must kneel alone, that's certain. Chuck your Pinnock's England overboard, cut away the rest of the canvas, and call her "Supplication."

'Upon my life, Jack, I think that a good idea.'

'Of course it is. Send out for something to drink its health in. "O for a draught of vintage full of the warm South," something delicate and tasty, and redolent of the subject.—Jenny!' roared he from the top of the stairs, 'fetch a pot of stout.'

Over this refreshment they discoursed the future of the immortal work.

'That must not go to the Gallery, or any of those places, Watty,' said Jack, whom the generous liquor had rendered still more eulogistic. 'You must have a shy with it at the big shop.'

'I am sick of trying there,' answered Walter despondently.

'Sick of trying! Why, you have not got a gray hair on your head! If you were *my* age' (Jack was about thirty), 'you might talk of blighted hopes.'

'But you have been hung, and in good places too; and yet I have heard you say that you had just as soon your pictures went to the Gallery, or straight to Pall Mall'—

'Well, well; that's because I wanted the money,' interrupted the other, with irritation. 'Don't you mind about me. If I said I don't care about fame, perhaps I was wrong, or perhaps I lied. Your case, at all events, is different. Follow my advice, Watty, my boy, and send "Supplication" to run its chance with the committee. They do *sometimes* take a thing on its own merits. Remember how Campbell was hung last year, through MacCollop, R.A., taking him for a fellow-countryman. "Death by misadventure," as somebody said of it, when all the newspapers were down upon his daub.'

'You are very encouraging,' said Walter, smiling; 'but nevertheless I will try the big shop.'

In spite of Walter's pretended irony, there was

great encouragement in Pelter's recommendation. Jack was not above the weaknesses of his calling, and could abuse a brother-artist—who was successful—as roundly as any one. But he was singularly just and honest in the main. His tenderness for his young friend was great. It is not too much to say that his hopes for his success were higher than for his own; for he was one of that increasing class who are not ambitious either of fame or fortune. As long as he could earn a competence, he was satisfied with the result of his own labours; and a competence with him meant something very modest indeed. It is not a good sign in our social life that so many men, even in comparative youth, are becoming indifferent to great gains and high distinction: if such sentiments were universal, the production of anything really great in any line of life would be rendered impossible; but it is only the natural rebound from that excessive struggle to get a head and shoulders above their fellows which distinguished the last generation, not altogether to its credit. In that contest, Friendship too often went to the wall, and every generous impulse was trodden under foot, in order that Self should rise supreme. There is no better excuse for indolence than the spectacle of successful Diligence standing all alone upon its pedestal, without friend or lover, a mark not only for envy, but for deserved contempt; and Mr John Pelter had seen, or fancied he had seen, not a few eminent gentlemen of his own profession in that isolated position. By toiling and scraping, and denying himself all the delights of youth, there is no man so great a fool, he would argue, but that he can acquire for himself a heap of money—only to find that, by long disuse, he has lost the faculty of enjoyment. There was no great fear of this in Mr Pelter's individual case: his capacity for pleasure was so considerable, that some of it would certainly have remained with him under the most disadvantageous circumstances; but it suited him to adopt this theory, which, it is fair to say, he acted up to in a very conscientious manner. He worked well, never 'scamping' a square inch of that which he set his brush to do, but never overworked himself; he took his time over his canvas, and his ease, and did not trouble himself much with speculations upon the verdict of posterity. The verdict of posterity, he would philosophically explain over his pipe and pot, was, in its relation to art, merely the judgment of a set of people removed by one or more degrees farther from the great lights of antiquity than we ourselves, and who were, therefore, less qualified to give an opinion. All that was best and greatest, lay in the past; and though the present might not be a great age—indeed, he had very little belief in its being so—yet, it was only reasonable, by the argument of analogy, to suppose it would be superior to the future. Why, then, make such a fuss about posterity? The fact was, that in Mr Pelter's eyes, posterity was but the next generation of picture-dealers. For his own works, he had no ambition; no desire for fame, and very little even for profit; but for those of his friend he allowed himself some hopes. He liked the young fellow dearly, and had a genuine admiration for his talents, which he wished to see made use of to the best advantage. Perhaps he had a secret conviction that he had missed his mark in the world, and was solicitous that Walter should have better fortune.

## CHAPTER VIII.—THE ACADEMY CIRCULAR.

I once knew a very clever but paradoxical man who was wont to explain that, upon the whole, the British House of Peers were created from personal merit: his line of argument I forget, and, indeed, though urged with great ingenuity, it was somewhat difficult to follow even when in process; but I am nearly sure that genuine conviction animated it, until he became a peer himself; after which, modesty, or perhaps some innate sense of humour (in which I had always thought him deficient), sealed his lips upon that subject. There is a natural and wholesome desire on the part of the public to believe such things. I very much question whether nine people in ten do not entertain the delusion that a silk gown (for example) is an honour conferred upon barristers for eminence in their profession: I am quite sure that it would shock them to hear that, for every Victoria Cross that is given for valour, half-a-dozen are applied for in vain. Folks in the country even believe that pictures are accepted or rejected in the Royal Academy every year solely upon their own merits; that the Hanging Committee know nothing about them; that they are sent in without name or address, and simply with a motto—like the poems that compete for the Newdigate or the Chancellor's medal—and are adjudicated upon without any personal reference to the artists. And yet these good people would be quite insulted if you inquired if they believed in the Millennium.

Walter Litton knew very few R.A.s, and none who were upon the Hanging Committee of that year. No member of it was inveigled into the second floor in Beech Street, and persuaded to cast his eye upon 'Supplication,' in order that, when he saw it again upon a certain momentous occasion, recognition might follow. Jack Pelter would have done him that good turn—for he was one of those who will do for a friend what 'wild horses' would not have compelled him to do for himself—but Walter declined the offer.

'My dear Jack,' said he, 'you are most kind; but I would rather the thing stood on its own hook.'

'I want it to hang on the Line,' was Jack's only rejoinder.

'Well, I hope it will, or, at all events, somewhere. It may be very foolish of me, and very sanguine, but I have great confidence.'

'In the committee?' broke in Pelter. 'Then you must be very foolish and very sanguine indeed.'

'No; in the merits of the picture.'

'Gad, how I wish I was your age!' sighed Jack. 'Do you think it will be bought for the nation?'

'I don't wish it to be bought at all.'

'Oh, I see; you want to keep it for your diploma picture.'

But though Jack was thus cynical with his friend, he had a high opinion of the excellence of this particular piece of work, over which Walter expended a prodigious amount of time and pains. His usual habit was to tire of his productions. He was by no means a careless worker, but ere he had finished one picture, his mind had begun to be busy with its successor. He always deemed his last work his best, of course; but his last would be nothing to that which was to follow it, the

germs of which *chef-d'œuvre* were already sprouting in his brain. But with 'Supplication,' the case was different. Every detail was wrought up to the highest pitch of perfection of which he was capable, and he was never tired of touching and retouching; he did not retouch the face, either because he was satisfied with it, or because he distrusted his ability to effect improvement, but he would fix his eyes upon it for long intervals with the intensity of an intending buyer. Then he would look up with a sigh, and busy himself with the embroidery of Queen Philippa's robe, or with the colour of the cushion upon which she knelt. He would even do this when his model was in the room, forgetful of her presence, and of the money per hour it cost him; and upon one or two occasions, he noticed that she also had her fits of abstraction. Then it struck him that her face had grown paler of late, and her large eyes less lustrous, and his tender heart reproached him for his indifference.

'We have been working very hard at this picture, have we not, Red Riding-hood?' said he kindly. 'Don't you think you would be the better for a little holiday?'

'Not so far as I am concerned, sir. I am not at all tired.'

'You look so,' returned he, regarding her in really quite a paternal way; 'very fagged and out of sorts. Are you quite sure you are well?'

'Yes, sir; I am well enough.'

'But you may not be a good judge of that. I shall go round this afternoon, and speak to your father about you, little one.'

'Oh, pray, sir, don't speak to him!' returned she with sudden vehemence. 'Indeed, indeed, there is nothing the matter with me—nothing, at least, to speak of. There is no need for any holiday. Besides, father has bills to pay, which were not settled at Christmas, and it would vex him if I fell out of work just now.'

'Oh, I daresay we can manage about the bills. You have been one, two, three, four months eternally kneeling upon that cushion; and so far as this picture is concerned, I can get on very well by myself now. Yes, yes; you must have a holiday.'

'As you please, sir,' answered Nellie humbly; 'that is, so far as the sittings are concerned. Indeed, I have felt that I have been picking your pocket for the last six weeks.'

'Picking my pocket, Red Riding-hood! Why, how was that?'

'Well, sir, I have seen that I was of little or no use. You don't know how absent and thoughtless you have become; I might just as well have been at home as in your studio, for all the good I have been to you for this last hour, for instance. And then the picture isn't like me, not a bit. It was at first, perhaps, just a little; but you have been thinking of somebody else all along, and been painting her instead of me.'

The colour rose to the very roots of Walter's hair, but he answered laughingly: 'And has that offended you, Red Riding-hood, all along?'

'No, sir; indeed, I didn't notice it at first. But it seems wrong that I should come here and take your money, when you could get on just as well without me.'

'And that's what makes you look so pale and sorrowful, is it? You must certainly have

a very tender conscience. However, let me tell you, for your comfort, Red Riding-hood, that I can *not* get on without you. I have got used to you as a sitter, and when folks have come to the age of your grandmamma, they are averse to change. Perhaps you have sat long enough for Philippa; but you have plenty of expressions beside that pleading one, which you have worn so long, that I do believe it has made you downright miserable. Mr Pelter has recommended me to take the game of Forfeits for a subject, which will require you to be full of fun; and, after a month or two of that, I shall expect you to be in tearing spirits.'

When Walter and his friend were smoking their pipes that evening, the former spoke of his model's altered looks, and of the talk he had had with her. 'I could make nothing of it, except that she must really have taken it to heart that the picture is not a portrait. I wish you would take her for a bit, Jack, and put her in good spirits.'

'I am doing a veteran in boots and a beard,' said Pelter dryly; 'and I should recommend you to paint a veteran for your next picture—Miss Nellie's great-aunt, for instance.'

'Nonsense! I am really serious in asking your opinion, for I am sure the girl is out of sorts about something; not ill, I think, but wretched in her mind. What the deuce can be the matter with her?'

'I am afraid Red Riding-hood's grandmamma is turning out to be a wolf, in spite of herself, Walter.'

'I don't understand you, Pelter.'

'Don't you? It's a very old story, my good fellow. I don't for a moment imagine you want to devour her, mind, though she would be a dainty morsel for some people. But I have a suspicion she wants to be eaten.'

'You don't mean to say that the girl has fallen in love with me?'

'I am not sure; but there is no accounting for tastes, and she may have done so. I am glad, for her sake, at all events, that you are a gentleman—and not a man of honour.'

'I hope not, indeed, in the sense you mean,' answered Walter, reddening. 'But it seems to me your view is a very coxcombical one.'

'It would be, if I had suggested she had fallen in love with *me*,' returned Jack. 'But that she has fallen in love with somebody, is certain: downcast eyes, pale cheeks, and sighs, are all "signs" as old Burton calls them in his *Anatomy*. You will find them there under the head of "Love a Cause." Perhaps she is enamoured of your Apollo, which is as large as life, and very like: such things have happened in the case of statues, so why not with paintings? If this be so, and since nobody will buy it, you had better give it to her.'

'I think what you suggest is quite as likely as that she should have fallen in love with *me*,' said Walter gravely; 'but she is certainly very unhappy. After what you have said, I would send her away to-morrow, but that she says her father is so hard up.'

'You are too emotional,' said Mr Pelter; 'or, in other words, a soft-hearted young fool. Also, I wish you would drink a little fairer. Please to ring for another jug of beer.'

As a matter of fact, however, not only had Mr

John Pelter had his full share of the beer, but he had no reason to plume himself upon hardness of heart. His general views of his fellow-creatures, like those of most Bohemians, were cynical, but in each particular case he shewed himself no philosopher. Indeed, he could not bear with equanimity the misfortunes of total strangers to him, much less of his friends. He was opposed to beggars upon principle, but often and often would he take some poor pinched creature into his studio, under pretence of his artistic wants, and then dismiss him warmed and filled. To his personal friends he was devoted, and when Litton's picture was in due time sent into the big shop on approval, Jack was far more anxious about its fate than Walter himself. Indeed, Walter exhibited an indifference in the matter, which, considering what the other knew of his character and antecedents, was inexplicable to his friend. He shewed despondency, sitting almost idle for whole days alone—for he had, for the present, dispensed with the services of Nellie Neale—but not those symptoms of solicitude for the success of his great work with which Jack was so well acquainted in other cases. The cause of this was curious, yet by no means unknown in the profession to which he belonged. *He missed his picture.* This is peculiarly an artist's grievance. The novelist can both have his cake and eat it: his book—the writing of which has given him so many hours of pleasure, and with the characters whereof, even though he may have failed in making them real to others, he has been living for months in as close a relationship as with those of his household—remains to him after it is written. But when the painter has sold his picture, it is gone for ever. The majority of his class may be glad enough to get rid of it, if the price is satisfactory: Pelter was so, and Litton himself had been so hitherto. But now and then, a picture becomes to its creator like a child to its father. The wrench of parting with it, however mitigated by recompense, is as severe as that which Romance attributes to the Arab when parting with his horse. He has seen it grow under his hand in unexpected strength and beauty, out of nothing; it has been his companion for many solitary hours, whispering to him hopes of fortune and of fame, which, however realised, must needs fall short of its suggestions; till, though so ineffably ideal, it has become something lifelike. It is sometimes pregnant with Association: reminding him who drew it of some much-loved scene that can never be beheld again, as on that bygone day in which he saw it first; or, perchance, of some dear one whom death has taken. The heart has more tentacles than the eight-armed demon of the sea, wherewith, like it, it lays hold of things animate or inanimate with dogged clutch; 'it clings, it clings;' and neither Siren's voice nor Reason's can make it loose its hold. Walter missed his picture, though the face it mirrored haunted him like a ghost; and would have been well content to hear it was in that academical Vault—the bourn from which all pictures *do* return to their disconsolate owners—so that he might go at once and claim it. It would be found there, doubtless, as other works of his had been, but meanwhile he grudged its absence. He had another picture on his easel, but his heart was not in that, as it had been in its predecessor; he was equally painstaking, equally conscientious with it, and yet he did not

need Jack's ominous silence—his omission to point out its defects—to convince him that it was a failure. At times, so errant was his mind, that he saw both pictures—their lines and hues mingled together, like a dissolving view. Under such circumstances, to paint was useless, and he gave himself up to his own morbid thoughts.

Where was Lotty now? He had seen nothing of Selwyn for months, nor heard of him, and so far, as he bitterly reflected, that was a good sign. In prosperity, the captain was more likely to forget his friends, than if he had need of them. On the other hand, since he owed him money, he might be ashamed to come; they might be very, very poor. He had seen in the paper that Selwyn had sold out of the army, and now he must needs be living on his capital, if his creditors had left him any to live upon. And when that was spent, what could they do then? To what wretchedness might not that innocent, angelic creature be reduced by this time—and thanks to him! It had not been Walter's fault, of course, but he reproached himself for not having combated the captain's arguments in the railway carriage in favour of their elopement, nay, with having been in the railway carriage at all, since, but for his presence, Lotty would not have taken that first fatal step of leaving home. At another time he would be full of pity for them both. What right had he to judge the motives of his friend, since he knew for certain only the strength of his temptation, which he acknowledged to himself—his own present feelings, indeed, were an evidence of the fact—was overwhelming. It was harsh in the captain not to have let him visit them in their trouble, since he ought to have known that their poverty would have only exacted sympathy and respect, and to what catastrophes might not this false pride impel him! Surely, surely, he would never permit Lotty to want, through disinclination to apply a second time to his own scanty purse! At this idea—the picture of that fair young face, white and wan with physical woe—he would start up from his chair, and pace the room like a madman. The very postman's knock, though letters seldom came for the lonely young fellow, would suggest all sorts of hideous apprehensions; there might be news that Reginald was in prison—he had himself said it was more than probable—and Lotty alone and starving. One day, when there had been a letter for the first-floor, he heard Pelter's loud voice upon the carpetless stairs, exclaiming: 'Oh, this is for Mr Litton,' and then his friend's heavy tread coming up-stairs three steps at a time. Jack knew something, though by no means all, of his solicitude upon the young couple's account, and sympathised with it. He stood now at the open door, with a very grave face, and, in a solemn tone, exclaimed: 'Walter, here is a letter for you. I have opened it by mistake.'

'A letter,' said Walter: his hand shook as he held it out for the missive. 'No bad news, I hope, of—of Selwyn?'

'No; it's only a circular—a circular from the Academy, my lad,' cried Jack with a joyous whoop. 'It's to tell you that Wednesday is Varnishing Day, and, therefore, that your "Supplication" has been accepted.'

Then his two great hands seized Walter's, and wrung them in expressive silence.

'I am not a good one at congratulatory speeches, Watty, old fellow, but I am downright glad.'

O blessed time of Youth and Friendship, O happy hand-clasps, only second to the first kiss of Love ; what glories must be beyond the gates of the grave that shall recompense us for your loss !

#### JUBILEES AND CENTENARY FESTIVALS.

AN increasing tendency manifests itself to keep in memory past events, by means of celebrations more or less festive—not only once a year, on the return of a particular day in a particular month ; but also once every twenty-five years, fifty years, hundred years, five hundred years, nay, thousand years. The poorest boy in the kingdom likes to celebrate, even if it be only to the extent of a bun or a pen'orth of nuts, the anniversary of his birthday (except those unfortunate persons who were born on the 29th of February, and who, therefore, can only get birthdays in leap-years) ; and from the poorest boy up to the greatest monarch, a custom of family greetings on such a day is more or less prevalent. In some families, the anniversary of a death is kept in sorrow, or at least in seclusion ; but most of the celebrations to which we refer have a joyous ring about them. Concerning those of rarer occurrence, at the wider intervals above adverted to, there is a curious bit of history, closely connected with the use of the word *jubilee*, the origin and meaning of which are by no means generally known.

The *jubilee* or *yobel* was an early established institution among the Hebrews. Once in fifty years great changes were made in the ownership of property, and in the personal relations between masters and bondmen. All land that had changed hands during fifty years reverted to those who had owned it at the beginning of that period, or to their descendants ; all persons who had been compelled by poverty to become bondmen (a species of serfdom or mitigated slavery) obtained their freedom ; while all debts were remitted or cancelled. This jubilee was proclaimed by the sound of the jovel or yobel, a kind of horn, on the tenth day of the seventh Hebrew month. The design is supposed to have been the maintenance of a kind of balance between different tribes and families, to prevent the growth of a few rich landowners amidst a generally impoverished community, and to increase alike the growth of population and the fertility of the soil. The system is known to have been adopted for a time ; but commentators differ in opinion, alike as to the period of practical adoption, and to the period when it fell into disuse. From its very nature, it must be unfitted for any save a peculiar and exceptional state of society. Indeed, while the institution was still in full force, exceptions were made to its application ; dwelling-houses in towns were exempted, save in a few instances, and so were fields which had been consecrated by a vow to God. The institution was essentially a religious or theocratic one in its nature and origin.

It so happens, by a curious series of changes, that the Hebrew blowing of a horn once in fifty years has given a name to modern festive celebrations quite apart from anything connected specially with Jerusalem or with Rome, and considered equally suitable whether the intervals or intervening periods are of twenty-five, fifty, or a hundred years' duration. Recollecting 'jovel' or 'yobel,' the horn that was blown, we shall see at

once that the word 'jubilee' does not in itself denote any particular number of years. Strictly speaking, it was not at the completion, but at the commencement of the fiftieth year that the Hebrew jubilee was held, after 'seven Sabbaths of years,' or forty-nine years ; in other words, a jubilee year succeeded forty-nine ordinary years : a century comprised two of the first, and ninety-eight of the second.

At what period particular days began to be celebrated with jubilee intervals, and in relation to matters unconnected with religion, cannot be exactly determined. There may be a jubilee year even for a deceased member of an unimportant private family, if the relatives choose to celebrate it ; and in such case the pages of history would say nothing about it, for the very sufficient reason that they know nothing. If a centennial celebration of misfortunes were made the subject of a jubilee, the House of Stuart might well have selected '88 as the year for holding it, seeing that 1488, 1588, 1688, and 1788 were all marked by occurrences which threw a cloud over the fortunes of that ill-starred dynasty.

George III.'s jubilee was a famous example of these celebrations, as one of the fifty-year series. The king, despite many evils that sprang from a narrow and obstinate judgment, was a cordial favourite with his subjects during almost the whole of his life ; they liked him, loved him, and revered him so far as reverence was compatible with the familiar sobriquet, 'Farmer George.' The sovereign's birthday was a more universal holiday than it has ever been since, notwithstanding the affection and loyal feeling always displayed towards our present sovereign by her people. The 4th of June was the most joyous day in the year—the annual jubilee day, if that term had happened to be in use.

Before noticing the king's fifty-year jubilee, it may be well to say a few words concerning a previous celebration in which he was concerned. There was something very touching in the malady with which the king was more than once attacked during his life. He himself was conscious of a predisposition to insanity, which gave a tinge of mournfulness to an otherwise cheerful man. In 1792-93, his life was marked by one of these dark periods ; and much political agitation arose concerning the appointment of a regent. He recovered, however ; and St George's Day, April 25, 1793, was set apart as a day of thanksgiving. The royal family went in great state to St Paul's, accompanied by the majority of members of both Houses of Parliament, the great officers of state, the judges and other public functionaries, and an escort of cavalry ; while the streets throughout the whole line of route were lined with troops decked out in new uniforms and trappings. The lord-mayor and corporation took part in the procession, eastward of Temple Bar ; while all the cathedral dignitaries met the king at the great west door of St Paul's. The interior of the cathedral, and the service performed, were grand to the sight and to the ear—enhanced by the fresh young voices of six thousand charity children in some of the singing. Beyond the precincts of the cathedral, and on other days as well as the 25th, the public rejoicings were of a special and hearty kind—illuminations never before equalled in the metropolis, a gala on a sumptuous scale at Windsor



Castle, ambassadorial banquets, as well as festivities in which the humbler portion of the king's subjects could take part.

Twelve years later, the jubilee was held—that which is more immediately associated with the name of George III. When the king had reigned half a century, the nation demanded, as with one voice, that the year should be celebrated in some special manner. Strictly speaking, it was forty-nine years, not fifty. The reign began October 25, 1760, and the jubilee was held October 25, 1809, the day that completed the forty-ninth and commenced the fiftieth year of his reign. This corresponded so far with the ancient Hebrew period, which (as stated in an earlier paragraph) occurred every 'seventh Sabbath of years,' or seven times seven years. We need not go into much detail concerning the proceedings on this festive day. Rejoicings were held all over the country, of which, though young at the time, we retain an agreeable recollection. The celebration took place in the heat of the great French war, when Bonaparte was the terror of the nation, and a struggle of life and death was maintained against his ascendancy.

At Windsor, on this occasion, the morning was ushered in by the mustering of troops, the firing of cannon, and the sound of trumpets and drums. The king, the queen, and other members of the royal family, attended divine service; and congratulations afterwards poured in from various quarters. At Frogmore, an entertainment of brilliant gaiety was given by the queen in the evening. The gardens were lighted up with lamps innumerable; the walks and avenues were thronged with the nobility and gentry; transparencies and tiny temples were visible at various points; fireworks blazed up with great splendour; and on a small lake or piece of water in front of the house, two triumphal cars were drawn by two sea-horses each, one car containing a majestic Neptune, the other a band of musicians. At Kew, the whole place was gay with arches, stars, and medallions, and the green was ablaze with fireworks at night. In the city of London, after the ringing of bells and a mustering of militia, the Lord Mayor and corporation went in great state to St Paul's Cathedral; and the ending was marked by a banquet at the Mansion-house, with brilliant illumination of public buildings in the city, as well as at the West End. All over the country was the day celebrated, with more or less gaiety according to the resources of the inhabitants. Even in remote India, the old king was duly honoured. The governor of Bombay selected the 4th of June, and made a double celebration, of the jubilee and the royal birthday; the illuminations, the devices, the transparencies, the fireworks, were such as Bombay had never before seen. A volume filling upwards of two hundred pages was afterwards published, giving an account of the celebrations in the various parts of the king's dominions; inasmuch that the jubilee of 1809 takes its place among the historically recorded events of his reign.

Five years later, a more costly jubilee was held, though much less spontaneous and heart-felt on the part of the nation. When the peace of Europe was proclaimed in 1814 (so soon to be broken by the escape of Napoleon from Elba), royal and distinguished personages were entertained with great magnificence in England; and a

suggestion was made that something should be given or done which the public generally could more immediately enjoy. Delays of various kinds occurred; until at length it was decided to roll two celebrations into one—the establishment of peace, and the hundredth anniversary of the accession of the House of Brunswick to the throne of these realms. The day selected was the 1st of August, and the place the royal Parks. In St James's Park, a Chinese bridge was thrown over the ornamental water, with a pagoda in the middle; while the Mall and Birdcage Walk were lighted up in the evening with Chinese lanterns—as were likewise the bridge and pagoda. In the Green Park was erected a castellated structure of wood and canvas, designed by Sir William Congreve; in the evening, two hours' display of fireworks kept the populace in wondering amaze; and then the castle suddenly burst forth into a Temple of Concord, displaying countless lamps, transparencies, and devices. Hyde Park was fitted up for the presentation of a *naumachia*, or grand naval battle; barges were dragged over from the Thames to the Serpentine, and fitted up as mimic frigates and line-of-battle ships; a tremendous battle was fought between English and French, in which (we need hardly say) the former were made to win. It was a show that cost a large sum of public money; but it merely gratified sight-seers; the heart of the nation was not particularly moved by it. The old king was in oblivion, too nearly insane to be seen by his still loving subjects; and his son, the Prince Regent, was a man whose personal character was not calculated to win the real respect and regard of the nation generally.

Many readers of *Chambers's Journal* have pleasant personal recollections of the centenary of Robert Burns; and many more heard of that celebration through the public journals at the time. It was right that Scotsmen should bear in memory the hundredth anniversary of the birth of their great national poet. At the poet's birthplace many men of note assembled to do honour to January 25, 1859; and at the Crystal Palace at Sydenham, Scots residents in London shewed that they had not forgotten the import of the day. Many personal relics of Robert Burns were exhibited; and some of his best songs were sung at a concert which formed part of the day's proceedings at Sydenham. A prize of fifty guineas had been offered for the best poem in celebration of the event; and the prodigious number of six hundred and twenty-one compositions were sent in to take their chance of approval. The three judges gave their award in favour of one particular poem, which was read or recited by Mr Phelps, the eminent actor and elocutionist; and the audience were excited to enthusiasm when it was announced that the successful composition was the work of a young Scottish maiden, Isa Craig, a name that has since risen into literary repute. We should like to give the fourteen stanzas of this poem, but the first two will shew the key-note in which the whole is struck:

We hail the morn,  
A century's noblest birth;  
A poet peasant-born  
Who more of Fame's immortal dower  
Unto his country brings,  
Than all her kings!

As lamps high set  
 Upon some earthly eminence—  
 And to the gazer brighter thence  
 Than the sphere-lights they flout—  
 Dwindle in distance and die out,  
 While no star wane'th yet;  
 So through the past's far-reaching night  
 Only the star-souls keep their light.

The same year (1859) was marked by the Handel Festival. The great composer of *Israel in Egypt*, *Messiah*, and other unapproachable works, died in 1759. It would have been more pleasant to celebrate the centenary of his birth than that of his decease; indeed, that had been done in 1785, by a performance of unusual grandeur, at Westminster Abbey; but the directors of the Crystal Palace believed that they could command the resources for presenting some of Handel's sublime oratorios on a scale of magnificence and completeness never before equalled; and they chose the centenary of his death for a four days' 'Handel Festival.' They were right. The effect was mighty beyond all precedent; the choral power was immense; and a groundwork was laid for those 'Triennial Handel Festivals' which have since given so great delight to hundreds and thousands of hearers.

That a jubilee festival in commemoration of Shakspeare should be held in England, is a matter to be expected; but the meeting generally known by that name was held in a year not specially associated with his birth (1564) or his death (1616). In 1769, the erection of a new town-hall at Stratford-on-Avon, and the presentation to David Garrick of the freedom of the borough, inclosed in a box made from the wood of Shakspeare's mulberry tree, suggested a further holiday to the townsmen in association with their great poet. A temporary amphitheatre was constructed; cannon, fireworks, and illumination lamps were sent down from London, Birmingham produced a 'Shakspeare medal,' and Coventry a 'Shakspeare ribbon.' On the 6th of September, serenaders awakened the townsmen and visitors at an early hour in the morning; a public breakfast took place at nine o'clock, with Garrick officiating as one of the stewards; the corporation and principal visitors went to hear Arne's oratorio of *Judith* performed in the parish church; all went then in procession, headed by chorals and instrumentalists, to the amphitheatre, purposely taking a route by the front of Shakspeare's house; and at three o'clock a grand banquet was given. Allowing themselves a few hours' rest after so much hard sight-seeing, the guests reassembled in the amphitheatre, where a ball was held; while the humbler folk were amused with illuminations and fireworks out of doors. Thus ended the first day. On the second day, a downpour of rain checked a grand outdoor display; and therefore the amusements were confined chiefly to a public breakfast, recitations, and musical accompaniments, a public banquet, a dinner, a concert, and a masquerade. The third day was as unpropitious as the second; heavy rain spoiled all the plan for a grand theatrical procession and pageant through the town, in which a hundred actors and actresses from London were to take part, dressed for various characters in Shakspeare's plays.

Pageants and festivals in years really associated with the anniversaries of Shakspeare's birth and

death have not been numerous. One was held by the Shakspeare Club at Stratford-on-Avon on the birthday of the poet in 1827, and the two following days, during which a pageant, something like that devised by Garrick fifty-eight years before, was presented with a fair amount of success. So much money was realised from the visits of the twenty thousand strangers, that local speculators got up a similar affair in 1830—very gay, but very unpoetical.\* Minor rejoicings were held at Stratford in 1836 and later years; but in 1864, an attempt was made to celebrate the real tri-centenary of his birth. Stratford-on-Avon had many days' rejoicing, but no theatrical pageant through the town. London tried, but failed to do proper honour to the day—a little ceremonial at the Agricultural Hall, a little at the Crystal Palace, and the planting of a 'Shakspeare Oak' on Primrose Hill; but the literary and theatrical celebrities broke down in the attempt to carry into effect anything more comprehensive.

Jubilee festivals have been held in celebration of Schiller, Washington, Beethoven, Humboldt, Mendelssohn, and other distinguished men. In some few instances, the wide interval of five hundred years has been selected; this can easily be done, when we remember that Dante was born in 1265, Petrarch in 1304, Chaucer in 1328, &c. Nay, even a thousand years' interval is not deemed too wide. Alfred the Great was born in 849, and became king of England in 871. Wantage did not forget these dates in 1849 and 1871.

It will be obvious to any one at a glance, that, if the taste for holding jubilee festivals or celebrations should increase, the opportunities for so doing might be multiplied to any extent. The anniversary of the death of a great man is as available for this purpose as that of his birth; and we may choose, or his admirers may choose, that the jubilee may be at intervals of twenty-five, fifty, a hundred, five hundred, or a thousand years. Moreover, if the personage be a sovereign, the day of his accession to the throne may be taken as a starting-point, as well as (or instead of) those of his birth and death. This range of facilities may be tested in a curious way. How many persons of any distinction, for instance, have died within the year 1874? The general public, the members of a particular profession, the fellows of a learned society, may, for aught we know, resolve at some future time to hold a celebration in honour of some one person, be it twenty-five, fifty, or a hundred years hence. The list would comprise many persons whose memory is likely to be honoured, if not by a whole community, at least by a considerable body of admirers.

A jubilee of an interesting kind, betokening a long period of wedded life marked by domestic peace, and troubled by few family jars, is that which is occasionally held on the twenty-fifth or the fiftieth anniversary of the wedding-day. The pair are themselves alive to celebrate it, instead of being merely the recipients of posthumous honours; it is a sort of grateful compliment paid to each of them by the other, a really mutual congratulation—supposing, of course, that both look back with satisfaction on the past, and hope that the end may be still distant. The institution is of German

\* The reader will find a considerable amount of information concerning Shakspearean celebrations in *Chambers's Journal* for 1864.

origin, and gradually slid into notice with the triviality of 'Christmas trees.' The twenty-fifth wedding-day is called the *Silver Wedding*, when articles of silver are presented, in token of regard to the parties concerned: and the fiftieth is the *Golden Wedding*, when the gifts are of that superior metal. As a little too demonstrative for English tastes, and slightly liable to abuse, the jubilees of this nature cannot be said to have yet taken root in the country.

## A DICTIONARY OF ANECDOTES.

WE have our *Joe Miller*, a work supposed to be consulted chiefly by persons who dine out a great deal, and are ambitious of a reputation for brilliancy of conversation and readiness of wit; and it appears that our French neighbours rejoice in the possession of a *Dictionary of Anecdotes*. This Dictionary, according to our authority, was compiled by M. Edmond Guérard; and, according to the same authority, upon which or some other it is comfortable to lean under the circumstances, the compilation is amusing. For different people have different ideas about amusement; and it is not improbable that some of our readers may think that whosoever is amused by the specimens of anecdote which our authority has selected must be very easily amused indeed, and that it is astonishing how very small a joke will satisfy the requirements of the 'wittiest nation in the world.' No doubt, it is impossible to do the compilation full justice, for the simple reason, of which we assuredly have no cause to be ashamed, that 'too much French wit' is 'thrown into stories of which English taste will not allow the reproduction.' It has been truly remarked, that a wholesome compound cannot be made out of unwholesome ingredients; and can profanity and indelicacy be considered wholesome? At anyrate, a saying in which either of these two qualities prevails, may be witty, but suggests the reflection that, whilst only a few, perhaps, will see the wit, and appreciate that, every foolish or weak creature will see the profane or indelicate allusion, and will, probably, conclude that the fun consists in that. To what extent, then, the compilation is calculated to be 'popular' in France, and to throw 'light on the national character and morality,' we must be content to believe on the bare assertion of our authority, so far as the popularity and the morality have to do with anecdotes of dubious propriety. That the compilation indicates, 'in an unmistakable manner, the real opinion Frenchmen have of other nations,' will be readily believed; and that 'the sons, and even the daughters, of perfidious Albion appear to little advantage' in the pages, is a statement which will not create much astonishment. That the Englishman should be ridiculed for his 'purse-proud' characteristics, was only to be expected; but the anecdote chosen in illustration thereof is surely an extremely old familiar friend. The name of the person of whom the anecdote is told may be new; but in other respects there is a decided flavour of staleness. 'Milord Hamilton,' we are told, kills 'a hotel-waiter in a drunken brawl, is informed of the man's death by the landlord, and composedly orders him to charge

it in the bill.' That story must by this time be nearly a hundred years old, if it is a day. The same remark will not apply to the conversation which is reported to have taken place between the 'Old Pretender' and 'Milord Douglas' upon a certain occasion. 'What can I do, Douglas,' the former is represented as having said, 'to conciliate my subjects estranged from me?' 'Sir,' answered Douglas, 'embark with a dozen Jesuits; as soon as you land in your dominions, hang them publicly. No act of your Majesty's could give greater pleasure to your people.' The feeling here held up to scorn is obvious, and different from that mere desire of bloodshed which, according to the sarcastic Frenchman, leads us sanguinary islanders to exclaim with enthusiasm, when we do get a little sunshine: 'Oh! what a beautiful day! Let us go and kill something,' which is but an ill-natured reflection upon our national love of sport. It is curious that our authority should have, apparently, found nothing worth recording amongst anecdotes illustrative of the Englishman's betting propensities. Eugène Sue's *Wandering Jew* (for, of course, fiction is as good as fact, as regards such matters) would have furnished an excellent example in the case of the Englishman, who, having a bet about the ultimate fate of a certain lion-tamer, appears, betting-book in hand, whenever the exhibition of 'tamed' lions takes place, and, at last, by his pertinacity, conspicuousness, and air of intense interest, completely unnerves the poor 'tamer,' and —wins his bet. There is an anecdote about Wellington, which, albeit with a savour of familiarity about it, is considered 'worth reproducing to shew how a Frenchman wishing to paint the English general in favourable colours, turns him into the counter-part of one of Dumas's heroes. The time is the eve of the battle of Waterloo. Lord Uxbridge, greatly perplexed in mind, goes to seek Sir Hussey Vivian. His difficulty is this. Though chief of the staff, he has not heard from Wellington a word of his plans for the morrow. He dares not ask him. What shall he do? Sir Hussey Vivian (whose name is spelt quite correctly) agrees that no Englishman can venture to interrogate the commander-in-chief, but the Spanish general, Alava, might be bold enough to take the task on himself. Alava, when consulted, admits, with all the caution of a prime minister receiving a deputation, that the matter is serious, but he does not feel justified in undertaking the responsibility of, &c. At length, however, Alava agrees to announce Lord Uxbridge to the Duke, just to give his English colleague a little courage. After a moment's hesitation, the latter consents. In a few minutes he finds himself in the presence of Wellington. With the utmost possible delicacy, he unfolds the object of his visit. The Duke hears him to the end without uttering a single word. When he replies, it is "without impatience, without surprise, and without emotion." "Who," he coldly demands, "will commence the attack—Bonaparte or I?" "Bonaparte, I suppose." "Well, Bonaparte has communicated to me none of his projects, and, as my conduct must be regulated by his, how can I tell you my plans?" Lord Uxbridge bows his head, and remains silent. The Iron Duke, continues the veracious historian, rises, and, laying a friendly hand on his lieutenant's shoulder, exclaims: "One thing is certain, Uxbridge, and that is, that, come what may, we shall both do our

duty." He then shakes hands with the chief of his staff, and dismisses him.' It will be easily believed that Germans, and especially Prussians, are handled with even more than the severity observed towards Englishmen; and a good story is recorded touching the Chevalier Taylor, to whom it was remarked that, for all his decorations, including orders given him by every other sovereign of Europe, the king of Prussia had passed him over: 'Excuse me,' said the chevalier; 'the king of Prussia gave me an "order" to quit his dominions.' The Gascon is, as everybody will be prepared to hear, the hero of such anecdotes as, amongst us, would be attributed to natives of Ireland, but there is something more akin to poetical exaggeration than to merely droll absurdity in the remark which a Gascon is reported to have made to this effect: 'Wherever he might be wounded, the wound would be mortal, for he was all heart.' The compilation of M. Guérard causes one to wonder how many of the good, and especially the noble, sayings attributed to various more or less historical personages are to be accepted as their own, uttered on the spur of the moment, or as 'after-thoughts,' which occurred either to themselves or to others. We all know, nowadays, that Cambronne did not say, at any rate on the battlefield, and in the moment of defeat, 'The Guard dies, but never surrenders;' and we are all sceptical about the exclamation attributed by M. de Bazancourt, in his History of the Crimean War, to the late Earl of Cardigan, who is supposed to have cried, as he rushed to the famous charge of Balaclava: 'Forward! the last of the Cardigans!' And a curious revelation is made concerning 'the fine answer of Louis XVIII., when the Prussians under Blücher were disposed to blow up the bridge of Jena—namely, that if they attempted to do so, he would stand on it himself.' It appears that, by Count Beugnot's own confession in his Memoirs, 'the king's ministers were deliberating what declaration should be put into his Majesty's mouth, and Count Beugnot was asked to fabricate something. When Talleyrand read the magnificent phrase the young statesman had composed, he said: 'This is too good; it will never be believed.' Ultimately, as is known, the intervention of the English saved the bridge. Talleyrand then sent for Count Beugnot, and instructed him, now that the affair was settled, to insert the king's imaginary reply in the *Moniteur*, as it would gain the new government popularity.' How very small a witticism a great conqueror will condescend to make, is illustrated by the anecdote told of the great Emperor Napoleon, who 'had ordered Cardinal Fesch to take possession of the see of Paris, to which he had been named. The cardinal replied that he must await the canonical permission of the pope. "But the chapter has given you full powers," urged the emperor. "True, sire; but I dare not make use of them." "Then you practically condemn the bishops of Orleans, of Liège, of Asti? However, I shall know how to compel you." "*Potius mori* (Death, rather), sire." "Oh! *potius mori*—you'd rather I named Maury; very well; then Maury it shall be." The pun is execrable enough, but it is not so bad as those who do not pronounce Latin in the French style may suppose. M. Guérard's volumes are, apparently, not such as one would expect to contain the name of John Milton; but there,

nevertheless, it seems, the author of *Paradise Lost* is made to figure as the maker of 'a cynical observation on marriage.' When Milton was married for the third time, he is supposed, by the exquisitely polite French chronicler, to have been accosted by a friend, who 'expressed his wonder that Milton being blind could find a wife;' but, 'Oh!' said the Milton imagined, one would say, by the French purveyor of the anecdote, 'if I were deaf into the bargain, I should be the best match in England.' Such is the stuff, according to our authority, which goes to make up an 'amusing' *Dictionary of Anecdotes*, in which the truth is to the fiction, probably, in the proportion of the bread to the sack in Falstaff's 'little bill.'

## TASTE.

Dost thou love the Winter fire,  
When the nervous flames aspire,  
And the waves of torrid heat  
Ripple warm through hands and feet;  
Where, when reading is a task,  
And relief the brain doth ask,  
Thou dost set thy musing soul  
To paint upon the crimson coal  
Manifold capricious shapes,  
Now of men, anon of apes;  
Now of cities girt with walls;  
Now of temples like St Paul's;  
Now of forests, where the wolves  
Hungering with fell resolves,  
Tongue in a remorseless pack  
On the doomed victim's track?  
Dream, then, by the Winter fire,  
And drink the wine of *thy* desire.

But give to me the Summer eve,  
Ere long-dayed June has ta'en her leave;  
When the woods still sing glad praises;  
When the leas are white with daisies;  
When the furze, and when the broom,  
Glitter in their golden bloom;  
When the hospitable sun  
Scorns to note the Evening Gun,  
Nor cares though wearied warders wait  
With angry keys beside the gate,  
Or bugles blow with sullen might,  
Or bells ring loud from towery height.

Or take me to the Autumn night,  
Goldened by the rich moonlight;  
When the lovely landscape seems  
Like the day-scene lapped in dreams,  
Or a fair face warmly tanned  
By the hay-field's sunny land:  
Yes! take me to the Autumn night,  
Goldened by the rich moonlight;  
When double blessing cheers the corn,  
Blessings of the Eve and Morn,  
And it rushes to be ripe,  
As if it heard Amphion's pipe  
In every beam of sun and moon,  
And every zephyr's murmuring tune:  
O! it is a blessed hour,  
That sees the corn in yellow bower;  
Take me to that blessed hour,  
And though far from timing tower,  
Through all the night I'll never tire,  
Drinking wine of *my* desire.

Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, 47 Paternoster Row, LONDON, and 339 High Street, EDINBURGH.  
Also sold by all Booksellers.

# CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

OF

POPULAR

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

*Fourth Series*

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS.

No. 579.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 30, 1875.

PRICE 1½d.

## LONDON STREET-DEALERS.

WITH the vast extension of London, there has been latterly a marked increase in the number and variety of street-dealers, or costermongers, as they are usually called—a most industrious class of beings, not grudging to start on their perambulations at early morn, and untiring in the prosecution of schemes to earn a livelihood. We shall try to give some idea of this branch of the metropolitan population.

The London costermongers may be divided into four classes—namely, those who have ponies or asses; those who have hand-carts; those who are obliged to hire hand-carts; and those who have baskets. These people attend Billingsgate fish-market, and the fruit and vegetable markets, from three to five o'clock in the mornings; and though great numbers of them have to travel from all the distant suburbs, they are regularly on their beats, and going their rounds in every part of mighty London, before the breakfast-hour.

People who are strangers to the business of a costermonger may think that the men engaged in it lead indolent lives; this, however, would be a mistake, inasmuch as the trade is one of constant labour, and full of those discomforts and anxieties which arise from the inclemency of the weather, and the losses resulting from the perishable nature of much of their stock-in-trade.

The fish business is both the most regular and the most profitable branch of the trading industry of these men; but whether they deal in fish, vegetables, or fruit, they are benefactors to the great body of the industrial classes; and they not only serve the people with what they require at their own doors, but they supply them at prices below what the articles could be purchased for in the shops. We have known fish caught in the Bay of Galway in the west of Ireland, and the Firth of Forth in Scotland, sold by the London costermongers in good condition at prices below what they originally cost the wholesale dealers. This may seem strange to people who do not know the peculiarities of the trade; the following, however,

will explain the matter. The live and the better sort of ice-packed fish are consigned to, and command a certain price from, the higher class of dealers; and whatever residue may be left after these people are served, is sold to the street-dealers and the small fry of shopkeepers. If it were not for the great army of street-dealers who purchase the fish left on the hands of the agents and wholesale merchants, the losses of the latter would frequently be of a very serious character, and this would be the more so upon occasions when the market is glutted.

Before railways and welled-boats equalised the prices of provisions both at home and abroad, fish and other articles of a perishable nature could often be purchased in the country districts at cheap rates; but, under the present circumstances of cheap and speedy conveyance, these classes of goods are consigned to agents and wholesale merchants both in London and the other large towns; instead, therefore, of their being sold piecemeal, as was formerly the case, they are now sold in bulk, and paid for in cash. Sixty years ago, the fishermen of the Holy Island (Farne Island) were wont to cure nearly all the fish they caught; after being salted, the fish was dried on the shingle in the summer, and when dry, stacked ready for exportation. The railway has done away with the salting and drying process; and the people in the towns along the coast are now worse off for fish, and pay a higher price for what they obtain, than the inhabitants in the great industrial districts.

Mostly all the fish sold by auction in Billingsgate Market are packed in round baskets, and it is amusing to see the costermongers taking these baskets up and weighing them in their arms, and to observe the result of each weighing on their faces as they deposit them on the ground again. It is said, and we believe with truth, that many of these men can, by lengthened experience, tell the weight of the fish in a hamper to within a pound or two.

The social habits of the costermongers are in a great measure peculiar to themselves. Both the men and the women are fond of amusement; they

enjoy the bills of fare provided for them in the penny gaffs; and those among them who have pony or donkey traps, occasionally make excursions into the country. We have seen them going to and returning from 'the Derby,' that grand holiday of Londoners. Among themselves the costermongers are sharp and shrewd men of business; but they are children so far as a knowledge of men and things beyond the pale of their own society is concerned. Their trading morality is little, if at all, inferior to that of the general-dealing public. We may mention that many of the more prudent members of this class of men are enabled by their industry to raise themselves in the social scale, by becoming greengrocers, coal-dealers, or setting up in the fried-fish line.

In London, there is a vast plodding army of people who live by keeping stalls in the street-markets which are scattered over all the industrial districts. The battle of life which is constantly being fought in these strange trafficking communities is full of hardship, suffering, and privation. Thousands of the people engaged as dealers in these places live from hand to mouth; and a stormy Saturday often means to them a dinnerless Sunday and a week back in their rent. Were it not for the poor miserable condition of many of the men and women who stand shivering at their stalls in the cold raw winter air, one could almost feel amused at the strange scenes which are constantly taking place, and the Babel of tongues which mocks all ordinary vocal confusion. Customers are invited to purchase articles of almost every description within the requirements of civilised society. Thousands of people are pushing and elbowing their way. Here a Cheap-John is retailing his rude witticisms and stale jests to induce people to purchase his Sheffield cutlery; and at a little distance, a sleight-of-hand gentleman is selling purses with half-crowns in them for one shilling each, to men who allow their sense of seeing to make fools of their judgment. A number of little boys are having a feed of ice-cream made of corn-flour and seasoned with essence of lemon; the gin palaces are filled with men, women, children, noise, smoke, and gas. The night is cold, and the baked-potato men are doing a good trade; here a gentleman with a professional air and a grandiloquent style is puffing his cure-all pills; and over the way, a man with a well-curled head of hair is retailing fancy boxes of pomatum, which not only makes the hair grow, but causes it to curl in a style equal to his own. These pill and pomatum men have frequented Leather Lane during several years, and both seem to have thriven upon their purging and curling business.

The last time we had a stroll through Leather Lane Market, we were much interested in a poor woman who was exposing pea-soup for sale. She was evidently new to the business, from her shy and retiring manner, and from a decided air of respectability. It was plain she had met with sad reverse of fortune. From the ever-recurring events which affect the fortunes of human beings, numbers of people in London are almost daily falling from one social position to another, until they find their level in the bleak region of abject poverty; and the most serious thing connected with the unfortunate condition of this class of people is, that

their sufferings are much greater than if they had been trained in the school of adversity; and they are also without the little resources of the regular poor, who have been long drilled in misery.

The poor people who struggle for a living by attending at any of the street-markets, of which Leather Lane is a type, have, in most cases, a hard battle to fight to enable them to keep their souls and bodies together; but to our minds, the condition of the men and women who have stalls in the streets, and who are obliged to attend to them daily in all weathers from year to year, until they fall like withered leaves, is one of even greater suffering than that of the market-dealers. During several years, a poor blind man made a stall of a part of the iron rails of Newgate Prison, on which he hung a few trifling articles for sale. The suffering which that helpless man uncomplainingly endured must have made the latter years of his life a martyrdom. From long exposure to the chilling colds of winter, and not being able to move about, his limbs had become fearfully swollen, and his face and hands seemed as if his flesh and blood had got mixed up into one liver-coloured mass. We never passed that man in the cold weather of winter without sharing in his sufferings, and wishing in our heart that he might pass away to his place of rest. His time came. One morning we missed him, and we then knew that he had gone to the home of his fathers. But within a few paces of the ground he occupied, an old woman, who had been his street neighbour during several years, was left sitting and suffering and waiting for a call!

The street-dealers who live by hawking water-cresses form a numerous and hard-working class; their voices are heard daily in all the thoroughfares of mighty London in winter, in summer, in fair weather and in foul. These people make their purchases at one or other of the wholesale markets early in the mornings. Some of them confine their peregrinations to certain districts; others, however, go where they think to succeed best; and as they require to go their morning rounds before the breakfast-hour, they are generally both jaded and hungry before they can have their own morning meal. It would be difficult for a person unacquainted with this apparently trifling trade to form anything like an idea of the money turned over by the wholesale dealers. We have reason, however, to believe that there is one man in the business in Covent Garden Market whose sales amount to at least ten thousand pounds annually!

In the winter season, the baked potato and roasted chestnut trades employ a considerable number of men, women, and children. A warm baked potato in the cold weather, with the condiment of a little salt and butter, is a most acceptable offering to the hungry stomach of a poor wretch who cannot afford a regular meal of food, and whose accidental home is where chance may direct.

Shrimps, whelks, cockles, winkles, and mussels employ a goodly number of people, both young and old, who hawk them about on hand-carts or baskets. From the ups and downs of fortune among these people, not a few of them, instead of having hand-carts or baskets of their own, are obliged to hire the one or the other, as the case may be, and, as a necessary consequence, the profits are reduced very considerably by the sum paid for the loan.

When reaching their respective beats, their voices are sent as heralds before them, and they are frequently obliged to keep moving along, until they are wearied out with fatigue, hunger, and disappointment. Of late years, a new street business has sprung into existence; we allude to the traffic in button-hole flowers. This business is solely in the hands of females, but mostly young girls; those among them who are neat, clean, and good-looking command the best sale. It would be difficult to say with anything like the truth the amount of money which is spent in the course of twelve months on these floral button-hole decorations. This floral fashion seems to indicate a refined taste, and the character of the flowers worn serves to give an idea of the social grade of the wearer. The head-clerk in a lawyer's office or a mercantile establishment may sport a blushing scarlet camellia, at from ninepence to double that amount, while the subs ornament their left breasts with penny or twopenny bouquets. But the highest of these sums is small when compared to the amount paid for breast-flowers by some of the gentlemen of independent means. We know that a West-end florist who supplies button-hole decorations has one customer whose yearly account is seldom less than forty pounds!

Those flower-girls who have a taste for a judicious arrangement of colours, manage to have their little flat baskets very prettily decorated; but the number of these is very small. During the spring and summer months, numbers of people make a living by selling living flowers; and the class of people who have a taste for window floral garden display can have choice selections of plants at a much cheaper rate than they can be purchased at in the country districts. Nearly all London people have a love for flowers, and it is pleasant to see the value put upon a few feet of ground which can be turned into a miniature garden by its holder. The cultivation of flowers, like that of water-cresses, is a special business with numbers of men within a few miles of London, and nearly all their pretty produce is disposed of in the new flower-market at Covent Garden.

The selling of matches and 'vesuvians' is now a great trade, giving subsistence to thousands of poor people. 'Bryant and May' have called into existence a legion of match-dealers, who ply their business with wonderful industry in both town and country. A large number of boys in London pass the first years of their trading probation on the streets in the match-trade; and how they end their careers, the fates alone can tell! The neighbourhood of the Mansion-house, Cornhill, Lombard Street, and London Bridge swarms daily with a heterogeneous class of people, who deal in a miscellaneous assortment of articles, such as the Americans would call Yankee notions. Many of the things are very neatly got up, and some of an ingenious construction. Few of them, however, range above a penny in price; but how many of them are made for the money must seem a mystery to the most of people. We remember a man who some years ago made an excellent living by selling penny microscopes in the streets of London. These little optical instruments had a very considerable magnifying power, and their construction was both simple and ingenious. Their frames were small pill-boxes, without lids or bottoms; and the lenses

were made of little globules of a certain description of gum. At the present time, a good trade is done with small glass globes, microscopes filled with water. The water in these instruments can only be taken out or put in by the globes being heated over a spirit-lamp. Although these instruments are much larger than the gum ones, they are a long way inferior in their magnifying power.

When Sir Robert Peel relieved the newspapers of the stamp and advertisement duties, a new class of street-dealers was called into existence, who might be looked upon as so many wingless Mercuries: we allude to the army of news-boys which the new fiscal arrangement let loose both in London and all the large towns in the United Kingdom. The London news-boys are now a smart race; they know how to ring the changes, and how to make old editions pass for new ones. But smart as they are, they are much behind the same class in New York; nearly all the boys in that city are Irish either by birth or parentage, and their natural wit and shrewdness are not long of being improved by Yankee 'cuteness.

It is pretty generally thought by the outside public that the street-dealers of London are an improvident and an immoral set of people; but this seems to us to be an assumption scarcely warranted by facts. They are diligent in their calling, and fulfil a useful purpose in a monstrosity overgrown city. Let us, in thinking of their failings, recollect that they undergo a continual struggle to obtain the common necessaries of life. Their endeavour to support themselves and their families gives them a claim upon our kindly sympathy; and it should not be forgotten that the social condition of most of these people has been made for them by circumstances over which they had no control. In concluding, we may mention, that a few weeks of severe winter weather, such as we had at Christmas, cause a dreadful amount of suffering to vast numbers of these people, and cost many of them their lives.

## WALTER'S WORD.

### CHAPTER IX.—A FIRST BID.

If the painter, as we have shewn, is in one point at a disadvantage, as compared with the author, in another he is much more fortunate. 'The Exhibition,' as the annual show at the Royal Academy, notwithstanding its many rivals of the same name, is still called, is an institution that in literature has no parallel, and which is of the greatest possible benefit to the young artist. Of course, true merit will make its way in the end in any calling; but a man may write the best book in the world, and even publish it (though that is not so easy to one unknown and poor), and yet be some considerable time before he can persuade the world to read it; but when a painting has once got admittance within the Academy walls, all has been done for it in the way of introduction to the public that it can possibly need. The art critics may praise it, or let it alone; it may be hung well or ill, and a great grievance is made (by those who have not much confidence in their own work) in the latter case; we have even known a young gentleman, on Varnishing Day, so dissatisfied with the position of his picture, that he cut it out of its frame; but still, so long as it is not hung with its



face to the wall, all that have eyes can see it. He that has painted it, if it be worthy, has got his foot set on the first round of the ladder of Fame. There is nothing, I repeat, to be compared with this, in the way of opportunity, in the sister art of literature. I may have my essay, my story, my poem, in the leading magazine, for instance, but people do not take up the leading magazine in such numbers as crowd the great rooms in Piccadilly, nor does the 'taking it up' always involve the reading of it. Whereas, folks come to the picture-gallery to see the pictures, and especially, in many cases, to have the credit of discovering some embryo genius, who has no influence with the papers, and of whom they may say, at the spring dinner-parties: 'By-the-bye, did you happen to see that exquisite little thing called "Supplication" in the right-hand corner of Room 5?' And if you didn't, you will not escape hearing about it.

So young Walter Litton had really cause to congratulate himself in that the gallery gods had relaxed their brows, and resolved to hang, instead of banishing him, as before. Had such a stroke of good-fortune happened to him in the previous year, it would have rejoiced him exceedingly: he would have felt it to be the very accolade of his knighthood, a most refreshing spray from the fountain of all honour. But now, matters were very different with him; Fame had ceased to be his deity; and the news that his friend had brought him was hailed rather because it was not that other news which he had feared to hear, than upon its own account, as a relief rather than a triumph. Still, he was glad that his friend was glad, and that the event had justified his praise of his handiwork. It was a pleasure to him, if not the great joy he had expected, to make one of that fortunate band on Varnishing Day, and to feel his foot on the ladder—not of Fame, but of the steps that it was necessary for him to use, to give the last touches to 'Supplication,' *née* 'Philippa.' It was hung a long way up, but yet, he was not dissatisfied. He did not fear its being overlooked—or, rather, underlooked: not from vanity, though he had a good opinion of its merits, but simply because it so riveted his own eyes that he could not understand its escaping those of others. He was almost glad that his friend had sent nothing to 'the Big Shop' that year, so that he could contemplate it quite alone. He had acquaintances, of course, equally fortunate with himself, who passed their friendly comments upon it; but they gave him little pleasure. He cared for no approbation, no notice of it, save from one person, who, in all probability, would never see it. It was to the last degree improbable that Mrs Selwyn should visit the Royal Academy; Reginald, he knew, cared nothing for art, and, besides, had no shillings to throw away on such an expedition. Upon the whole, he hardly knew whether he was better satisfied that the picture had been accepted, than he would have been to have had it back again in his own chamber, to contemplate it at his leisure. For he did not, as many young painters do, haunt the spot where it hung; not from any fear of adverse criticism, or neglect, but because remarks upon it of any sort would, he felt, have been painful to him. The subject was sacred to him, in a sense that does not often affect young gentlemen-painters—nor old ones, for that matter—who 'go in' for sacred subjects.

Whether 'Supplication' was really a good picture or not, this present writer, who is, he confesses, one of those ignorant Philistines who only know what they like, must be excused from positively asserting. 'If you want to know whether a diamond is a good one,' said an eminent R.A. in my hearing, 'you go to a jeweller for his opinion; and if you want to know whether a painting is good or bad, you must go to a painter for the information: to buy one upon your own responsibility, is an act of madness; to pass your opinion upon it, is an impertinence.' I am therefore silent (except that I venture to express a wish that Literature stood upon equally lofty ground with Art) upon the merits of 'Supplication.' The newspapers were silent also, greatly to Mr John Pelter's disgust, with the exception of a few lines of praise that he himself got inserted in the *Art Critic*, and the inspiration of which Walter immediately detected, though he did not say so, for his friend's sake. It annoyed honest Jack immensely that there seemed so little chance of seeing that red star in the corner of Litton's picture which has lit up the despondent gloom of so many a young painter, and made his darkness day. After the first month, most pictures that are fated to sell, are sold; and more than a month had passed since early May. Some weeks after this date, notwithstanding, there came a letter to Walter one evening—when the two friends were together as usual—from the Academy official, to ask what price he had put upon his picture; and this, after a moment's hesitation, he placed in Pelter's hand.

'Well, better late than never, my lad,' cried the latter joyfully. 'This is as it should be. I had begun to think that all the world was blind.'

'They have not seen with your kind eyes, Jack,' said the other gravely; 'that is all.'

'Well, they see now, and that's something,' answered Pelter impatiently. 'But why does this bungling fellow write to you, instead of telling the man or the woman—for I'll take two to one it's a woman. There's true religion in that picture, Walter, I don't mind telling you, now that you have found a purchaser. It's some woman with good eyes in her head, and a good heart, and, I hope, a good balance at her banker's, who wants it. Well, I say, why didn't the fellow tell her your price at once?'

'Because he didn't know it,' said Walter quietly.

'Not know it! Why, didn't you fix it a hundred pounds yourself?'

'No, Jack; that was your price, not mine. I didn't mention any price; indeed, as I told you long ago, I don't think I care to sell it.'

'Not sell it! Then why the deuce did you paint it?'

To paint a picture without the intention of getting rid of it, and as soon as you could, was, in Jack's eyes, the act of a lunatic.

'I painted it for my pleasure.'

'Oh, did you, begad? Then you are nothing better than an amateur.' The epithet had the same force with Mr Pelter as though he had called a benighted clergyman of the Church of England a ranter. 'Of course, you can do as you please, if you are rich enough. You can paint a dozen pictures, and hang them up in your room, so that wherever you turn you can see yourself, as it were, in your own looking-glass. One may be as vain as one

pleases, or anything else one pleases, if one is rich. And yet, I thought I heard you the other day complaining about shortness of cash; to be sure, it did not affect yourself, but only stood in the way of what was, after all, perhaps a Quixotic scheme of benevolence, in connection with an old cobbler'—

'I am not rich, my dear fellow,' interrupted Walter gravely; 'but when a man spends everything upon himself, as I once heard you observe, he can make a little money go a good way.'

'I didn't say it of *you*,' growled Pelter, touched with the other's resolute good-humour.

'No; I am sure you didn't, though, for that matter, I am just as selfish as other people. You are quite right in suggesting that I cannot afford to keep my pictures in general for my own delectation, nor even, perhaps, this particular one; and yet I do propose for once to indulge myself in the luxury. If you ask me why'—

'Not I!' struck in Jack savagely. 'I am not a woman, that I should wish to pry into any man's secrets.'

'There is no secret,' said Walter hastily; 'it is perhaps, after all, but a foolish sentiment.'

'Of course it is. I know that much without your telling me,' answered the other contemptuously. 'But you will find such sentiments costly even for a rich man. What will they think of you at the Big Shop, when it is understood you do not wish to sell your pictures? They will say that it is occupying a space that might be better used; that you are taking the bread out of some poor man's mouth; and they will—for once—be right.'

'I wish I had never sent the picture there at all,' sighed Walter. 'I don't mean that your advice, Jack, wasn't wise as well as kind,' added he quickly, laying his hand on the other's arm; 'but I never thought this would have happened—that anybody would have wanted to buy it.'

'Well, I never like talking about what I don't understand, so we'll say no more about it.'

By the last post that night, there came another letter for Walter.

'There's a second appeal to your hard heart,' said Jack, who had by no means recovered his usual equanimity; he was exceedingly annoyed by Litten's determination not to sell his picture, which he ascribed to morbid vanity. 'If it's from the Trustees of the National Gallery, I do hope you will re-consider your objections.'

'It is not from the Academy,' said Walter scrutinising the envelope attentively. 'It seems to me a lady's hand.'

'Then I'll be off,' replied Pelter, not sorry for once to leave the society of his friend. 'I hope it is not from Nellie Neale, to announce to grandmamma her intention of committing suicide, for love of her venerable relative. I saw her yesterday, as I passed her father's stall, and she looked ill enough and wretched enough for anything.—What with his Red Riding-hoods, and his pictures that are not to sell,' growled Jack, as he descended to his own den, 'I believe the lad is half-cracked.'

At any other moment, this reference to Nellie Neale's altered looks would have aroused Walter's keenest sympathy, but as it was, the words fell almost unheeded upon his ear. The idea had suddenly seized him that the note which he held in his hand was from Lotty herself, wrung from her, perhaps, by some extremity of poverty or sorrow.

It was to the last degree unlikely that she should write to him, but it was possible; and if she had done so, her need must be great indeed. He had witnessed her signature on the occasion of her marriage, and her handwriting was something like that in which the address of the note was written. Still, all women write alike. Moreover, there was a sort of typical initial upon the envelope—a Bee—which could scarcely have been adopted by her husband: if he had chosen anything characteristic for such a purpose—which was in itself highly improbable—it ought rather to have been a Butterfly, that is, if that insect's name had begun with an S. Upon the whole, this surmise of Walter's almost bore out Mr Pelter's indignant conjecture that his friend was not quite in his right mind, for, absurd as it was, it agitated him excessively. He tore the Bee all to pieces in his trepidation, and not until his eye had run to the signature, which was totally unknown to him, did he recover his usual calmness. The communication had reference to his picture, after all:

DEAR SIR—I wish to know what price you have put upon your picture entitled 'Supplication,' 2940 in the Academy catalogue? I made inquiries of the clerk in charge, who will doubtless have communicated with you; but in order that no mistake may occur in the matter, I have ventured to thus address you personally. I am very anxious to become the purchaser of the work in question.—Yours obediently,

ROBERT BURROUGHES.

The hair was the hair of Esau, but the words were unmistakably Jacob's: the name, that is, was a man's name, but the handwriting, and especially the style, were beyond doubt those of a lady. Even Walter, who was by no means well versed in business matters, was struck with the imprudence of the words, 'I am very anxious to become the purchaser,' addressed as they were to one who had placed no figure upon his goods. It would have been a very strong temptation to most people to ask a fancy price. Moreover, it was probable that a fancy price might really be paid—or, at all events, that Robert Burroughes was in a position to pay it, since his address was Willowbank, Regent's Park, one of those large houses standing in extensive grounds of their own, on the banks of the ornamental water, and which have been the envy of so many Londoners, as combining in them the advantages both of town and country. Burroughes, it is true, was a very common name, but very common people are often uncommonly rich. If, instead of asking a hundred pounds, he were to ask double the money, it was quite possible he would get it. And two hundred pounds, as Walter confessed to himself, would be very useful to him. The fifty pounds he had lent to Selwyn, he never expected to see again, nor even wished to do so—except so far as its repayment would have been proof of his friend's prosperity; but the loan had left the balance at his banker's very low, so low, that he had not re-engaged Red Riding-hood's services for several weeks, though he really had had occasion for them, and, what was more, felt she needed the money. As to what Pelter had said about her falling in love with him, the more he had thought of it, the more ridiculous the notion had appeared to him. Nellie was an excellent sitter, and used to his ways, and he was fully determined to employ her again,

when he should be once more in funds. Yes, two hundred pounds would set him up for the next six months very comfortably: he might ask this Mr Burroughes for even more, perhaps. But Walter's conscience was still young and tender; he did not even reason, as he might fairly have done: 'I put a fancy price upon this picture myself, and therefore it is only just that I should charge another in the same proportion.' He thought that, since two hundred pounds was double its fair market value, as assessed by Pelter, who knew the price of things, and was certainly not likely to *under-value* his friend's production—he ought not to ask a greater sum for it; and yet he did not feel inclined to give up the gratification of possessing the picture for that sum. He might, it is true, put such a price upon it as was prohibitory, and which his correspondent would understand as such; but that course had too strong a flavour of conceit—of 'bumptiousness,' as Jack would call it—to recommend itself to him. Finally, he sat down, and wrote a note, acknowledging, in courteous terms, the compliment Mr Burroughes had paid him, and expressing regret for the trouble to which that gentleman had been put, but explaining that the picture was not for sale.

Then, late as it was, he went out, and posted the letter; not that he was afraid of being argued out of his determination by his friend, for he was tolerably certain that Pelter had said his last word upon the matter, but because he had doubts of his own firmness, if he should suffer his mind to dwell on so tempting an alternative. He felt that it would be for his happiness to keep the picture, yet also for his disadvantage. His reason told him that he had no right to indulge in such extravagance, his common-sense suggested: 'If you must retain this picture, why not take a copy of it, and sell either that or the original to Mr Burroughes;' and he feared that their united force might overcome a certain feeling within him, which not only prompted him to keep the painting, but revolted against either it or a copy of it passing into the hands of any one else.

#### CHAPTER X.—THE UNKNOWN PATRON.

Of the fashion and appearance of Mr Walter Litton's studio, I have already spoken, though not at length: it was unnecessary to do so, since it was very much like other painting apartments of young gentlemen in his profession who have not as yet found themselves famous. It was dirty and dingy where the light fell upon it, and dirtier and dingier where it did not. The 'slavey' in the Beech Street lodging-house had not much time to spare for cleansing operations, and still less inclination for them; she excused herself for all neglect upon the ground, that 'them artists did not like having their things meddled with;' and she did not run counter to their wishes in that respect. The bedrooms were not much better looked after than the sitting-rooms, with one exception; that of Walter Litton's 'was spick and span' as to order and cleanliness, and withal so prettily furnished, that it had obtained, from Mr John Pelter, the somewhat contemptuous title of 'the Bower.' But the slavey had little to do with the Bower, which was 'looked after' by an occasional retainer of Litton's own—an ancient charwoman, who came in once a week to make 'a thorough turn-out,' as

she expressed it, of that apartment, and to dust its somewhat elaborate furniture.

'Mark my words, Litton,' Jack once observed, while eyeing superciliously the shining wardrobe, the dressing-table with its snowy covering, and the various little knick-knacks which adorned the chamber of his friend—'you will marry early.' He had uttered it in a tone of mournful conviction, as though he had said: 'You will die young.' He thought that all these things were signs of a domestic turn of mind in Walter, and presages of the matrimonial yoke; whereas they were perhaps but the result of a longer home experience (short as it had been) than poor Jack had had, and of a university education. The contents of Mr Pelter's studio ran over, as it were, into his sleeping-apartment, in which were to be found various early efforts of his genius, which not even the picture-dealers would regard with any favour, huddled together, like sheep in a storm, with their faces to the wall. Now, Walter's 'Bower' did not smack of 'the shop' at all: its only pictures were a small portrait of his mother, and two engravings, one of his old college, and one of the Head of that Royal and Religious Foundation, an austere unlikeable man, who had never looked kindly upon the young fellow, nor, indeed, in his own opinion, had had cause to do so, since Litton had 'only not disgraced himself' by taking an ordinary degree; but still, for the sake of old times, there the hard old scholar hung. As Walter lay in bed that morning, thinking, his eye *lit* upon this portrait, and straightway his thoughts wandered to that time, not far back in point of years, and yet so distant from his present, when the work of life had not begun—to those college days, which, to such as he, not striving for collegiate prizes, are a three years' holiday, a time of youth and friendship, such as can never be again. It had been an unreal time perhaps; a world quite different from the great work-a-day one; his judgment had been less mature than it was now; he felt, for instance, that Jack Pelter had more true grit in him, more bottom under the rough rubble than perhaps any of his then companions; but some of them had been very bright and dear to him, one of them especially; a man not dear to him now: he felt that, in spite of himself, though he was neither envious nor jealous of him. He had never had much respect for Reginald Selwyn, but respect had not been so necessary a component of friendship as it had become now; he had loved him as an elder brother, without the insight into his character that such consanguinity compels. All that was over now; and why? He did not answer that question to himself, although he put it; but his thoughts somehow wandered back to the subject they had started from, and which had even mingled with his dreams—his picture in the Academy. There was a bare space on the walls of his little room, above the fireplace, and he now made up his mind that there it should be hung. He would not sell it, even if the chance of doing so should once more offer itself, which was very unlikely. On the whole, he did not regret that note he had posted overnight to Mr Burroughes of the Regent's Park. He heard his friend splashing in his bath in the room below, and afterwards whistling, as his custom was, over his careless toilet. Jack's good-humour had doubtless returned to him long ere this, but still he would say nothing to him about that

tempting offer. He would keep his own counsel, and let him suppose the letter had been a *billet-doux*, a dun, a challenge—what he pleased, in fact, so long as his guess was wide of the mark. When, however, he descended as usual to breakfast with his friend, and found him frank and hearty as ever, his conscience smote him for his reticence; he had, it is true, already one secret of his own, into which Jack had not been permitted to look—namely, his tenderness for Lotty—but that was an affair as private, and almost as sacred, as his prayers; whereas this offer for his picture he felt to be almost a common property between them, for, without Jack's advice, he would never have sent it to the Academy at all: they had consulted together over it, both as to its price and its merits, and not a few of the latter had, he confessed to himself, been owing to the other's suggestions. A certain sense of ingratitude, and also the knowledge that there was something about which they could not converse, weighed upon Walter's spirits, and he was not himself that morning. It was quite a relief to him to escape from Jack, and find himself in his own room alone. And yet he was not at ease even there; the same almost feminine tenderness of disposition that had caused him to retain his picture for the sake of the associations connected with it, gave him pain, because of his treatment of his friend. He could not set to work as usual. To some, it may seem easy for a painter to do this under any circumstances; an author, it may be thought, whose mind is troubled, is likely enough to be incapacitated from employing his mind in composition; but a painter can have no such excuse. And this is probably true enough of a painter who is also a glazier. But the work of the artist—and Walter Litton, though his talents were immature, and often misdirected, was a true artist—is not mechanical, although he labours with his hands. If he had had a model before him, he could perhaps have compelled his own attention to the canvas, but as it was, it was distracted by other thoughts: he made up his mind that he would call at the cobbler's that very day, and engage Red Riding-hood, if, indeed, she was well enough to resume her sittings. He could not quite recall what Pelter had said about her, though he knew there was something wrong. His whole mind was confused and jaded, and incapable of effort. Perhaps it was that glass of malt liquor, which, contrary to his habit, he had taken after breakfast that morning, for the sake of good-fellowship, and to make up to his beer-drinking friend for other shortcomings. At eleven o'clock the slavey brought him a letter—not on a silver salver, genteel reader, but in her damp red hand—and she grinned as she delivered it: like the last, it was in a lady's hand, but it was not on that account that she grinned, for she did not know one handwriting from another.

'Why, I never heard the postman's knock, Jenny,' said Walter kindly.

'It tain't the postman,' said she, stuffing the end of her apron into her mouth, to stifle a giggle; 'it be an ever-so-big footman, with a white head with an illigant split in it, and a bell-robe at his shoulder.'

'That's called a shoulder-knot, Jenny. Ah, very good'—he had rapidly cast his eye over the contents of the letter—'tell him to wait, and I will write an answer.'

His tone was careless, but the note had, in fact,

surprised him very much. It came from the same address as before, and was in the same hand:

'DEAR SIR'—it began, 'I am in receipt of your letter, in which you state that your picture is not for sale. At the risk of being deemed impertinent, I write to you once more to express a hope that you may be induced to reconsider this decision. That the work is very meritorious as a painting, I have no doubt; but its artistic merits, if I may say so without offence, are its least attraction in my eyes; I have quite another reason for wishing to possess it. It is difficult, impossible, indeed, to explain this by letter; but if your resolve not to part with it is capable of change, I would earnestly entreat you to give me a few minutes' conversation upon this subject. I am confined to my house by a severe attack of gout, else I would do myself the honour of calling on you; but as that is impossible, might I ask the favour of your looking in on me, at any hour you please to name—this day, if possible? The bearer will await your reply.—Yours faithfully,

ROBERT BURROUGHES.

The gout from which this gentleman was suffering was certainly not in his hand, for the writing was firm and distinct, though very feminine in its character. Walter felt so curious about the whole affair, that he had almost a mind to summon the ever-so-big footman with the bell-robe, and question him about his master; but such a proceeding would, to say the least of it, have been undignified. Jack had often warned him never to express surprise with respect to any application for a picture, 'however much and naturally you may be yourself astonished at it.' Of course, if he was obstinately resolved not to part with this one, he had simply to pen a few words to that effect, and there was an end to the matter. But he did not wish to act so abruptly; partly, because it seemed rude to do so, but still more because he had a strong desire to have this mystery solved. It was not very flattering to find that his *chef-d'œuvre* was not in demand on account of its own merits, and yet that 'quite another reason' so excited his curiosity that he scarcely felt the wound to his self-love. Nay, he even felt some sympathy with Mr Robert Burroughes, in that he felt his own affection for the picture did not rest upon the ground either of its conception or execution; but upon something else, albeit, that something could not be common between them. At all events, he resolved to see this would-be patron, and to be civil to him, though he by no means made up his mind to let the picture go. There might be something in it, which had struck Mr Burroughes's fancy, that was capable of repetition, and this might procure him an order for another work. Though he had been so self-willed and obdurate in this particular affair, Walter was not blind to his own interests in a general way, nor less desirous of making his way in the world than any other young fellow. So he wrote a polite note to say that he would do himself the pleasure of calling at Willowbank that afternoon, at three o'clock, and despatched it by the white-headed footman.

Then a sudden impulse moved him to run down-stairs and place both the letters of Mr Burroughes in the hands of faithful Jack, and he obeyed it.

'My dear Watty,' said the other, looking not at them, but at him, with his kind eyes, 'are you

sure you are right about this? You are not going to make me your confidant, I hope, because you think I am huffy and vexed with you? That is all over and gone, as far as I am concerned.'

'I daresay I seemed foolish and impracticable,' answered Walter, 'but I really had my reasons.'

'And, very likely, sufficient ones, my lad. I don't say that your resolution to keep your picture was no business of mine, for what concerns you must needs concern me, but I feel that I was dictatorial about it.'

'Not a bit, Jack. Please, don't say another word about it.'

'But these letters—there are some things, Watty, you know, that one should not tell even to one's friends, for the sake of others—are you sure I have a right to see them?'

'Certainly you have, since I give them to you. It's the funniest thing that ever happened, you will say.'

'Are they from a woman, Watty?' inquired Jack, still hesitating.

'Not they, though the handwriting looks like it. They're all about that picture, from a Mr Robert Burroughes.'

Jack read them carefully, but without the smile that Walter had expected to see illumine his jolly face.

'There's something wrong here, my lad,' said he gravely. 'These letters are not from a man, in my opinion; they're from a woman; and she doesn't want your picture at all.'

'What the deuce does she want, then? You don't mean to say that she wants me!—that she has fallen in love with your humble servant, as you always said little Red Riding-hood would do! You will make me a coxcomb.' Walter was not a coxcomb, but he did remember how Selwyn had said: 'My aunt has fallen in love with you,' on his first meeting with that lady, and also the attention she subsequently paid to him at Penaddon.

'No, Walter; I don't seriously think Miss Nellie has done that, although I fear there is something amiss with her in that way; and if she were, the misfortune would be almost wholly on her side; but if this—this communication should be what I suspect it is, the misfortune would be on your side.'

'You must have been reading the adventures of Mr Tom Jones, or Mr Gil Blas, of late, Jack.'

'No; but I have been reading human nature—though not the best side of it, perhaps—for more years than you have. I could tell you a story of real life that mates with that of the Lady Clara Vere de Vere of your favourite poet; only with a difference. I could tell you, I say—and here Jack began to pace the room with rapid strides—'of a young fellow still in his teens, for whom a great lady once entertained a great passion. Perhaps she would have married him, if she could; perhaps she only persuaded him that such was her desire. She wrote to him, sometimes by the post, sometimes by just such a wonderful footman as I saw here in our passage this morning; she invited him to her house. She flattered, fondled, spoiled him. He was a lad like yourself, ingenuous, high-spirited, with a future—a great future, as he thought, poor devil—before him. She was older than he, though she did not look it, and she had more than twice his wits. It was an unequal match in more senses than one, and the weaker

one went to the wall. There are some things, as I have just said, that it is well for a man to be silent about, even to his best friend, but I will tell you this much—that woman ruined the lad. He did not cut his throat, you understand, like "young Lawrence"—it would have been better for him, perhaps, if he had—but he lost all he had, his heart, his hopes, his faith: she killed him.'

'He is dead, then?' said Walter gravely.

'Yes; he died years and years ago, God help him! It is not a pleasant story,' continued Pelter, after a pause; 'but I have told you it, because I don't want you to perish in the same pitfall. Of course, I may be all wrong in supposing that there is any risk. Most people will laugh at such a danger, which seems to them imaginary, will call it ridiculous, impossible, and the like; and perhaps it would have been impossible in their case; but most people are fools. Such things, it is true, don't happen often, but they do happen.'

It would have been easy enough for a much duller man than Walter Litton to perceive that Pelter had been speaking of himself: his bitter excited tone, his looks, his very gait, as he walked hastily to and fro, as if impatient of the folly he described, betrayed it.

But for this, Walter himself would have ridiculed the story, and did ridicule it even now, so far as it had application to his own position. That Mr Robert Burroughes should turn out to be a middle-aged lady of high rank, who had fallen in love with him, unknown to himself, tickled his sense of humour; if it was so, it seemed to him that the Bee (and it was a very large one) impressed upon her envelopes was also in her bonnet—that she must be mad.

'But you would not wish me to cancel my appointment at Willowbank?' inquired he, and his eye twinkled with fun in spite of himself, 'for I have made one for three o'clock.'

'Of course not. But remember my story, and forget, please, that it was I who told it.'

'I will,' said Walter, made serious by his friend's unwonted tone, which was at once abrupt and pathetic. It was evident that, in this case, good advice *had* cost the giver something.

'No,' continued Pelter in his old manner; 'I daresay your visit will turn out to be commonplace enough. Mr Burroughes is, doubtless, only an eccentric old fellow, who takes fancies to pictures, and doesn't care what he gives for them. Your refusal to part with yours has probably whetted his appetite, and may turn out to be the happiest fluke for you.'

'Thank you for the compliment. If he had taken a fancy to one of yours, you would not have set it down to his eccentricity, I'll warrant, Mr Pelter.'

And so they parted, not to meet again till just as Walter was starting on his mysterious errand.

'You see, I have got myself up, Jack, to the best of my ability,' said he, smiling, 'in case Mr Burroughes should turn out to be a countess.'

'Quite right,' returned the other dryly. 'I have been to the Academy, and the man tells me that it *was* a lady who asked the price of your picture; moreover, I have looked in the blue-book, and no such person as Burroughes lives at Willowbank, Regent's Park.'

'Then, perhaps, after all, it is a hoax,' said Walter, with an air of very considerable disgust.

'No, no; that footman could never have demeaned himself by mixing himself up with anything of that sort. I should as soon believe that the Lord Chancellor played leap-frog on the woolsack. Good-bye, and luck be with you.'

### COLONIAL EXPERIENCES.

TEN or eleven years ago, Alexander Bathgate, then a youth just done with his schooling, emigrated with his father and other members of the family, from a Scottish country town, to Dunedin, in the province of Otago, New Zealand. There he has since remained, following a respectable profession, and being of an observant and literary turn, he has prepared a volume of *Colonial Experiences*, which, though imperfect in structure, has the double merit of being somewhat amusing, and, we have no doubt, perfectly truthful. The burden of all books about New Zealand is a glowing account of the colony as a place of settlement for various classes of emigrants. Our young author, after having looked about him for years, and seen different phases of colonial life, is equally eulogistic in his commendations. In particular, he tells us with a sense of humour a number of droll incidents illustrative of the strange behaviour of immigrants, plunged at once from a condition of poverty into affluence. In the old country they were straitened in means, subordinated as members of a fixed social system: now they soar into something grander and higher, with scarcely a notion of restraint.

Having said so much lately about New Zealand as a field for emigration, we shall at present do little else than glance at some of Mr Bathgate's whimsical experiences, for the benefit of those who may not have seen his production. He mentions that sometimes very odd reasons are assigned for having emigrated. Such was the case as regards a young man named Brown, a careless, jolly sort of fellow. In the old country, he was a partner in a large business concern with his father, who, being about sixty years of age, and a widower, proposed retiring. Young Brown being engaged to be married to an exceedingly pretty girl, introduced her to his father's house, where all were charmed with her, and none more so than old Brown, who congratulated his son on the excellent choice he had made, at the same time promising to come down with something handsome. Much delighted, young Brown urged the lady to fix the wedding-day at once. To this, however, she demurred, saying for excuse: 'Not just then.' 'The long and the short of the story is, that poor Brown had to leave home on some urgent business, and, on his return, he found that his father had married and run off with the young lady! Brown, when he was consoled with, had the pluck to say: "I am lucky to be quit of the little hypocrite; she must have been thinking of this little game, even when I found her alone in the drawing-room, the day I left; confound her!" He packed up his traps, and left the house as quickly as he had entered it; and next day he took his passage in a ship just about to sail for Otago. Speaking of the affair, he says he does not blame his father now, though he did at first, she was such a pretty, fascinating viper. I have not seen or heard anything of him for some time.'

The next case mentioned is that of Dick, a groom, who was met with at an up-country hotel.

Talking of horses, Dick gave an account of his career. He had never known his father or mother, but had been brought up by an uncle, who treated him so cruelly, that at sixteen years of age he ran away, and joined a circus troupe as a groom, until he was promoted to be a rider. In this position, he became attached to a girl of eighteen, daughter of one of the company, and skilled in horsemanship. The couple were married, and had the prospect of living together happily. 'As Dick said, his wife was his first friend, for he had not experienced much kindness in his early days, and he loved and valued her all the more. They had been married about four months, when one day they were going through a performance on horseback together, she riding first, leaping through hoops and dancing, he following in pursuit; and they had come to a part in which he was supposed to overtake her, when, just as Dick came up with his wife, some fool threw a piece of orange-peel into the ring, causing her horse to swerve and she to lose her balance—she fell. Dick was too close to check his horse; even before he could think, he passed over her; a wild shriek rose from the spectators as he did so. It was the work of a moment to leap to the ground, and spring to where she lay. Poor fellow, as he told me of it, after the lapse of fully ten years, his voice quivered. He thought she had fainted, she lay so still; but, as he gently raised her in his arms, a little blood oozing from her lips and nostrils told that she was hurt. A sudden horror seized Dick; he put his hand to her breast—there was no beating; placed his cheek to her mouth—there was no breath. "Oh! she can't be dead," poor Dick exclaimed; a half-groan from the crowd seemed to him to be an affirmative answer; and he dropped senseless on the ground. It was too true; his fair young wife was gone; the horse had trodden on her bosom, and crushed her loving heart, Dick's only consolation being, that the poor girl had not suffered. For some time after the accident, he went about like one dazed, and it was not till after the funeral that he realised his loss. Loveless though his childhood, and friendless his boyhood, he never knew till then what loneliness really was. The very sight of a circus tent occasioned a renewed pang of grief, and as for resuming his former occupation, it was not to be thought of. With a view of removing himself as far as possible from his loss, Dick emigrated to New Zealand.'

Though in most respects well off, many immigrants are given to grumbling. Men who at home had lived on porridge or brose and other plain fare, are heard to complain of their rations of excellent food, and unreasonably grumble at everything. 'I remember, when dining in a hotel in a diggings town, the conversation turning on the differences between home and the colonies, a man present, who had been playing billiards all morning, and who, by his own account, had been a baker in a country village in Scotland, said that he thought the old country was best, that money might come in in pennies and half-pennies, but it was staidier and altogether preferable. The landlord laughed at him, saying: "Why, man, you have lost as much at billiards this morning as you would make in two or three days where you come from." The grumbler was forced to admit the truth of the assertion.' The author adds: 'Some men come to the

colonies with the anticipation of amassing a fortune without exerting themselves, and seem to expect to find the streets paved with gold. Amongst these are many young fellows, often fairly educated, but not brought up with any idea of business or trade of any kind, and the answer that is given by them, that they will do anything, is always interpreted by old colonists that they are fit for nothing, and they not unfrequently sink to menial positions.'

The experiences connected with the hiring and employment of female domestic servants are worth commemorating. Although there has latterly been a considerable immigration of this class of servants, who now can get free passages to the colony, with a certainty of employment on arrival at wages ranging from £30 to £50 yearly, the scarcity continues. It does not, therefore, surprise us to know that many of the employées put on extraordinary airs, are difficult to deal with, and dress to a degree of extravagance we are not acquainted with. The ignorance of some of these domestics is astounding. The following instance is given: 'A new servant arrived at her situation on the Saturday evening, and even on the Sunday morning she shewed symptoms which betokened verduancy. When she was engaged, in reply to a question of her future mistress, she had stated that she could do plain cooking, so that there was no hesitation in intrusting her with a leg of mutton and a cauliflower to cook for the early dinner. After church, the family returned home, and found the table laid in a decidedly original and peculiar manner, and the lady of the house confided to her husband that she thought the new domestic had not seen much. If she had any doubts on that score, they were soon set at rest, when there were placed on the table the leg of mutton and the cauliflower on the same dish, both having been roasted together in the oven, the former being burnt to a cinder, while the latter was hardly recognisable in its brown and shrivelled condition. By way of perfecting this display of ignorance, the girl had the effrontery to come and ask if the mutton was roasted to their liking, as she could not understand that clock of theirs. Inquiry elicited, that while the mutton was cooking, she had been adding her very small modicum of brains in the endeavour to ascertain the time of day by dint of consulting the aneroid barometer!'

Following on this comes an amusing case of 'cool impudence.' A housemaid in a family about three miles from town declined to be taken to church on Sunday in a dog-cart, and insisted on getting the pony-carriage; which being refused, she was most indignant, and announced her intention to depart next morning, rather than put up with such treatment. The scarcity of women in comparison to men in the colony accounts for much of this strange conduct. In a newspaper account of a ball at a place called Bannockburn, in April 1873, it is stated that dancing was kept up for three or four hours by some thirty males and two females. The struggles to get the fair demoiselles for partners were the source of no little fun. Then, such chances of being speedily and well married! The sudden transformation of a servant-girl into a grandly dressed lady is sometimes quite startling. 'Not very long ago,' says Mr Bathgate, 'I noticed a girl, whom I chanced to

know had come to the colony as an assisted immigrant, sitting in full splendour, with cloak, bouquet, and fan, beside her husband in the front row of the dress circle at the Italian opera!' Unfortunately, it is easier to decorate the person than to cultivate the mind. In the wrong use of phrases, Mrs Malaprop is beaten hollow. A girl who had been developed into a lady, was heard to speak of getting an 'antimonic' dress, meaning a dress of *moire antique*. Another gave it as her opinion 'that the mayor of their town should wear a scarlet robe lined with vermin,' meaning, of course, ermine. Male immigrants who have come suddenly into wealth are apt to make similar mistakes. One night, at a public supper-party, an individual sat opposite to a dish of *pâtés de foie gras*, which rare and costly dish he persisted in calling 'potted photographs.'

The writer offers some strange particulars regarding the gold-diggings—the extraordinary rush on the discovery of the precious metal, and the reckless extravagance of the successful diggers. 'At the first of the rush to Gabriel's Gully, in Otago, the rate of land-carriage of stores for a distance of about sixty miles was as high as a hundred pounds per ton.' As to the cost of articles of food at the diggings, flour was purchased at two shillings a pound, potatoes the same price, and a four-pound loaf cost one pound. Any trifling service which, in the old country, would be well paid by a sixpence, was never less than one pound. Money was thought nothing of, and shamefully wasted. Making a sandwich of a twenty-pound note, and eating it, was common; and so was washing in a bucket of champagne, or setting up bottles of that liquor for skittle-pins, although even, till quite lately, champagne of indifferent quality was one pound a bottle. The landlady of a hotel spoke to Mr Bathgate regretfully of these 'good old times,' adding, 'that she had seen the men, with their pockets full of gold, come into the hotel, and, times without number, "shout for all hands" (that is, treat every one in the house to drink), insisting on paying for even the cats and dogs; and this would probably continue till the lucky digger was cleaned out.' Latterly, gold-mining has settled down into a steady permanent industry, and frolics of this wild nature do not now occur.

In the volume before us, there occur some concluding details respecting the advantages of emigration, the agreeable nature of the climate of New Zealand, and the munificent offer of free passages to certain classes of immigrants. 'For one thing,' says Mr Bathgate, 'the passage hither, though long, is a safe and pleasant one; never yet has a vessel from Britain to Otago been lost, and the voyage to New Zealand is the safest in the world.' This eulogium would now, unfortunately, require modification. While we write, the world has been startled with the loss of the *Cospatrick* by fire in the Southern Atlantic, with four hundred emigrants on board, on the voyage to Auckland; and no satisfactory reason has been given for such a catastrophe. The circumstance, we fear, is calculated to discourage intending emigrants; for no one likes to have the choice of being burned to death or drowned, in trying to better his circumstances. Possibly, after the first shock of this disastrous event passes away, a feeling of reassurance may arise, for the loss of emigrant vessels to New Zealand is, on the whole, exceedingly small. It is enough, however, to cause serious alarm, and



may turn the tide of emigration elsewhere. That emigrant vessels, notwithstanding all the care taken, should be liable to be destroyed by fire, and that escape by boats is impracticable, are circumstances reflecting little credit on human ingenuity.

## A TERRIBLE WEDDING-TRIP.

### CHAPTER II.—CONCLUSION.

THAT month passed rapidly, a portion of it being spent in the absorbing occupation of purchasing a trousseau, and the rest in various preparations at Elstonlee. Herbert, who had left us in London, in order that he might return to Cambridgeshire, and make certain arrangements of his own, had promised to rejoin us on the day before that fixed for the wedding. He did not, however, make his appearance at Woodbine Cottage until very late in the evening—so late, indeed, that mamma, annoyed by his dilatoriness, would scarcely permit him to enter the house, but insisting that ‘Minna must have a good night’s rest in order to be prepared for the long journey of the coming day,’ hurried him off, almost before we had finished our greetings, to the hotel where he was to pass the night. At the same hotel, the only one in the village, my cousin, Hugh Fernley (with the exception of Dr Adair, the sole guest invited to the wedding), was already located; and the two young men were standing together at the door of the church when, upon the following morning, we arrived there. I had not seen my lover distinctly upon the previous evening, for during his momentary visit the lamp had burned low in our little hall. But now, as, in the clear light of a sunny April morning, he advanced to meet us, I was much startled by the alteration which a fortnight’s absence had wrought in his appearance. He looked pale and worn; but in addition to this, there was, I thought, a change in his expression—an indefinable peculiarity about his whole aspect, which alarmed me.

‘Dear Herbert, you are ill!’ I exclaimed, as, the salutations over, we turned to enter the church.

‘O no! I am not,’ he replied hastily, drawing my hand through his arm, and passing beneath the porch. But stooping down when half-way up the aisle, he added in a whisper: ‘Don’t be alarmed, dearest, but things are all wrong at my place near Madrid, and I’m anxious to be off. We must go to Spain at once. Come! let us be quick and get married; and then I’ll bear my flower, my tender blossom, to the sunny south.’

The forms of endearment employed in the last sentence were not such as Herbert had been accustomed to address to me, and I did not quite like them. Moreover, I felt greatly disappointed, for it had been arranged that our wedding-trip should have for its destination the Italian lakes; and now it appeared we were to travel in Spain. Giving vent to my feelings of vexation, I whispered back, as we reached the altar: ‘Then we shall have to give up Italy?’

‘Not at all; we shall do nothing of the kind,’ he returned with a triumphant smile. ‘We shall go to Spain, and Italy, and Kamtschatka too.’

There was no time to ask what he meant, for the clergyman was already in his place, and the service commenced without delay. The hour which followed was one of much confusion, for, upon coming out of the church, we were informed by

Mr Fernley, to whom the travelling arrangements had been confided, that, as he had that morning discovered, he had made a mistake about the time at which the London express from the north would pass a certain junction where we were to join it, and that it would be necessary for us to leave Elstonlee much earlier than we had intended. So our hurried breakfast was soon over, and a hasty leave taken of mamma. Accompanied by Dr Adair and Hugh, who had promised to see us as far as the junction referred to, we were off, almost before we knew it, upon the first stage of our wedding-tour. Upon entering the carriage, my husband had, of course, placed himself by my side, whilst my cousin and the doctor had taken the seats immediately opposite to us, and I had scarcely had time to regain my composure, after the bustle and excitement which had attended our abrupt departure from home, when it was again disturbed by the singular conduct of the latter.

Fixing his eyes upon Mr St Julien’s face, the physician appeared to be studying him closely, and put to him question after question, as if to draw him into conversation. I could not attribute this to jealousy, for there was no sign of the existence of that feeling; but I began to feel seriously annoyed with what I considered his rudeness, especially when I saw that Herbert noticed and disliked his obtrusive attention. That he did so was evident, for whilst he replied to all his questions very quietly, he seemed to grow uneasy beneath the fixity of the doctor’s gaze, and once or twice I caught him returning it with a resentful glance.

We had to wait a few minutes at the station; and whilst Herbert, apparently glad to escape further impertinent observation, promenaded the platform with Hugh, Dr Adair drew me a little aside, and placing his hand upon my arm, he said, in a tone of much solicitude: ‘Pray, tell me, do you notice anything peculiar about Mr St Julien’s aspect this morning?’

‘O doctor! do you think he is ill?’ I inquired in return, alarmed by my friend’s serious manner, and look of disquietude.

‘Well, no; I do not think that,’ he replied meditatively; ‘but, but—you will excuse me, I hope—but I fancy he seems more *excited* than the occasion warrants; and I’—

‘Excuse me,’ I interrupted angrily; ‘but I cannot listen to such remarks about my husband’s appearance, Dr Adair.’ And turning away with a feeling of relief at his assurance that Herbert was not unwell, but of extreme annoyance at his last remark, I was about to leave him.

‘I will say nothing more to offend you, Mrs St Julien,’ said the doctor, following me with an apology. And immediately introducing another subject of conversation, he drew my attention to a cord which ran along at the tops of the carriages, and extended the whole length of a train near which we were standing. This, he explained to me, was a signal which any person might use who desired to stop the train when in motion between one station and another. And whilst I listened with a cold politeness, which was the effect of my previous displeasure, he carefully pointed out to me the manner in which it was to be worked.

Scarcely had he finished his instructions, when the express rushed into the station; and in another instant Herbert and I had taken our places in a

carriage which we were glad to have been able to secure for ourselves alone.

My good-bye to Dr Adair had not been a very warm one; and just as the train was upon the point of starting, a sudden remorse came over me. Letting down the sash, I looked out of the window with the intention of signing him a more kindly farewell. As I did so, a head was hastily drawn into the next carriage. An absurd fancy seized me that it was his, and in order to dissipate it, I turned to the platform.

Hugh stood alone where we had left him; and though my eyes rapidly scanned every portion of the station, Dr Adair was nowhere to be seen.

Calling my husband to the window, and pointing to the disappearing platform, and the solitary figure of my cousin, I asked what he thought could have become of the physician. And then, at the risk of being laughed at, I told him of the impression I had that the head I had momentarily seen protruded from the adjoining carriage was Dr Adair's.

'No, no; it was not: I know better than that,' was the reply I received, in a tone which startled me by its vehemence; and drawing me back into the carriage, Mr St Julien closed the window with a bang. Then stooping down and bringing his face to a level with my own, he added in a loud whisper: 'I'll tell you what; that man's the devil, and I'm glad he's gone.' I was so thunderstruck by these words, and by Herbert's singular and unloverlike manner, that I sat staring at him in silent surprise, wondering how he could have allowed his resentment at Dr Adair's conduct to have carried him so far. But if I expected any apology, I was doomed to disappointment; none followed, and Herbert himself appeared to be quite unconscious that he had given me occasion for offence. After sitting for a considerable length of time, with his gaze directed through the window, and his brows knit, as though in deep thought, he rose, and without taking any further notice of me, drew out a large travelling-bag, which he had insisted upon having placed beneath the seat at the further end of the carriage. This he unlocked, and, whilst I still gazed at him in indignant astonishment, proceeded to extract from it what appeared to me a heterogeneous mass of rubbish; and selecting from amongst it a brilliant scarlet and white cricketer's cap, he placed it upon his head, with the peak turned towards the back; then, seating himself in front of me, he asked how I liked it. Trembling, as an indefinite terror was creeping over me, I replied, that it was 'very pretty'; and stretching out my hand, with a pretence at a playfulness I did not feel, I attempted to adjust it correctly upon his head.

'Let it alone!' he exclaimed angrily, seizing my hand with a rough grasp. 'Don't you see that it's more like a turban than that way? And as we're going to Turkey, we must do in Turkey as the Turks do.'

'Going to Turkey! What do you mean, dear Herbert?' I cried, in serious alarm. 'How can we go to Spain, and Italy, and Turkey, and yet get back to England in a month, as we promised mamma to do? And why do you speak to me so strangely, Herbert? Oh, Herbert, you are ill! I am sure of it,' I continued, bursting into tears. 'You are so dreadfully pale, and you don't act or look in the least like yourself.'

'I don't look in the least like myself, don't I?'

he repeated, bursting into a loud laugh. 'Ha, ha! that's good. Probably, then, I look like a Chinaman!' And lowering his voice again to the mysterious tone in which he had already twice addressed me, he added: 'Do you know, love—don't mention it on any account, pray, but I had a letter this morning from the Emperor of China, in which he tells me that three large estates of mine, at Pekin, have been burned to the ground by the natives. The news has rather upset me.'

'O Herbert!' I began; but—

'I say, are you my first wife or my second?' was the irrelevant remark with which my pleadings were interrupted.

I looked at my husband in dismay. Was he drunk? or—what *was* the matter with him? 'Herbert, Herbert!' I cried, shaking in every limb, as a dreadful suspicion suggested itself, 'please, please, don't frighten me so! You know very well that you never had any other wife than myself. Why *will* you persist in saying such odd things?'

'Was it a diddle-diddle darling, then!' exclaimed my companion, his excitement evidently roused to a high pitch by the expression of my alarm. And throwing his arms round me, he continued, in a loud and jaunty tone: 'Don't cry, Ada; we're going to visit our estates, you know, one after another of them. We're off to Spain and Portugal, and the north pole and the south, and the meridian and the new moon. We'll set everything in order, and bring home cart-loads of diamonds and rubies and bank-notes. You shall have a palace of pearls, and I'll crown you like a queen, for I'm as rich as Croesus. Rich! rich! rich!' The last words rose to a shrill scream, and Mr St Julien's arms moved in wild gesticulations as he uttered them.

My horrible suspicion passed into a still more horrible certainty. In that instant, a great change passed over me. My courage and spirits rose to meet the emergency, and from a timid, helpless girl, I was transformed at once into a woman strong and self-dependent. Collecting my faculties, I endeavoured to grasp the situation in which I was placed. In all innocence and unsuspecting, I had that morning married this man; and now I was alone with him in a compartment of an express train! What was to be done? With an air of as much unconcern as I could assume, I took up a Railway Guide which lay by my side, and whilst turning its pages with apparent carelessness, consulted it with the deepest anxiety in order to learn at what station the train would first stop. To my dismay, I found that at least an hour must elapse before there would be any chance of escape; and I could only resolve to remain perfectly quiet and self-possessed, and to pray that Herbert might not in the meantime become violent. My resolution was soon put to a severe test. I was with difficulty striving to make a soothing reply to a remark which he had just made, when, with a shrill whistle, the train rushed into the darkness of a long tunnel. Another instant, and I was cowering in abject terror in a corner of the carriage, for, above the reverberating thunder of the train, had arisen a sound which made my flesh creep as I listened. A strange unearthly laugh, ending in a wild shriek, was uttered close by my side, followed, almost ere it was ended, by another, and yet another. To my terrified imagination,

hours instead of minutes elapsed before the train glided out again into the blinding daylight. As it did so, I glanced at Herbert, and perceived that he had now grown perfectly calm. There was, however, a new expression in his eyes, which warned me to keep full possession of all my powers of mind.

'I say, Ada,' he remarked presently, bending forwards, and again addressing me by the name which was not mine, 'I've got such a capital idea; it'll amuse you, I'm sure. I've just decided upon paying a visit to the Cyclops, and I know they'd take it as a great compliment if my wife had only one eye, like themselves. Ha, ha! isn't it a good joke? You won't mind it, will you?'

The last question was asked in a conciliatory tone, but, as he spoke, I observed the blade of an open penknife glittering in his hand. With a palpitating heart, but a strong endeavour still to retain my self-possession, I sought about for some method of escape. The train was still going at full speed, whizzing with maddening rapidity past the minor stations, whilst the one at which it was to stop was yet, as I knew, far away. What was to be done? I again asked myself in agonising perplexity. A sudden inspiration occurred to me—there was the signal! Until that morning, I had been ignorant of the existence of such a thing. My heart bounded with gratitude to Dr Adair for having pointed out to me the manner of working it, whilst a vague wonder crossed my mind whether he could have had any suspicion that the knowledge might prove useful.

These thoughts passed through my brain with the rapidity of lightning. One moment only had elapsed since Herbert's horrible proposition had been uttered; and to avert attention from my movements, I began, in quite an indifferent tone, to reason with him, and suggested that the Cyclops, having probably seen quite sufficient of the species with one eye, might be interested and amused by an introduction to a variety with two, and that it would therefore be much better that I should be allowed to visit them in my natural condition.

Whilst thus speaking, I slipped into a seat nearer the window, for I had been occupying one in the centre of the carriage, and as I did so, the thought occurred to me, that the signal-cord ran along only one side of the train, and that it might possibly not be on that towards which I had moved. The idea turned me sick with apprehension, for on this sole chance, as I imagined, rested my fate; my husband having immediately taken the seat I had vacated, and thus placed himself between me and the opposite window, repeating, with much emphasis, his belief that the mutilation which he desired would be a gratifying compliment to the Cyclops.

'Oh, very well; I daresay you are right,' I replied, with the nonchalance which was becoming momentarily more difficult to maintain. 'But, Herbert, dear, you know we are a long way off the country yet, and if you don't object, I should prefer waiting until we are a little nearer.'

Whilst offering this new suggestion, I carelessly placed my hand upon the sash of the window, and was just about to lower it, when a strong grasp was laid upon my outstretched arm.

'No, no; I'm not going to wait!' he screamed, pulling my hand away, and keeping a firm hold

upon it. 'I shall be busy by-and-by, looking after my estates; it'll be better to get it done at once.'

'But, Herbert,' I cried, making this further objection rather faintly, for my courage had almost vanished at his touch, 'you might possibly make some blunder over it. Let us wait till we get to the hotel in London, and then we will send for a doctor, and have it done properly and scientifically.'

This remark, probably because it inferentially taxed him with want of skill, greatly infuriated him, and as he growled out a savage refusal of my request, the cruel hands tightened upon my arm. I neither fainted nor screamed. My eye had fallen upon my dressing-case, which had been placed upon the parcel-rack running along at the top of the carriage, and stood close by the opposite window. Professing to be reconciled to his design, I observed that I would merely take from my case a clean handkerchief, and I would then be at his disposal. My cheerfulness completely disarming suspicion, he allowed me to rise; and passing over to the further end of the carriage, I suddenly lowered the window, stretched out my hand, and groped for the signal-cord. In vain, in vain! Head followed hand, as I eagerly glanced above and below. There was no cord. I was at the wrong side of the carriage. A cry of despair and horror burst from my lips as I felt my husband seize me by the waist, drag me backwards from the window, and throw me into a seat. He stooped to pick up the knife, which the shock had jerked from his grasp, and—was it fancy? Or, oh! could it indeed be reality!—as he sought upon the ground, some little time unsuccessfully, the train appeared to be slackening speed. Yearningly, I strove to realise the truth. O yes! it was moving more slowly; I was certain of that. We must be nearing the — station; I must have exaggerated the time it would take. Hope revived; but a yell of satisfaction announced the recovery of the lost knife; already it was brandished in my face, when, with the energy of desperation, and with both my hands, I grasped the cruel hand which held it. Another moment, and I felt myself raised up and flung violently down. My head crashed upon the flooring of the carriage; blinding sparks flew before my eyes; horrible distortions seemed to pass over the inflamed features which were bending over me, then a black shadow slid between, and all was darkness.

When I recovered consciousness, I was lying upon my own little bed in the cottage at Elstonlee, where for weeks I had been tossing in the delirium of brain-fever. It was but slowly that recollection of the terrible scene through which I had passed returned to me; and only by degrees, as I could bear it, did my mother communicate to me the following particulars. The head which I had seen withdrawn into the adjoining carriage at the junction station was indeed that of Dr Adair; for, suspecting the truth, and filled with the deepest anxiety upon my account, he had, at the last moment, stepped into the train. The unearthly shriek uttered by Herbert in the tunnel had been heard by him, and he had immediately used the signal; but the rapid rate at which the train was travelling, had prevented it from being very quickly responded to. In miserable suspense, he had stood at the door of his compartment

whilst the speed gradually slackened; and the instant he could do so with safety, he had rushed, aided by a guard, to my assistance, and had succeeded in overpowering my assailant in the very nick of time. On reaching the large town a few miles distant, Mr St Julien was carried at once to an asylum, whilst I, in a state of unconsciousness, was brought home by my rescuer. The following morning, a sensational paragraph appeared in the newspaper, describing the affair; and upon the succeeding day, a lady called at Woodbine Cottage. She introduced herself as the sister-in-law of Mr St Julien, and informed mamma and Dr Adair, who was present at the interview, that the poor young man had, some time previously, gone down to his house at Cambridge, in what she considered an unsettled state of mind; that indications of more serious aberration had speedily followed; and that, in the end, he had been obliged to be placed under the care of a keeper. Managing, however, to elude the man's vigilance, he had effected his escape so cleverly that his friends had been unable to trace him, and had only done so eventually by means of the newspaper paragraph.

The further information elicited from this lady may be condensed into a few words. In his youth, my unfortunate husband had been distinguished for great learning and studious habits. He had married, when very young, a beautiful girl, to whom he was ardently attached, and who had almost immediately been accidentally drowned; and following closely upon this disaster had come the failure of a bank in which the bulk of his large property was invested. Insanity was hereditary in the family; and although no symptoms of the malady had previously exhibited themselves in him, poor Herbert's mind had been completely unhinged by his troubles, and for some months he had been violently mad. His recovery, when it took place, appeared to be a most perfect one; but, notwithstanding this, he had always retained peculiarities upon the two subjects which had originated his derangement. Never, since her death, had he been known to allude to his wife even in the most distant manner; though, as has been seen, he once or twice, in his second fit of insanity, addressed me by the name she had borne, probably mistaking our identity. The other and more notable singularity, which evidenced the remains of disease, was the delusion, under which he constantly laboured, that he was the owner of immense wealth and of numerous estates and properties. So entirely sane, however, was he in every other respect, that it was by no means remarkable that two simple women like my mother and myself should have remained in ignorance of his condition. Still, looking back upon that time with the light thrown upon it by subsequent events, I can see clearly that, during the latter weeks of our intercourse in Torquay and London, Mr St Julien's mind had already begun to waver, although it was not finally thrown off the balance until the excitement attendant upon the thought of immediate marriage.

Whilst in Cambridge, he had not, it appeared, mentioned that subject to any person; but upon being placed under restraint, he had exercised much shrewdness in evading his keeper, and had contrived to reach Elstonlee in time. With the cunning characteristic of the insane, he had

managed to control himself whilst in the company of my friends. Little now remains to be told.

During that terrible ride in the express train, every atom of love I had felt for my husband was extinguished as completely as though it had never existed. Horror took the place of every other sentiment; and when, upon his restoration to health, he besought me to live with him, I not only refused to do so, but declined even to see him again. Too delicate to press the matter, my unhappy husband relinquished his claim, and, settling through his lawyer a liberal annuity on me, he started once more for the continent. Two years afterwards, I received the announcement of his death, which had taken place in Rome, and had been occasioned by rheumatic fever; and three years later, I again stood before the altar, and left it the wife of a sober middle-aged gentleman, whose constancy and devotion had won from me a depth of affection never in reality accorded to my poor Herbert, but fully deserved by Dr Adair.

## THE MONTH:

### SCIENCE AND ARTS.

THE past and the present year are likely to be conspicuous in the annals of geographical discovery. Great things have been done in the way of marine explorations, and more and more of the mystery that hangs over Africa is dispelled. Two expeditions are now on their way from Cairo to the Upper Nile, whence they are to travel to the capital of Darfur, and the capital of Kordofan, to make surveys, to improve existing wells, to sink new wells in suitable places. One of the parties will then take a south-easterly direction down to the coast, while the other will explore Lake Albert and its neighbourhood to some distance beyond the equator. A third party is to make a geological and mineralogical survey of the countries lying between the Nile and the Red Sea, and Eastern Soudan: and in this way the resources of the vast regions lying to the south of Egypt will be made known, and mostly by Englishmen.

Then, as is already known, Lieutenant Cameron, who set out from the west coast, has reached the region of the great lakes, and Livingstone's river, the Lualaba, which, as is believed, will prove to be the Congo. The Berlin African Society are about to send another expedition under Captain Von Hoyer to explore Central Africa. And the exploration of Palestine is going on with satisfactory results.

In Newfoundland, the carrying out of a geological survey has added largely to our knowledge of the geography of that important island. Regions rich in timber have been explored, of which nothing was previously known, except from the reports of adventurous trappers; and hundreds of square miles of productive land are available for settlement in a part of the country supposed to have been barren and worthless. Through this region, which is on the east side of the island, a navigable river—the Gander—has been surveyed

up to its source in a lake, a distance of thirty miles; and deposits of gypsum and of coal, and indications of petroleum and of salt springs, have been discovered.

But perhaps most remarkable of all is the cruise of H.M.S. *Basilisk* in the Eastern seas, especially in Torres Strait and along the coasts of New Guinea. When the new charts of those regions come to be published, then, on comparison with the old charts, will our gain in geography and hydrography become apparent. In the words of the official Report, the officers and men of the *Basilisk* 'have surveyed about twelve hundred miles of coast-line, have made known at least twelve first-class harbours, several navigable rivers, and more than one hundred islands,' and are able to announce the discovery of a shorter route between Australia and China than any hitherto navigated in those latitudes. Among the islands are some as large as the Isle of Wight: they are described as fertile and populous, the inhabitants being partially civilised Malays. On the north-east coast of the mainland, two mountains, eleven thousand feet in height, were seen, and were named after the two distinguished politicians, Gladstone and Disraeli.

Some years ago, we mentioned the expedition which set out from Bhamo, in Burmah, under Major Sladen, and made an exploratory journey to the important province of Yunnan and back. Another expedition is now organised to travel the same route, but go farther. The commander of the present party is Colonel Horace Browne: he is accompanied by officers qualified to make scientific observations, and to collect and describe natural objects. In carrying out his instructions, he will pass and visit Momein and Talifoo, and at the latter he is to embark on the great river Yangtze, and explore it all the way down to Shanghai. The attempts to enter China from the west have been very few: if this should be successful, geographers as well as traders will soon follow on its track. Add to all this the polar expedition now in active preparation, and it would seem that, notwithstanding all that has been done, there is more than ever remaining to be discovered. As regards the polar expedition, we rejoice to see that it is to be commanded by Captain Nares of the *Challenger*, an excellent seaman, in the prime of vigour and capability.

The last published volume of *Transactions of the Institution of Naval Architects* contains papers on the best form of ships, on the safe limit of loading steamers, on steamers of high speed for crossing the Channel, and others which shew the interest taken by practical men in the several subjects. There is also a description of an instrument called by Mr Hearson, its inventor, a 'strophometer or speed indicator.' This instrument combines a few wheels, a spring, a dial, is fixed in any convenient place in an engine-room, and on being connected by a catgut line with some moving part of the engine, the pointer on the dial indicates the speed of the engine. Even in a rough sea, when the vessel is rolling and pitching, and the speed of the engines necessarily fluctuates, the pointer still shews the true speed within half a revolution, which is sufficiently accurate. We are informed that a strophometer, such as here described, has been at work in H.M.S. *Agincourt* for about nine months, and that the engineer can tell at a glance, and

within a quarter of a revolution, the speed of the engines. Thus, this instrument supplies a want which has long been felt, and by ships of war more than others, because, during naval evolutions, the ships have to keep accurate station one with another, and therefore a knowledge of their speed at any moment is indispensable. The instrument may be fixed on deck, as well as in the engine-room, where it can be referred to by the officer of the watch. With some additional apparatus, it may also be used to indicate the speed of the ship.

Another instrument, described in the same volume, is 'the universal dromoscope,' for correcting the course of a ship. Seafaring men know that the compass does not shew the true direction in which the ship is sailing: allowance must be made for the 'declination'—that is, the divergence of the needle from the true north; and for the 'deviation,' which means the amount of error produced in the direction of the needle by the magnetism of the ship herself. These two occasions of error require to be guarded against by ceaseless watchfulness; and as an effectual means of overcoming them, the dromoscope has been invented by Dr Pautger, Director of the Imperial Practical School of Trieste. It resembles a ship's clock, with a compass-card division on each side. An index on each card communicates with machinery in the interior. Before the voyage is commenced it is adjusted to the binnacle, and the deviation is calculated by a professional person; the dromoscope is then set, and delivered to the captain. By a little additional calculation, the points may be marked on the compass card for the fresh indications. For example, a vessel bound from Trieste for Bombay: marks might be made for Corfu, Suez, Aden, and Bombay; and the captain, on arriving at those places, would have only to place the zero of the verniers to the corresponding marks, and find at once the correct deviation registered in his dromoscope. Wherever he may be, the captain can always tell the true course of the ship. We may therefore believe that the dromoscope will be accepted by all maritime nations. It has been already adopted in the imperial German and the imperial Austrian navy. It may be made of various sizes down to the small size of a watch without impairing its efficiency.

The peculiar metal, vanadium, seems likely to be useful to photographers. This metal, as chemical readers are aware, is found in the ore of copper and lead, and of some other minerals, and belongs to the same series of metals as antimony, arsenic, and bismuth. Its properties have been ably investigated by Professor Roscoe of Owens College, Manchester; and in a recent communication to the Philosophical Society of that town, he states that 'paper, which does not contain any size of animal origin, when coated with a solution of sodium orthovanadate, is darkened on exposure to light. The tint, however, never becomes darker than a slate colour. If the paper thus prepared be immersed in a solution of silver nitrate after exposure to light, the colour in the exposed part instantly changes to a deep brown or a black colour, varying according to the amount of exposure.' We are further informed that 'a tint of the decomposed vanadate, which is of so slight an amount as to be with difficulty distinguished from the whiteness of the paper, will, by immersion in the silver nitrate, be toned so as to exhibit a very perceptible tint.'

Here, then, is a paper which photographers may experiment with after their manner, and discover the effects of which it is capable. It may yield unexpected effects, and reveal something more than we yet know of the action of light.

A collection of 'palæolithic implements,' old stone tools and weapons, has been exhibited at Owens College. They were found in the gravel of river-valleys in England and France, and we notice the fact, not because of its novelty, but in order to mention what was said thereupon by Professor Boyd Dawkins. Similar implements have been found in India, and their occurrence along with the remains of extinct mammalia, 'proves that man was living, both in Europe and in Southern Asia from the Ganges to Ceylon, in the same rude uncivilised state, at the same time in the life-history of the earth.' Professor Dawkins further drew attention to the traces of art and handicraft remaining on the implements, and drew the inference that their former owners 'may be represented at the present day by the Eskimos.'

The question whether the moon has an atmosphere or not, is not yet settled; but the balance of evidence is in the affirmative. Mr David Winstanley, in a communication to the Society above named, points out the observations that favour the affirmative, and suggests as another proof the colours seen around the sun during an eclipse. 'Considering,' he remarks, in concluding his argument, 'that the non-existence of a lunar atmosphere is undemonstrated and undemonstrable, that it is in opposition to analogy, and that even simple refraction has given evidence of such an inconsiderable atmospheric envelope as we might at most expect a body of the moon's small mass to have, it certainly seems to me that the balance of probability lies in favour of the theory that the rainbow hues observed at total eclipses of the sun are really the results of chromatic dispersion effected by a lunar atmosphere.'

To the paragraph on the value of repose in the cure of aneurism in a recent *Month*, may be added the following from a contemporary journal on the use of rest as a cure for pulmonary consumption. Rest being so beneficial in surgical cases, it occurred to Dr Berkart that it would be beneficial in that disease of the lungs popularly known as consumption. Taking it for granted that, under the circumstances, the movements of breathing and the contact of fresh air with the inflamed surface are hurtful, he keeps portions of the lungs in a state of repose by means of straps and bandages. The doctor is hopeful that this mode of treatment will arrest the progress of the disease. When we hear of his success, we shall have much pleasure in making it known.

A curious fact in natural history is mentioned in the *Transactions* of the Royal Society of Mauritius. Flamingoes used to be numerous in the island, but they gradually disappeared, and during the last hundred years, none has been seen. But a large flock had arrived and settled in marshy places along the shore. They are supposed to have migrated from Madagascar. Another noteworthy fact is that, with a view to check the increasing dryness of the climate, 800,000 trees and 150,000 seed-holes have been planted on barren mountain-slopes and other waste places. The planting still goes on; and young islanders of the present day may live to see tall forests on the now unproductive wilds, and

rejoice in the restoration of the blessed rain to its former fruitful quantity.

The collection of statistics is a slow process, hence it is that the Mineral Statistics for the year 1873 were not published until the end of last year. The quantity of coal raised was 127,016,747 tons; and of iron-ore, 15,577,499 tons. More than 35,000,000 tons of the coal were consumed in making iron, more than 27,000,000 in producing steam-power for manufactories, and more than 20,000,000 tons in dwelling-houses—that is, in keeping *home* comfortable. The 'balance,' as the Americans say, was burnt in other trade operations, in the production of gas, and nearly 13,000,000 tons were sent away to foreign countries. When looked at in detail, the results under one head alone—manufactories, are surprising. There are 2500 cotton factories, with 34,000,000 spindles, and 450,000 power-looms; 500 flax factories, with 1,500,000 spindles, and 32,500 power-looms; 220 hemp, jute, and shoddy factories, with 150,000 spindles, and 700 power-looms; 700 silk factories, with 750,000 spindles, and 10,000 power-looms; 220 woollen factories, with 2,500,000 spindles; 650 worsted factories, with 1,750,000 spindles, and 56,000 power-looms. More than forty million spindles, and more than half a million power-looms! What a prodigious amount of whirling, whizzing, roaring, and dashing to and fro these figures represent! The total value of all the minerals produced in 1873 was £70,722,992.

Improvements in rifles have led to improvements in fowling-pieces in respect of range, velocity, and what sportsmen call 'pattern.' But these advantages have been accompanied by a serious disadvantage, for the quicker and farther the shot travel, the more do the shot scatter, to the joy of the bird, and the sorrow of the shooter. Old stage-coachmen used to have an axiom which they impressed on young beginners in the art of driving: 'Don't let 'em sprawl!' that is, the horses; and sportsmen who hope for success must beware of letting their shot sprawl. Their answer would perhaps be: 'Give us a gun that will keep them close.' Such a gun, it is said, may now be had. Messrs Dougall, gunmakers of London and Glasgow, have an improved breech-loading fowling-piece which, they say, approaches the rifle in swiftness and range, and in accuracy of aim. If the invention be as efficient as is described, sportsmen, henceforth, will not have to complain that their weapons are not sufficiently destructive, though from statistics of game annually killed, one would imagine there is already destruction enough.

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Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, 47 Paternoster Row, LONDON, and 339 High Street, EDINBURGH. Also sold by all Bookellers.

# CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

OF

POPULAR

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

*Fourth Series*

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS.

No. 580.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 6, 1875.

PRICE 1½d.

## A GREEN YULE.

APPROPOS of the 'wisdom of our ancestors,' we call to mind the venerable aphorism, that 'a green yule makes a fat churchyard.' Recent experiences prove this to be an entire fallacy. The error of imagining that mild weather at Christmas is fruitful in causing mortality, could only have gained belief from vague or random observation. When maxims of this sort became popularised, there was no rigorous system of gathering statistics, such as is now established in every part of Great Britain. Fussy pedantic people set on foot any nonsensical maxim that came into their heads; and it, being received as gospel, was sagely repeated from generation to generation without question. What mischief has first and last been done among the more ignorant classes by cherished but preposterous assumptions—such, for instance, as that 'Heaven never sends the mouth, but it sends the meat with it!' Let any one look into the horrible condition which prevails in the squalid dens of our large cities, and see how this dangerous maxim has worked.

As to the saying about the 'green yule,' it has fallen on evil times. The Registrar-general, with his officers and records, has come down upon it with afflicting vengeance. Winter after winter, these officials have conclusively shewn that frost and snow are the real enemies to be dreaded, not mild weather. It is cold which fills the churchyard. There can be no very merry Christmas in England when the quicksilver in the thermometer is standing at about 12 or 13 degrees; when the atmosphere is raw and dismal, and the ground covered a foot deep in snow. Then comes what the poorer classes very significantly call the 'dead nip.' Outdoor work is at a stand-still; the smallest morsel of fuel is treasured; and warmth can scarcely be maintained in the meagrely provided dwelling. Talk of the dangers of a green yule to persons subject to these calamities! The youthful, the robust, the able-bodied of middle age, may possess sufficient vital force to withstand the rigours of the season; but the infirm in health, the very young, and the old, unless with great care, and in

fortunate circumstances, run the greatest risk of being carried off. So say the Registrar-general and his inexorable figures.

The winter just passing away has, from its exceptional severity, amply demonstrated that a frosty, not a mild yule, is what is to be dreaded. For a number of years back, the deaths in the metropolis in December have on an average weekly been 628; whereas the weekly average in December 1874 was 879; the number of deaths in the Christmas week ending the 2d of January being as many as 1098. A similar tale is told all over the country, especially in the large towns, in most of which the ordinary rate of mortality was more than doubled. In some places, the number of deaths exceeded the births—a very unusual phenomenon.

Seeing that cold is so fatal to the weak and aged, one may reasonably inquire whether, in going out into the open air, it is not possible to be protected by warm clothing. Leaving those who habitually endure and enjoy outdoor exercise to answer this question for themselves, we wish to draw attention to the fact, that injury to health from the effects of cold may readily occur in two ways. The feet may be chilled, or the lungs affected. By taking extreme care on these points, many persons survive to old age. In this respect, ladies are often markedly successful. They do not walk out in bad weather, and in particular they reject all invitations to go out of doors at night. Parties, theatrical inducements, are treated with indifference. For months, they stick to the fireside. We have heard of a lady of good family and fortune in Scotland, Miss R— of A—, who, with advancing years, made a point of retiring to bed at the approach of winter, and there comfortably hibernating until spring, or till the last scrap of snow had disappeared. Some persons imitate the swallows, and set off to a southern climate at the end of October, but this lady placidly composed herself in bed, where, by proper precautions as regards closing chinks in doors and windows, and keeping up good fires, she set cold pretty much at defiance. In this species of hibernation she by no means lived the life of a dormouse. She had



her attendants; she received lady visitors (after they had been aired and warmed down-stairs); she had a niece, who played to her on the piano, and brought her books and newspapers; she managed some business affairs connected with her tenant-farmers and their leases; and took a lively interest in gossip about preachers, sermons, and other local matters. Nor did she neglect the article of diet. With an intuitive knowledge that certain alimentary substances are necessary for withstanding the cold, she consumed a considerable amount of nourishing and oleaginous matter; not that she imitated the Esquimaux, and swallowed train-oil. We say nothing of dinner. Her food for breakfast and supper comprehended six eggs, with half a pound of fresh butter spread on a due quantity of bread, daily. By these several means, this cautious old lady happily spun out existence till she was nearly a hundred years of age—an amusing, if not instructive, instance of what means can be employed to secure long life. It would almost seem that with great care and some self-sacrifice, the British islands are not adverse to longevity. We cannot indeed rejoice in the bland mid-day air of the Riviera in winter; but we possess that in which the Riviera is seemingly deficient—a good coal-fire to render life endurable in almost all the cold evenings of December and January. *There*, in the ordinary hotels, as we have repeatedly said, lies the weak point of all the health-resorts in Southern Europe.

To return to the subject of catching cold, which, as observed, may be done through the agency of the feet or the lungs. An aged but venturesome gentleman of our acquaintance in London once asked his medical adviser if he might with safety to health go out on a winter evening: he would be well wrapped-up, take great care of himself, and so forth. 'My friend,' answered the physician, 'your wrapping-up is all very well, but that is not enough. Even driving in a cab will be of little use. The moment you leave your warm house, and step upon the pavement, the deed is done. Your feet are chilled, and your lungs take in a gulp of cold air; inflammation of the bronchial tubes may ensue. I advise you to resist temptations, and keep the house.' The advice was taken and kept, though at some sacrifice of social acquaintanceship. The gentleman lived to his ninety-second year. He would have had more amusement by going into company, but the loss of this was compensated by twenty years of longer life. Some may think he was wrong. It is a matter of taste. 'A short life and a merry one,' is a principle not without its adherents. A young man at Mentone with a mere shred of lung was counselled not to go out at night, for if he did, he would certainly die. Regardless of all consequences, he went to a dance, and gaily waltzed himself into eternity. In the short space of a single minute, he was figuring in a ball-room and lying a corpse in the lobby. He had, vulgarly speaking, 'worked for a mischief,' and he got it. This, of course, was an extreme case; but we cannot doubt that, if analysed, the Registrar-general's returns would be found to embrace innumerable instances of mortality arising from indiscretions not greatly dissimilar. Thousands who would shrink from going into battle, heedlessly expose themselves to casualties as deadly as those which occur in ordinary warfare.

Few of the most heedless are so bad as the

young gentleman, who, aware of the fatal consequences, went out to a dance, and perished, but we see numberless cases of weak indiscretion. Thoughtlessness more than perverseness is at fault. In our cold and splashy winter nights, Death revels at the doors of concert-rooms and theatres. Delicate females, with thin shoes, and fashionably scanty attire, in going out from these overheated evening resorts, rush suddenly into cold draughts, probably inhaling an atmosphere for which they are wholly unprepared, and with the evil effects of which they are unacquainted by education. We might almost say that in this climate of ours, Death makes its stealthy inroads more through the mouth than any other organ. With the most acute susceptibility, the bronchial tubes and lungs are easily brought into an abnormal condition by inhaling foggy and frosty air. Of course, strengthening the system, by bathing and outdoor exercise, will go far to obviate the chances of injury. We, doubt, however, if, in the case of the more elderly, any precautions of this kind will be of much avail. If life be desirable—and that is a point we leave to private judgment—we urgently counsel the adoption of every available means to guard against damp, chills, and settled cold, as being the true enemies of health and longevity. A green yule, indeed! A virulently mild winter! After the experience of the past season, we should hope to hear no more of that nonsense. W. C.

#### THE LOVITTS OF PURCELL'S INCH.

In the year 1755, when, from political and other causes, predatory outrages were common in some parts of Ireland, a bad pre-eminence for lawlessness signalled a formidable band known throughout Kilkenny and the adjacent counties as 'Doran's Gang.' This criminal confederation, however, had nothing of a political or social nature. The gang were simply robbers; but their audacity was so unbounded, and the success with which they over and over again defied pursuit and escaped arrest, was so extraordinary, as to give a certain air of romance to the popular impressions regarding them. It was alleged that they were not only patronised and protected by persons of good birth and station, but that a number of them belonged to a high class of families. One of the blackest deeds with which the traditions of the last generation loaded the memory of these daring freebooters, is connected with a place called Purcell's Inch. For a special reason, we shall first tell the story of the affair, according to popular legend, and then invite attention to some archaeological comments on the subject.

Purcell's Inch was a castle of the Purcells of Ballyfoyle, in the county of Kilkenny, a branch of the better known Tipperary Purcells, barons of Loughmore. In ordinary acceptation, the Ballyfoyle Purcells stood second to none of their name. In every stage of the great struggle of the seventeenth century, they had been active and zealous on the national side. At the date of the incident referred to, Purcell's Inch had passed away from the family, in the general forfeiture which followed the Revolution. It was now in the possession of the Lovitts, a branch of the Lovitts of Liscombe, in Buckinghamshire, and reputed to be in very opulent circumstances. Some changes had also taken place on the property. The castle

had been much altered, and enlarged, to suit the requirements of a luxurious and expensive household. It stood on the banks of the Nore, about a mile below the city of Kilkenny.

The reputed wealth of Mr Lovitt, and the rich collections of plate which he was known to possess, excited the cupidity of Doran's Gang. Of Doran himself, the tradition says nothing in connection with this particular enterprise, in which the chief actors appear to have been two young men, named James and Charles Davis, assisted by Patrick Glindon, Luke Bow, and Patrick Bergin. As regards the family to be attacked, there were at the time only Mr and Mrs Lovitt, and their two daughters, who could be easily overcome. Having taken their measures so skilfully as to surprise the household, the gang at once murdered Mr and Mrs Lovitt and their servants. Seizing the younger of the two daughters, they commanded her to inform them where the money and plate were deposited. On the poor girl hesitating to answer this demand, they deliberately put her on the fire, and forced her by this hideous torture to give them the required information. She having satisfied their wishes, they plundered the house, and then cruelly murdered the young lady, lest she should inform against them.

What of the elder of the two daughters during this terrific tragedy? She was not seen or thought of. The old house of Purcell's Inch, as was not uncommon in those troubled times, had a place of concealment, which could be used as a means of retreat in any sudden danger or emergency. It consisted of an apartment in the thickness of the wall, which, though very small, was sufficient to accommodate a single individual; the access to it being by a sliding panel, so skilfully adjusted as not to be observed without the most minute scrutiny. Into this small sleeping apartment Miss Lovitt had retired for the night, before the unexpected attack of the burglars. She was only aroused by the horrid circumstances which had ensued, to be an unobserved witness of the savage murder of her father and mother, and the torture to which her sister was subjected. She was able to see the proceedings of the gang, by looking through the chinks of the panel; and by remaining quiet, she happily escaped attention. What she saw, remained distinctly impressed on her memory. The law was set in operation; the leaders of the gang were captured, and being brought to trial, the testimony of Miss Lovitt was sought.

The trial of these desperadoes excited immense interest. As a witness of their atrocities, Miss Lovitt gave her evidence with impressive accuracy. The only thing she hesitated about was the identification of one of the brothers Davis. For a time she looked dubiously at him, and then, with a sudden gesture, pointed to him as one of the murderers.

'He, too, is one of them,' she cried, with a shrinking movement of horror. 'Look! the very waistcoat he is wearing is made out of my poor mother's petticoat.'

The waistcoat was immediately taken off the prisoner, and submitted to examination. The young lady persisted in identifying it, and her assertions on the point were irresistible, when she pointed out a darn which she herself had made in the garment. 'In that darn,' she said, 'I cannot be mistaken, for, when completed, it produced

the letters E. L., the initials of my own name; and there these initials still are.'

According to tradition, this dramatic incident decided the fate of the prisoner: Davis and his accomplices were convicted, and executed. The strange recognition of the waistcoat at the trial helped materially to create an interest in Purcell's Inch, which continued for many years to be regarded with mingled curiosity and awe. As long as the old house stood, a number of dark stains were pointed out on the floor, as the blood-marks of the cruel murders that had been perpetrated.

Such is the story of the Lovitts of Purcell's Inch, as related within the memory of old inhabitants of Kilkenny still living. The narrative is so singularly precise and circumstantial, that no one would think of calling it in question. And yet, with all its plausibility, the story has in it only a grain of truth. The bulk of it is an invention, a myth, hatched out of a few concurring circumstances—a gang of robbers, a burglary, an old castle, some dark stains on the floor, a waistcoat, a dimity petticoat, and so on. Never, perhaps, was there a more thrilling legend made out of some commonplace facts; and we present it as an instance of what, among a credulous people, may be palmed off as authentic history. It is true there was a burglary at Purcell's Inch in the autumn of 1755; that among the burglars were two young men named James and Charles Davis; and that money, plate, and other property, including a dimity petticoat, were carried away; but nearly all the rest is pure fiction.

It is untrue that Mr and Mrs Lovitt, or any of their servants, were murdered.

It is untrue that the younger Miss Lovitt was tortured over the fire, to force her to disclose where the family plate and money were concealed.

It is untrue that she was murdered.

It is untrue that the elder Miss Lovitt was a witness of these horrid cruelties from a hiding-place through the chinks of the wainscot panel. It does not even appear that there was any such recess in the old house.

It is untrue that, in consequence of what she saw, she was able to recognise the perpetrators of the outrage.

It is quite true that, for a long series of years, there were dark stains on the floor of the chief apartment; but that they were blood-stains must have been purely imaginary. Facts conclusively prove that the story, in its leading features, is a fiction. It has been ascertained that, at the time of the burglary, the family of the Lovitts were absent from Purcell's Inch, being then, and for a considerable time afterwards, resident in Dublin; that the discovery and arrest of the robbers were brought about independently of them; and that the only hand they had in the trial was the identification of articles found in possession of the prisoners.

Let us now explain how the truth came out. It is to the Kilkenny Archaeological Society that the lovers of the picturesque and legendary must give the blame for spoiling the oft-repeated story of Purcell's Inch. A learned member of this body, Mr John G. A. Prim, chanced to light upon a letter written by a Mr William Colles, immediately after the occurrence, and containing an official and detailed account, not only of the arrest of the robbers, but also of all the odds and ends of evidence which

came to light in the first stages of the examination. This letter reduces the romantic affair into a vulgar and unromantic robbery.

It would seem that the first discovery of the robbers came from a peller, who was far from scrupulous as to his purchases of stolen articles. On his information, two of the gang of burglars, Patrick Glindon and Luke Bow, were arrested on the 7th November 1755. Glindon volunteered a confession, implicating the two Davises and Patrick Bergin, who were all arrested at Kilkenny a few days afterwards. In confirmation of his evidence against the Davises, Glindon stated that they had in their possession the handle of a sword belonging to Mr Lovitt, and a dimity petticoat of Mrs Lovitt's. Search was made, and the dimity petticoat was found in the possession of the tailor who was in the habit of working for the Davises.

Mr Colles, the writer of the letter, which is dated Kilkenny, November 25, 1755, was himself the magistrate before whom the first examinations of the prisoners Davis were taken, being the mayor of Kilkenny for that year; and the person to whom the letter was addressed was Sir William Evans Morris, then member of parliament for Kilkenny, who was at the time in Dublin, attending to his parliamentary duties. It was Mr Colles who, on the failure of the search at Davis's house for the dimity petticoat, suggested the idea of a search at the workshop of the tailor; and it is amusing to observe the accurate way in which he records the tailor's 'unhesitating self-complacency in giving his examination'—his own promptness in taking the 'Dimity petticoat' into his possession, 'signing his name on the most remarkable pieces of it,' in order to be certain whether Mr and Mrs Lovitt, or any of the family, would be able to swear to it. In the same way he had search made for the sword-hilt, which he took into his own custody, and of which he remarks to his correspondent, that 'it has about seven inches of blade to it, and that it is remarkable.' But, in suggesting to his correspondent to obtain from Mr Lovitt 'as particular a description of his sword as he can give,' he warns him to get this description from him before he shall have seen this letter.

Along with the 'Dimity petticoat' there was found in possession of the Davises' tailor 'an old scarlet wastecoa't,' which was left him by James Davis. The mayor desires that Mr Lovitt and his servants may be examined touching this also; adding, that he saw nothing as yet but the evidence of Glindon that touches the Davises 'unless Mrs Lovitt do own the petticoat; and if she do's, it only affects James Davis;' an observation which in itself would be sufficient to disprove the romantic story of Miss Lovitt's recognition of the entire party, as having seen them from her hiding-place in the secret-panelled chamber.

Beyond this curious letter, which is still in the possession of the writer's great-grandson, Mr A. Colles of Millmount, there seems no authentic information discoverable as to the further course of the prosecution. What took place on the trial, can only be matter of speculation. It is not unlikely that the dimity petticoat was recognised; and it is hardly conceivable that the curious circumstance of the darn, and of Miss Lovitt's identifying it by the fantastic form which the darn had taken, and which she had remarked at the time as presenting the initials of her own name,

can have been a pure invention. Such a coincidence, if we suppose it to have been brought under the notice of a jury, could not fail to produce a most striking effect.

What is certain, however, is, that the prisoners were found guilty of the burglary, and that, in accordance with the criminal law of the time, they were executed at Kilkenny. But the story of the murder, with all its horrible details, must have been of later growth.

How or when it originated, and how it grew into currency, it is impossible to determine. But reviewing the evidence now, such as it stands, since the discovery of Mr Colles's letter, we are afraid that even the most devoted lover of tales of mystery can have no choice but to regard the murder at Purcell's Inch as a tale *not* founded on fact. In short, the story of the Lovitts of Purcell's Inch affords a fine example of how legendary tales are apt to grow out of a few meagre circumstances, which, by the aid of a taste for the wonderful, assume the character of a truthful narrative.

#### DROLL SELECTIONS OF NAMES.

THE past volumes of *Chambers's Journal* have contained occasional notices of the names borne by men and women, especially in our own country. It is now known that *surnames* or family names often had an origin that throws light on matters connected with the past history of tribes, sept's, clans, guilds, municipalities, counties, towns, districts, occupations, trade relations, physical features of different parts of the country, &c.; while *baptismal* or personal names are traceable to a multitude of producing causes, some religious, some due to personal characteristics, and others in the present day wholly inexplicable. Mr Lower, Miss Yonge, and Professor Innes may be named among those who have treated systematically this curious subject; but outside and independent of all system, a budget of names may be brought together full of a very whimsical character. It has been suggested that many droll and unaccountable surnames originated in the names which an ignorant class of parish-officers gave to foundlings. For example, they would call a child 'Steps,' if it had been found on the steps of a doorway; or 'Place,' if discovered in some Place in the neighbourhood. As, also, large numbers of children are neglected and brought up in ignorance of any parental name, they call themselves anything that occurs to their fancy. It is, at all events, certain, that in London, Glasgow, and other places, children fall under the notice of the police with no name whatever, except it may be some ridiculous nickname given by their associates, which nickname rises to the dignity of a recognised surname.

Mr Bouchier was for many years accustomed to jot down the out-of-the-way surnames which came under his notice, in shop windows, in directories, in parish registers, and elsewhere. He sent a large budget of them to *Notes and Queries*; and we will make room for a portion of the list, by way of sample. In letter A we find Apothecary and Ancient. B supplies us with Brecks, Bytheway, Barefoot, Bodily, Birchenough, and Birdseye. From C we obtain Curds, Cornfield, Candle, Cakebread, and Coffee. D is represented

by Dinner, Drinkall, and Dainty. E and F give us Eatwell, Frizzle, Freshwater, Fish, and Food. In G may be found Goosey, Greygoose, Gosling, Green-grass, Greedy, Ginger, and Garlic. In H are Honey, Haddock, Haggis, Herbage, and Hogsflesh. J and L supply Jelly, Juniper, Lunch, and Longcake; while the next three letters of the alphabet furnish Mackerel, Mutton, Mustard, Nice, and Oysters. From P we obtain Pigeon, Pepper, Peppercorn, Pickles, and Pheasant; and from R, Ram, Raw-bone, Raspberry. In S are to be found Swine, Sheepshanks, Spice, Shanks, Smallhorn, Snipe, and Sweetapple; while T gives us Tongue, Thirst, and Tart.

Mr Bouchier's budget seems to refer to names taken from articles of food, rather than to those of any other class; but multitudes of others have been collected, which make one marvel how such names ever came to be devised. Moist, Mudd, Boots, Wholebelly, Sunshine, Jubberer, Quickfall, Vile, Whitlow, Dust, Tattoo, Whackman, Faddle, Crackle, Reason, Frizzle, Cobbledick, Shirt, Saveall, Hatfull—what a strange medley is here! Nor are the following less whimsical: Thorough-kettle, Shavetail, Hiredman, Foresight, Smal-behynd, Strangeworm, and Catchlove. A whole cluster of surnames may be found bearing some relation to the period of life when young people form mutual attachments: Gallant, Manhood, and Manlove; Virgin, Treasure, Prettybody, Love, Dearlove, Delight, Eighteen, Lovely, Lovelock, Precious, and Sweetlove; Walklate, Kindness, Joy, Jealous, Yes, and Kiss; Younghusband, Husband, Baby, Littlechild, and Littleboy. In a collection of surnames that attracted attention in the United States, were found Malady, Measles, Pippin, Pipkin, Rhino, Rosin, Rump, Spiffather, Saucerbox, Spleen, Smock, Sixty, Shaver, Towel, Tags, Tankard, Vixen, Vipier, Winegar, Wallower, Winternight, Witherup, and Yell. Bairnsfather would be proper enough for a man; but Mrs Bairnsfather reads oddly. A mulatto lady, born in Barbadoes, had for the second of her three names (a baptismal rather than a surname) the designation Blowbells; she disliked it, and used merely the initial letter. An adequate reason has been assigned for the adoption of many peculiar surnames in America. Settlers arriving from Europe bring with them the names familiar in their respective countries; and these names, undergoing the modifications of sound and spelling so clearly elucidated by Max Muller, gradually assume a new form. Hence are believed to have arisen Bumpus from Bon Pas, Bunker from Bon Cœur, Henderson from Hendricksen, Buckalew from Buccleuch, and Peabody from Piebaudier.

One of our charming essayists (either Charles Lamb or Leigh Hunt, we think) was fond of noting the names and trades written over shop windows, or on street doors; he found in many a suitability, in others a decided incongruity, between the man and his avocation. Among the recorded instances of the former kind, authenticated by such super-scriptions, by trades' directories, and by parish registers, we must not refuse admission to Mr Toe and Mr Heeles, the one a shoemaker, and the other a clogmaker, at York. Mr Pie seemed born to be a pastry-cook; and Mr Rideout certainly is fitted with a good trade as a livery-stable keeper. Mr (or Mrs) Pickles sold pickles in a provincial town. Two hosiers have been named respectively Mr

Foot and Mr Stocking; while Mr Lightfoot would, by his very name, attract pupils to his rooms as a dancing-master. Mr Pickup was recently an omnibus owner. Henry Moist bore a suitable name for a waterman. If, as we are told, Mr Loud and Mr Thunder were both of them organists in the same town at one time, their names certainly accorded well enough with the double-diapason and the swell to which their professional duties accustomed them. Treadaway and Last are both of them well fitted with an occupation as shoemakers; and Trulock as a gunsmith. Rod, as many a boy knows, is associated with schoolmasters, and a trades' directory says the same thing. Halfpenny was not a bad name—or, rather, it was just half of a good one—for a youth who delivered parcels at a penny each. The church militant was perhaps never more significantly typified than in the names of two regimental chaplains belonging to the Federal army in the late American Civil War—the Rev. Mr Camp and the Rev. Mr Drum. Dabb among the painters, and Copper among the copper-plate engravers, are not ill fitted with employments. It has been not inopportunistically pointed out that the late genial Mark Lemon bore a capital name for the editor of *Punch*.

In reference to those cases in which the man and his trade do not present the same degree of harmony, they are less noticed, because less curious, and the stock of them collected is not so large. We do, however, meet with a Taverner who is a butcher, and a Tripe who is a baker; and we can see no sufficient reason why Mr Virgo should be a seedsman, or Mr Venus a butcher. Latimer and Ridley, in consideration of their historical celebrity, had no good right to be boot and shoe makers. Three bagmen, or commercial travellers, who put up at the same inn at Wisbeach, bore the terribly inappropriate names of Death, Blood, and Crucifix. Whether Bons and Death are suitable names for two publicans, the reader can judge for himself. The Oxford undergraduates, some years ago, made merry over the fact that three names over three shop windows, read in the order in which they stood, appeared thus—Wise Parsons Hunt. Sheepwash was the name (rather sarcastic, as it may appear to some folks) of a hair-dresser. No doubt, his closed uppers and clump soles are all that they should be, but why does a Newington bootmaker bear the name of Rabbits? Messrs Flint and Steel, too, have thought right to follow the same trade as Mr Rabbits.

Odd juxtapositions of surnames, without reference to the trades carried on, are abundant. There was a firm that bore the names of Violet, Primrose, and Wallflower. Messrs Blood, Phayre, and Fury were all living at the same time in the same street in Dublin; an allowable pronunciation of the second name would make a formidable combination of the trio. Blood and Wolf were the names of a Liverpool firm. Neighbours once noticed that Mr Blood, Mr Fury, and Mr Death were all seen talking together in the street. Heath and Waterfall are partners. Mr Blood and Mr Thunder lately lived next door to each other. Mr Doubleday and Miss Halfknight lived at the same town in the same house.

Marriages naturally present their due quota of oddly assorted names, seeing that persons owning out-of-the-way names are no more inclined than the rest of the world to pine in single-blessedness.

Hence we must not be very much surprised to learn that in one instance a Mr Fudge married Miss Dodge ; nor that Mr Tee united himself with Miss Kettle. Two Catts had the fortune, one to marry a Miss Mew, the other a Miss Leveret—the latter a name not far removed from Pussy.

The selection of Christian or baptismal names is sometimes fanciful almost beyond credence—showing that pastors or registrars do not always think proper to expostulate in the matter. At the last United States census, a record was obtained of the father of a family who had named his five children Imprimis, Finis, Appendix, Addendum, and Erratum—the last an unfortunate name for the youngster to bear ; had there been a sixth child, perhaps he would have been Supplement. A family, acquainted with the names mentioned in the Old Testament, selected for three daughters the designations Vashti, Delilah, and Keziah. A couple in humble life, bearing the surname of Newton, on being told that there was once an illustrious man of the same name, had their son baptised Sir Isaac. Wealthy and Neptune are to be found among the baptismal names in one and the same parish register. During the Crimean War, when the battle of the Alma was among the topics of the day, the name (being in itself pretty and feminine) was much adopted for girls who made their first appearance in this world about that time ; there are many Almas in west of England families ; while Crimea was in some instances the baptismal name given to boys. Talking of the Crimea, we are reminded of the famous Russian engineer, Todleben. The name might sound well enough in Russia ; in Scotland, it was thought to be a little odd ; for *todle ben*, in broad Scotch, signifies to *walk in*, as applied to a child's efforts at locomotion.

Not unfrequently, the Christian or baptismal name and the surname are alike bizarre, or else their juxtaposition gives an oddity to them which they would not have in so marked a degree separately. A farmer, living at Huntingdon in the time of Charles I., was named January May ; his surname was May, and in all probability he was born in the month of January. A combination of three names has been noticed, every one of which is ordinarily pronounced in a manner very different from that which the spelling would naturally suggest—namely, Beauchamp Urquhart Colclough. A clerk in an iron-work in South Wales, who officiated on Sundays as a local preacher among the Primitive Methodists, bore the two names, baptismal and surname, of River Jordan. A similar reverence and liking for scriptural words and phrases doubtless led to the association of two commonplace surnames with baptismal appellations of a highly religious character—God's Gift Jones, and Rich-in-Peace Smith. Hezekiah Hallowbread, and Deedman Welladvise, are sufficiently odd combinations of baptismal name and surname ; but they are exceeded in this respect by Dangerfull Pitcher, and Grand Riches ; while Easterly Rains seems to denote that Mrs Rains had a baby at a time when easterly winds were blowing. Preserved Fish was the name given to a boy who lived to become a well-to-do merchant. There is (or was) a Return Jonathan Meggs, whose almost inexplicable name is said to have originated thus : A young man named Meggs wooed a maiden, who, one doleful day, dismissed him for ever ; as he was in sadness

passing out at the garden gate, she thought better of it, and, opening the window, said : 'Return, Jonathan Meggs.' He *did* return ; they were married ; and their first-born, to perpetuate the recollection of the happy event, received the name of Return Jonathan Meggs.

## WALTER'S WORD.

### CHAPTER XI.—BARGAINING.

At a little before three o'clock—for, though an artist, he was punctual, and even methodical, in his habits—Walter Litton presented himself at the lodge-gate of Willowbank. A carriage-drive that wound among a pretty shrubbery just clothed in its first summer tints, so as to suggest the notion of extent to what was—for London—in reality a considerable frontage, led to the entrance-door of the mansion ; its principal windows, however, looked upon a smooth, shelving lawn, which sloped down to the water, and was, even at that season, gay with parterres of flowers. To left and right of it were more shrubberies, interspersed with some fine, if not stately trees ; nor was there anything to suggest that the place was within miles of the Great Metropolis, except that solemn, far-off roar, which might well be taken for the murmur of the summer sea ; so like it was, indeed, that, for a moment, Walter's thoughts flashed to Penadon Hall, where that sound was never unheard ; albeit no two places could, in other respects, be more dissimilar than the Hall and the spot in which he now found himself. *There*, the poverty of the tenant had compelled neglect ; whereas *here*, the most perfect neatness and completeness that money could insure were evident on all sides. The carriage sweep might have been made of cayenne pepper, so bright and delicate was the gravel of which it was composed ; the grass that fringed the laurel beds might have been cut with a razor ; and every shrub and flower looked as though it had been the gardener's peculiar care. So rare, too, seemed many of them, that it would not have surprised him if each had had a ticket appended to it, as at Kew, explaining its name and *habitat*. His ring at the front-door was answered by a stately personage of ecclesiastical, nay, episcopal type, who appeared to regard his having come on foot as quite phenomenal. He looked to right and left of his visitor through the glass door, before he opened it, in obvious search after the usual equipage.

'Is Mr Burroughes within ?' inquired Walter, not a little amused by this expressive pantomime.

'Mr Burroughes ?' repeated the man in a doubtful tone.

'Then it is a hoax,' thought Walter. 'Yes, I received a letter this morning,' said he aloud.

'O yes, sir ; it's quite right,' interrupted the other, as if recollecting himself. 'Mr Litton, I believe ? My master is expecting you.'

He led the way through a hall of marble, in which stood two colossal vases of great beauty, and

some statues of life-size, which Walter's hurried glance perceived were of no mean merit, into a sitting-room looking on the lawn, and then withdrew. It was a small apartment, but very richly furnished, and, to those with whom newness is not a bar to admiration, in excellent taste. The walls were lined with books, in bright but not gaudy bindings; the floor was of polished oak, and bare, except in the centre, which was covered by a rich carpet, in which the feet sank as in luxuriant moss; the furniture was also of oak, but of the most modern—that is, of the comfortable make. Next the window was a table rather out of character with its surroundings, for, though of polished and well-kept appearance, it was, in fact, a plain office desk of deal, such as a merchant's clerk might work at in the City. It was laden, however, with accessories, whose splendour was greatly in excess of their use; in particular, upon a golden tripod were a watch, a weather-glass, and a thermometer, all made of the same precious metal. The singularity of this ornament attracted Walter's attention, and upon the foot of it he read inscribed along with the date of a few months back, the words, 'To our dear Papa, upon his Birthday.'

'Good heavens,' murmured Walter to himself, 'perhaps there are *two* countesses!'

At that moment the door opened, and there limped in a short, stout man, by no means so important looking as the butler, but with an air of proprietorship, nevertheless, about which there could be no mistake. 'Mr Litton, I believe?' said he, without offering to shake hands. 'Be so good as to take a seat,' and he himself, not without difficulty, and much help from his stick, contrived to get into an arm-chair. His face was flabby rather than fat, with very little colour, and shewed signs more of care than thought; his tone was peevish, and his manner somewhat uneasy, not such as is usually worn by a man of great substance in his own house.

'You have come about that picture in the Academy?'

'I have; or rather, you requested me to come about it, Mr Burroughes,' answered Walter with some dignity.

'Well, well, it is all the same. I am not Mr Burroughes, however; my name is Brown—Christopher Brown.' And the little man drew himself up stiffly, as though the name ought to be an impressive one.

Walter did not remember to have heard of the name, and he resented this behaviour of its proprietor extremely. 'I can only deal with principals,' said he, with his indignation leaving him no choice of words, and causing him to use a conventional phrase, which had really but little meaning, and of which he repented immediately. The reply, however, seemed to please his companion well enough.

'That's a very sensible observation, young man, and shews you have some knowledge of business. However, I *am* the principal in this case; Mr Burroughes is the Co., and of no consequence. It is I who wish to buy your picture. You don't seem to be in a hurry to part with it—that is very sensible too. We are never in a hurry to part with anything in the City—if we can help it. That is what we call "standing out."'

Walter bowed stiffly; he was not quite sure what the stout gentleman meant, but he had a strong

suspicion that he was drawing a parallel between Art and sordid Trade.

'I do not quite comprehend your meaning, Mr Brown.'

'I mean—this question resolves itself, I suppose, like all other questions, into those two pregnant words, How Much?'

'Not quite,' returned Walter coldly. 'If that had been the case, I should have named my price for the picture, and then you might have taken it or left it, as you chose.'

'You must be in independent circumstances, young man,' observed the other sarcastically. 'And yet Beech Street is not a very highly rented locality, I believe.'

'Perhaps not; and yet, if you visited me in Beech Street, I should behave to you like a gentleman, sir,' cried Walter, seizing his hat.

'Highly tighty! Don't fly into a passion, Mr What's-your-name; I didn't mean to offend you. Sit ye down, sit ye down, and let us discuss this matter in a quiet, sensible manner.'

'I had rather stand,' said Walter; 'thank you.'

'Well, well; as you like. I wish I could stand as well. Come, let us say fifty pounds. You are a young man, a very young man. By George! I wish I was half as young. You have got your way to make in the world. When I was your age, I didn't get fifty pounds for a week's work, nor yet five. My time was not so valuable.'

'Perhaps not, sir,' answered Walter hotly, 'and I hope it is not very valuable now, since you are wasting it. I wish you a very good-morning;' and he moved towards the door.

'Why, how much do you want?' cried the old gentleman, slewing round upon his chair so as to face his companion. 'I'll give you a hundred pounds. You are certainly not famous enough to refuse a hundred pounds.'

'Famous or not,' answered Walter, highly incensed, 'you shall not have it for that money;' and he laid his hand upon the door.

'Stop, sir, stop!' cried the old gentleman. 'I have a wish to possess that picture—for a reason that you cannot understand;' and here his voice sank low. 'It is not a matter of money's worth to me.'

'I thought everything resolved itself into those two pregnant words, How Much!' answered Walter scornfully.

'I am an old man, sir, and you are a young one,' returned the other; 'perhaps I presumed too much upon that; in my time, it made a difference. Don't let us quarrel. Your picture may be perfection, for what I know, and you shall have your price for it—that is in reason. My cheque-book lies in that desk; I will pay you upon the nail—this instant. Come, shall I make it two hundred pounds?'

'No, sir. You say that you wish to buy the picture for a reason that I could not understand. Well, I wish to keep it for a reason that would at least be equally unintelligible to you.'

'I will give you *three* hundred golden sovereigns for that little picture. It cannot be worth more than three hundred pounds.'

'It is not worth so much, sir,' answered Walter coldly, 'and yet I will not sell it you.'

'You will not sell it to me!' cried the old man angrily. 'Then why did you come here? To insult me, to disappoint me, to'—Here he stopped, then added plaintively: 'Young man, you

are very cruel.' He had a haggard and weary look, which moved the other in spite of his wrath.

'I ought not to have come here, sir, I own,' answered he slowly, 'since I did not mean to sell my picture. If you had behaved otherwise, or given me your reason for desiring to possess it—no, forgive me'—for across the old man's face here flitted a look of intense pain—'that is an impertinence; I mean, if you had convinced me that the possession of it would have been dear to you, from whatever cause, as it is to me, perhaps I would have parted with it. This surprises you; and yet one gives one's horse or one's dog away, where they are cared for and appreciated, and not otherwise. However, as matters stand, I feel I owe you an apology, an explanation. There is an association—to me—in connection with that painting, which forbids me to part with it for its fair price; and to take advantage of your fancy for it, to extort more, seems to me shameful.'

'But if I don't mind it—if money is nothing to me!' exclaimed the old man eagerly. 'I don't say it is nothing; three hundred pounds are three hundred pounds to everybody.'

'I know it, sir. To me, indeed, it is a very large sum,' remarked Walter quietly.

'Well, to be frank, young man, it is to me but a mere drop in the ocean.'

'Very likely. Still, to take it from you—since a rich man's whim is his master—would be to trade upon your necessity.'

'Nonsense! Wheel that desk here, and let me write out the cheque.'

'I would not take it, if it was for three thousand. Good-morning, sir.'

Walter opened the door, but as he did so, he felt it pushed toward him, and there entered—Lotty!

'Mr Litton, I believe?' said she, with a pleasant smile. 'Good-morning.'

#### CHAPTER XII.—LILY.

Walter could scarcely believe his senses, when he beheld thus standing before him the girl, of whom for the last six months the image had been more or less present to his mental vision, but whom, with his physical eyes, he had never thought to see again. To meet her at such a time and place was most unlooked-for and extraordinary; but still more surprising was it to see her so unchanged in beauty, not bright and radiant, indeed—for that, even on her marriage morning, she had not been; in the very flush of bridehood her heart had not ceased to be agitated by thoughts of home—but still in good health, her eyes undimmed with tears, her face unlined with cares, her voice as musical and cheery as when he had first heard its well-remembered tones. All this was like enchantment; but what beyond all astounded him, and stilled his tongue, and seemed to paralyse his very limbs, was the fact that she had not recognised him; that she had said 'Mr Litton, I believe?' and then, in the most unconcerned, though courteous manner, had added 'Good-morning,' as though he were no more than an utter stranger.

He stood dumb and motionless for a few seconds, staring at her, in her pretty garden costume and summer hat, until the little blush he knew so well crept from her cheek to her white brow.

'He sees the likeness,' muttered the old man plaintively.

'To the picture,' replied Lotty quickly. 'Yes, it is very curious. I hope that you have come to terms, papa, with this gentleman.'

'With this gentleman!' repeated Walter to himself, like one in a dream. It was impossible that she did not recognise him; there must, then, be some reason for her ignoring their acquaintance. Was it possible that that terrible Mrs Sheldon had breathed to her that shameful imputation of his being at heart a rival in the affections of her husband, and that hence she had resolved to know him no more!

She kept her eyes studiously averted from him, and fixed upon her father.

'No,' sighed the old man; 'we have not come to terms. Perhaps I have mismanaged the affair. Mr What's-his-name'—

'Litton,' suggested Lotty softly.

'Mr Litton has refused to part with his picture at any price. "Not," he said, "for three thousand pounds."'

'Excuse me, sir,' said Walter; 'do not let this young lady imagine me to be extortionate—or mad. Such a sum was never seriously mentioned. On the contrary, I said that the three hundred which you offered was far beyond its worth.'

'Then why not take it, sir?' inquired Lotty, looking at him face to face, and speaking in gentle but firm tones. 'I wrote to you—at my father's request—to intimate that it was not for the mere merits of the picture—great as they undoubtedly are—that he was desirous of possessing it.'

'The note, then, was from you?' said Walter, hardly conscious of what he said.

'Yes; I thought I said that my father was incapacitated from addressing you himself; at all events, it was so; I was his amanuensis. I said, if you had not resolutely made up your mind to keep the picture, we hoped that you would call in person. Since you have done so, it seems unreasonable that you will not accept my father's offers.'

'That is right,' said the old man approvingly. 'You put it better than I did. Listen to her, Mr Litton.'

'My father has an especial wish to possess the painting,' continued Lotty decisively, 'and it seems to me that, under such circumstances, it is cruel to withhold it. I put it to your sense of honour.'

'That is quite unnecessary,' answered Walter frigidly.—'Your daughter's arguments have convinced me, sir,' said he, turning to the old man. 'The picture is yours.' He had no longer any desire to retain it, since she, who, if not its original, had been the inspirer of whatever in it had made it dear to him, could treat him with such neglect.

'You are a good fellow!' cried his host triumphantly.—'You are an excellent young fellow!—Wheel up my desk, my dear, and I will give him the three hundred.—And I tell you what, sir, I'll make it guineas.'

'Excuse me, sir; my price is one hundred pounds,' observed Walter coldly. 'I shall not take a penny more.'

'Not a penny more!' cried the old man, holding his pen in the air. 'Why, you must be what you called yourself just now—mad; stark, staring mad.'

'That is the just price—the price at which it



was assessed by a friend of mine, who is a good judge of such things, when it went to the Academy; and I shall take no more. Please to write out one hundred pounds.'

'I am afraid, papa,' said Lotty softly, 'that we have offended this gentleman; and that, therefore, he will not be beholden to us.'

'I did not mean any offence, young man,' said Mr Brown. 'It seems to me that folks are very sensitive nowadays; there is no knowing where to have them. I wished to make a fair bargain with you, Mr Litton; that is my notion of doing business, and it has served me for the last fifty years; but I certainly had no intention of ruffling your feathers. Well, there is your hundred pounds.'

'O papa!' said Lotty.

'My dear, I have only done as the young gentleman has directed me; I conclude he knows his own mind.'

'You are very right, sir,' answered Walter. 'The picture shall be sent to you directly the Exhibition is over.'

'Very good. I won't offer to shake hands with you, young man, because I can't; but I am truly obliged to you' (this he pronounced 'oblegged,' but in a friendly and even grateful tone). 'If the obligation were on your side instead of mine, I should venture to ask a favour of you.'

'Pray, ask it, sir,' said Walter, 'all the same.'

'Well, then, stay and dine with us. We are none of your fashionables, who wear white ties and that; and there are only our two selves.' A sort of pathos mingled with his speech, that touched the young fellow. 'We dine early—that is, what I daresay you will call early, though I call it late; the time I used to sup at. My daughter here will shew you about the place in the meantime.'

This invitation, which, an hour ago, would have been a temptation against which he would have struggled in vain, had now no charms for him. And yet, he had a mind to accept it, if it were only that it would give him the opportunity of reproaching Lotty for her repudiation of him—for what he no longer hesitated to term her ungrateful behaviour towards him. There was some reason for it, of course; but if it was in consequence of anything that Mrs Sheldon had said to her, she ought not to have listened to it; and if it was for any cause connected with her father, she surely might have acknowledged his identity to himself, without betraying the recognition to his host.

'I shall be very glad to shew Mr Litton the garden,' said she, in cold but courteous tones: 'it is not very extensive, but still, for London'—

'I will stay and dine, with pleasure,' interrupted Walter with decision. This woman's hypocrisy was beyond all bearing, and he longed to tell her what he thought about it; that cool 'still, for London,' of hers, when she was in all probability at that very moment contrasting the place in her own mind with the wild luxuriance of the garden at Penaddon, in which he had walked in her company so often, and not six months ago, was too much for his patience.

'Well, come, that's settled,' said the old man, not without some irritation, for it was plain that his invitation had 'hung' in the young painter's mind, and Mr Christopher Brown, of Willowbank, was not accustomed to give invitations that were

accepted only with reluctance. 'There, take him out, Lily, and shew him the ducks.'

Lily! The quiet utterance of that simple name staggered Walter like a thunderbolt, for it was accompanied by a flash of intelligence that altered all things to his mental vision. This, then, was not Lotty, but Lotty's sister; a twin-sister, without doubt (though she had never mentioned that she was a twin), since even to his eyes there had seemed absolutely no difference between them. The same bright trustful face, that had haunted his dreams as though an angel had hovered over him; the same delicate features; the same abundance of rich brown hair; the same sweet, gentle voice, that he had thought was without its peer in woman, belonged to both—only tender gratitude had been lacking, as was natural enough; it was not to be expected that Lotty's sister should feel towards him like Lotty. Still, it was incomprehensible that even Lily should not have recognised his name.

She led the way out of doors, and he followed her, tongue-tied, stunned by this inexplicable fact. Surely, surely she would now tell him, now that they were alone, that she knew him well by her sister's report, though it had not been advisable to say so before her father, on account of the hand he had had in Lotty's elopement.

'This view from the lawn, Mr Litton, we think is very pretty,' were her first words, spoken in pleasant conversational tones, such as befitted a cicerone who was also his hostess. 'Some people object to its looking out upon the Park with its nurserymaids and children, but I am not so exclusive.'

'There can be nothing objectionable in seeing people enjoy themselves, I should think,' said Walter; his voice was cold and rather 'huffy,' but she did not seem to notice that.

'No, indeed,' she replied; 'that is quite my opinion: I like to see them, and I flatter myself that we give as well as take, for our garden looks very pretty from that side of the water, though I can't say as much for the house. If you wanted to paint a picturesque residence, you would not choose Willowbank for your model, I am afraid. It is scarcely one's ideal of a dwelling-place.'

'It has some good points,' said Walter. 'I should take them, and reject others; that is how the "ideal" is represented, I fancy, by most artists.'

'Is that how you painted "Supplication?"' said Lily, stopping suddenly, and looking up at him.

They were now on the winding path that fringed the water, and shut out from the view of the house by trees and shrubs.

'Yes,' said he, after a moment's hesitation; 'I drew it, that is, partly from memory, and partly from imagination.'

'Then there really was an original, was there?'

'I can scarcely say that; the person that sat for it was not the person I had in my mind. I think, to judge from what your father said about it, when you entered yonder room, that he at least recognised the original.'

'He hinted that it was like myself,' said Lily quietly, 'though I think that was an outrageous compliment.'

'I do not say that,' said Walter brusquely; 'but it is certainly not so like you as it is like your sister.'

'Ah, it *was* taken from life, then!' exclaimed she. 'I always thought that a likeness such as that could not have been a mere coincidence. It is not so much in form or feature, as in expression, that it so much reminds me of dear Lotty. You have known her, then'—and here she heaved an involuntary sigh—'since her marriage?'

'No, not since, but before it. She must surely have told you how I chanced to be in the train with Selwyn when he went down to Cornwall, and how it all happened?'

'She told me that he had a friend with him, but did not mention his name.'

'Why, it was I who gave her away!' said Walter bitterly.

His disappointment and humiliation were so excessive that they could not be concealed.

'You must forgive her,' said Lillian gently, 'in consideration of her position. Love is a great monopoliser, and leaves little room in us save for the beloved object. Besides, she had a good reason for not mentioning your name; it would have set us, she knew, against you. You would not have been made welcome, for example, in this house; had my father known that it was you who helped to'—Her voice quivered, the tears began to fall. 'O Mr Litton,' sighed she, 'it was an evil day that took dear Lotty from us!'

'I am grieved, indeed, to hear it,' answered Walter gravely. 'It was no fault of mine, I do assure you. I may seem to you a culprit, but I am wholly innocent in the matter; indeed, what little I did do, was to dissuade Selwyn. If she told you all, she must have told you that.'

'It is done now, Mr Litton, and cannot be undone,' answered Lillian. 'But it is better that you should not speak of this to my father. Your picture has touched his heart, and made it more tender towards her who was once his darling, and I am grateful to you on that account; but do not let him know what you have just told me. He might think, perhaps, that you had been set on to do it by—by Reginald.'

They walked on together slowly, and in silence; then Lily spoke again: 'You have not seen her since her marriage, you say; how did you know, then, that she was so changed?'

This was a question that was not easy for him to answer. He could not tell her that Lotty's supposed misery was constantly presenting itself to him; that his imagination had been coloured with sadness because of her, and had pictured her to him accordingly.

'I have seen her husband,' said he evasively.

'And he told you, did he?' answered she with a pleased air. 'No doubt, he is less indifferent than he seems—not that he is unkind,' added she hastily. 'Do not suppose that I wish to be hard upon your friend; only it seemed to me that he did not notice her changed looks.'

'Is she much changed?' asked Walter softly.

'Yes; greatly changed from what you must remember her before her marriage. She has been—nay, she still is—in sad trouble, banished from her home. Perhaps I ought not to speak of such things,' said Lily plaintively, 'but my tongue has kept involuntary silence so long, and it is so hard to brood and brood over a sorrow, and have none to whom to tell it.'

'It is very hard, as I know myself,' answered Walter gravely; 'if it is any comfort to you, pray

speak to me as to one who has your sister's happiness at heart. I may say so much, I hope, without impertinence; since, though I was acquainted with her for so short a time, and there has been so great an interval since, it was under such circumstances as make acquaintance friendship. It was I who telegraphed to you at the drawing-school from the Reading Station.'

'Then you cost me the severest pang, Mr Litton, that my heart has known,' said Lillian, with a shudder. 'The sudden shock of it, the terror of the thought that I had to tell papa of it, and the dreadful, dreadful hour in which I *did* tell him!' and she hid her face, as though to shut out the recollection of another's—Walter pictured to himself Mr Christopher Brown's, the possessor of an income that could perhaps be counted by tens of thousands, when he first heard that his daughter had run away with a penniless soldier, and pitied her from the bottom of his soul. 'You see, Lotty was his favourite,' continued she, doubtless in unconscious apology for some outbreak of paternal wrath; 'and her leaving us stabbed him to the heart. It seemed to him ingratitude as well as rebellion. Dear Lotty herself understands that, as she told me before I was forbidden to see her. Papa's life was wrapped up in us two—in her especially—and when he found she had left him for a stranger—O indeed, he has suffered too!'

'I have no doubt of that. But is there no chance of a reconciliation between them?'

'Two days ago, Mr Litton, I should have said: None whatever. He was very resolute against her; very angry that I had been to see her; and forbade me ever to write to her, or to mention her name within his hearing. But yesterday morning, at the Academy, he saw your picture, and I could see he recognised it, though her face was not as he had known it. I had told him how weary and worn she looked, but had not moved him; but when he saw her on your canvas—'

'Take time, take time,' said Walter kindly, for the girl was sobbing bitterly; 'I would not pain you to recount all this, but that it may be better for your sister's sake that I should hear it; that I should know how to answer your father, when he comes to question me, as perhaps he will.'

'No, no; he will never speak of it to you or anybody,' answered she despondingly: 'but when he comes to possess the picture, when he looks upon it daily, as I shall take care he does, I shall have hopes. That he should have mentioned the likeness in your presence, was an unlooked-for tenderness. He loves her still, I know, but he is ashamed to own it. It will be very, very long, I fear, if ever, before he forgives her.—O sir, do tell me truly'—she looked up at him with clasped hands and streaming eyes—'is Captain Selwyn a good man?'

'A good man? Well, men are not good, Miss Lillian, as young ladies are'—he should not have called her by her Christian name, but she looked so pitiful and childlike in her sorrow, that he was moved to do so—'but he is a brave soldier and a gentleman, and such are always kind to women, even when they are not their wives, and how much more when they have given up home and friends and fortune to become their brides! I was at school and college with him, where he was most popular with all of us, and I was his dearest friend.'

'Why do you say "was," Mr Litton? A friend is a friend for ever, is he not?'

'But Selwyn is proud; and being poor, as I am afraid he is, he has withdrawn himself from me of late, though I myself am poor enough, Heaven knows. If he were rich, this marriage would have taken place as a matter of course; he would have been a welcome son-in-law; and you, the sister of his wife, would never have had these doubts about him.'

'That is true, Mr Litton, and you give me much comfort,' answered Lillian gratefully. 'I have not felt so hopeful since—since Lotty left us. How dreadful it is that money—or the want of it—should work such ruin!'

'Money is much, Miss Lillian,' answered Walter; 'and if not a blessing to those who have it, a sad lack to those who have it not.'

'Yet you do not care for money, Mr Litton, or you would not have returned my father's cheque.'

'O yes, I do,' replied he, smiling; 'only, other things are as dear to me, or dearer. Besides, though I have but little, I do not need it, as poor Selwyn does.'

'Yes, indeed,' sighed she; 'they are very poor. She told me, that if it had not been for some small sum advanced them by a friend of Captain Selwyn's—I think it was but fifty pounds—they would have been in absolute want. Oh, is it not terrible to think of that, while I am living here in comfort—splendour! Don't think harshly of me for it; I have done what I could'—

'I am sure of that,' interrupted Walter earnestly; 'indeed, Selwyn told me so himself.'

'Did he?' answered she eagerly. 'I am glad of that. I mean to say, I was afraid he thought I had not done my best; that I might have parted with—things my father gave me. He does not understand papa, or that such a course would have injured Lotty in the end. As it is, there is some hope—thanks to you for the first gleam of it—that nature is asserting herself within him. He is jealous of my suspecting such a change, but it is at work. This desire to have your picture is evidence of it; and especially the pains he took to conceal his own part in the matter. It was at his request that I wrote to you in the name of Mr Burroughes—his solicitor—so that you should not discover, in case you were really acquainted with Lotty—that the application came from her father.'

'I see,' said Walter thoughtfully, 'and I agree with you that it augurs well. Should all come right by the help of my poor picture, I shall be glad indeed.'

'I am sure you will; and you may be proud as well as glad, for never can Art have achieved a nobler end than to restore a daughter to her father.'

'If it had but been designed,' sighed Walter.

'Nay, but no less the skill,' answered Lillian promptly. 'It was not only that you remembered Lotty's face, and drew it, but that you portrayed the story of her sorrow, and touched my father's heart with its relation. We are your debtors for that, at all events, and I, for one, shall not easily forget it.'

Where was it, and on what occasion, that Walter had once before—and only once—experienced the sensations he felt now—that bliss of grateful acknowledgment; the thrill of a tone more exquisite than any music; the sunshine of a smile more beautiful than Murillo ever painted? At Penaddon, when Lotty had thanked him for his

escort and assistance. But with his happiness had mingled then a pain, and now there was no pain, but only happiness. Lotty stood once more before him, or so it seemed, but there was no Reginald to come between them.

## HORSE-RACING IN FRANCE.

We are almost afraid to mention horse-racing: that species of outdoor amusement in England—professedly maintained for the improvement of the breed of horses—having latterly degenerated into little better than a despicable system of gambling. A great national sport has sunk so low, and is now so fruitful in demoralisation, as to be almost universally spoken of as disreputable. It is also beginning to be doubted whether the cultivation of horses for the sake of excessive speed in running short distances on a race-course is of any general advantage. Mere fleetness to this extent is not a greatly desirable attribute in the horse. Strength, power of endurance, activity, and shapeliness are the primary qualities required; and draught-horses, riding-horses, carriage and omnibus horses, ponies of various sorts, have all been vastly improved of late years. But race-courses have, unfortunately, become the scene of outrageous betting and excitement.

While horse-racing has thus begun, with us, to be looked down upon—drifting into the category of disowned abominations, such as boxing and cock-fighting—it is curious to observe that it has been taken up as a reputable and fashionable amusement in France. So much so, that, through the effects of culture, various French race-horses have latterly defeated the fleetest horses that the English could bring into the field. The regular organisation of races in France dates no farther back than 1833, when a Society most generally known as the French Jockey Club was set on foot. Old traditions and prejudices were abandoned, and the English methods of selection were to be rigorously carried out through the importation, from England, of thoroughbreds. The Society encountered a fierce opposition from an old institution, the *Administration des Haras*, or administration of studs, which had been founded by Colbert in the time of Louis XIV. This administration, which had hitherto held undisputed sway in all matters connected with the breeding of French horses, considered its existence threatened by the new Society, against which it commenced a sullen and implacable war, interrupted by short periods of truce, but renewed from time to time, as opportunity offered, with unprecedented virulence, and with some appearance of success. But when the Duke of Orleans took the new Society under his patronage, open hostility was scarcely possible; and so the Administration, pretending to swim with a stream which it could not stem, instituted races of its own. Only, as it was absolutely necessary to have some flag to fight under, a dispute was begun about the races themselves; it was said that, in the form which they assumed under the auspices of the Society, they were spoilt by the Anglomania apparent in them, and could exercise no favourable influence upon the general improvement of the breeds of horses: and so the Administration itself would undertake to

found proper races, under conditions which would have a real and positive effect upon breeding. In point of fact, the Administration was determined to draw up programmes with conditions directly opposed to those of the Society. The aim was, above all, to flatter that mania which distinguishes the ignorant public, who are always inclined to believe that a horse, just because he can accomplish a moderate distance at tremendous speed, is incapable of keeping up for a long while a more moderate pace.

The Administration, accordingly, became the patrons of races over distances of four thousand metres (about two and a half miles), and, particularly, of races in heats, that untrustworthy test, which, however, could not but exercise an irresistible fascination over a certain portion of the public. The Society had adopted a code of rules to regulate the organisation of the new creation. That was the first document of importance in the institution of racing. The Administration, of course, concocted one for itself, with different conditions. For it the point was, above all things, to establish its existence, its utility, and the impossibility of doing without its intervention, notwithstanding the foundation of a Society which was coming forward and taking, at its very side, the title of Society for improving the Breed of Horses—that is to say, wresting from it its hitherto undisputed sceptre. At the outset, the resources of the Society were not considerable. Moreover, in its desire to do good, it accepted the Administration's hostile and dangerous co-operation. And it did well in so doing; for it was not long before the imperfections and impotence of the Administration's ideas, in reference to the races, became revealed by experience. The course of the races went on for some few years amidst all these feuds, which increased in animosity in proportion as the importance of the Society increased, the soundness of its principle asserted itself, and its resources received greater development. At last, after the retirement of M. Gayot, the particular member of the Administration, during this period, whose name may be taken as the personification of this intestine war, the races came under the sole direction of the Society, and, owing to its intelligent action, and to a growing taste on the part of the public, were not long in entering upon a course of rapid development.

Up to this time, the races had taken place at the Champ de Mars and at Chantilly. The former was a place by no means worthy of their new splendour. The Champ de Mars, moreover, was not a race-course; owners, trainers, and all persons with special knowledge of the subject, were incessantly complaining of this course, hard and yet sandy in dry weather, and a marsh at rainy seasons. A private society, of short duration, had already established a cosmopolitan race-course on the meadows of Longchamps, situated between the western border of the Bois de Boulogne and the Seine. The attention of the Society was aroused by this attempt; and negotiations were opened with the Administration of the city of Paris. Ultimately, in 1856, the city ceded to the Society the ownership of the present race-course of Longchamps, the Society being bound to build permanent 'stands' upon it. Thanks to this contract, opportunity was given for creating the magnificent 'hippodrome' which now exists there. The ground contains about sixty-six hectares (about

166 acres). This vast extent has rendered it possible to mark off several courses of different lengths, and so to avoid frequent and sharp turns. The hippodrome is entirely covered with turf. The course has, for several years, under the direction of Mr Mackenzie-Grievies, received constant attention; the nature of the soil has been completely modified, and now leaves absolutely nothing to be desired. The transformation is such that the ground was enabled to successfully withstand the strange uses to which it was put during the siege—strange, that is, if its original destination be considered, and was discovered to be in excellent order at the renewal of the races in 1871. The inauguration, as the French call it, of the hippodrome took place on the 27th of April 1857; and both the course of Longchamps and the development of racing in France were destined to receive on one and the same day 'a glorious consecration,' to use the words of our authority, 'by the inauguration of the Grand Prix de Paris, which took place on the 31st of May 1863.'

It is just forty years, then, since horse-racing became an organised institution in France; and the way in which it arrived at its present flourishing condition has been sketched. Of the French horses which have made themselves more or less celebrated, during that interval, by victories won either on English ground or over English horses, may be mentioned: Jouvence, the first French-bred winner of the Goodwood Cup, in 1853; Monarque, winner of the Goodwood Cup, in 1857; Fille de l'Air, winner of the Epsom Oaks, in 1864; Vermout, the vanquisher of Blair Athol for the Grand Prix, in 1864; Gladiateur, winner of everything he could possibly win (for he was impossibly weighted for the Cambridgeshire), in 1865; Sornette, winner of the Grand Prix, in 1870; Mortemer, winner of the Ascot Cup, in 1871; Flagéolet, winner of the Goodwood Cup, in 1873; and Boiard, winner of the Grand Prix, in 1873, and of the Ascot Cup, in 1874. Nor should Trocadéro, a formidable antagonist on the English race-course, and one of the very best of Monarque's progeny, be omitted from the list. After this, it can hardly be necessary to state that, during the forty years which France has taken to reach its present state as regards horse-flesh, some, if not most of our very best horses found their way by purchase into French hands; but it is so curious as to be worthy of observation, that some of the very best racers did not turn out to be the best sires—for instance, the celebrated Flying Dutchman and the very brilliant West Australian could not be compared, for the value of their produce, with many horses for which the French paid less money, and of which they expected less things. The French language has not yet adapted itself, apparently, to the position won by the nation in horse-racing, so as to have a native vocabulary for all things and persons connected with the turf; our authority uses such terms as 'le betting,' 'le betting-room,' 'le betting-man,' 'le backer,' 'le book-maker,' 'le jockey,' 'le tipster,' 'le tout,' and so on, down to 'le welsher'; but it is to be feared that the absence of a native word to express the worst of the things and persons cannot be taken to imply an absence of native specimens thereof. Paris is now so easily reached from London, that it has not escaped from that wholesale and methodised betting on horses which has latterly

disgraced English racing, and, in its worst features, called for legislative interference. Viewing the matter in its social aspect, our neighbours, unfortunately, cannot be congratulated on their successful imitation of what was once an esteemed English sport.

### THE LIFE-BOAT AND ITS WORK.

It almost invariably happens that the honour of having been the first inventor of anything great and useful is disputed; and so it is, according to Mr Richard Lewis, Secretary of the Royal National Life-boat Institution, in the case of the life-boat. There may still be seen in the churchyard of Hythe, in Kent, a tombstone bearing an inscription which testifies that a certain LIONEL LUKIN was the first who built a life-boat, and was the original inventor of that quality of safety, by which many lives and much property have been preserved from shipwreck, and he obtained for it the King's patent in the year 1785. But there may be differences of opinion even amongst inscriptions engraved upon tombstones; for it appears that, in the parish church of St Hilda, South Shields, there is a stone 'Sacred to the Memory of WILLIAM WOULDHAVE, who died September 28, 1821, aged 70 years, Clerk of this Church, and Inventor of that invaluable blessing to mankind, the life-boat.' So that we have already two different 'inventors' of the same 'invaluable blessing.' But it happens, again, that 'Mr HENRY GREATHEAD, a shrewd boat-builder at South Shields, has very generally been credited with designing and building the first life-boat about the year 1789.' The fact seems to be 'that Mr LIONEL LUKIN, a coach-builder in Long Acre, London, had designed and fitted a boat for saving life in cases of shipwreck, which he called an "Unimmergible Boat," some four or five years before GREATHEAD brought forward his plan for a life-boat; and that, in 1789, from certain plans offered to a certain committee, which had proposed 'premiums for the best models of a life-boat,' there were two selected—one sent in 'by Mr WILLIAM WOULDHAVE, and the other by Mr HENRY GREATHEAD,' the preference having, apparently, been given to the latter.

We may as well just refer to the disastrous event which resulted in the plans of WOULDHAVE and GREATHEAD. In the year 1789, 'the *Adventure*, of Newcastle, was wrecked at the mouth of the Tyne;' and, while the 'vessel lay stranded on the Herd Sand at the entrance of the river, in the midst of tremendous breakers, her crew "dropped off one by one from her rigging," only three hundred yards from the shore, and in the presence of thousands of spectators, not one of whom could be induced to venture to her assistance in any boat or coble of the ordinary construction.' No wonder that 'strong feelings' were excited; no wonder that premiums were offered for the invention of a life-boat; and no wonder that, when the good that could be effected by the life-boat had been clearly established between 1791 and 1803, 'Mr GREATHEAD received many orders to build life-boats,' so that 'before the end of 1803 he had built no fewer than *thirty-one—five* for Scotland, *eight* for foreign countries, and *eighteen* for England.' At the commencement of the year 1802, 'two hundred lives had been saved at the entrance of the Tyne alone,' and 'GREATHEAD applied to parliament for a national

reward;' whereupon, 'a committee of the House of Commons' having 'taken evidence, and reported on the value of the invention, the sum of £1200 was voted to him. The Trinity House added £105; Lloyd's, the same sum; the Society of Arts, its gold medal and fifty guineas; and the Emperor of Russia, a diamond ring.' But, for all this, the cause of the life-boat did not gain ground, nor did the number of life-boats increase to the extent one would naturally suppose; and the true reason may lie somewhere between the Englishman's innate suspicion of anything 'new-fangled,' and his by no means groundless mistrust of an invention which, in some instances, turned out so disastrously as to create a doubt whether the remedy was not worse than the disease. In fact, the subject of the preservation of life from shipwreck on our coast, gradually languished until improvements were effected on the principle of buoyancy of a boat in a stormy sea by Mr R. Peake of Her Majesty's Dockyard at Woolwich. His efforts were very successful, and the Royal National Institution for the Preservation of Life from Shipwreck (which was established in 1824) adopted his model as the standard for the boats they should thereafter establish on the coasts.

So improved, the life-boat is thirty feet in length by eight in breadth, flat in the bottom, and provided at the ends and sides with air-tight chambers. Between the outer bottom and what may be called the floor or deck of the boat, there is a space stuffed with cork and light hard-wood. Were a rent, therefore, made in the outer covering, the vessel would still float. A heavy iron keel keeps the boat straight; and by a proper adjustment of parts, it is scarcely possible in the stormiest sea to turn a life-boat upside down. One of the most beautiful arrangements for insuring the safety of the boat consists of tubes with valves for clearing out the water which may be thrown in by the waves. Thus, rightly constructed, the vessel can neither sink nor be capsized. It floats like a cork on the wildest sea, and the loss of life in guiding it is a very rare occurrence.

Stories of the most extraordinary daring appear from time to time in the newspapers regarding the gallant operations of the crews of life-boats. We can give a specimen, by narrating what occurred on a late occasion.

'On the north side of the Annat Bank, at the entrance to the harbour of Montrose, was wrecked the schooner *Active*, just before the break of day on the 25th October 1874. The vessel had been discerned from Montrose making for the bar, and was known by pilots and boatmen to have missed it, and immediately the life-boat *Mincing Lane* was launched to the rescue: a heavy gale from the south, driving rain, a cross sea, and no more light than that of the faint struggling dawn of a stormy autumn morning, made the life-boatmen's work severe and perilous. The wreck, moreover, was perpetually shifting her position, and driving and thumping helplessly over the shoal in the midst of a wide turmoil of broken waters. Into this chaos plunged the life-boat, the energies of her crew being exerted to the utmost, and their endeavours stimulated by the recollection that their most determined efforts had failed of success when the *Hermes* was wrecked on the same spot five years previously. The difficulty of remaining close to the wreck long enough for only one man even to

jump from her to the life-boat was extreme, for the tide and the gale, setting each across the path of the other, rolling broadside seas, threatened to overturn the life-boat each time she approached, while great curling "enders" swept her either into dangerous proximity, or whirled her far out of reach just as some one of the wrecked men was about to make his spring. Men who are half benumbed with cold, and know that their chance of life depends on a few inches more or less in that one final spring they are about to make, do not always avail themselves of the first chance. Twenty times did the life-boat renew her gallant attempts—sometimes getting one man from the wreck, sometimes two, oftener none. At last, after half an hour of extreme peril, she got the whole crew safely on board, and fought her way out of the broken water, back through the more regular but heavy seas, and finally into the harbour of Montrose, where the *Mincing Lane* and her precious freight received a joyful welcome.

The life-boat, as we have described it, is entitled to be considered the triumph of naval architecture—not so magnificent a thing, certainly, as an iron-clad like the *Devastation*, which will destroy an enemy's vessel at the distance of several miles, but which, constructed on strictly scientific principles, with a view to rescue human beings from an appalling death, is something for the present century to be proud of. It is thoroughly British in its origin; and though introduced into France and other maritime countries, nowhere has it been so eminently serviceable as in these islands. At all the principal, and a number of minor ports, a life-boat is kept ready for use, and a body of men are prepared to act on emergencies. Through the agency of the Institution above referred to, vast have been the services to humanity. We refrain from going into statistics. It is enough to say, that from 1849 the number of lives saved annually has increased from 209 to nearly 700, and that from the above year until the end of 1873, the total of lives saved amounts to 22,173. In the same period, the annual receipts have grown from £1,354 to £1,31,740. Thus it has come to pass that, through the liberality of the British public, the Institution has done immense service in the cause of humanity. For such service in saving lives from wrecks, the Institution has granted nine hundred and forty gold and silver medals, besides pecuniary rewards to the amount of over £42,000.

It may not be generally known that 'the boats of the National Life-boat Institution are kept in charge of paid coxswains, under the general superintendence of Local Honorary Committees of residents in the several localities.' Moreover, 'each boat has its appointed coxswain at a salary of eight pounds, and an assistant at two pounds, a year. The crew consists, in addition, of a bowman, and as many boatmen as the boat pulls oars. The members of the volunteer crews are enrolled, and, wherever practicable, at least double the number of men required should be so. Such men are mostly resident boatmen, fishermen, or coast-guardsmen. Anything like unseemly rivalry on the part of the crews of life-boats has, of course, to be repressed; but it happens occasionally that the usual skilful men are not to be procured at the moment when the boat's services are required, some perhaps being ill, others at sea, or engaged in avocations at a distance—in such cases, the first

well-known oarsman who arrives at the scene of action and secures a life-belt, has at once his claim acknowledged to a seat in the boat. It is certainly remarkable to observe how unflinching and ceaseless has been the emulation of the men on these occasions, notwithstanding that it is manifest they will sometimes have to encounter frightful peril and exposure.' It is worth while to mention that on every occasion of going afloat to save life, the coxswain and each man of the crew receive alike from the funds of the Institution (whether successful or not) ten shillings, if by day, and one pound if by night; and four shillings each for every time of going afloat for exercise. The rewards for saving life are increased on special occasions, when unusual risk or exposure has been incurred. Besides pecuniary rewards, the Society also grants its Gold and Silver Medals, and Thanks inscribed on Vellum for gallant deeds by life-boats and other means in saving life from wrecks on our coasts. Considering the benefits conferred, we cannot too earnestly attempt to enlist the good feelings of the benevolent in support of an Institution so meritorious.

#### THE COLORADO BEETLE.

CONSIDERABLE apprehensions have lately been entertained among the farming classes in the United Kingdom, concerning the ravages likely to be made in potato-crops by an insect called the Colorado Beetle. Looking about for an account of this unwelcome pest, we find a paper on the subject in *The Farmer's Magazine* for last October, extracted from an American newspaper, *The Utica Herald*. We copy the principal part of it, for the benefit of our amateur gardeners and country readers.

'Concerning the history of the Colorado bug, Walsh, the state entomologist of Illinois, has written: "The Colorado potato beetle has been known to exist for nearly fifty years in cañons of the Rocky Mountains, feeding upon a wild species of potato peculiar to that region. When civilisation marched up to the Rocky Mountains, and potatoes began to be grown in that region, it gradually acquired the habit of feeding upon the cultivated potato. In 1859, spreading eastward from potato-patch to potato-patch, it reached a point one hundred miles west of Omaha. In 1861, it invaded Iowa, gradually in the next three or four years spreading eastward over that state. In 1864 and 1865, it crossed the Mississippi. In 1868, it reached Danville, Indiana: thus passing eastwardly at the rate of about sixty miles a year. In 1869, it reached Ohio. In 1871, it made its appearance at Marietta." Since this date, the insect has moved gradually eastward, and this summer finds it in our midst. In this section it comes late, and can probably do little damage this season; but if measures are not promptly taken, next spring will find the vines covered and the crop ruined.

'Concerning the speed with which the insect produces its kind, Walsh says: "There are three broods of larvae every year, each of which goes underground to pass into the pupa state; the first two broods coming out of the ground in the beetle state, about ten or twelve days afterwards; while the last one stays underground all winter, and only emerges in the beetle state in the following spring, just in time to lay its eggs upon the young

potato leaves." Mr Walsh was the first person in the United States to breed the Colorado bug from the egg to the beetle, and found that it required less than a month to pass through its changes. The lateness of the appearance of the bug in this vicinity would lead to the inference that it will devote the time to a brood which will be ready for business early next spring. Next spring we may expect to see what an Illinois gentleman describes as follows: "They were found all over the county by the 10th of May 1872, so numerous as to attract the attention of persons to whom the beetle was unknown. Its yellow eggs, in patches from twenty to forty, were soon found on the underside of potato leaves. By the 26th of May, the larvæ were coming forth, and at this date the potato-fields were covered with the filthy, slimy-looking vermin." It is the larvæ that are the most greedy eaters, and from them comes the greatest injury to the vines. Although there is a probability that this year's crop will not be materially affected, a moment should not be lost in crushing out everything that promises next spring's growth. Fowls and birds will not touch the grubs; but it has foes, and of these Walsh says: "Over twenty might be named. In the egg state, the Colorado potato bug is preyed upon by no less than four distinct species of lady bug. The eggs of lady bugs greatly resemble those of Colorado potato bugs, and scarcely distinguishable except by a smaller number being usually collected together in a single group. As these eggs are often laid in the same situation as those of the potato-feeding insect, care must be taken by persons who undertake to destroy the latter not to confound those of their best friends with those of their bitterest enemies." But the greatest reliance must be placed upon the war which the potato-grower is able to wage upon the insect with pressure and poison. The Western farmers have given much attention to this matter. One of them sends to the *German town Telegraph* his "remedies," as follows:

1. Have rich soil, well prepared.
2. Plant early varieties only, in March, and thus have to fight but one generation.
3. Pick off and destroy beetles and eggs every day.
4. Use Paris green, one teaspoonful to a common wooden bucketful of water, sprinkled on the tops as soon as the larvæ begin to hatch.

"Another Western potato-grower furnishes the same journal with his method: "I use plaster or gypsuum, and mix about one part Paris green to twenty parts plaster, and sprinkle or dust it over the vines just as soon as the bugs appear. If there is no dew or rain, I sprinkle the vines with a watering-pot, and then dust on the mixture. I claim that in this way the old beetles may be killed, and the depositing of the eggs prevented. This is on the principle that prevention is better than a cure. As they travel constantly, and are continually putting in their appearance, so must the poison be on the vines constantly as long as any of the enemy are to be found. The plaster is an excellent fertiliser for the potato, and the poison is no injury to the plant or tubers. Good, clean ventilation is indispensable; for these vermin will deposit their eggs on weeds, grass, or anything they happen to fasten to. I have picked them six or seven years, and know all about the trouble it is; and my experience is practical, sharp, and sure,

and the least trouble and expense of anything I have heard of. Don't wait to see the bunches of orange-coloured eggs, but don't let any be laid; and don't plant any more potatoes than you can keep free from these very unpleasant visitors."

"We cannot urge too strongly upon potato-growers the necessity for close observation of their vines, and immediate war upon the bugs, if any be found. In this way next spring's danger may be lessened, and every bug killed this summer will be a marked decrease of next season's supply."

## WASTE MATERIALS.

In a number of the *Journal*, last June, we gave some account of what was done by chemical and mechanical science to make use of various kinds of waste materials, hitherto thrown away and lost. Reference was made to the successful process of skimming the Seine at Paris, in order to recover the soap-suds; and a doubt was thrown out, that England could not rival this amazing stretch of ingenuity. Letters from various quarters would seem to shew we were mistaken—not that the practice of skimming rivers has got into use in England, but that great strides have been made by chemical processes to recover from certain liquids in course of manufacture what can be again rendered available, instead of being sent wastefully down water-channels, thereby polluting rivers, much to the injury of the public health.

Writing from Bradford, a correspondent says: "In this town, which, as you are aware, is the headquarters of the worsted trade, the first process, after the "sorting" of the wool, is to wash it with soft soap, made mostly of olive-oils of the better sorts; and cotton-seed or other low-priced oils for the cheaper kinds, called "crown soaps." This process of course removes from the wool all impurities, including the natural grease adhering to the staple. The refuse "soap suds" were, some years ago, run down the sewers, to the great defilement of our streams and rivers; but a gentleman of Wakefield (I think), Mr Teall, hit upon a plan for utilising these suds. They are now run from the washing-bowls—large tanks holding two or more tons of the lather—into vats, and are there treated with sulphuric acid, which of course neutralises the acid, and the fats rise to the surface in a mass of grease a foot or more in thickness. This *magma*, as it is called, is carefully collected, and treated in a variety of ways, mostly by distillation. The products are grease, used for lubricating the cogs of driving-wheels in the mills; 2d, Oleic acid, commonly called cloth oils, worth about L.32 per tun, and used in the woollen districts, such as Dewsbury, Rochdale, &c. as a substitute for olive-oil, to which it is, for some branches of the manufacture, preferred; and 3d, Stearine, which, I am informed, is worth as much as L.80 per tun, and is largely used in the manufacture of wax vesta matches. Of course, it would not pay each individual millowner to put up the necessary plant and buildings to carry on the manufacture of these products from his suds; that is done by a few firms who make an exclusive trade of it, and who either collect the *magma*, or pump the suds to their own works, often to long distances. I am told that some large millowners are now paid as much as from L.500 to



L.1000 per annum for these suds, which a few years ago were allowed to run to waste. As before mentioned, the oleic acid or cloth oil is used in the woollen manufactures; it is put in the wool or shoddy, as the case may be, in a preliminary process; in a later process, it is washed out, and is again treated with acid, and a lower sort of oil is produced, value from L.15 to L.25 per tun, which is again used, and converted over and over again.

Another correspondent, writing from Leicester, gives us similar information regarding the recovery of the oils employed in connection with the manufacture of woollen hosiery; and no doubt the same thing occurs in many other places. It is also well known that the liquors which were at one time habitually wasted in the manufacture of bleaching-powder are now made to yield chemical substances in great quantities. Some surprising things are told as regards the recovery of valuable materials in paper-making; particularly in the preparation of the fibrous grass called esparto, which now largely supplements the use of rags. After being boiled in a strong solution of caustic soda, the solution is run off, and, by a particular process, the soda is recovered, instead of being sent away as waste. Again, after the boiled stuff is squeezed by rollers, and washed by pure water, the washings are passed through machines called 'save-alls,' which retain all the fibres carried away in the process. The stuff is next bleached with chloride of lime, which is afterwards recovered by filters, and becomes available for manure or building purposes. Whether in making paper from esparto or from rags, much has been done lately in securing the small fibrous matter from being floated off and wasted, as was at one time the practice; by which means a considerable saving has been effected, while at the same time something is done to prevent the fouling of rivers. In the whole round of the arts, there is not a more beautiful or interesting sight than the manufacture of paper from seemingly the most worthless materials. Mechanical and chemical science are here seen in triumphant combination.

A writer skilled in collecting facts in practical science informs us that hundreds of tons of iron pyrites, imported from Spain and Portugal, are used in the manufacture of sulphuric acid. Instead of throwing away the roasted pyrites, as was once the case, the President of the Newcastle-on-Tyne Chemical Society tells us, that when the sulphuric-acid maker has extracted the most of the sulphur, he hands over the burnt ore to the copper extractor, who not only separates the copper it contains, but, at the same time, so perfectly removes the sulphur, that the residue, consisting chiefly of peroxide of iron, is suitable for, and is now largely used in various iron-making processes. Besides this, the pyrites in its original condition contains from half an ounce to one ounce of silver per ton; and chemical processes have been devised by which this small quantity can be separated at a profit; and at one of the works on the Tyne, more than 16,000 ounces of silver were extracted within the last twelvemonth. These are admirable instances of economy, which cannot fail to interest even non-professional readers.

After all, it would seem that there is hardly anything, however condemned as worthless, which cannot be turned to account. Sawdust, which we have been in the habit of treating as an article not

worth thinking about, and only to be got rid of as a nuisance, has risen into notice in the useful arts. Collected by women and children, and mixed with some sort of resinous substance, it is compressed into small square pieces, which, hardened and dried, make excellent 'fire-lighters.' One of these pieces will light a fire; eight of them put up in a parcel being sold for a penny. They are designated the 'Caloric Fire-lighters.' There is now quite a manufactory of them carried on in Edinburgh. How they can be produced and packed up in a neat way for the money, is not easily understood. The sawdust, we presume, costs nothing. The success of this modest manufacture is suggestive, as in one way or another, there must be an enormous waste of sawdust, which might be advantageously utilised. Mixed with clay just sufficient to impart consistency, and with some resinous ingredient, there could be produced a tolerable and cheap fuel; for what is coal, but submerged forest trees, blended with earthy substances, under a lengthened and excessively high degree of pressure? In these days of speculative energy, we might almost hint that there is a fortune in sawdust!

W. C.

#### THE STRENGTH OF HOME.

THE settler leaves his native home,  
And strikes across the foaming wave;  
His cradle may not be his grave;  
To other skies coerced to roam.

He roots a footing in the land;  
The Lord of Work rewards his toil;  
And finding round him corn and oil,  
His heart enlarges with his hand:

But vacant lies a corner yet;  
He misses dear familiar things—  
That over-grew him, like the rings  
Of trees—he never can forget.

A thousand daily sights and sounds:  
The tufted primrose of the lane,  
The violet, and the daisy rain  
Of Spring, within her wizard bounds.

Ah me, ah me! the English hills;  
The corpse of us big-hearted boys;  
The magic scene of early joys,  
With brooks that bubbled from the rills.

The staggering-kneed old sheds so dear;  
The clinking latch, the wicket-gate;  
The starlit orchard, haunted late,  
The croft, of summer sunrise clear.

The gracious hawthorn in the hedge;  
The skylark gushing in the sky;  
The robin-redbreast hopping by;  
The swallow darting from the ledge.

He pines for these; and o'er him steals  
A sickness for the things of home;  
He sends for them across the foam;  
And half the ancient witchery feels.

Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, 47 Paternoster Row, LONDON, and 339 High Street, EDINBURGH.  
Also sold by all Booksellers.

# CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

OF

POPULAR

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

Fourth Series

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS.

No. 581.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 13, 1875.

PRICE 1½d.

## ASSYRIAN DISCOVERIES.

ABOUT thirty years ago, a considerable sensation was created in Europe by certain explorations in Assyria, or the stretch of country in the valleys of the Euphrates and Tigris, two rivers flowing into the Persian Gulf. Here were the ancient Babylonia and Mesopotamia, the plain of Shinar, Nineveh, and scenes of the exploits by Salmamezer, Sennacherib, and Sardanapalus. Here, in fact, was that grand Asiatic land supposed to be the cradle of the human race, and around which crowd a thousand historical and poetical associations. It is saddening to think that a portion of the earth's surface, so calculated to arouse tender and elevating emotions, should for centuries have been in the hands of the Turks, a people who, with whatever plating of civilised usages at Constantinople, are, in the remote solitudes of Assyria, a set of fierce barbarians, who exercise the most grinding tyranny over all who come within their power.

It required, therefore, no small degree of courage for men of science and letters to attempt to explore Assyria, with a view to discover the actual condition of lands so memorable in Biblical history. Armed with such authority as they could procure, several, as is well known, went forth from France, England, and Germany. Among these, a first place may be assigned to M. Botta, French consul at Mosul, in 1842. English explorers were represented by Layard and Sir H. Rawlinson. Germany produced Grotefend, and more lately, Schrader and Brandis. Botta was most successful in his excavations, and many were the relics of antiquity he sent home to Paris, where they now enrich the *salons* of the Louvre. Of what was done by Layard, we are all acquainted from his profoundly interesting works. The researches of Rawlinson had special reference to what are called the cuneiform inscriptions of Babylonia. The magnificently sculptured bulls with wings and human heads, which seem to have been placed as objects to inspire awe at the entrance to palaces—the equally fine sculptured figures of

hunters, dogs, and men in armour—processions of warriors with shields—the slabs of stone ornamenting apartments and galleries—all of which had lain buried for thousands of years, and had been now brought to light, were found to be less or more enriched with inscriptions mostly of the cuneiform character. Accordingly, to have anything like a proper idea of what these and other sculptured objects meant, it was essential to have a key to the cuneiform alphabet. The characters were not Hebrew, nor Arabic, nor Greek. As will be seen by a specimen of a name spelled in the Assyrian alphabet which we here present, the component parts of the letters have a shape which has been variously compared to a wedge, a nail, or an arrow-head—the term cuneiform being from the Latin *cuneus*, a wedge.

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Grotefend, who was an early inquirer, has the merit of being the first to decipher the cuneiform inscriptions, and his discoveries were latterly supplemented by Rawlinson and others. A serious obstacle was overcome, when it was found that the cuneiform characters were employed in three different languages, Persian, Scythic, and Assyrian. The discoveries proved to be of immense importance, by throwing light on the history, law, and the social condition of the most ancient nations in the world. Multitudes of these excavated relics are open to inspection in the British Museum, and we can appreciate the labour that has been taken to open up this interesting field of inquiry.

Unfortunately, the relics bearing these inscriptions are incomplete. From them are obtained only such detached morsels of Chaldean and other legends as provoke a desire to get more. In looking at them, ordinary visitors, of course, stare about, wonder, and pass on. The winged bulls with human heads, and cuneiform inscriptions, are thought to be strange monsters of unknown antiquity, and that is usually all that can be made of them. The more thoughtful investigator feels how desirable it would be to gather together the fragments

of information contained on these wondrous tablets, along with what are still to be discovered, so as to get at their full meaning. In the Oriental Department of the British Museum, is an official, Mr George Smith, who longed to master the subject, and whose studies of the relics, as well as of numerous paper casts, were promoted by Sir Henry Rawlinson. This brings us to the substance of our narrative. A lecture delivered by Mr Smith before the Biblical Archaeological Society in 1872, in which he shewed what discoveries might still be made at Nineveh, having drawn the attention of the proprietors of the *Daily Telegraph*, they munificently offered him a thousand guineas to conduct an expedition for the recovery of fresh inscriptions; he, in return, supplying, from time to time, accounts of his journeys and discoveries. With the sanction of the trustees of the Museum, the offer was accepted; so that to the enterprise of a London newspaper, as will be immediately seen, we are indebted for some remarkably interesting additions to Biblical history, more especially as concerns a Deluge, which may be identified with that of Noah. Anything more archæologically curious can hardly be imagined.

Mr Smith set out on his travels in January 1873, going by way of Paris, to examine the antiquities discovered by Botta. Reaching Marseilles, he proceeded by sea to Alexandretta, a port in Asiatic Turkey, whence he proceeded on a land journey to Mosul, on the Tigris. Lodging at rude khans, and encountering some adventures, he passed over a country consisting of rich plains, crossed and broken here and there by barren and stony mountains. At Aleppo, he made the acquaintance of Mr Skene, the English consul, to whom he was indebted for various good offices while in the country. He speaks of 'noble work' being done at certain places by American missionaries. 'It is an astonishing fact,' he observes, 'that a Christian country like England upholds the Porte, and yet does not insist on justice being done to the Christians in Turkey. No end of promises are given, but any one conversant with Turkey knows the distance between promise and performance.' We join in this astonishment. For some vague political reasons, Turkey, at an enormous cost of blood and treasure, has been supported thanklessly by England, instead of being left to its fate, and allowed to drift into the obscurity which it deserves.

With the aid of guides, horses, and mules, the traveller worked his way through a wild country, and on the 2d of March arrived at the ruins of Nineveh and Nimroud, which appeared as a series of unshapely and gigantic mounds on the left bank of the Tigris, opposite Mosul. Reaching this field of action, great difficulties were encountered. An expected firman from the Porte, authorising excavations, had not arrived, and nothing was allowed to be done. Not to waste time in waiting for the firman, Mr Smith made a southerly expedition down the Tigris in a boat to Baghdad, in the neighbourhood of which he saw various interesting traces of the ancient Babylon; and following in the footsteps of Rawlinson, identified the wreck

of the Tower of Babel, which appears to be quite a quarry of bricks for building houses in the modern town of Ilillah.

With reluctance, Mr Smith left this prolific source of interest; for the aim of his inquiries was elsewhere, and he returned northwards by means of horses to Mosul. The affair of the firman was somehow arranged, and on the 9th of April, excavations on the mounds of Nimroud were commenced, as it was from these that had come some of the finest Assyrian sculptures in the British Museum.

The mounds of Nimroud are said to represent the Assyrian city of Calah, founded by Nimrod, but afterwards destroyed, and then rebuilt about 885 B.C.—that is, 2750 years ago. Palaces and temples had been about this time constructed on a magnificent scale. The Assyrians were in all their glory, and no expense was spared on sculptured colossal figures, with inscriptions in that cuneiform character for which our traveller was in search. After making some excavations and effecting a few discoveries at Nimroud, Mr Smith proceeded to the more fertile field of antiquarian interest at Nineveh, or what had been that city, lying in a bend of the Tigris, on its eastern side, with the tributary river Khosr running across it. The most conspicuous ruins of this far-famed city are the remains of a magnificent wall, about eight miles in circuit. The mounds embracing the wall are in some places fifty feet high. In the space that had been occupied by the city, interest is very much centred in the two palace mounds, called Kouyunjik and Nebbi Yunas. Here, in the palace of Sennacherib, the excavations revealed some tablets, which, on examination, proved very acceptable. We give the account of the discovery in Mr Smith's own words:

'I sat down to examine the store of fragments of cuneiform inscriptions from the day's digging, taking out and brushing off the earth from the fragments, to read their contents. On cleaning one of them, I found, to my surprise and gratification, that it contained the greater portion of seventeen lines of inscription belonging to the first column of the Chaldean account of the Deluge, and fitting into the place where there was a serious blank in the story. When I first published the account of this tablet, I had conjectured that there were about fifteen lines wanting in this part of the story, and now, with this portion, I was enabled to make it nearly complete.' The palace of Sennacherib produced other objects of interest, 'including a small tablet of Esarhaddon, king of Assyria; some new fragments of one of the historical cylinders of Assurbanipal; and a curious fragment of the history of Sargon, king of Assyria, relating to his expedition against Ashdod, which is mentioned in the twentieth chapter of the Book of Isaiah.' The discovery of the missing part of the Deluge tablet here referred to may be considered to be Mr Smith's principal 'find.' In excavations amidst 'large blocks of stone with carvings and inscriptions, fragments of ornamental pavement, painted bricks, and decorations,' were found from time to time; pieces of terra-cotta tablets were discovered. A trench, executed with some difficulty, yielded a tablet bearing a succinct account of the conquest of Babylonia by the Elamites, 2280 B.C.—four thousand one hundred and fifty-five years ago.

We have not space to describe the various excavations or the trouble which was encountered. Operations were closed at the beginning of June, and Mr Smith started for England with his treasures. Arriving at Alexandretta in July, he found, to his dismay, that the officers at the custom-house would not allow his packages of antiquities to pass, and finally seized them, in spite of representations that they were the property of the British government. He was, therefore, obliged to depart without them. The antiquities were afterwards released, at the request of the British ambassador at Constantinople, and, at length, were safely deposited in the British Museum.

So much interest was excited by the newly arrived collection of Assyrian antiquities, that the trustees of the Museum resolved on employing Mr Smith to undertake a fresh expedition to secure additional inscriptions at Kouyunjik; and the sum of £1000 was set aside for the work. No time was to be lost, for the permission given by the firman expired on the 9th or 10th of March 1874. Under this new commission, Mr Smith departed from England in December 1873, and encountering the troubles incidental to the journey from Alexandretta, arrived at Mosul early in the morning of the 1st of January 1874.

Having made all preparations, by collecting tools and hiring labourers, to resume his excavations on what may be deemed the chief repository of antiquities at Nineveh, Mr Smith was subjected to very annoying obstructions by the Turkish officials. However, he went to work notwithstanding these annoyances. As his time was brief, he employed some hundreds of workers. Inscribed bricks, broken fragments of sculpture, a relief of a man-headed and winged bull, a terracotta inscription of Sennacherib, and a variety of utensils, rewarded his research. Among the utensils was a bronze table-fork of elegant construction, which, being at least three thousand years old, must be viewed as a curiosity. He also found a bone spoon. These and other discoveries suggest an idea that, contrary to the opinion of Greek historians, western civilisation is due quite as much, if not more, to Assyria than to Egypt. One thing, as appears from the explorations, is particularly remarkable. The Chaldean legends disclosed by inscriptions and objects of antiquity, come nearest to the Scriptural record in Genesis of anything yet brought to light. As we already know, the Chaldean sages were skilled in astronomy; they mapped out the heavens, and knew the length of the year to a considerable degree of accuracy. Undoubtedly, their legends were mixed with superstitions, and, somewhat like the poems of Ossian, they spoke figuratively of natural phenomena.

Much of Mr Smith's interesting work, *Assyrian Discoveries*, just issued,\* consists of a translation of the cuneiform inscriptions from Nineveh, discovered by himself and others. Unfortunately, he does not distinguish his own from what had been previously known. The various fragments are pieced together, as far as possible, to make up a whole. Although still imperfect, from want of certain pieces, the Chaldean tradition of the Deluge, inscribed in these memorials, which are

as ancient as the early Babylonian monarchy, will be of vast interest to Biblical critics—and many besides, who have a pleasure in archaeological inquiry. In the 'Izdubar legends,' as they are specially named, Izdubar was a mighty hunter, giant, and king, identified with Nimrod, and it is revealed to him by the gods 'Anu, Bel, Ninip,' to cause a large ship to be constructed, in order to save a family with living creatures from a destroying deluge which was to overspread the earth. Then come fragmentary inscriptions about the flood. 'It destroyed all life from the face of the earth . . . the strong deluge over the people reached to heaven. . . I sent forth a dove, and it left. The dove went and turned, and a resting-place it did not find, and it returned. I sent forth a swallow, and it left. The swallow went, and turned.' Next, a raven was sent out, and it did not return. As the deluge subsides, we have an account of the ship settling on a mountain, the sending forth of the animals, and the building of an altar on the peak of the mountain. Scholars will compare the highly poetical narrative with the history of the flood in Genesis, and also with the account given of the universal inundation by Berosus, an educated priest of Babylon, who had a knowledge of the Greek language, and probably lived about 260 B.C.

In bringing away the objects of antiquity which he had been authorised to collect, there was a renewal of obstructions, and no end of demands in the form of backsheesh; and only by the intervention of the British ambassador at Constantinople was the matter settled. Mr Smith left Mosul on the 4th of April. We learn that the mountains were partly under snow, and that the rivers were flooded. There were difficulties as to guides, and means of transit by horses across the desert. Two of his escort were Circassians, against whom there was a feud, as being notorious thieves. At a house where he found a night's lodging, he says: 'My Circassians admitted they were professional robbers, and listened with indifference to the complaints of my host; but when another native taunted one of the Circassians with having been driven from the house where they refused to admit me, the man roused, and said to the native: "Beware; I roam these deserts like a wolf, and if I catch you outside the village, I will murder you." And with these words of blood on his lips, my Circassian turned to our host, and asked the direction of Mecca; then, spreading his cloak on the ground, he looked towards the holy city, and engaged in prayer as peacefully as if he did no violence. Such are the people I was forced to employ; and I was yet to hear more of their misdeeds.' Again, on this return journey, Mr Smith's packages of antiquities were seized by ignorant and officious pachas; and only by the friendly intervention of Mr Skene, British consul at Aleppo, and of Mr Franck at Alexandretta, was his collection allowed to be exported. By one of the Peninsular and Oriental Company's vessels, he got off, and arrived in London on the 9th of June.

In a slight sketch like this, we cannot go into a formal analysis of Mr Smith's discoveries. All we can say is, that, considering the limited means, as well as the short time, at his disposal, he added materially to our knowledge of Assyrian antiquities. Of the annoyances he experienced from Turkish officials, he speaks with a degree of

\* Sampson Low, Marston, Low, and Searle. London: 1875.

moderation, which, looking to future efforts at discovery, can be fully appreciated. As the account of a learned and modest inquirer into a singularly interesting department of oriental archaeology, we trust his work will find a place in every public library.

W. C.

### TRIP ON AN INCLINE.

THE tramway at the Brendon Mine is quite worth making a trip to see. During a visit to West Somerset last autumn, we made a journey thither. Having driven to the pretty little village of Nettlecombe, we found that upwards of an hour would elapse before any train started for the foot of the tramway, and as the distance to it was under three miles, we—that is, myself and two friends—decided upon walking.

Following the railway track, we walked through a lovely wooded undulating country, and in close proximity to a rapid stream, that leaped and rushed over and amongst boulders and stones, indicating, by its equable distance below the railway, that we were walking up a steep incline. From some considerable experience in these matters, I am inclined to think the slope of the railway was about one in forty. In less than an hour, we reached a station at the foot of the tramway, and we then saw what was before us. There, straight as an arrow, was a double line of rails, pointing upwards at what my friends asserted was nearly forty-five degrees, and extending above half a mile. So steep did this slope appear, that even to walk up it would have been a work of great labour, and yet we were bound to ascend and descend in a railway carriage, or rather truck. On the summit of this incline, we could see some tiny objects moving round a large square block of something that seemed to be in dangerous proximity to the edge of this precipice, for such it looked. Our binoculars revealed that the square block was a railway truck, and the other objects were men who were hovering round it. A railway porter at the station at the foot of the incline informed us that the length of this incline was fifty-two chains, and that the rise was one in four. Now, as the chain is twenty-two yards, the length of this tramway was eleven hundred and forty-four yards; and the rise in that distance being one in four, we found that we should rise eight hundred and fifty-eight feet during our journey, or rather more than twice the height of St Paul's, in less than three-quarters of a mile, and this, too, at railway speed. Having realised these facts, we began to speculate on the amount of risk we ran in this journey, and we examined the porter as regards accidents.

'Well, sir,' said the man, 'we can't well have an accident, because we turn the points so that if the rope broke, and the trucks broke loose, down they'd come, and be shunted off on the siding; and so they couldn't run down the line, and come in collision with anything. Once the rope did break, sir, and it was all settled here, close to the station.'

'How settled?'

'Why, the trucks just broke up, and spread the ore over the rail.'

'But how about the passengers?'

'There were none, sir, luckily; and so there was no harm done.'

We immediately proceeded to an examination of the rope by which the trucks were dragged up the incline. It was a wire-rope, and it looked fearfully small; but then we reflected upon the manner in which the traffic on this quaint railway was carried on, and we became more confident. The method was, that a wire-rope, rolling round a drum, was made fast to the trucks at the bottom and at the top of the tramway. Those at the top were filled with iron ore, and, by their extra weight, ran down the incline, and dragged up the empty carriages. Those which descended the incline full were soon emptied, and those at the top exchanged for full ones; so that the loaded trucks always descended, while the empty ones ascended. Thus there was not a very great strain upon the rope, and we felt quite prepared for the ascent.

In order to ascend the incline comfortably, a plank and some sacks were placed in the truck, and on these we seated ourselves, and before starting, noted the time, and that we were in a sort of basin surrounded by high hills. There is a sudden jerk as the rope that holds our truck becomes taut, and is stretching upwards; we hold on to the sides of the truck, for our seat seems insecure, and as though a very little would upset us. On moves the truck, very steadily now, but with increasing velocity. We look upwards, and there we see two or three loaded trucks rushing down towards us. We look back and downwards, but this is rather giddy work, and we don't like it; but when we look at the hill-tops behind us, a most curious effect is visible. So sudden is our rise, that the hill-tops that seemed to hang over us as we started are now depressed, whilst above them rise the Welsh hills, the Bristol Channel, and the intermediate country of North Somerset. So quickly does the scene change, and hill ascend above hill, that we can scarcely picture one scene before it is quickly superseded by another.

But suppose the rope broke? If it did so when we were ascending, we have our remedy. The truck, being no longer dragged up this steep incline, would suddenly stop, then descend, and with increasing velocity, until it came to that safe place below, which the porter had intimated would prevent an accident, by dashing the truck to pieces. There was an instant when, by presence of mind, we could escape without any danger; it was at the instant when the truck came to rest. At that second of time we could jump down, and calmly contemplate the headlong rush and destruction of the truck in its descent. But how about our going down? If the rope then broke, this expedient could not be put into practice, for there would be a sudden increase of speed, and no instant of time when we could jump down with safety. These thoughts passed rapidly through my mind, for we had only gone half-way up the incline, when the down-trucks rushed past us with a groan and a whiz, that added to our giddiness. And lo! upon one of these trucks sat a little girl about seven years old, who seemed as much at home in rushing down that incline, as she would be on her mother's knee. I glanced round at my two companions, who had, during the last few

seconds, become very quiet. Our eyes met, and one of my friends remarked what a lovely view it was. As I regarded him, I knew he was playing a false card; his lips were tightly set, and the clutch of his hands on the truck was such that I could see the muscles standing out on their backs, and I knew that, however much my companions might command their feelings, yet they were unmistakably dismayed. But at length our truck suddenly came to a stop: we had ascended eight hundred and fifty-eight feet in vertical height, during what appeared to us a very long time; but, on referring to our watches, we found it was only three minutes and fifty-six seconds from the time of leaving the lower to reaching the upper station; and we were assured that, if we had walked it, we could not have accomplished the distance under eighteen minutes.

The view from the summit of this tramway is well worth the rush up and down. The locality on which we stood must have been upwards of twelve hundred feet above the sea-level, and the extent of country visible was immense. South Wales, the Bristol Channel, Exmoor, Dartmoor, Wiltshire, South Dorset, were all visible; and had the day been clearer, we should have had a more distinct view of the farthest ranges in Devon and Cornwall. But our time was short, for if we did not return by the next down-train, we should be detained for more than two hours; so, having seated ourselves on some sacks placed on the ore with which the truck was loaded, we turned our backs to the descent, and resigned ourselves to our fate.

I can quite understand that if a man went up and down this incline every day, he would soon be able to read his *Times*, whilst thus raised and lowered, with as much ease and comfort as people now do when travelling express on an average railway; but we were not accustomed to it. I do not hesitate to confess that a curious feeling—a sort of mixture of giddiness, sea-sickness, and uncertainty—took possession of me, as we felt ourselves rushing down this steep incline, now on a level with a tree-top; an instant after, far below its roots. Then, as we looked down far beneath us in the distance, we could see that very careful porter standing at the foot of the incline, having no doubt turned the points so as to cause the trucks to dash themselves to pieces close to his home, and thus, as he termed it, to prevent an accident. But I would rather have travelled a little farther, in the hope that we might find some reduction of the speed, enough to enable us to jump off from our Mazeppa-like position.

We, however, reached the foot of the incline in safety, and by the aid of a ladder, descended to the ground, whence we stepped into a comfortable first-class carriage, and once more travelled in a manner to which we had been accustomed, and which was less trying to our nerves than that rush up and down eight hundred and fifty-eight feet in less than four minutes.

'It was well worth the journey to go up and down that incline,' remarked our host, when we were seated that evening quietly after a good dinner.

'Oh, certainly,' replied one of our companions; 'but, to tell you the truth, it was rather nervous work.'

'And to think, after all,' I remarked, 'that the inclination of the slope was only fourteen degrees!'

'Fourteen degrees? Nonsense!' was the reply; 'it must have been nearer forty-five.'

A demonstration, however, convinced our companions that they had committed the common error of over-estimating a slope; for the fact is, that a rise of eight hundred and fifty-eight feet in about eleven hundred and fifty yards gives an angle of about fourteen degrees. It was enough!

## WALTER'S WORD.

### CHAPTER XIII.—THE COMMISSION.

At the little dinner-party at Willowbank that afternoon, there was not much talk, yet Walter thought that he had never enjoyed so pleasant a meal; Mr Brown did his best, though it evidently cost him an effort to play the host, and if his civilities had something of patronage about them, the young painter was in no humour to resent it. The rich man's swelling sense of importance, and decisive manner of laying down the law, as though wealth could confer the power of judging rightly on all subjects, did not even amuse him; for this old man, the father of Lotty and of Lilian, had awakened a strange interest within him. Lilian, accustomed to be silent in her father's presence, spoke but little, yet all she did say had sense and kindness in it; when they spoke of art, she exhibited no raptures, such as most women use when they wish to be thought enthusiastic; nor, on the other hand, did she advance her opinions under cover of that sorry shield of pretended ignorance: 'I know nothing about it, you know; please, tell me if I am wrong, &c.' which so often conceals a stubborn conceit. When her father became taciturn, as he often did, she knew how to rouse him from his moody thoughts, by starting some subject pertaining to his own pursuits, and whenever a hitch occurred—some point of difference between host and guest, such as, from the total dissimilarity of their characters, could not at times but arise—she smoothed it away with some graceful jest. It was not without some secret sense of disloyalty that Walter found himself comparing the two sisters with one another, to the disadvantage of the absent one. Lotty had certainly never exhibited such tact and graciousness, but in her case there had been no such opportunity for their display; she had had no judgments to pass, no opinions to offer, no feelings even to express, except with respect to one person and one object. Perhaps, when Lilian came to be in love, her thoughts would also be inclosed in the same narrow circle. Since they were so broad and comprehensive, it was probable that she was not in love, and that was, somehow, a very pleasant reflection to Walter. We have all experienced, I suppose—we men—in our time, a satisfaction at feeling confident that the charming young person by whom we are seated for an hour or so, even if we are never to see her again, is, for the present, fancy free; that she can feel an interest in what we say, if not in ourselves; that she has thoughts, which she can interchange with us, of her very own; that she is not as yet absorbed, as young ladies sooner or later become, in the individuality of some one of the opposite sex, not at all likely (taking the average of male creatures) to be in any way superior to ourselves. In Walter's case, the

consciousness that there was a secret between Lillian and himself gave intensity to this pleasure, yet no one will surely venture to assert that he had fallen in love with his young hostess. The recollection of the circumstances that had admitted him to her presence, must alone have been sufficient to preserve him from such folly; he was poorer even than his friend the captain; his future was even still less promising; and, after the experience of his host's conduct towards her whom Lillian had herself described as his favourite daughter, what hope could there be of Mr Brown's looking with favour—nay, with patience—at the pretensions of such a suitor as Mr Walter Litton! At all events, Mr Christopher Brown, who was said to be worth a plum, the fruit, too, of his own planting, and who had a great character for good judgment in the City, was evidently of the opinion that no such maggot could have entered into his young guest's brain, as will be seen from a certain proposition he made to him after dinner.

That period 'across the walnuts and the wine' had been looked forward to by Walter with some dismay: he would have liked to have gone at once into the drawing-room, and listened to Lillian's playing on the piano, a little nearer than at the distance it now came to him through the wall; or, if that might not have been, even to have left Willowbank at once, and finished the evening with his friend Jack over the fragrant pipe. He felt that wealth was not the only thing that he had not in common with this friendly Cæsus, and that an 'unpleasant quarter of an hour,' and, perhaps, a good deal more—for his host had ordered spirits-and-water for himself—was lying before him. If he would only talk of Lotty, then, indeed, he would try his very best to do her some service; but that he should choose such a topic to converse on with an utter stranger, seemed to the last degree improbable. It was to his great relief, therefore, that so soon as the young lady had withdrawn, his host observed: 'You smoke, of course?' for tobacco, amongst its other priceless benefits, confers the advantage of silence without embarrassment. 'There are some cigars, young gentleman, such as you have seldom tasted,' added the old man, as the box was handed round; 'they cost me three guineas a pound, though I imported them myself.'

'They are excellent, no doubt, sir; but I hope you will not feel aggrieved if I take a pipe instead: I am accustomed to pipes, and do not wish to acquire extravagant habits.'

Walter said this in joke, since, as a matter of fact, he greatly preferred a pipe to a cigar, but his companion took him *au pied de la lettre*.

'That shews you are a very sensible young fellow,' said he approvingly. 'I did not take to smoking myself till I was long past your age, because I couldn't afford it; and I would have smoked pipes if they had agreed with me. As it was, I smoked cheroots. Can you guess why?'

'Well, no, sir; these things are so much a matter of fancy.'

'I never do anything from fancy, Mr Litton, and I never did. I smoked cheroots, partly because they were cheaper, partly because I hated the extravagance of biting off the end of a cigar and throwing it away. The wasting of that end was a positive wickedness in my eyes—a mere wanton sacrifice to the caprices of fashion.'

'I see,' said Walter, amused at his host's devotion to principle in such a matter; 'and I suppose you put the small end of the cheroot in your mouth instead of the big end?'

'Most certainly I did,' returned his companion seriously: 'a man who does otherwise is, in my opinion, a mere wasteful puppy.'

'But they say it draws better.'

'That's rubbish,' interrupted the other; 'a transparent device of the manufacturer, to cause a greater consumption of the material he supplies. Why, you ought to know that, since you know so much about "drawing," eh?' and the old gentleman stirred his toddy, and expressed that species of satisfaction peculiar to persons who do not often make jokes, but when they do, flatter themselves that they are successful.

Walter laughed, as in duty bound, and said it was very polite in Mr Brown to give him credit for knowledge in his calling.

'Not at all, sir; I never pay compliments,' said his host. 'I know something about your "art," as you painters are so fond of calling it, though I have paid for it pretty dearly. There is more than a thousand pounds "locked up," as I call it, in this house—the interest of money that I have spent in pictures. It is not a bad investment in these days, to those who can stand the immediate loss. O yes, you can draw and paint too, Mr Litton. Now, with respect to this picture "Supplication"—here his voice became suddenly grave and earnest—'did it take you long?'

'Well, yes, sir; many months. But it need not have done so, had I not lingered over it: one does, you know, over work that pleases one.'

'Just so; I have done it myself,' answered the other thoughtfully, 'many and many a day, when all the other clerks had left, have I sat at my desk conning over every figure; but your figures are very different, eh?'

The old gentleman's tone was still jocose, yet it was evident from his manner that he was upon a topic that had a serious interest for him.

'Did you paint this picture from—from the life?'

'I did, sir; that is, a model sat to me for it.'

'A model? Do you mean a young lady?' asked Mr Brown in a voice that in its eager curiosity was almost anxious.

'Yes; a young woman sat for the picture; it was originally intended to be a portion of an historical work: I painted her as Queen Philippa beseeching her husband to spare the citizens of Calais; only, there is no King Edward, and no citizens.'

'Ah, indeed.' Then, after a pause: 'You recognised the likeness to my daughter Lillian, I perceived?'

'Well, yes, sir.'

'And yet you never saw her before, I suppose?'

'Never, to my knowledge.'

'Well, I should like another portrait of her, this time taken from the life, but treated in the same style, so as to make, as it were, a companion picture. Is there not some one in history—some girl—who had no necessity to plead for pardon, either for herself or others; one whose character was faithful, dutiful, unselfish?'

'There is Joan of Arc, sir,' reflected Walter; 'a hackneyed subject, it is true; but so, for that matter, is Philippa. I could paint your daughter in



that character: faithful, dutiful, helpful for others, cheerful, in spite of adverse fate; but it would put the young lady to some inconvenience; these historical subjects take more time than ordinary portraits.'

'I see. But can you not, as in the other case, get some one else to sit, in the proper costume and so forth—the same, perhaps, as sat before—and then, for the features and expression, paint from my daughter herself?'

'That is possible, sir; but I cannot promise to produce so good a likeness as in the first instance, where I had no original before me. These chance successes are difficult to repeat. There is an old story of a painter who could not paint a cloud to his liking, and, in his irritation, threw the brush at the canvas, which made by accident the very effect he wished to produce; but if he had thrown the brush a second time, it would probably not have made a second cloud. I will do my best, however.'

'No man can do more, sir. We will consider that as settled, and I will give you the three hundred pounds for the Joan which you refused for the Philippa. Yes, yes; I must have my own way this time; and Lilian will sit to you when you wish.'

'Under the circumstances, I shall not need to trouble her for some time; the preliminary work will take'—

'Well, well, begin it at once, that's all,' interrupted his host impatiently. 'You gentlemen of the brush are rather slow in your movements; it is the same with the painters and glaziers, whom one can never get out of the house. Now, I suppose I shall not be able to get this Philippa picture till the autumn, shall I?'

'Not till after the Academy is closed. No, sir; I fear not.'

'Well, that's a great injustice. When a picture is bought and paid for, one ought to do what one likes with it; that's my notion of property.'

'But consider, sir, if everybody acted upon that idea, what blank spaces there would be on the walls before the Exhibition was over!'

'Pooh, pooh; let them paint the walls.'

It was clear the old gentleman was getting irritable. Up to this point, Walter felt that he had made a favourable impression, and, much as he wished to see Lilian again, he feared this impression might be marred by his delaying longer at Willowbank that evening. The gout was evidently beginning to trouble his host, and there were indications in his manner which shewed he was growing impatient of the presence of his young guest.

'Well, if you will allow me, Mr Brown, I will set about this affair of your daughter's picture—since you seem to be in a hurry for it—at once; it is still early, so that I may, perhaps, this very evening, secure the services of my model for to-morrow.'

'An excellent thought, Mr Litton,' returned the old gentleman with an eagerness that shewed how accurately his guest had read his wishes. 'Yes, yes; I like to see a young man prompt in business. My daughter is also my nurse, and just now I require her services; so perhaps you will excuse her entertaining you in the drawing-room. I will make your compliments to her for you; and drop me a line when you are ready to paint her. Good-bye, sir, good-bye.' And in five minutes, Walter

found himself on the other side of the lodge-gate, and in the world of London.

The events of the last few hours seemed to him like a dream, and yet the result of them had been very material. He had a cheque for a hundred pounds in his pocket, and had obtained a commission which would bring him in three hundred more. But this was the least part of what had happened to him. He was conscious of a complete revolution in his own feelings. He adored Lotty still with the same honest devotion as of old; his interest in her was just as great, and his desire to help her had even become active instead of passive; but there was not the same sense of hopelessness within him as he had experienced heretofore. He had not transferred his allegiance to her sister; he was loyal as ever to her cause; but he felt, for the first time, that his allegiance might be due elsewhere than to Lotty. His position was somewhat analogous to that of a wavering Jacobite, who could own a *king de facto*, as well as a *king de jure*. What astonished him most was, that he felt no regret that he had sold his picture; he endeavoured to account for this by the reflection, that it was passing into the hands, not of strangers, but of those who had a greater right to it than himself; but what undoubtedly more compensated him for its loss, was the fact, that he was about to paint its companion-portrait from the life; that he must needs spend days, perhaps weeks, at Willowbank, with Lotty's sister, and so, in a manner, would have the original beside him to console him for the absence of the copy.

The first step to be taken was to seek out little Red Riding-hood, and to covenant with her for certain sittings which were to be commenced forthwith; and to this end he bent his way towards her humble dwelling. It was a mere business affair to him—just as buying stock would have been to Mr Christopher Brown—and the only consideration that he had in his mind was, what increase should be made in Miss Nellie Neale's rate of pay for her services—which should in some measure reflect his own good-fortune, and yet not spoil the market? But the romance of that eventful afternoon was by no means over for him yet.

#### CHAPTER XIV.—NELLIE'S LOVER.

The private residence of Mr Neale, as distinguished from his professional abode at the corner of Beech Street (which was, in fact, a cellar, though it was called a stall), was quite a palatial dwelling, if he had occupied the whole of the premises himself; but of the five rooms of which the house was composed, he let out two to lodgers, and, therefore, the parlour on his ground-floor was not dedicated solely to the reception of visitors; it was the dining-room, and also the kitchen, whereby, let us hope, that great desideratum, heat, was always insured for his mutton-chops, and the plates that they were served upon. But Mr Neale, it is to be feared, did not often rejoice in mutton-chops; it was a dish that very, very rarely was tasted, or even smelt, by the inhabitants of Little Grime Street in which he lived. The day on which there was bacon enough for himself and his four children, including Nellie, who was the only one grown up, was a feast-day with the family, and one which he would have marked with a white stone, if he had known how to do it.

There was some sort of cookery, however, in progress when Mr Walter Litton looked in, sufficient, at all events, to call forth the apologies of the cobbler, who was himself superintending it; while his three little girls were arranging the supper-table, quite in the Russian fashion, with a lettuce of the size of a parasol, and some remarkably fine onions.

'It is not for you to apologise, but for me, Mr Neale, for having intruded on your supper-hour,' said Walter, patting the curly head of the smallest girl.—'Why, your board looks like Covent Garden, little missie.'

'Well, yes, sir,' answered the cobbler, stirring the vessel on the fire with a large iron spoon; 'when meat is scarce, we makes it up with vegetables; they are always wholesome, and they're very filling. Won't you take a chair, Mr Litton?'

The cobbler was a great favourite of Walter's, and the regard was reciprocal. The worthy man had long lost his wife, and had had a hard time of it in endeavouring to bring up his four girls in comfort and respectability; he was obliged to be much away from home, nor had he been able to afford to hire any one to look after them in his absence; but they were good girls, he said, 'though he said it who shouldn't;' and the elder ones had 'seen to' their juniors, and when nine years old, were better housekeepers than many young ladies are found to be who marry at nineteen. He had a hearty cheerful face, not at all handsome, but with an honest pride in it; and though his locks were grizzled, he looked as though there was happiness for him yet, such as a man generally contrives to find who works for others, and does his duty by them.

'Where's Nellie?' inquired Walter, 'that you are doing the cooking, Mr Neale?'

'Well, it's only tripe, sir,' answered the cobbler; 'and she knows I'm equal to that. She'll be home in a minute or two; indeed, I thought it was her when you came in.'

'It's rather late for her to be out, is it not?' said Walter.

'Well, no, sir; not this beautiful summer weather: the cool air does her good, and I ain't afraid of her getting harm in other ways, thank God! Nelly's a good girl, if ever there was one. But she ain't well, sir. Perhaps you haven't noticed it, but the last few days she has seemed to me more white and spiritlesslike, and she's been ailing off and on ever since the spring.'

'I have not seen any change in her of late at all,' said Walter gravely.

'I daresay not, sir; but then, you see, you're not her father. Not but that you have behaved as kind and honest to her as though you were, Mr Litton. I have reason to be thankful to you on many accounts, Heaven knows! Your having her to sit for you so constant, is a great help to us, though I wish it would be in the mornings, as it used to be, and not so late in the day. By the time you have done with her, and she has made her little purchases for the house, it's getting on for bedtime, and I scarcely see anything of her now.'

'I wish her to come in the mornings,' said Walter quietly; 'that will suit me better, as it happens, for the future. Will you ask her to come in to-morrow at the old time, instead of the afternoon? She will understand, if you just say that.'

'I will tell her, sir, and with great pleasure.'

'Yes; but don't tell her that I called, Mr Neale; say I sent round a message, will you? I have a reason for it.'

'A reason for it?' said the cobbler. 'Deary me! She has not offended you, I hope?'

'Not at all. The fact is, I have some news for her; and I wish to tell it her myself. I have just sold the picture for which she sat for a good sum, and I think I can afford her a little better pay.'

'Indeed, sir, you are very good. Why, it is only the other day—not a month ago—since you increased it. She has been even able to save some money to give herself a few days at the seaside next month, which we are in hopes will do her good.'

'Indeed,' said Walter dryly. 'Well, just give her my card, with these few words on it, and don't say a word—nor let her sisters say one—of my having called here.'

The old cobbler promised readily; and the little girls, delighted at the surprise that was awaiting their sister on the morrow, and the nature of which they thoroughly appreciated, promised also. Indeed, as Walter quitted that humble roof, he left the whole family radiant. But the smile faded off his own lips so soon as he had shut the door behind him. Had poor little Red Riding-hood gone to the bad? was his first thought; and the conviction that it was so gave him the sincerest sorrow. He was frank and simple in character, but it was not through ignorance of the ways of the world, and especially of the London world. Directly the old cobbler had said: 'Perhaps you haven't noticed it, but the last few days Nellie has looked white and spiritless,' he had at once grasped the fact, that she was deceiving her father, and making a pretended engagement in his studio an excuse for her absence from home. He had not himself set eyes on the girl for seven weeks. Most persons in his place would at once have blurted out the truth, but he had not had the heart—that is the hardness of heart—to do so. Any time would be time enough to tell the poor old man of his daughter's shame, if she had stooped to shame; and it might be possible to spare him even yet. If Nellie knew that he had called in person, she would conclude that he had discovered her deceit, and would perhaps have refused to come to Beech Street. His common-sense told him that in such a case there was extreme danger of precipitating a catastrophe: many a girl on the road to ruin has been hurried on to that fatal goal by the reproaches of those who have taken it for granted that it has been already reached. That it had been reached by poor Nellie, Walter had only too much cause to fear. That she had taken money from some one, pretending that it was her earnings in Beech Street, was a bad sign indeed; while that talk of a few days at the sea seemed to point only too surely to her intention of leaving home at no distant date with her betrayer. But until he was certain of this, he resolved to shield Red Riding-hood not only from evil to come, if that might be possible, but also from reproach for what had passed; and to conceal what he had learned even from his friend Pelter, though Jack himself had shewn a kind interest in Nellie. It was not so much far-sighted prudence—the reflection that a girl's good name once spoken against is not

to be lightly cleared, even from groundless scandal—as sheer tenderness of heart, which actuated Walter in this matter, and which was at once his strength and his weakness. If it had caused him to ‘philander’ with a married woman, it also kept his lips sealed as with the seal of confession with respect to the frailties of a single one. He had plenty to tell Jack (though he by no means told him all) with reference to his visit to Willowbank, without touching on any other subject, and they sat up together half the night discoursing upon it. Jack thought Mr Christopher Brown ought to have come down more handsomely in the case of Philippa (for Walter had not told him how he had been tempted by ‘advances,’ and refused them, and given way in the end to sentiment): ‘A hundred pounds is far too little to have taken from so big a fish as Mr Brown; but, on the other hand, he will be punished for his parsimony by giving three hundred for your next picture, which won’t be half so good. No, sir. Mark my words: Joan will be comparatively a failure. The inspiration will now be wanting, unless, indeed, you happen to take a fancy to this young lady in duplicate.’ Walter smiled what he flattered himself was a smile of sadness. ‘Well, my lad, that is as it may be. I have known a heart dead and buried, as it were, in barren ground, dug up, and going again very wholesomely, before now. At all events, your material prospects have now become very flourishing indeed, and I congratulate you upon them most heartily. There will be lots of work to do at that house. You will have to paint the old gentleman himself!’

‘In lamp-black,’ suggested Walter.

‘No, no; I mean Mr Brown. You must make him very solid and irrefragable; his cheque-book lying before him upon that plain desk, which you may depend upon it, was the one he used when he had but fifty pounds a year and the reversion of his employer’s boots. It has the same interest for him, I don’t doubt, as Sir Isaac Newton’s first arithmetic book, or Nelson’s earliest toy-ship, would have for the public. He is one of the great professors of the art of getting money, and understands it thoroughly; but he knows nothing about how to spend it, and you must teach it him. Point out the desirability of his having frescoes upon the staircase walls, and when you have convinced him, give him my card. “Orders executed for frescoes with punctuality and despatch,” shall be printed upon it, expressly to “fetch” him. I shall rise with you, Watty. I feel it—up that staircase. Let us embrace. Let us drink the health of “Christie Brown”—it sounds quite poetical. There is Christie Johnson, gone, poor thing; and Christie somebody else, I don’t know who, but she haunts me. Oh, it’s the auctioneer. Well, he’s always “going,” and that’s sad too. Bless you, Watty; you are enriched, and yet you are affable!’

From the style of which discourse, it may be gathered that Mr John Pelter had been wishing luck to his friend for a considerable time, and was rather overcome by his feelings, and what he had mixed with them.

‘You’ll set to work at once, Watty, of course,’ were his farewell words. ‘I won’t keep you up. Early to bed, and early to rise, is the way to get—screwed, yes, *very* screwed, by Jove! But you will set to work at once, for my sake!’

‘Yes, yes. Nellie Neale is coming to-morrow

morning to sit for Philippa. Good-night, Jack; good-night.’ And Jack took himself off with difficulty, stopping more than once upon the stairs to wink at the moon, which was shining very brightly, and to remark that, though so rich, she was affable.

For once, Walter did not bewail the weakness to which his friend had given way, for, whenever he so committed himself, he was certain to be late on the ensuing morning, and he did not wish him to see Nellie.

He had little hope that Red Riding-hood would sit as his model any more, and if that should happen, it was better that she should come and go without the observation of a third person. It had seemed easy for him, when in Little Grime Street, in presence of her father and sisters, to administer reproof to Red Riding-hood, and to warn her against a course of conduct which must needs bring shame upon them all; but in his own bachelor apartments, as the hour drew near for him to play the part of Mentor, he became conscious of his personal unfitness for that role, and almost regretted that he had not left her misconduct to be dealt with by her natural guardian and protector. However, it was too late now for retreat, and he had to screw his courage up as best he might; only, he could not help wishing that he was the clergyman of the parish, or, at all events, the father of a family. Nellie was always punctual, and, at the appointed hour, he heard her ring at the door, her well-known step upon the stairs: if he had not heard them, he would hardly have recognised her when she entered. She was as pretty as ever, indeed, perhaps prettier, for loss of colour does not detract from your dark beauties; but she looked very pale, and worn and thin; the brightness that had once lit up her face on bidding him good-morning, was exchanged for a spasmodic smile, which passed away with her salutation, and even before it—‘went out,’ as it were, leaving the fair face blank and desolate. She was no more Little Red Riding-hood, but had grown up to find that there were wolves in the world under a more attractive guise than even one’s grandmother. Her dress was always neat, but he noticed that it was made of better material than heretofore.

‘My father told me, Mr Litton, that you had sent last night’—

‘I called myself,’ interrupted Walter quietly, ‘and saw your father. Take a chair, Nellie.’

She was very glad to do so, as he saw, for she trembled from head to foot.

‘I—I didn’t understand that you had been there yourself, sir.’

‘Yes; I wished to see you about sitting for another picture.’

‘Thank you, sir; but I don’t think I can do that at present,’ answered Nellie quickly.

‘And why not?’ inquired Walter, looking as much like the clergyman of the parish, or, at all events, the curate, as he could, and adopting a tone such as he considered suitable to ecclesiastical cross-examination.

‘Well, Mr Litton, I have my hands full of other business. There’s father and the girls’—

‘Nay; your hands are not full of *them*, Nellie.’

Her attempt at duplicity gave him confidence, for he had a natural hatred of and indignation against lies. ‘It is no use your pretending that to me, though you may deceive them by a story of your

being engaged in my studio every afternoon. Suppose I had said to your father: "She has not been there for these seven weeks," as perhaps I ought to have said?"

Nellie answered not a word, but sat with her eyes, with tears creeping slowly out of them, fast fixed on the ground.

"It is not my place, Nellie, but your father's place, to be talking to you about the manner in which you spend your time. But I do so to spare him, and, if it be possible, to save yourself."

Her pale face flushed in a moment, and she sprang to her feet. "What do you mean by that, Mr Litton?" cried she, confronting him. "You have no right to say such words."

"As your friend and your father's friend, Nellie, I have a right; nor do I use them without good cause, or, at least, what seems so. When a young girl in your position—I don't speak of it disdainfully, Heaven knows!—for she had uttered an ejaculation of what he took to be wounded pride: 'the case would be most serious for any young lady who should act thus; but in your case it is most dangerous—I say, when a girl absents herself for hours dully from her father's roof, and is so ashamed of her occupation during that period as to conceal it from him, nay, to trump up a false story, in order to account for her absence, there is good ground to suppose that she requires to be saved—from herself, at least. If you have a lover, why should you be ashamed to confess it at home, if he is an honest man?'"

"He is a gentleman," said Nellie proudly.

"I am sorry to hear it," was Walter's dry reply; "for in that case, under the circumstances, it is still more likely that he is not honest."

"You do not flatter him, nor me, sir," answered Nellie bitterly.

"I don't wish to flatter you; I wish to tell you the truth. If this man pretends that he loves you, but bids you keep his love a secret from your friends, he is lying! Do you suppose that it is you alone who can deceive people by specious stories? I daresay he has the best of reasons—private ones, but such as you will understand, he says—for not marrying you just at present. In the meantime, he gives you money."

"You are very, very cruel!" interrupted Nelly, crying bitterly. "You misjudge him altogether."

"Still, he does what I have said," answered Walter fiercely.

"And if he does, he has a reason for it. His family is a very high one. But there! it is no use saying anything to you, and you have no right to say anything to me!"

And with that, she turned as if to go. There was a look of excited resolve in her face which did not escape Walter's eyes; he stepped between her and the door, and looked it. "You shall not go to that man to-day," said he; "I will send round to your father at his stall; and he shall take you home."

"O no, no, no!" pleaded the girl, falling on her knees. "Oh, do not tell my father!"

"I will, so help me Heaven! Nellie, unless you tell me who this man is. If he is not a scoundrel, there can be no harm in my satisfying myself upon that point. If he is"—

"O Mr Litton, he is no scoundrel; he is a gentleman like yourself; only, he does not wish folks to know about it. In a few days, I shall be

his; he has promised it; but in the meantime, I was to tell nobody, and you, least of all."

"Me! What! Do I know the man?"

"O yes; he is a friend of yours; I met him—that is, he saw me here for the first time. It is Captain Selwyn. But he will be so very, very angry if he knew I told you his secret: on my knees, I beg of you not to reveal!"

"Kneel to God, and not to me, Nellie!" said Walter, in hoarse but solemn tones, "and thank Him that you have told me in time to save you from ruin. Captain Selwyn is a married man; I saw him married, with my own eyes, not a year ago, in Cornwall."

"Married!" echoed Nellie, and fell forward on the floor, as though she had been a lay-figure, and no model. She had fainted away.

### THE FROG.

THE late Sir Robert Peel, on a memorable occasion, posed his audience by the apparently simple question: "What is a pound?" And Mr St George Mivart, in a little book recently published by him,\* puts a similar poser to his readers by ingenuously asking: "What is a frog?" It may be safely affirmed that nine out of ten readers will be totally unable to give a satisfactory answer. That it hops, that it croaks, that it affects moist places, that it is—at anyrate, partially—eaten in France and in Franco-maniacal America and elsewhere, and that it has been known, if a fable might be believed, to swell itself out until it burst, is all that the majority of readers are likely to be quite certain about as regards that extraordinary little creature. Perhaps, however, they may also have some dim idea of the frequency with which it is used for anatomical experiments; a frequency so great, that the animal has fully earned its title of 'The Martyr of Science.' The 'physiological experimenter' is continually exercised by a desire to learn 'what frogs can do without their heads; what their legs can do without their bodies; what their arms can do without either head or trunk; what is the effect of the removal of their brains; how they can manage without their ears; what effects arise from all kinds of local irritations, from chokings, from poisonings, from mutilations the most varied.' But still the question remains: "What is a frog?" Some very superior person may reply confidently: "A small saltatory reptile;" and will, no doubt, be very much surprised at being met by the rejoinder: "But is it a reptile? At anyrate, it begins life in its tadpole stage as a fish."

To be a little more explanatory may perhaps be advisable. The frog, then, originally springing from an egg, assumes the form of a young tadpole. As the tadpole grows, however, changes take place, and result in a complete metamorphosis or transformation. Little by little, the limbs bud forth; and the hind ones are the first visible, because the fore-limbs are for a time concealed by what is called 'the opercular membrane;' and, when it is

\* *The Common Frog.* By St George Mivart, F.R.S. Macmillan & Co. 1874.

said that the four limbs are 'typically differentiated,' the meaning is, that they are 'divided into those very typical segments which exist in man—namely, shoulder-bones, arm-bones, wrist-bones, and hand-bones; and into haunch-bones, leg-bones, ankle-bones, and foot-bones respectively.' Moreover, as the legs grow, the tail becomes absorbed, not falling off, as some suppose, and the gills also disappear, and cease to serve the purposes of respiration, whilst lungs at the same time become developed in an inverse ratio; so that the tadpole is gradually transformed into the tailless and lung-breathing frog. Why science adds to its description of the frog, that the animal is 'provided with teeth along the margin of the upper jaw,' is, that in the case of the frog's cousin, the toad, 'the margin of the upper jaw, as well as the lower, is entirely destitute of teeth.'

We may observe that vertebrates are divided into five great classes; that the fourth class, called *Batrachia*, is that to which the frog (as well as the toad, the eft, &c.) belongs; that the class of *Batrachia* consists of four orders, in the first of which, named *Anoura* (tailless), is to be found the frog; and that a learned person classifying the frog would say that it 'belongs to the Batrachian order *Anoura*, to the family *Ranidae*, and to the genus *Rana*,' the last word being Latin for a frog. When to what has been already said it is added, that though many persons are accustomed to make much of the distinctive peculiarities of the human frame, yet 'man's bodily structure is far less exceptional in the animal series, is far less peculiar and isolated than that which is common to frogs and toads,' it will be easy to see why the humble frog should have been elevated to the painful dignity of 'the Martyr of Science.' About the frog 'are gathered biological questions which bear upon the origin of species, and upon the course and mode of organic development, as well as other speculative problems to which answers are as yet far to seek;' and, 'if it is a fact that all the various species of animals have arisen through ordinary generation one from another by a process of development, the life-history of the frog may with reason be expected to have some bearing upon such a process, since every frog begins its free existence with the organisation of a fish, and, after undergoing a remarkable "metamorphosis," attains the condition of an air-breathing quadruped, capable of easy and rapid terrestrial locomotion.'

It appears that there are about forty species of the frog's own genus (*Rana*). Amongst the largest may be mentioned the bull-frog of North America, a specimen of which is to be seen at the Zoological Gardens, where it is fed on small birds—a sparrow being easily engulfed within its capacious jaws. The eatable frog, we are admonished, is 'easily to be discriminated from the common species by the absence of that dark, subtriangular patch which extends backwards from the eye;' and the male of the eatable frog 'is further to be distinguished from the male of the common frog by the fact of its having the floor of the mouth, on each side, distensible as a pouch—the pouches, when distended, standing out on each side of the head.' It is said that these pouches

increase the volume of the croak, and render it so powerful that the possessors have, from the county in which they are particularly plentiful, received the nickname of 'Cambridgeshire Nightingales.' There is, it seems, 'a large South American frog, which devours other smaller frogs as well as small birds and beasts,' and is 'noteworthy on account of the singular bony plates which are inclosed in the skin of its back: a character which it shares with a small South American toad.' Mention is also made of 'a frog newly discovered (of a new genus, but allied to *Rana*), called *Climotarsus*;' but its habitat has not, apparently, been hitherto ascertained. There may be more reason to expect that there should, than that there should not, be a 'flying' frog; but the nearest approach to such a creature seems to be, as yet, a certain 'tree-frog' described by the celebrated naturalist, Mr Alfred Wallace, who, in his *Malay Archipelago*, has related that there was brought to him, in Borneo, 'by one of the Chinese workmen,' a large tree-frog, which the 'Heathen Chinese' declared he had seen 'come down, in a slanting direction, from a high tree as if it flew.' An examination of the creature led Mr Wallace to observe: 'It is difficult to imagine that this immense membrane of the toes can be for the purpose of swimming only, and the account of the Chinaman that it flew down from the tree becomes more credible.' If, however, the frog can not fly, the failure of its attempts in that direction only renders still more striking 'the curious and grotesque resemblance' between a frog and a man, which, so far as outward appearance goes, 'has been a common subject of remark.' That the frog was man's swimming-master, appointed by Nature, can hardly be doubted by anybody who watches the motions of both, and knows what imitation means. It is not everybody who is aware that the frog is, in a manner, responsible for galvanism; yet, in the year 1789, 'Galvani accidentally discovered in the separated legs of certain frogs, prepared for broth, those motions produced by irritation of the exposed great nerve of the thigh, now so familiar to most. This action was long called galvanism, after this observer.' Galvani, however, appears to have been only a re-discoverer; 'Swammerdam, as long ago as 1658, having observed such motions.'

The frog may read a lesson to those who speak contemptuously of the human skin, saying, on certain occasions, that it is 'only the skin.' Only the skin! Why, 'the skin is really one of our most important organs, and is able to supplement, and to a very slight extent even to replace, the respective actions of the kidneys, the liver, and the lungs;' and the frog will shew to how high a degree this cutaneous activity may, in some living creatures, be developed. As is well known, the favourite residence of the frog is in marshes and dingy situations out of the direct rays of the sun. In all respects, it is adapted to lead this unobtrusive existence, and to fulfil its part in creation by doing so, finding its food in water and land by clearing away inferior creatures that might be troublesome. Its instinct in finding out ponds and marshes in which it may revel, has often been observed. It is, indeed, almost certain that if you make a pond, you will soon find it peopled by frogs, more, however, at one season than another. Both as respects the perspiratory and the respiratory action, the frog must necessarily keep itself

damp. If tied up, in a place where it cannot escape the rays of a summer's sun, it will speedily die; nay, more, it will soon be perfectly dried up. As for proof of cutaneous respiration, it 'has been experimentally demonstrated by the detection of the carbonic acid given out in water by a frog over the head of which a bladder had been so tightly tied as to prevent the possibility of the escape of any exhalation from the lungs.' And a perhaps more satisfactory, but more cruel test has been applied by 'confining frogs in cages under water for more than two months and a half, and by the cutting out of the lungs, the creature continuing to live without them for forty days. Indeed, it is now certain that the skin is so important an agent in the frog's breathing, that the lungs do not suffice for the maintenance of life without its aid.' That the poor frog would not be so favourite a 'subject,' if it were less harmless, and were as poisonous as both itself and its relative the toad are supposed by some ignorant people (groundlessly in both cases) to be, it were rash to positively assert, for no danger seems to appal the votary of science; but, whether or not, enough has been said, it may be hoped, to win more respect and sympathy than are generally vouchsafed to our natural swimming-master, and our 'Martyr of Science.'

#### A NIGHT IN THE BACKWOODS.

A COLD Canadian winter. Snow and slush; dripping eaves and gables of our rude log-house; a bitter February day near its close; the cold intense; all around outside, the picture of desolation; tall trees, gaunt and leafless, uprearing skeleton arms to the murky sky. A thaw has set in, and at every step you take out of doors you sink ankle-deep in the soft snow. Indoors, is dreary; the cold air is forced through many a chink.

Upon that night, my fingers were benumbed, toes ached painfully, and a feeling of depression seized me such as I had never felt before. Save for my baby, I was alone. My little child, indeed, gave me employment for hands and mind; it had been ailing, and its pretty face looked pinched and wan, with a hectic flush on it, and its little hands were hot and feverish. I had been frightened about it all day, as it lay moaning in my arms; but now, as sleep closed its eyes—a troubled sleep at first, but gradually deepening and growing tranquil—my mind, relieved about it, began to revert to my own loneliness. With a heavy heart, I looked round the scantily furnished room, where all the articles were of the commonest kind; at the partition of rough boards which divided the hut into compartments; at the fire, which had burned down, and was a heap of white ashes. Replenishing this last, and fanning it into a flame, gave me fresh occupation. It was not easy to make the damp, green logs catch fire. And at last, weary with the effort, cold and nervous, I burst into a fit of impatient tears.

I was indeed desolate; divided by at least a

mile from any human beings, in the heart of a forest, the small portion of cleared land round our cottage shewing forth more plainly, as it were, the density of the surrounding woods. My husband, the day before, had gone to a town some miles distant, to obtain a sum of money due to him for the sale of cattle. He had left me alone with my one female servant, sorely against his will; but it was impossible to avoid going, and equally impossible to take me and my sick baby with him. I had never been without him for a night since our arrival in the bush, and I felt miserably weak and nervous as night came, and morning dawned, and day again faded into night, and still kept him. One comfort was my child. My servant had been summoned that morning to go to her father, who lay dangerously ill some distance off; and though I missed her much, there was nothing for it but resignation. And now that my husband had not returned, I began to fear I should have to spend the night alone with my baby. Before the fire, now beginning to burn dully, I sat on the ground. The shade of evening fell fast, and a thick haze was dimming the small panes of the one window. Ah me! crouching thus on the cheerless hearth, listening to the soft breathing from the cradle where nestled my treasure, my thoughts went wandering, travelling backward; my heart was too oppressed to look forward. As far as human companionship went, I was, but for my baby, alone; but I had one faithful friend with me—a dog, a rough-haired Irish terrier. We had had him some time, and the faithful creature seemed to us to have more than canine sagacity. Now, as I sat brooding, he placed one paw on my lap; then his cold nose rested on my folded hands. 'Poor Ter,' I said aloud—and the sound of my own voice, breaking the stillness, made me start. 'poor fellow;' then stroking his rough coat, I relapsed into thought. Far away from the dark Canadian forest—far away, indeed, my memory carried me. I saw rise before me a rose-embowered cottage, its windows opening on a sloping lawn, at the foot of which ran a rippling river; a pretty lawn studded with trees, an orchard close by, bright with blossom, giving promise of golden and russet fruit, the sweet scent filling the air; underneath a spreading elm, a rustic seat, and a girl resting thereon. From an open French window issues forth a gentleman, old and gray-haired, but erect and stately still—the village doctor, my father. In that house I was born; by that river-side passed my youth; underneath that spreading elm dreamed I my foolish romantic dreams—built my castles in the air. Under that dear father's loving care, I was simply, calmly happy; no sorrow came near me. Alas! he died—died in the discharge of his duty, and I was left alone to commence the struggle of life. The speculation in which my father's whole savings were embarked proved a failure, and all was lost. Determined to be up and doing, I became companion to a lady, but daily found the life grow more distasteful. But just when hope seemed dead within me, my

life was suddenly brightened by the possession of the love of my brave and faithful Jack.

We got married. Things did not go on quite well in worldly matters, and we had trials; but we were so much to each other, and Jack was so strong and brave, that they were not very difficult to bear. At last came a day when he determined to emigrate, and we came to Canada. He had a good knowledge of farming, and thought he would get on. So with the little money he had, he purchased this place, and was now trying to get a living out of it. He had hard work enough. We were poor, and could not get proper help to clear the land, and Jack had to depend a great deal on his own strong arms and clear head. But, thank God, neither failed him. He never gave up hope; when things looked their worst, he was ever calmly brave; his strong heart never gave way. He used sometimes to say words of self-reproach for having married, and brought me to face such a hard struggle. My dear Jack, he need not have so spoken or thought. I cared for nothing in the life he had rescued me from. I regretted sometimes I was not stronger—a more useful help-mate for him. But I was only too glad to *rough it* with him, and strong in the will to do all I could to set his mind at ease on my account.

And to-night all this came before me—my dear dead father, my absent husband; and I sat dreaming on, until the darkness had quite fallen, and I awoke with a start to the realities of the present. The fire had begun to crackle loudly, shedding a bright light around, dancing and flashing on the timbers, and filling the room with a crimson glow. I went to the window, and drew the screen. I did not close the shutter, thinking that if he did come home to-night, he would like to see the cheery light, in token of welcome. I went to the next room, used as a kitchen, softly followed by the dog, and bringing forth some candles, lit one. I had to be sparing of them, for my stock was but small; but, to-night, I could not bear the shadows cast in corners by the flickering of the fire. I scarcely expected Jack. Still hope would whisper—‘He *may* come.’ But the hours grew into night, and still the longed-for arrival did not take place.

My baby was sleeping soundly in its cot, and ‘Terry,’ the dog, lay snugly before the now cheerful fire: I tried to while away the lonesome time by reading and thinking; but my book proved tedious and my thoughts became sad. My fears were for Jack. I cried with sheer nervous fright. ‘What, what can delay him so?’ I cried. ‘Oh! what trouble is in store for me?’ Then my better sense came to my aid. What use in idle repining! I made some tea, and drank it, but with little relish.

As I watched my sleeping infant, the stillness of the night was suddenly broken by a wild unearthly yell! The wolves in the swamp some distance off. I cowered, and shrank. What if Jack, determined on coming home, had faced the night, and those terrible foes!

Nerving myself by a great effort, I stole to the window, and fastened the shutter tremblingly. Terry barked violently at this moment, and awoke my baby, which diverted my thoughts for a while, until I had petted and nursed it into another soft slumber. I heaped on fresh wood. The night was far advanced, but I could not go to bed. Indeed, I felt thoroughly sleepless; and

drawing my low rocking-chair to the fire, sat down. I must have slept some time, when a long low whine from the dog aroused me. He was standing facing the window, his ears erect, his hair bristling, listening attentively.

‘Terry, poor boy, good dog,’ I whispered, trembling, ‘what is it?’

How long the silence lasted, I cannot say; all at once it seemed to me as if some one or thing was creeping round the shanty—round, slowly feeling its way. There was a crunching sound in the snow, at first faint, now quite distinct. And now, too, the dog’s behaviour changed. With a fierce bark, he dashed forward to the door. At this moment, on the glass on the window, came a violent rapping—a rapping, it seemed, of human fingers! I smothered a shriek, and sank on my knees. Then, again, Jack came before me, and I approached the casement. But the loud barking of the dog, and the crying of the awakened child, stifled all other sound. I opened the shutter, and raising the screen, looked into the darkness. I recoiled with a shriek! A white face was pressed against the glass on the outside—a face so wild and ghastly that it looked nothing of this world. Involuntarily, I glanced at the window again. *It was there still.* Then, tapping on the pane, hands strove to open the sash. With a yell, Terry sprang forward; but I caught him ere he could break through the window, and the face disappeared. But now at the door the knocking was repeated. Holding back the dog, I bent my ear to the chink, and listened.

‘Let me in, for God’s sake,’ moaned a hoarse voice. ‘I am a dying man; let me die in the light. Woman, woman, I beg of you, let me in!’

‘Who are you?’ I asked. ‘Do I know you?’

‘Let me in. I am dying! He is hunting me!’ he screamed; and then, as it seemed, fell, for I felt the door shake, as if he had clutched at it.

‘The wolves are after him,’ I thought, and hesitating not an instant, undid the fastening, and opened the door. He had fallen, and lay across the threshold as if dead. Kneeling down, I lifted his head; he was not insensible. At first, I thought it was drink that ailed him, but his face disproved that. It was pinched and white, and like the face of a dying man, as he had called himself. I helped him to a sitting posture, then to his feet. He staggered in, and sank down again when he reached the hearth. His hands were benumbed, his teeth chattered with cold, and his clothes were wet and torn. Altogether, he looked the picture of wretchedness and misery. His wild eyes were riveted on the door.

‘Shut it,’ he whispered. ‘Keep him out, for’—

I quickly closed the door, and fastened it. Then, giving him a little cordial, it revived him greatly.

‘My poor fellow, are you better?’ He nodded.

The fire’s heat seemed to make him drowsy; so, getting a blanket and some skins, I made him a kind of bed. He lay down obediently, and gradually I saw his eyes close. I looked at him curiously. I was not frightened now. The man before me could not have injured a child, were he so inclined. Worn to a mere skeleton, the wreck of a once powerful man lay there. As the light fell on his face, I saw that he must once have possessed no ordinary portion of good looks. His beard was grizzled, though he was not past the



prime of life; but toil and hardship, and, to judge from the sunken eyes and furrowed brow, care and sorrow too, had done their work. I pitied him, and was glad that no cowardly fear had caused a refusal to his entreaty for admission. Poor fellow! those sinewy hands, feeble as my baby's now, spoke of hard work, a life spent in outdoor toil. I anxiously looked for morning, as well as for the return of my husband. While enduring this sad vigil, the stranger whom I had sheltered suddenly burst into exclamations, like the ravings of a madman.

'Keep him out—keep him out! Don't you hear him?' The man was sitting up, pointing with extended finger. 'Keep off!' he cried; 'keep off! Your time is not come yet. Stand there between me and him. Save me!'

I sprang towards him. 'There is no one here,' said I hastily; 'no one, indeed. I am quite alone, except the little child and the dog. You are mistaken.' I was terrified, but strove to speak calmly.

'I am not mistaken. Have I been mistaken those ten years? For ten years on this very night, this twentieth of February, I have heard his voice and seen his face. Stand there between me and the door. Hark! hear to him!' He cowered down, shuddering. 'Let me die,' he murmured. 'He said he'd be with me at my dying hour; and he is.' He stopped speaking. His last words were uttered in a hoarse whisper. In the silence, I could hear the beating of my own heart. He stretched out his hand feebly. 'Touch me!' he said; 'twill give me courage.'

I did so, taking his hand in mine.

'You are an angel,' he said, his fingers convulsively tightening on mine. 'Look at the dog!' he cried. His voice was low and hoarse through excessive weakness.

'Maybe you think it's the horrors of the drink that's on me. I haven't tasted liquor till you gave it me, these six months. It only drove me worse when I took it. And I am not mad,' reading some such thought in my face. 'Though, if I was, you'd be in no danger: even madness couldn't put the strength to harm into this bag of bones,' glancing at his hands lying before him. 'No, ma'am, I am not mad.'

I knelt down, the cowering dog at my side. I prayed earnestly, and when my voice ceased, he spoke.

'I'll tell ye true,' he said—'I'll tell ye true. Besides, an I can through your means help another, I know you won't refuse me. I have done harm, maybe—a deal of harm, to one who never injured me. An' now, I can never repair it, if you don't help me.'

His eyes were on mine, and the pupils seemed covered with a film. The effort seemed evident, when he spoke even in the lowest tones; yet in voice and gaze there were signs of strong anxiety.

'I promise you,' I replied; 'I shall try to have your wishes complied with. All my husband and I can do we will.'

'Moisten my lips; they're parching. Bless you.' He was silent for a brief space; then, speaking in a stronger, yet constrained tone, as if he had nerved himself to the task, he said: 'Let me say my say. I haven't much time left now. 'Tis ten years ago since I spoke in confidence to any human creature; 'tis ten years since I spoke the truth by word or deed! I was a happy,

contented man. I was a husband and a father, an' my wife was as purty a girl, an' as good an' true as ever lived. We rented a little farm in the county Limerick, an' we were happy an' honest. I was considered a smart fellow, an' likely to do well; an' Mary had the good word of all the neighbours. Ah! a bitter drop it is—I'll never meet her again. She's in heaven! . . . So things went on fair enough with me for some time; when on a day comin' in from the field, I found my wife cryin', an' lookin' vexed an' flustered somehow, wid the flush on her face. She would not tell me the cause. So I went out to my work again, angry a bit at her being secret like with me. I met Mr Donevan, the agent, by the way, an' he gave me a civil good mornin', an' talked for a bit about the cattle an' the crops, an' was mighty kind entirely. He went his way, an' I went mine, I thinkin' what a nice gentleman he was.'

The speaker had kept his eyes fixed on me, and never once glanced round. I strove to rise, to get him more stimulant, for his voice had grown alarmingly weak.

'No, no,' he said; 'I am dyin'; I know it. But if I had twenty years' life in me, and knew the gallows was before me, I'd spake now. Well, one evenin', a month after, I found it out. Comin' through a lonely windin' borheen, I came suddenly on a woman struggling with a man. "Help!" she cried. My heart leaped. I knew that voice. I rushed forward, and with a blow knocked down the villain who held her, and caught my wife in my arms. I'll never forget the scowl he gave at me, as, picking himself up, he limped off, I kept, by Mary clinging round me, from following him. "O Jim, don't go after him," she said. Then at length she told me how Mr Donevan had followed her about for a long time, both before and after her marriage, and how the day I found her cryin', he had made proposals to her, insultin' to an honest woman, and how he had threatened her, if she ever told me a word about it, he'd be the ruin of me.

'Well, to cut it short, for I feel the life's going fast from me, we were turned out of our home by the agent; all my little stock and furniture seized. My wife was after her confinement only two days, and the bed was taken from under her. A naybour took her in, but the shock and removal killed her. I lost her an' her baby together.

'In one short week I was a widower and childless, without house or home, or one penny in the world. I did not much care for the poverty, now, though. I met Mr Donevan the day I buried Mary, an' his wicked face wore a sneering smile, an' he gev me one look, which said to me plainly: "Haven't I kept my word?" But I was determined to be revenged on him who caused my bitter sorrow. It came to my hand, my revenge did, unexpected. One night, I was comin' alongst a lonely country road. There was a moon, but the clouds were scudding across it sometimes, an' thin all would be dark; an' thin she'd suddenly appear, lightin' up everythin' quite clear. It was in another county I was, away from my own place, having gone there for work. I had to live somehow, an' was bound to work. All alone I walked, an' all alone in the wide world I thought I was too; when, all of a sudden, a horse's throat sounded on the road, comin' towards me. I moved aside, to

let him pass, when he pulled up, an' asked me if this road was not a short-cut to K—. The moon shone out then clear an' bright, an' I seen his face, an' heard his voice, an' *knew it was him*. In an instant he was on the ground at my feet. One blow from the stout stick I carried had felled him from the saddle. He never stirred afther! The frightened horse rushed away, an' I dragged the body inside a low ditch. I took his watch, purse, an' some papers that were on him, an' left him, as if he had been murdered for robbery's sake. I was unknown in them parts. None would ever suspect me, in my own place. If they searched for me, I never knew it. I got away from Queens-town by a ship which was short of hands, an' as I had at one time lived by the sea, an' been used to boats, they were glad to get me. Over the vessel's side I flung, as we left Cork Harbour behind us, the watch and purse, but the papers I kept. They were in one small packet. I put them up; I don't know why, but I did not like to destroy them. They are now in my pocket. I went to San Francisco, an' I went all round the world, but never back to Ireland. I changed my name, an' none who once knew me would have recognised me, I became so changed in looks. But, as it happened, I never met one from my own place. My revenge brought me no comfort.'

Here his voice quivered, and he uttered some wild exclamations. He was evidently labouring under a terrible sense of remorse, and his mind was wandering. I could see he was dying. He lay quite still, but for the deep heaving of the chest. I softly wiped away the death-dews. The eyes seemed to see nothing; the face was still and fixed. The rattling became fainter; he breathed at longer intervals. Suddenly he put out one of his hands feebly, and touched mine; a smile stole over the mouth, that had not smiled for years. 'I shall see Mary,' he said, and died. Just then, when all was over with this miserable being, there was a loud knocking at the door, and with rapture I heard the voice of my husband: 'Hollo! Nell! Let me in, child. Where are you?'

I flew to the door, and, in the agitated state of my feelings, I fainted away in his arms. When I came to myself, I was in the kitchen, and Jack beside me; his dear face looked pale with anxiety, and he held me close to his heart, as I told him what had occurred, as soon as I could find voice at all, and I did not forget to mention the packet.

Jack had been unable to leave D— until late the preceding day, and had been overtaken by the darkness. The fog increasing, he had consented to accept a friend's hospitality for the night; but being miserably uneasy about me, he had started long before dawn, and, arriving home, beheld the strange scene related.

I was ill, and it was a good while before I got well. In the interval, my baby was attended to by an English settler's wife, who lived next to us. Having lost her own child, she nursed mine with care and love until it could be restored to my care. During this dismal period, I escaped any concern as to the removal and burial of the stranger who had died in the distracting circumstances I have recorded.

On returning to everyday life, and sitting one day with little Willie in my arms, Jack proposed to tell me a story. 'If you are able to bear it,' he

said, 'I will tell you a story full of interest, but also a little painful. I think you should hear it.' I requested him to proceed. He then went on as follows: 'Ten years ago, in a certain county in Ireland, lived a gentleman who had two sons. He had been married twice, and the brothers had different mothers. The first wife's son was a great deal older than his half-brother, and was married, with a son reaching manhood, when the younger came home to his father from the English college where he had been educated. The mother of the younger brother had died in giving him birth. The elder brother's wife was an intriguing woman. The younger son had a will of his own, and was too proud and too honest to flatter. Things did not go on well between him and his brother's family, who disliked him, and were jealous of the father's affection for his younger son. The fortune of the father was in his own power, with the exception of a small entailed property. Gradually an estrangement crept between the old man and his favourite son, which was not wholly the son's fault. And there was no lack of malice to widen the breach on the part of others. At last, a serious quarrel occurred between the young man and his father on the subject of the former's marriage with a lady of large fortune. The father and son parted in anger. The father sent for his lawyer, and made his will, leaving his whole fortune to his *elder* son, cutting off the younger with *one shilling*. The father and son did not meet again until just before the old man's death. The son, hearing one day of his father's wish to see him, hastened to him. The meeting gave happiness to both, and they parted reconciled. The old man had not been very well for some time, but after his son's departure, rallied wonderfully, and seemed likely to live for years. One day he started on a journey, telling no one his mission. The same evening he returned, apparently in good health. The next morning, he was found dead in his bed! *Heart disease* was the verdict of the physicians. The night before, or the morning of his death, a terrible murder had been committed near a town not twenty miles distant from the old man's home; the victim being a solicitor and land-agent from a neighbouring county. This gentleman had come to K— on business, and had accepted the invitation of a friend to dinner. On returning to his hotel from his friend's house, he was attacked on the public road. His body was not discovered for several hours after the deed was perpetrated; and as all the valuables on his person were gone, it was believed it was for the purpose of robbery the crime was committed. It was generally believed there were more than one engaged in the matter, as, though lame, the deceased was a powerful man, and well able to cope with a single antagonist. The murderer was never discovered. There were some hard dealings with tenants, which had brought the dead man into disrepute with the peasantry; and there was *one* man in particular on whom suspicion fell. But the fact of the robbery took people off the scent, and gave the crime another character than agrarian.

'Search was made, however, for the man in question, but he was never found, and was believed to have left the country; and no trace of the murderer, whoever he might be, was discovered. The elder of the two brothers stepped into his father's fortune, and the younger got his

*skilling!* They never met after they parted at their father's grave. But the younger went his way with a lighter heart to think that his father's last words to him had been those of peace and love; believing also, that if he had but lived a little time longer, another will would have been made, and justice would have been done him.

'Justice had been done him; another will had been made. For some reason (probably suspicion of his elder son) he had wished to keep the matter a secret; and had employed the murdered man to draw the will, instead of the family lawyer. He had known the dead man a long time, and had confidence in him. He had gone to K—— to meet him the day of that sudden journey—the last day of both their lives—and had executed the will. Whether the elder brother ever had any suspicion on the subject, it is impossible to say. The witnesses to the will are both living in K——. No papers of any kind being found on the dead man, of course all was clear for the elder of these sons; and he was at liberty to disregard any idle gossip he might have heard as to his father's executing a deed the day before his death. The will, which was the old man's last wish and act, *is found*, and has, through a mysterious interposition of Providence, been sent to him to whom it chiefly applies.'

'That is fortunate, dear Jack, for the younger brother will get his due.'

'And that younger brother is about to claim it, and is going to carry off his wife and child to share it with him,' said my husband, jeocosly. 'Ay, Nell, I am that younger brother, whose earlier history has, till now, been such a mystery to his sweet little darling wife.'

'Then,' said I, tears of joy brimming my eyes—my hand fondly clasped in his; 'then that is the story of the "packet"?''

'That is the story of the packet; so carefully guarded for years by the poor outcast who is dead and gone. And now I think my Nell will not have cause altogether to repent having sheltered the castaway on that Night in the Backwoods!'

#### CORPORATION OF LONDON AND THE PEERAGE.

THE following interesting particulars concerning the connection between the corporation of London and the peerage, appeared lately in the *Pall Mall Gazette*:

'Turning over the pages of Sir Bernard Burke's illustrious annual, we find that the Duke of Leeds is descended from Sir Edward Osborne, Lord Mayor in 1582, once the apprentice whose romantic rescue of his master Sir William Hewett's daughter Anna from the Thames, and his subsequent marriage to her, have been so often recorded. The Duke of Hamilton is the heir and representative of Alderman Beckford, of Billingsgate Ward, who became Lord Mayor for the second time in 1770, and father of the author of *Uathek*, whose daughter and heiress was Duchess of Hamilton, grandmother of the present peer. The Earl of Coventry is descended from John Coventry, who was Lord Mayor in 1425, and one of the executors of no less a personage than Sir Richard Whittington, "thrice Lord Mayor of London." The Earl of Craven is descended from Sir William Craven, Lord Mayor in 1611. The Earl of Essex from Sir

William Capel, Lord Mayor in 1503; and the Earl of Dartmouth from Thomas Legge, who was Lord Mayor in 1346 and 1353. The ancestor of the Earl of Ducie was Sir Robert Ducie, Lord Mayor in 1631, and of the Earl of Roden was Sir Ralph Joselyn, who was Lord Mayor in 1464. The Earl of Feversham is the collateral descendant of Sir Charles Duncombe, Lord Mayor in 1708; and the Earl of Onslow is heir to Sir Thomas Foot, Lord Mayor in 1649, upon whom a baronetcy was conferred in 1660, with special remainder to the husband of his daughter, who upon his death became Sir Arthur Onslow, the first baronet of the name. Lord Garvagh and Lord Stratford de Redcliffe are the collateral descendants of Thomas Cannings, Lord Mayor of London in the reign of Henry VI., and his brother, William Cannings, five times Mayor of Bristol in the reign of Edward IV.; and the Earl of Tankerville is the heir-male of Sir Thomas Bennet, Lord Mayor in 1603, while he is represented in the female line by the Marquis of Salisbury. Lord Aveland is the great-great-grandson of Sir Gilbert Heathcote, Lord Mayor in the reign of Queen Anne; and Lord Hatherley is the son of Sir Matthew Wood, twice Lord Mayor in the reign of George IV.—thus reversing in his family, though not in his person, the scheme of promotion suggested to Lord Brougham. Moreover, even Aldermen of London who were not so fortunate as to pass the chair, are amply and honourably represented in the peerage. The ancestor of Earl Fitzwilliam was Sir William Fitzwilliam, Sheriff of London in 1506, and Alderman of Bread-street Ward; Earl Cowper is the descendant of John Cowper, Sheriff of London in 1551, and Alderman of Bridge Ward; Earl Bathurst is descended from Lancelot Bathurst, Alderman of London in the reign of Queen Elizabeth; and the Earl of Romney is descended from Thomas Marsham, Alderman of London in the reign of James I.; Lord Hill is a collateral of Sir Rowland Hill, whom Sir Bernard Burke calls the "celebrated" Lord Mayor of London; and the Earl of Beective, if he survives his father, the Marquis of Headfort, as heir to his grandfather, Alderman Thompson, will add another representative of the Lord Mayors of London to the roll of peers. We are by no means certain that we have exhausted the list; but the examples we have hit upon are perhaps sufficient for the purpose of establishing an intimate and distinguished connection between the corporation and the peerage. Two dukes, one marquis for certain, and two marquises if the ordinary course of nature prevails, seven earls, and two barons, are descended directly from Lord Mayors of London; while their collateral descendants include one earl, a viscount, and two barons; and Aldermen of London who did not pass the chair are the lineal ancestors of four earls. Slightly changing Shakspeare's line, each of the great majority of these may say—

I draw my life and being from men of civic siego;  
while the citizens of London may not inappropriately borrow Lord Chatham's indignant exclamation: "Sugar! Mr Speaker, sugar! who laughs at sugar now?"

Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, 47 Paternoster Row, LONDON, and 339 High Street, EDINBURGH.  
Also sold by all Booksellers.

# CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

OF  
POPULAR

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

*Fourth Series*

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS.

No. 582.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 20, 1875.

PRICE 1½d.

## THE DANGEROUS CLASSES.

WHEN visiting New York, now some twenty years ago, we were a little startled to find that the mean and crowded quarters of that great city exhibited a spectacle of poverty, vice, and misery, closely resembling what one hears of, or is accustomed to observe, in the more squalid and dissolute parts of London, Liverpool, Glasgow, or Edinburgh. For this the European stranger is not prepared by the accounts he has received of the condition of affairs in the United States. Servants, labourers, are in demand to clear and cultivate the ground. Land to be had for the merest trifle—in some places, indeed, offered for nothing to those who are disposed to settle on it. No old institutions, such as we hear so many maundering complaints about in this country. 'Liberty and equality' to any imaginable amount. Protection to native manufactures and commerce on a scale nowhere exceeded. Paper-money sufficient to satisfy the wildest currency crotchets. Yet, with all these coveted boons to make people happy, there, in what as regards wealth and population is entitled to be called the capital of the country, you see concentrated masses of vice and wretchedness apparently differing in no way from what may be seen any day at home—in fact, a 'dangerous class,' the cryptogamia of society, flourishing in dark recesses, just as it does in the Old World. An excellent cure for a variety of political crotcheteers would be a visit to New York!

No doubt, the Old World must bear part of the blame for the accumulated mass of human wreck visible in New York, for great numbers of the impoverished and desperate are of European birth, and were less or more demoralised before they crossed the Atlantic. Admitting so much, it is obvious that there is here, as elsewhere, the well-known tendency in large communities to throw off swarms of unfortunates—the morally and physically weak—intemperates devoted to poverty and the bottle—and against whom society has constantly to protect itself by prisons, the police, and other agencies; though, as is perceived, all will not sometimes do.

As the subject is momentous, we are glad that it was made a matter of special inquiry by Mr Charles Loring Brace, of New York, a person known for his philanthropic endeavours to teach the ignorant, to raise up the depressed, to cheer the despairing, and who felt convinced that 'the cheapest and most efficacious way of dealing with the dangerous classes of large cities, is not to punish them, but to prevent their growth.' We may not agree with all Mr Brace's theories, nor do we think he sufficiently pointed out a certain preventive, but he evidently meant well, and is worth listening to.

In his work, the title of which we subjoin, Mr Brace begins by noticing that there is one essential difference between the dangerous classes of New York and London, or Glasgow. With us, poverty and crime are in many instances inherited from generation to generation. Paupers are the children of paupers, criminals have had criminal fathers. The profuse generosity doled out by the poor-law administration, asylums, and hospitals—with the very best intention—has led to a hereditary abjectness of feeling. In some parts of England, there have been known to be, at least, four generations of parish paupers in direct succession—a class of poor, cultivated on system. America has little of this folly. It is too young a country, and with too many outlets for change of residence, to have fixed and hereditary paupers to an extent worth mentioning. That is an important distinction. But the want of fixity of tenure is compensated by the intensity of the American temperament. As we could see by evening walks through New York, there was a loose recklessness of character, and disposition to use knives in petty quarrels, which was new to us. Mr Brace points out this peculiarity in the vicious American classes. 'Their crimes,' he says, 'have the unrestrained and sanguinary character of a race accustomed to overcome all obstacles. They rifle a bank, where English thieves pick a pocket; they murder, where European *prolétaires* cudgel [kick] or fight with fists; in a riot, they begin what seems the sacking of a city, where English rioters would merely

batter policemen, or smash lamps. The dangerous classes of New York are mainly American born, but the children of Irish and German immigrants. They are far more brutal than the peasantry from whom they descend, and they are much banded together in associations, such as "Dead Rabbit," "Plug-ugly," and various target companies. . . . New York has never experienced the full effect of the nurture of these youthful ruffians, as she will one day. They shewed their hand only slightly in the riots during the war.\* From what is added, they seem to make themselves serviceable to political parties, by personating voters, and intimidating people from coming to the poll. Nothing of that kind could be safely attempted in England.

As in Paris and London, it is astonishing how quickly the dangerous classes of New York come out of their doors at any period of public excitement, when any mischief is on foot. During the mad freaks of the Commune in Paris, women went about with petroleum setting fire to dwellings and public buildings. In the same way, women of a degraded class join in riotous proceedings in New York, and help in sacking houses or committing outrages on unoffending negroes. The difference is only in degree, according to local circumstances. A silly magisterial weakness has everywhere had a similar result—the destruction of the railings in Hyde Park, the burning of the Tuileries and Hôtel de Ville; and within memory, only by the prompt intervention of a body of armed pensioners, was Glasgow saved from general sack and destruction. Even with these examples, society has hardly awakened to the fact that, in every large city, there lurks a species of volcano of crime, aggravated according to circumstances. The dingy lanes and courts crowded to suffocation with living and dangerous debris, are so many citadels hostile not less to public health than to social security. Only by dint of police is external order preserved. Sad to say, that is the upshot of our civilisation—be it of Europe, or be it of America—when the nineteenth century is within five-and-twenty years of its close. Political whims, of which there are never wanting persons to make capital, are evidently undeserving of consideration. The dangerous classes are a source of anxiety under every form of government.

According to Mr Brace, the separate members of the riotous and ruffianly masses in New York, are simply grown-up neglected and street-wandering children. He is inclined to estimate the number 'as fluctuating each year between twenty and thirty thousand. But to these, as they mature, must be added, in the composition of the dangerous classes, all those who are professionally criminal, and who have homes and lodging-places. And, again, to these, portions of that vast and ignorant multitude, who, in prosperous times, just keep their heads above water, who are pressed down by

poverty or misfortune, and who look with envy and greed at the signs of wealth and luxury all around them, while they themselves have nothing but hardship, penury, and unceasing drudgery.' Looking at the state of New York as the beau-ideal of republicanism, and as provided with the machinery of a free and excellent system of education, it is painful to record that not more than 'about thirty-one per cent. of the adult criminals can read or write, while of the adult population about six per cent. are illiterate. . . . In the city prisons for 1870, out of 49,423 criminals, 18,442 could not write, and could barely read, or more than thirty-three per cent.'

Juvenile crime in the happy-go-lucky state of affairs in New York is imputed to idleness, or want of a trade; unions which prevent a recourse to chance labour; an increasing aversion among American children, whether poor or rich, to learn anything thoroughly; a preference to make fortunes by lucky and sudden turns, rather than by patient industry; ill-treatment by step-mothers and step-fathers; the desertion of wives and families; overcrowding of dwellings; and, of course, the 'magic cup,' intemperance. The glance given to the homes of the recklessly intemperate is appalling. In these wretched dwellings, 'the hearts of young women are truly broken, and they seek their consolation in the same magic cup; here, children are beaten, or maimed, or half-starved, until they run away to join the great throng of homeless street rovers, and grow up to infest society. . . . In the New York city prisons, during 1870, there were, out of 49,423 criminals, 30,507 of confessedly intemperate habits.' The picture presented of vice-stricken narrow streets and lanes, the resort of outcasts and thieves—the infamous German Rag-picker's Den in Pitt and Willet Streets; the murderous blocks in Cherry and Walter Streets; the thieves' lodging-houses in the lower wards, where street-boys are trained to pocket-picking and burglary; the notorious Rogues' Den in Rotten Row, where it is said no drove of animals could pass by and keep its numbers intact; the fever nests; the crowded dens of organ-boys; and so on, are too horrible to be dwelt upon.

A large part of Mr Brace's volume consists in an account of the voluntary efforts undertaken to mitigate this distressing state of affairs, by means of workshops, improved lodging-houses, day and night schools, Sunday meetings, and various religious influences. To the credit of the wealthier classes, large sums were contributed to carry on the work of reclamation, and, doubtless, much good was done. This benevolently disposed writer, however, as appears to us, trusts too implicitly to these philanthropic measures. He fails to recognise the power of 'draw.' Any one who studies the history of our English and Scotch benevolent institutions, learns that, while assuaging misery, they also create it, by encouraging a dependence on the charitable contributions of the humane. Every one of our cities is a draw, and the more that is given, the attraction becomes the stronger. To cure the wretchedness of large towns, and root out the dangerous classes, by eleemosynary contributions, is proved, by lengthened experience, to be simply impossible.

Whatever benefits may be allowably ascribed to the organisation of charity, industrial schools, and other agencies in large towns, it seems plain to

\* *The Dangerous Classes of New York, and Twenty Years' Work among them.*

us, that overcrowding into dark and unwholesome dens is the serious evil which needs to be attacked, and, unless it be overcome, all the efforts of philanthropy will be comparatively abortive. Scottish municipal authorities were among the earliest to recognise this fact. Glasgow took the lead about twelve years ago. An act of parliament was procured to open up the more crowded and insalubrious parts of the city haunts of vice and misery—and to erect spacious and airy streets instead. Edinburgh immediately followed in 1865. A City Improvement Act was passed, to clear away some of the worst parts of the town, and, in their stead, to introduce new and salubrious thoroughfares. In both cases, compulsory powers were taken to buy up old and semi-ruinous tenements, all the costs incurred being to be discharged by local rates, extending over a series of years. In each instance, a marked degree of success has attended the effort; and the only thing to be regretted is, that the respective statutes did not authorise a still more clean sweep of the dens of misery and infamy. We can say, from a knowledge of the facts, that but for the clamour of visionaries, the eradication of resorts of the dependent and dangerous classes would have been greatly more effective.

What, in cases of this kind, is peremptorily required, is the extirpation of narrow lanes bounded on each side by houses, and closely packed courts, which, for the most part, are dingy and repulsive even at mid-day. In such quarters are the haunts of the confirmed intemperate, the impoverished, and all who are comprehended in the term 'dangerous classes.' Issuing from these dismal and unwholesome resorts, which are almost beyond the pale of civilisation, and where deadly epidemics are seldom absent, men, women, and children in squalid attire come forth at times to loiter and misspend existence in doing nothing, in the public streets. There they are standing idly, with hands in their pockets, or in some way embarrassing the thoroughfares—the children probably scrambling in the gutters. By some extraordinary effort, reading-rooms, museums of science and art, have been established to amuse, instruct, and if possible elevate these abject beings. The attempt is, generally speaking, hopeless. Idle vacuity and the public-house are preferable. In truth, as to bettering their circumstances and improving their minds, they are wholly indifferent. Public gardens, parks, libraries, and museums laid open gratuitously, are wholly thrown away on the uninstructed and degraded classes we speak of. The remedy for what is so deplorable must be something much more incisive. 'Pull down the nests, and the rooks will fly away,' is an old and not inappropriate adage. The harbourages of the reckless and dissolute must be removed, and some provision made for maintaining the decencies of life and the public security. It may be sentimentally deplored that hordes of an impoverished and wretched class should have to be sent adrift; but, practically, the honest, industrious, and thrifty among them will, on being put to their shifts, have little difficulty in getting suitable dwellings at rents within their means. As for the idle, brutal, and dishonest, the sooner they disappear the better.

As appears from the newspapers, Liverpool is at present painfully labouring with the difficulty of unbroken-up bands of the dangerous class, spoken

of as 'corner-men,' from their practice of loitering in idle groups at the corners of streets, but ready for any outrage on unoffending passengers—kicking to death, as is observed, being with them a favourite pastime. A correspondent of *The Times* (January 11), speaking from local knowledge, distinctly mentions that the nuisance of corner-men is due to certain narrow streets and courts. He specifies 'a spot near the Exchange not exceeding 23,500 square yards, as containing about 5000 persons; being nearly equal to a thousand to an acre.' Why such plague-spots are suffered to remain in a city noted for its wealth and commercial enterprise, is not easily understood. Possibly in Liverpool, as well as elsewhere, legal difficulties are apprehended. The legislature, indeed, should be able to smooth away obstructions; but it does not always do so. A bill for city improvement, and on the face of it beneficial to the community, may be factiously opposed, and cost many thousands of pounds before it becomes law; it may even be thrown out on some petty error of a word, or the want of a small mark on a plan. It is not strange, therefore, that often municipal authorities are deterred from taking the proper steps for remedying the immoral and insalubrious overcrowding of cities. The subject is eminently worthy of government handling. What is specially wanted is a general act for the improvement of towns, that could be cheaply set in operation with the concurrence of the Secretary of State, under such safeguards as might be thought desirable. Only, as we think, by such promptly effective measures, can cities hope to rid themselves of the Dangerous Classes.

W. C.

## WALTER'S WORD.

### CHAPTER XV.—COMING ROUND.

WALTER LITTON was wroth at the conduct of Reginald Selwyn; and he said consolingly: 'You have had a narrow escape, Red Riding-hood, and it should be a warning to you as long as you live. The next time a man professes love for you, and—'

Nellie shook her pretty head, and sobbed out: 'Never, never! that is all over now. And please, don't call me Red Riding-hood any more; I don't deserve it.'

'Well, well; I only say, if such a thing *should* happen, don't keep it from your father. No good ever came from hiding yet. As to this man Selwyn, you have only to tell him from me'—

'I shall tell him nothing from you, sir; I have done mischief enough between you already,' answered she firmly.

'But you will not let him persuade you that he is not married?'

'O no, no, sir!' and she gave a little shudder of loathing, which Walter rightly considered to be more assuring than any protestations.

'And now, not this morning, but to-morrow, you will come and sit to me as usual; and we will be grandpapa and little Red Riding-hood together, just as we used to be.'

'I will come and sit to you, sir,' said Nellie humbly, and with a significant ignoring of his last sentence, which was very pitiful.

And the next morning, Nellie came as usual, pale enough, but not with those fever-bright eyes and haggard looks that she had worn on the previous day.

'Tell me truly, is it all over between you and that man?' asked Walter; but he scarcely needed her earnest assurance that it was so, to convince him that she was not only out of danger, but cured. Anything short of the actual cautery use of these scathing words: 'I saw him married with my own eyes,' which Litton had fortunately been able to pronounce, would probably have failed to eradicate the honeyed poison of the treacherous captain; but as it was, she was saved. The shock of the operation had, however, been severe, and the poor girl suffered sadly on her road to convalescence. It was well for her that, besides her duties at home, she had once more her own employment to occupy her thoughts; and it was also well to be in the company of the friendly artist, whose presence could not but remind her of the peril which, thanks to him, she had escaped.

Walter worked hard at his new picture, but it was a relief to him that for the present he could do so at home. If he had had at once to present himself at his patron's house while his wrath was at white-heat against the captain, it would have been difficult for him to discourse of his former ally to Lillian without her seeing that his regard for him had evaporated. For the present, he had not only no forgiveness for him, but not common patience—which means common charity. It was only after many days, and by accusing himself (not without justice) of being so furious against his friend, not because he was a married man, but because he had married Lotty, that he was able to look upon his offence with calmer eyes. There was this to be said, however (and though it made little difference in the moral aspect of the question, it had a very mitigating effect on Walter), no harm had been done after all; and when the time arrived for him to revisit Willowbank, he felt that he could plead for the exiled pair, if his pleading might be of any service, almost as honestly as though the captain had not been one of them. He found Mr Brown in much better case than on his first visit; the gout had left him, and with it much of his peevishness and irritability; while Lillian was looking more beautiful than ever.

He had chosen an upper room for his studio, where his host bustled cheerily in and out, but kept no dragon's watch over him. Upon the first opportunity of their being alone together, Walter congratulated his sitter upon her more cheerful looks, which he attributed to the improvement in her father's health.

'You are more like Joan in her halcyon days, than when I saw you last,' said he.

'You mean to say that I don't look so much as though I had been condemned for a witch, Mr Litton,' answered she, smiling. 'Well, you will be glad to hear there is a good reason for that.'

'I see one reason in your father's recovery.'

'Yes; and there is another, which has also, as I believe, been the cause of his convalescence. There is now a well-grounded hope that he will be reconciled with my sister and her husband.'

'I am delighted to hear it,' said Walter. 'May I hear how that has come about?'

'Well, partly, if not chiefly (as I shall take care to tell them both) through that picture of yours in

the Academy. I don't think a day has passed without my father's having paid a visit there, on his way home from the City. He excuses himself upon the ground, that the Philippa is his property, and that, therefore, he feels an interest in it. But I know that he has a better reason than that. Since, for the present, he cannot see Lotty, he solaces himself with that "counterfeit presentment" of her.'

'But he can see her if he chooses, I suppose?'

'Yes; but there are certain outworks of pride to be broken down before he can permit himself to be persuaded out of what was once a very obstinate resolution. That they are gradually giving way, however, I am certain. A letter came to him lately from Mrs Sheldon—Captain Selwyn's aunt, you know.'

'Yes, yes; I know her very well. But I am surprised at her arguments having such an effect, since she was the means—that is, since it was from her house that your sister was married.'

'Very true; but her husband has lately died, and she has written in great sorrow, wishing to be at peace, she says, with all her fellow-creatures, and lamenting the involuntary part she took in separating father and child. You look incredulous, Mr Litton.'

'Do I? I did not mean to do so; though certainly I should not have credited Mrs Sheldon with such sentiments. But, again, I should have thought your father to be one of the last men in the world to be moved by them—that is, of course, from any source which might cause him to suspect their authenticity.'

'That is true enough,' answered Lillian; 'but Mrs Sheldon's communication, it seems (for I have not seen it with my own eyes), also informed him that there was some improvement in Captain Selwyn's prospects. A distant cousin of his has died—'

'If it is the Irish cousin, then Selwyn is Sir Reginald,' exclaimed Walter.

'I have heard nothing of that. He gains little advantage, however, I am told, in income; but such as it is, it makes the marriage less unequal in point of fortune; or, rather, dear papa is willing to persuade himself so, which is the main point. If he can only be persuaded to forgive Lotty, she and her husband could both come and live at Willowbank, you know, and we should be so happy together. Then you would always find your friend here, Mr Litton, even if papa should be out, to talk over old times.—You look as if there were some doubt of that.'

'I must have a very incredulous countenance,' observed Walter, smiling.

'You have a very decipherable one, and I think I read it aright. Pray, forgive me for cross-examining you so particularly, Mr Litton; but this matter is to me of the most vital importance. You know Captain Selwyn's character much better than I do. Do you think it impossible, from your knowledge of him, that he would be persuaded to live here?'

'Indeed, I do not. On the contrary, if he has received no accession of income, I do not see how he is well to live anywhere else.'

'But I am so afraid that papa and he may not get on well together; they are so different, you know, in their habits; at least I should suppose so, from all I have heard of my brother-in-law.'



'I think that would be of little consequence,' answered Walter; 'there would on that very account be less cause for antagonism between them. But, in such a case, Selwyn sells out, of course, and becomes an idle man, and at his age that is seldom desirable.'

If Walter Litton's face had been as decipherable as Lillian had described it, and if she had had the key of the cipher, it might have told sad tales. He did not think that plan of Selwyn's living idle at Willowbank would be at all conducive to his wife's happiness; but he could not say so, nor even hint at it.

'Oh, but papa could give him something to do; he has often talked, for example, of getting some one he could trust to superintend his affairs for him; and don't you think'—

But here Mr Brown himself happened to look in, which preserved Walter from the necessity of having to say what he thought of making an ex-captain of Her Majesty's dragoons, who had not at present been remarkable for his business habits, into an estate and property agent. And the subject was not afterwards resumed by Lillian. She was never tired, however, of talking about Lotty, whose return to her home was evidently her one absorbing thought. Not a taint of jealousy, of fear lest she should once more become her father's favourite, and oust herself from the place which in her absence she had occupied, tinged her sisterly love. She had plenty of conversation upon all topics, for she had read and thought much more than most girls of her age, and, indeed, much more than Walter himself; but this homespun talk of hers pleased him most—not only because it concerned Lotty. Her every word seemed to give assurance of the simplicity and unselfishness that dictated it. In some superficial respects, she was inferior to her sister. She had not so much of what her sex term 'style.' She lacked that air of conscious superiority, born of wealth and beauty, which he had noticed in Lotty when he first met her; but she had the same gentle graciousness of look and manner, and twice the wits. It was shocking, as he admitted to himself, to be making so odious a comparison. If he had been interrogated a month ago about Lotty's intelligence, he would have pronounced it perfect; the fact being, that her external charms had been so all-sufficient for him, that he had not looked beyond them; but now he confessed that Lillian was greatly her superior: she had more sense, more feeling, more principle. This was really very hard upon Lotty; but then everything was allowable, or, at all events, excusable, because of this last advantage that Lillian certainly did possess—her thoughts were not entirely monopolised by a beloved object (male). He did not mind their dwelling upon Lotty—far from it—but I think Mr Walter Litton would have privately resented it, had they dwelt upon another Reginald Selwyn. As for having fallen in love with her himself, however, I have already stated what a sensible young man he was, and how ridiculous, impossible, and futile any such notion must have appeared to him; indeed, he was continually repeating to himself a hundred arguments against his committing such a piece of folly, from which we may conclude how safe and sound he felt. If this had not been the case, he would have been placed in quite a dangerous position at Willowbank, for Mr Christopher

Brown, as I have said, left him a good deal alone with Lillian in the painting-room; and the depicting a very beautiful young lady as Joan of Arc affords rather exceptional opportunities for falling in love with her, which a less prudent young gentleman would have found it hard to put away from him. This conduct of his host was caused by his complete confidence in Lillian's character and dutifulness, and not at all from the reflection that she would surely take warning from her sister's fate. He considered Lotty's fiasco in the light of an unparalleled misadventure, which could not possibly happen twice in a respectable family; and perhaps even drew some comfort from its occurrence on that very ground, just as some folks flatter themselves that travelling by rail is all the safer because an accident has taken place on the same line the previous day. At all events, Mr Brown was not only civil to the young painter, but even, so far as his nature permitted him to be, cordial and friendly. He was confidential to him also after dinner; as Walter thought, extremely confidential, but then he did not know that upon one particular topic (and one only) Mr Christopher Brown was prone to be confidential to everybody: this was upon his own personal history and rise in the world, which he was wont to relate in a didactic manner, for the edification of any one he could get to listen to him. How he had begun his financial career by earning pennies for skidding the wheels of omnibuses on Holborn Hill, which was in reality a flight of imagination, though he had told it so often that he had actually begun to think that such was the case. He had been employed, when quite a lad, by the omnibus company, on account of his trustworthiness as a time-keeper, and had occasionally put his shoulder, or, at all events, his hand, to a wheel. But it was Mr Brown's weakness to disparage beginnings, as it is that of others to magnify theirs, in order, by contrast, to make the present, which he had finally achieved, the more magnificent. 'I used to earn pennies, sir—that is, when I was fortunate enough to get a penny for my trouble, instead of a half-penny—by skidding wheels in Holborn Hill. But while they descended, I ascended; while I put the drag on in their case, I accelerated my own motion towards independence. The pennies became shillings, and, begad! I looked at a shilling more than the proverbial number of times in those days, let me tell you, before I parted with it; and then the shillings became pounds. I never got a hundred pounds in a lump, young man, and far less three hundred' (this was in delicate allusion to the price agreed upon for Joan of Arc), 'when I was your age; but what I did get, I saved, and put out to the best advantage. I had only two friends in all the world, sir, at that time, Diligence and Economy; but they stuck to me, and by their help I won the fight.'

Mr Brown might have added, that his too devoted allegiance to them 'at that time,' had prevented his making friends of a human sort till it was too late to make them. If it had not been for his marriage, which, to his honour, was one of affection, he would have had nobody upon whose unselfish attachment he could have counted for the smallest service, from those early days on Holborn Hill up to the present date. His wife had died; and one of his daughters, as we have seen, had undutifully deserted him, so that he had but faithful Lillian left. She was a great treasure, it is true, yet only too

likely to pass into other hands. It was no wonder that he reckoned that wealth at a high value, which was his only consolation for the absence of friendly faces, loving hands, and for the sake of which he had foregone them. Walter pitied, and strove not to despise him, while he quoted his shallow laws about getting and saving, as though they were Holy Writ, and boasted of his growing fortunes. The old man thought him entranced with wonder, and indeed he was so—with wonder how, from such a crabbed stock, two such dainty blossoms as Lillian and her sister could have sprung. And yet Christopher Brown had his good points about him, to which his young guest was by no means blind. He was really a man of strict integrity, notwithstanding that he plumed himself so on its possession; nor was he mean, though he was cautious in spending the wealth which he had so drudgingly acquired. 'I can do as "smart" a thing' (by which he meant as liberal a one) 'as any man, when I think fit,' he would sometimes say; and therein (though he did not often think fit) he spoke no more than the truth. On that first day, Mr Brown confined his private conversation with his guest almost entirely to the topic of his own success in the world; nor did he say one syllable which would have led him to imagine, had he not been aware of the fact, that he had another daughter beside Lillian. And yet there was one circumstance which, in Walter's eyes—sharp enough in drawing a deduction—had a significant reference to Lotty's marriage. After dinner, they had adjourned, for smoking, to an apartment which was evidently the business sanctum of the master of the house: a room in which there was no furniture of the ornamental kind, and not a single book, except one bulky one which happened to be lying on the table. This was the *Peerage and Baronetage of the United Kingdom*. Walter was far too much a man of the world to be surprised at seeing such a volume in such a place; he knew that your 'self-made man' is by no means disinclined to worship at the shrine of those who, unlike himself, are indebted for their making to their ancestors; and he took it up carelessly enough. He was not a little struck, however, by its opening at a particular page, the leaf of which was turned down, so as to point with its edge to the name of Selwyn. 'Selwyn, Sir Richard,' he read, 'fifth baronet; Donaghadee, Ireland, and Long's Hotel, Bond Street. Unmarried. *Heir Presumptive, Reginald Selwyn, Captain 14th Dragoons.*'

And these last words were underlined in pencil.

#### CHAPTER XVI.—THE DEBT IS PAID.

Twenty-four hours only had elapsed when Walter paid his second professional visit to Willowbank; yet in that short interval, as he could perceive by the manner of his host and hostess, some important incident had taken place. Mr Brown was fussy and nervous; Lillian was nervous too, though her bright eyes and cheerful tone betokened an unusual elevation of spirits. Nothing was said explanatory of this until the three were in the painting-room, and Walter had settled to his work.

Then, 'Your picture is coming home to-day, Mr Litton,' observed the old merchant sententiously.

'My picture! What! from the Academy, sir? Nay; that is impossible.'

'Well, if not your picture, the living likeness of it. You did not know, perhaps, that I had another daughter—Lillian's twin-sister?'

'Yes, sir, I knew it.'

'Well, perhaps you know, then, that she has been separated from us by an unfortunate disagreement; in fact, I objected to her marriage, though she married well, as the world calls it—that is, in point of position. Her husband is Sir Reginald Selwyn, Baronet of the United Kingdom.'

The air with which the self-made man delivered himself of this remarkable piece of information was something stupendous. If it had not been for Lillian's presence, and for one other reason, Walter would have burst out laughing. The other reason was, the somewhat serious difficulty of his own position; as to how much he should own to being cognisant of; how much he ought to pretend that he was hearing for the first time. Upon the whole, he thought it best to hold his tongue, and bow.

'Yes, sir, my daughter is Lady Selwyn'—

The old gentleman hesitated, as though he were in doubt whether to add, 'also of the United Kingdom,' or not. 'She has been a stranger to her home for many months; but she is coming hither with her husband to dine to-day. I hope you will join us?'

'Certainly, if you wish it, Mr Brown. But perhaps on such an occasion'—

'A stranger might be in the way, you think,' interrupted the old gentleman. 'On the contrary, we should prefer it. It will tend to make matters go more smoothly. You have yourself, too, had a hand in the matter—unwittingly, it is true—but still we feel, both Lillian and myself, indebted to you for Philippa. It cannot, indeed, be considered a portrait, for Lotty is all smiles and brightness; but there is a something in it which has reminded me of her very much. At all events, we associate you, if you will permit us to do so, with this auspicious meeting.'

Never before had Mr Christopher Brown delivered himself of such sentiments, or given evidence of possessing such a graceful eloquence. That the speech had been prepared, neither of his hearers could for a moment doubt, but whence could he have culled this flowery style? Could it have been caught, thought Walter, from his connection—indirect as it was—with the *Peerage and Baronetage of the United Kingdom*, already?

'Under these circumstances,' continued the old gentleman, 'we hope you will not refuse to meet Sir Reginald and Lady Selwyn at our table to-day?'

'I shall be most pleased,' said Walter; then feeling that something more than pleasure was expected of him from such an invitation, he added, 'and honoured.'

'I am sure papa is very glad that you are going to dine with us,' said Lillian, when the old gentleman left the room. 'He feels not a little embarrassment, after what has passed, in meeting Captain Selwyn, and he has never seen him, you know.'

'And I have seen him so often. Don't you think that will be a little embarrassing for me?' inquired Litton comically.

'No; because he thoroughly understands your position. I have written to dear Lotty to explain it all from beginning to end. It was for her husband's

sake, and hers, not your own, that you were silent about your previous acquaintance with him.'

'That is true. But I feel not a little compunction in concealing so much from your father. He is so kind and hospitable to me; and I feel as though I had gained his good-will by false pretences.'

'I quite understand your feelings, Mr Litton; but I really do not see how matters could have been managed otherwise. I am sure, if he had known that you had been acquainted with my sister, and especially your share in her elopement (for such he considers it), he would not have been so moved by your picture; indeed, he might very possibly have believed it to be a concerted plan between you and her husband; and you know it is not as if she had really sat to you. The likeness, if not absolutely accidental, was not designed; you had never even seen her as you have represented her.'

'That may be all very true, but I am far from satisfied with my own conduct. Don't you think, Miss Lilian, that now, when all has turned out so well, it would be better to make a clean breast of it, and tell your father?'

'Oh, *pray*, don't, Mr Litton,' she pleaded. 'You don't know how large a share you have had—even papa admitted it just now in this happy reconciliation. Without you—that is, without your help, unintentional, but yet to which I am sure Lotty has been so welcome—all this would never have been brought about. Mrs Sheldon's letter of itself would have done nothing, had not papa been already, as it were, prepared for it; and remember, it has all been done for my dear father's good, for his happiness. He is not like the same man since his heart has been softened towards Lotty. Oh, please, don't let us run any risk.'

'It shall be as you wish,' sighed Walter, 'and still, as they say in the melodramas, "I will dissemble." After all, it is only my own character for straightforwardness, not yours, I am glad to think, that is in danger; only, when the truth does come out, and your father turns me out of his house as an impostor, I hope you will say a good word for me, Miss Lilian.'

'Indeed, indeed, I will, Mr Litton. But as for turning you out of the house, that is nonsense. In fact, what necessity is there for the truth, as you call it—that is, for the facts of a case which you have never been asked to speak about—coming out at all? It is very much more to Captain Selwyn's interest than to yours, that you should be considered a stranger to him. Oh, Mr Litton,' she continued, suddenly bursting into tears, 'I am afraid you are thinking hardly of me. I do not love deceit; I hate it: I hate myself for counselling you to hide the truth; it is only that of the two evils—the deceiving my father for his own good; and the telling him all, with the dreadful risk of his forgiveness to Lotty being cancelled—I honestly believe that I am choosing the less.'

'I quite understand you, dear Miss Lilian,' answered Walter earnestly, and his voice was low and soft as her own as he spoke the words; 'I quite understand; nor have I for a moment imputed to you any other motive save that which has actuated you, and which—whether it be wise or not—seems to me to do you nothing but honour. My only desire is to serve you and yours, and

all that you wish shall be done in your own way.'

Here he held out his hand, and she put hers in his, and pressed it thankfully. It was only, as it were, in ratification of their little compact; but at the touch of that small palm, Walter's pulses began to throb in a fashion which—if we did not know how very sensible a young man he was, and with what admirable arguments he had steeled himself against the indulgence of futile hopes—was almost like the spring-time of Love itself.

She did well to be grateful to him, for he was doing for her and one other what he would have done for no one else. Concealment of any kind, and far more deception, was abhorrent to Walter. He had reproached himself all along for the part he had been playing at Willowbank in relation to his host, notwithstanding all these arguments which Lilian had urged in its favour, and which he had already applied to the case in his own mind; but he had resolved, when the reconciliation between Lotty and her father should have been accomplished, that he would tell all to him, and relieve himself, at any cost, from this irksome burden. And now he had been persuaded to carry it still longer, in spite of a certain penalty that would be very grievous to him, more grievous, indeed, than he dared to own, but which he now foresaw would sooner or later be the consequence of his so doing. In one respect, he thought he judged the old merchant's character more accurately than his own daughter; and he did verily believe that the day on which Christopher Brown discovered himself to have been deceived would be the last he (Litton) would ever pass at Willowbank. Such a sentence of exile would be very bitter to him (more bitter, as I have said, than he would have liked to confess even to himself), and yet he had promised to risk its infliction; and there was one thing certain—he would keep his word. Walter Litton was, upon the whole, an impulsive man; his impulses were good, which was fortunate, since he acted on them rather than on fixed convictions. Of the possession of the thing called 'principle,' in connection with any well-defined system of religion or philosophy, he could not boast: he did what was right—such as an act of generosity, for instance—because it seemed to him right at the moment. He never went home and looked at the matter this way and that, and, upon the whole, decided that it was 'contrary to principle,' and therefore didn't do it. I have no doubt that would have been the right way for him to go to work; but yet it is certain that most such proceedings in our mental parliament do end in the 'Noes' having it; and I have always noticed that stingy persons are possessed of very high principles indeed. But though he was so deficient in this respect, there was one thing to which Walter held with the tenacity of a martyr to his faith—and that was, his word. He might be wrong in doing so—he sometimes was, just as the martyr is wrong—but he stuck to it all the same. He was wrong, as I venture to think, in this particular case; but he had given his word to Lilian, and therefore she did well to be grateful, for it was irrefragable. Have you noticed, reader, what kind of person it is—you may not have done so, for the genus is very rare—whose word is thus to be depended upon? It is generally a woman, or, if not a woman, a man of feminine type; one whose physique, whose voice,

whose manner, do not impress one very forcibly, or give one much assurance of power—delicate-handed, soft-voiced creatures, in whom such resolution is quite an unexpected trait, and which we resent the more in them from that very circumstance. 'Obstinate as a mule,' we call such a man, who opposes himself to our wishes, just because he has promised to do this or that; or, if it be not a man, 'A self-willed little slut.'

Walter did not stay on at Willowbank till dinner-time on this occasion. His host dropped no word, as before, of there being no necessity for evening dress; the coming of Sir Reginald Selwyn, Baronet of the United Kingdom (which he was not, by-the-by, but his father-in-law had picked the phrase up, and found it pleasant, like a sweet morsel rolled under the tongue), and of Her Ladyship, his wife, was a circumstance that seemed to Mr Christopher Brown imperative of evening dress; so Walter went home to attire himself. He found a letter awaiting his arrival, inclosing a cheque for fifty pounds, and a few lines from the captain:

MY DEAR LITTON—I inclose the pair of ponies, for which accept my best thanks. You are, of course, aware that the old gentleman has come round, that it is a case of 'Bless you, my children,' and 'Welcome home.' This all comes, as I told you it would, of my having become a Baronet. Only an Irish one, it is true; but then, you know, with some people, even 'Lord Ballyraggum is better than no lord at all.' My wife desires her kind regards.—Yours faithfully, REGINALD SELWYN.

P.S.—Think of your having struck up an acquaintance upon your own account with my new papa! How small the world is, after all!

Walter read this missive more than once, and with much more attention than its contents would have seemed to deserve. It was not a gracious letter, nor, though its style was so familiar, did it smack much of ancient friendship. If the captain knew that his friend was intimate at Willowbank, he must surely also know how that intimacy had come about; and therefore must be aware that the reconciliation was by no means solely due to his fire-new title. Walter was not a man to look for 'a return' for any good service, even in the shape of an expression of gratitude, but this total ignoring of what he had done in the matter was not quite pleasant. The phrase, 'struck up an acquaintance,' and especially the words which followed it, 'on your own account,' seemed indeed almost offensive. He studied the epistle thus carefully, in order to learn from it, if possible, whether little Red Riding-hood had told Selwyn from whose lips she had received the information that had disappointed his designs. Upon the whole, Walter thought that she had told him, or if not, that he had guessed the truth. There was a 'stand-at-guard' air about the letter, which was not in his friend's usual style, though it was not absolutely hostile. He was less indifferent to this than he would have been at the time he bade Nellie use his name; not only because time had mitigated his wrath against the captain, but because he did not wish to have an enemy at Willowbank. He deemed it probable, as I have said, that, sooner or later, he should be banished thence, but he wished to put off that banishment as long as possible. What seemed very strange even to himself, was, that this was the first con-

sideration that occurred to him; and not the reflection, that within an hour or so, he was about to meet Lotty for the first time since her marriage, and in her father's house.

#### ABOUT THE DINNER-TABLE.

WHAT to eat and drink, is a problem for the solution whereof atmospheric influences must be taken into consideration, if it be admitted that 'in proportion as his climate is colder, man requires for his comfort and support a larger supply of heat-producing aliment.' It is stated that 'Sir John Franklin, to his surprise and alarm, saw an Esquimaux youth consume fourteen pounds of tallow-candles at a single sitting; and the young gentleman was desirous of continuing the feast, when Sir John, who had offered to give him as many candles as he could eat, bought him off with the present of a large lump of fat pork.' It is curious, therefore, from the atmospheric point of view, to find the luxurious Romans of the Empire charged with a 'grossness of taste, which made these epicures of a hot climate prefer pork to more delicate meats.' As for their favourite sauce, or seasoning, or flavouring, it is said to have been 'garum' or 'liquamen,' and to have predominated in nearly all dishes to the same extent to which garlic predominates in the cookery of certain moderns. An excellent result is sometimes, though rarely, arrived at by questionable means; and certainly the process whereby the garum or liquamen—for one is said to be the same thing as the other—was obtained does not seem to promise any exquisitely delicate whetters of appetite. The confection, according to authority, 'was obtained from the intestines, gills, and blood of fishes, great and small, stirred together with salt, and exposed in an open vat in the sun until the compound was putrid. . . . When putrefaction had done its work, wine and spice-herbs were added to the liquescent garbage. Finally, the liquor of this loathsome compound was strained, and sent . . . from Greece to the Roman market.' However, there are champions of this repulsive mixture; they maintain that 'there lurks a mystery in the details handed down to us of its mode of preparation,' and that, 'if we knew the whole process, there would be an end to the illiberal prejudice against the appetising fluid.' This fluid was used in the 'haggis, as the Scotch term it,' which 'was a favourite preparation with Romans; but, instead of mincing the flesh used for this dish, they as often as not brayed it in a mortar, with liquamen and seasonings, till it became a soft pulp.' The usual farinaceous ingredient of the Roman haggis was frumentum; but often no grain was employed. The Apician pork-haggis—esteemed above all other compositions of the same kind—was a boiled pig's stomach filled with fry and brain, raw eggs, and pine-apples, beaten into a pulp, and treated with the never absent sauces and seasonings.' However, if it be true that our own 'feudal forefathers' were wont to 'put sugar on their oysters,' there is no telling what atrocious tendencies may lurk in our blood, and it is advisable to remember the proverb which recommends those who live in glass houses not to throw stones.

At one time, on the occasion of grand dinners, the duty of carving was a matter of grave arrangement, and governed by certain strict rules. Subsequently, in the seventeenth century, 'English gentlewomen

were instructed by schoolmistresses and professors of etiquette as to the ways in which it behoved them to carve joints. That she might be able to grasp a roast chicken without greasing her left hand, the gentle housewife was careful to trim its foot and the lower part of its legs with cut-paper. . . . The paper-frill which may still be seen round the bony point and small end of a leg of mutton, is a memorial of the fashion in which joints were dressed for the dainty hands of lady-carvers, in time prior to the introduction of the carving-fork, an implement that was not in universal use so late as the Commonwealth.' In the work called *Lady Rick's Closet* (1653), 'the ingenious gentlewoman of the period' is thus exhorted: 'Distribute the best pieces first; and it will appear very comely and decent to use a fork; so touch no meat without it.' It is a pity that so much 'misfortune has attended several attempts to establish seminaries for the sufficient instruction of womankind in the affairs of the table. The change of fashion,' it is asserted, 'which degraded carving from the rank of the elegant accomplishments, gave the *coup de grâce* to the Beak Street Academy, where, so late as thirty years since, a young lady on the eve of her marriage might acquire the art of cutting meat, in a course of twelve lessons, at a guinea a lesson, exclusive of the viands on which she operated. A similar fate befell the Berners Street School of Cookery, which gave its grandest dinner on the day that saw' the present Princess of Wales 'pass through London on her triumphal way to Windsor. . . . The South Kensington School of Cookery opened under fairer auspices, but hitherto Professor Buckmaster's zeal and ability have barely preserved it from the failure which usually follows ridicule.'

Of summoning the members of a household to the dinner-table, there are three principal methods, according as the horn, the bell, or the gong may be preferred. In olden time, it seems, the horn or cornet was the favourite instrument. And to that fact a curious, not to say a bold, piece of etymology is referred. 'At the period,' says Alexandre Dumas, 'when noon was the dinner-hour, the horn or cornet (*le cor*) was used in great houses to announce dinner. Hence came an expression which has been lost; they used to say, "cornet (or trumpet) the dinner" (*cornez le diner*).' So that, as we are informed, "cornet the dinner" was the feudal equivalent of the modern and more familiar phrase, "ring for dinner." And in days when inferior people ate little meat in the winter months save salted beef, the more usual form of the order was "*cornez le bœuf*" or "corn the beef." Hence the name of the well-known viand, 'corned beef.' Richardson errs egregiously when he insists that *corned beef* derived its distinguishing epithet from the grains or corns of salt with which it was pickled. Corned beef is trumpeted beef, or, as we should nowadays say, dinner-bell beef.' Here, thrown down from the dinner-table, is a bone of contention for etymologists.

How long one should sit at the dinner-table, is sometimes a matter of controversy. Grimod de la Reynière, 'the famous editor of the *Almanach des Gourmands*,' says that 'five hours at table are a reasonable latitude to allow in the case of a large party and recondite cheer.' Legend tells of a certain Archbishop of York 'who sat three entire years at dinner.' But the mistake 'arose out of a

'merry jest.' The archbishop had just sat down to dinner one day about noon, when he was called upon by an Italian priest, who, hearing he was at dinner, 'whiled away an hour in looking at the Minster,' and called again, but was again 'repelled by the porter.' Twice more, at two P.M. and at three P.M., the Italian repeated his visit, and was either told or led to infer that His Grace was still engaged in the same occupation, for, at the fourth visit, 'the porter, in a heate, answered never a worde, and churlishlie did shutte the gates upon him.' Hereupon, the Italian, whose time was short, departed 'for London, and returned to Rome without seeing the spiritual chief of the northern province. Three years later, encountering in Rome an Englishman who declared himself right well known to His Grace of York, the Italian, clothing his face with a merry smile, inquired drolly: "I pray you, good sir, hath that archbishop dined yet?"' Whence arose the malicious story of a three years' sitting at dinner.

As to the 'best number of guests for an agreeable dinner,' it is probable that the world will never agree. Grimod de la Reynière preferred three to any other number, and would not, on any account, suffer six to be exceeded. The 'finest gourmands of modern France and modern England' have declared twelve to be 'permissible.' But the most humorous view ever taken of the subject is attributed to a certain 'President of the Tribunal at Avignon,' who remarked to a friend one day: 'By my faith, *we* have just had a superb turkey. It was excellent, stuffed to the beak with truffles, tender as a chicken, fat as an ortolan, aromatic as a thrush. By my faith, we left nothing but its bones!' 'And how many were there of you?' inquired the friend. 'Only two,' answered the other with a gentle smile. 'Only two!' exclaimed the astounded hearer. 'Precisely so,' replied the lawyer: 'there was myself, and there was—the turkey.' As to dining alone, there are many reasons for and against it; but one of the objections was forcibly put by Theodore Hook, who said: 'When one dines alone, the bottle *does* come round so fast.'

Closely connected with the dinner-table are the caterers for it. And amongst them a very honourable position must be assigned to Samuel Birch, the famous confectioner of Cornhill, where he supplied such turtle-soup and oyster-patties and other delicacies that he 'drew to his shop epicures from every quarter of the town.' So much may be already generally known about him; but very many readers will, no doubt, be surprised to learn that as 'a man of wit and letters, he produced plays that held the stage, and books that are still readable, though seldom read. One of his musical dramas, *The Adopted Child*, was popular long after the author had killed his last turtle and breathed his last breath. His temper was so amiable, and his humour so lively, that he heartily enjoyed the joke when, on his appointment to be colonel of the City Militia, it was proposed to style him Marshal Tureen. "By all means," the confectioner cried gaily to the originator of this witticism, a brother officer in the militia, who, as a great flour and corn merchant, regarded confectioners disdainfully; "and you shall be Marshal Sacka." Throwing himself into local politics, he figured as common-councillor, alderman, and Lord Mayor, the year of his mayoralty being the famous 1815. When

Chantrey's statue of George III. was placed in the Council Chamber of Guildhall, during the Waterloo year, Birch's pen produced the inscription for it. His daughter married Lamartine the poet.

It is not very long since a not very successful attempt, by means of letters, pamphlets, lectures, and experimental dinners at the Langham Hotel, and at private houses, was made, by enthusiastic and unprejudiced gentlemen, to set horse-flesh, as an ordinary dish, upon the dinner-table, at any-rate of the poorer classes. It may be news, however, to the world in general, that donkey has been served up, as the writer of this article can testify, at a gentleman's table in London. The writer's experience, however, differs vastly from that recorded in the following anecdote: 'The company had enjoyed the soups, fish, and entrées, and some of them were screwing up their courage to take a slice of donkey on the appearance of the "joints," when a guest observed to the host: "So far your dinner has been excellent, though rather commonplace; but when will Neddy be served?" "My dear fellow," the entertainer answered, "with the exception of the salmon, the chief materials of every dish handed to you were taken from a tender two-year-old donkey, killed six days since by my butcher. The soups, the patties which you mistook for veal patties, the cutlets that you imagined to be lamb, the fillet with truffles, were all of donkey." The writer of this article met with different treatment: there was no disguise at all; the table was decorated with thistles and (Jerusalem) artichokes; there was a bill of fare, printed, in which the soup was significantly termed *moke-turtle*, the cutlets significantly termed *cotelettes à la Balaam*, and so on, down to *Mocha* coffee and *Assam* tea. Moreover, each dish in which there was an asinine ingredient was accompanied by another dish based upon some more conventional animal, so that there was a chance for weak brethren to keep their consciences inviolate. The general opinion of those who had sufficient strength of mind to 'go the whole-donkey,' was that, for soups, patties, and the like, ass-flesh would do as well as anything else; and that, so far as the plain joint went, ass-flesh would be excellent, when you couldn't get anything else. Tradition reports that the person who took the matter most to heart was the hospitable entertainer's cook, and that she, with all that intelligence which distinguishes her British sisterhood, when she learned that she had been made instrumental in cooking donkey, burst into tears, and gave immediate warning.

The tortures to which 'the Strasbourg goose' is subjected by those who cater for the table, have frequently been held up to execration; but a most amusing story is told relating to a French peer, who, having for the first time seen an account of them, 'burst into tears, declaring that he would never again eat the liver of a tortured goose;' adding, however, after a moment's reflection, in language worthy of a born Irishman: 'And why should I, since the livers of two Toulouse ducks, treated in the same way, are equal in size and flavour to the largest liver of the Strasbourg goose?' Of another Frenchman, the Chevalier d'Allignac, who had escaped from Paris to London 'in the evil days of the great French Revolution,' a different sort of anecdote is told. The chevalier, it is said, had great difficulty in making a bare subsist-

ence, until one day he was asked by 'a young English nobleman' to 'mix a salad in the French fashion;' which he did with such success, that he, under the title of the 'gentleman salad-maker,' became 'the hero of the hour,' received an honorarium of five pounds a time for his services, 'started his carriage, in order that he might pass quickly from house to house during the dining hours of the aristocracy;' and ultimately returned to his native land with a fortune, acquired partly by salad-making in person, and partly by a 'lucrative trade in sauces, spices, and other culinary dainties,' which he sold to those 'who lived beyond the boundary of his quarter for personal attendance, or who could not afford to pay his fee for a visit.'

And now to conclude with a very interesting anecdote, which is not likely to be so familiar as to be stale. Some forty years ago, it is said, a lady called upon Mr Longman, head of the publishing firm in Paternoster Row, and pleaded: 'Give me the subject of a book for which the world has a need, and I will write it for you.'

Mr Longman asked: 'Are you an author?'

'I am a poet,' was the reply; 'but—the world does not want poems.'

The publisher remarked, a little dubiously: 'Well, we want a good cookery-book.'

'Then,' said the lady, 'you advise me to write a cookery-book?'

Cautiously the publisher rejoined: 'I should advise you to do so, if I were confident of your ability to write a good one.'

Well, years went by; and, during those years, cooks and epicures and housewives in all parts of England were besieged for receipts to be forwarded to the address of a certain lady. The lady's own flattering letters or persuasive speech either elicited from the cooks themselves the information required, or enlisted the cooks' masters and mistresses on her side; and 'the result of her exertions, carried on for many years with equal resoluteness and good temper, was the *Modern Cookery in all its Branches*, published in 1845, which continues to hold its place in the esteem of housewives.' Its author was Miss Acton, who 'derived from her one great work an adequate provision for the remainder of her life.'

#### VENERABLE ERRORS.

A SCRUPULOUS regard for precedent is one of the remarkable peculiarities of English constitutional usage. When a matter has to be considered out of the common run of events, there is an immediate search of records to find out a precedent, perhaps a hundred and fifty years back. There is, no doubt, a virtue in this regard for precedent. It saves us from running into mischievous novelties. But it has its drawback. Sometimes the most beneficial measures are retarded, positively obstructed, because there is no precedent for them. Horrid cruelties, such as the burning of old women for witchcraft, and the hanging of poor wretches for stealing to the value of a few shillings in a dwelling-house, have been remorselessly perpetrated, because all was according to rule and precedent. This marvellous respect for precedent, a good thing in the main, is seen in our own times to have been carried the most absurd lengths; and,

in fact, most of the improvements now enjoyed have been effected in the face of intense opposition. A curious illustration of the reluctance to adopt any changes may be found in a speech delivered by Lord Lichfield in his capacity of Postmaster-general, when, in reference to Rowland Hill's penny-postage scheme, he declared, with all red-tape solemnity: 'Of all the wild and visionary schemes I have ever heard of, it is the most extravagant.'

There is a work of great authority, containing cases in Crown law reserved for the solemn decision of the judges, extending from the year 1731 to 1789, which contains many illustrations proving that sage expositors of the law, fettered by their love of precedent, could indulge in puerilities, strained constructions, and subtleties, not surpassed by Duns Scotus, who never could satisfactorily resolve the question, whether, when a hog is carried to market with a rope tied about his neck, and held at the other end by a man, the animal is brought to market by the rope or the man. The facts of the following trial are familiar to many readers, but are briefly noticed, in order to shew how a great crime and admitted guilt went unpunished, because morals and justice were made subordinate to technicalities. At the Old Bailey session of 1754, a poor innocent fellow, Joshua Kidden, was tried before Mr Justice Foster, for robbing Mary Jones on the highway. She swore positively as to his identity, and as to the circumstances of the robbery, in which she was corroborated by a villain of the name of Berry. Kidden, although innocent, was convicted and executed; and on the first of March following, the customary reward then payable was divided among the prosecutrix, John Berry, Stephen Macdaniel, and Thomas Cooper. These conspirators, who had associated themselves together to accuse innocent persons, or to incite to the commission of robberies upon themselves, in order to obtain the reward of a successful prosecution, were found out at last by means of the arrest of one Blee; and in 1756, Macdaniel, Berry, and Mary Jones were indicted for the wilful murder of Joshua Kidden, by maliciously causing him to be unjustly apprehended, falsely accused, tried, convicted, and executed, knowing him to be innocent of the fact laid to his charge, the intent being to share the blood-money among them. They were convicted upon the clearest and most satisfactory evidence, and scenes of depravity were disclosed as horrid as unexampled. Murder, under the name of law, is the worst of crimes—the name of an angel assumed to facilitate the act of a fiend; but the judgment was respite upon a doubt whether an indictment for murder would lie; and the miscreants were eventually discharged, without the Attorney-general of the day, Sir Robert Henley, even arguing the point. After such a gross failure of justice, no wonder a certain Charles Lee was directed to be acquitted because the property he stole was described as impressed with a lion 'ram-

pant,' whereas, upon inspection, he was found to be 'passant.' How the heraldic sensibilities of the accused could have been wounded by a misdescription of terms he never knew, or how the distinction could have made the least difference in the character of the offence, or his means of defending himself, it would be difficult for even the most acute casuist to demonstrate.

There are many urban, fustian-coated mechanics, Neros and Domitians in humble life, who beat and starve their wives and children, and reserve all their regard and attention for bull-dogs, and brutes of congenial tempers with their own; and a member of this section of the community was in the year 1763 introduced at the Old Bailey to Chief Baron Parker, in order to explain to him and to twelve gentlemen, why, with a certain razor, he cut the neck of his wife Agnes, with intent to maim and disfigure. The facts proved were, that he returned home one night after his wife and children were in bed, and asleep, and cut her throat with an old razor which he had *concealed* in his stocking, making a wound about three inches in length, and quite across; but, providentially, it was not mortal. The criminal had been in bed some time previously, meditating upon his act, and the means by which effectually to carry it out; but it was held that the offence was not a 'lying in wait,' within the words of the act of parliament, and William Lee was left at liberty to indulge again in his innocent amusement. Mrs Candle, in the perpetration of her celebrated Candle-lectures, might have pleaded with equal justice, that she was not lying in wait for her victim husband, when he tucked in the bed-clothes, and hoped to enjoy sound repose, instead of being assailed with domestic lectures, from which escape was as impossible as from the mosquito that the traveller in the East finds to his misery within the gauze curtains he has so carefully closed.

One barbarous usage the *wisdom* of our ancestors sanctioned, and at which our common humanity shudders. Some accused persons obstinately refused to plead to an indictment upon which they were to be subsequently tried, and the course adopted in such instances was to heap ponderous weight after weight upon the chest and body of the unhappy wretch, until he expired, if persisting in remaining mute. For this has been substituted the more obvious course of entering a formal plea of 'Not guilty,' and then proceeding with the evidence for the prosecution. It may be asked, what could have been the motive which led men to remain obstinately silent, when the consequences were so terrible? The motive was usually a noble and unselfish one—to preserve their property from being forfeited to the crown by a conviction, and innocent children deprived of their patrimony; and it remained for the humanity of recent legislators, in spite of the venerable errors included in the three fallacies, 'wisdom of our ancestors,' 'precedent,' and 'irrevocable laws,' to abolish the law of forfeiture, which plundered the infant in his cradle for the errors or the crimes of his parent. That abuses will always exist which require reformation, none can doubt, and one may be pointed out which flourishes in all its injustice.

It was in criminal trials that formerly the accused were hunted down without the least regard to fair-play—witnesses for the prisoner, in



cases of treason and felony, were not, until the reign of Queen Anne, allowed to be examined upon oath; and therefore their testimony was not regarded with the reverence or weight incident to an appeal to the Almighty. Witnesses were previously not even allowed to give evidence as to the good character of the accused, except in a case involving life. Counsel were not allowed to address the jury on the part of their clients; and what a position in which to place even the most innocent of men, suffering under the prejudices incident to the being accused, and with the dark shadows of the dock, giving their ominous colouring to every action and expression, however innocent! But how was the wrong intensified, when the prisoner was humble and illiterate! Fighting with skilled legal athletes—his tongue fettered, and perhaps unequal even, under the circumstances, to string together ten sentences in logical sequence. Bishop Atterbury, on the bill of pains and penalties exhibited against him for alleged treasonable correspondence with the Pretender, produced few witnesses, but among them was Pope. He was called to prove that, while he was an inmate of the palace at Bromley, the bishop's time was completely occupied by literary and domestic matters, and that no leisure was left for plotting. But Pope, who was unaccustomed to speak in public, lost his head, and, as he afterwards owned, though he had only ten words to say, made two or three blunders. And it is well known that the poet Cowper, who, through his family interest, obtained a nomination to the honourable and lucrative post of clerk to the House of Lords, when the time arrived to make a brief declaration before that assembly, was thrown into such a state of confusion and alarm, that he preferred the alternative of resigning the appointment. And according to Olivet, in his *History of the French Academy*, the celebrated Duke de Larochefoucault, whose courage and genius were alike distinguished, never could summon resolution at his election to address the members. Even the poor privilege of having his attorney sitting at his side, and giving him suggestions, was denied to the accused. On the trial of John Ashton, at the Old Bailey, for high treason, 1691, he thus addressed Chief-justice Holt, regarded, and deservedly so, as one of the most estimable of men: 'My lord, I humbly desire you would give my solicitor leave to be as near me as he possibly can; only to refresh my memory, if I should forget anything.'

What was the response of the Chief-justice? 'That is a thing you cannot of right demand. Pen and ink, and paper, you may.'

In piteous and appealing accents, the prisoner observed: 'My lord, I shall acknowledge it as a great favour.'

But this cannot be; humanity and justice ask in vain, and precedent replies to the modest and reasonable request: 'That is an innovation that ought not to be; the court cannot allow it.'

A singular event occurred in 1818, which startled society in general, but ruffled not the calm of the judicial mind as to the gross absurdity of a law which had long rested in the archives of feudalism, but was then brought out, and made use of with effect. A young girl, Mary Ashford, was found murdered under circumstances which fixed the strongest suspicion upon one Abraham Thornton, who had accompanied her home from a ball, and had been with her, as he

himself admitted, a short time before the discovery of her body, not far from the pond of water in which it lay. Notwithstanding the cogency of the proofs against him, the accused was acquitted; but the brother of the poor victim of outrage being dissatisfied with the result, proceeded to resort to the antiquated remedy known as an appeal of murder—namely, summoning Thornton into the Court of King's Bench, in order to obtain satisfaction for the crime, and to have the proper punishment inflicted, irrespective of the previous verdict; and examples have not been wanting where a man has been found guilty on the same evidence that led to an acquittal by the first. Upon this appeal of murder, as it was technically designated, having been brought, the accused availed himself of a right, the existence of which had been almost forgotten: he summoned the brother to a 'wager of battle,' that is to say, a trial by combat, instead of submitting to the finding of a jury; and the validity of this right being incontrovertible, the counsel for young Ashford received a severe reproof from the judges, because he designated the demand as unreasonable and barbarous. The brother, a weak youth, twenty years of age, could not venture to engage in a conflict of clubs with the athletic Abraham Thornton: he was obliged to recall his accusation; the suspected was once more acquitted; and in the following year, a 'venerable error' was condemned, and an act of parliament had to be passed abolishing trial by combat.

In the ordinary transactions of life, a man will not pay for an article which has no existence in fact, and which he has never seen; but, unfortunately for that precious jewel, human life, many innocent have been found guilty of murder, when, after the scaffold has done its work, the assumed deceased was discovered to be alive. Some well-known instances have been recorded, but two which are not familiar may here be mentioned. A rare tract in the *Harleian Miscellany* gives an elaborate and detailed account of the examination, confession, trial, condemnation, and execution of Joan Perry, and her sons, John and Richard, for the murder of William Harrison. The latter was a land-steward to a lady of rank, and John Perry was his servant; and both having gone on a journey, the master was missing, and suspicion fell upon his attendant. Being accused of the homicide, he became confused, made various inconsistent statements, and finally gave a very circumstantial account of the murder having been committed by himself, his mother, and brother; hoping to be admitted by the crown as an accomplice merely. The three were found guilty, and executed; but after an interval of three years, Harrison reappeared, and it then transpired that he had been seized on the coast, conveyed into Turkey, where for two years he remained as a slave. The second instance we notice occurred in America. There were two brothers of the name of Boon, who in 1819 were convicted in the supreme court of Vermont for the murder of Baptist Colvin, on the 10th of May 1812. Colvin was their brother-in-law, rather of weak mind, and considered by the members of the family, who were bound to support him, as a burden. On the day of his disappearance, being in a distant field where the Boons were at work, a violent quarrel arose between them, and one of the brothers struck him a severe blow on the head

with a club, which felled him to the ground. Some suspicion of his being murdered arose by the finding of his hat in the same field, a few months afterwards, but suspicion gradually subsided, until, in 1819, when one of the neighbours, having repeatedly dreamed of the homicide with great minuteness of circumstances, both as respected his death and the concealment of his remains, the brothers were again accused, and generally believed guilty. Upon strict search, a fragment of his clothes was found in an old open cellar in the same field; and in the hollow stump of a tree, not many rods distant, two nails and a number of bones, believed to be those of a man. Upon those facts, followed by a *deliberate* confession of the commission of the murder by the accused, the Boons were convicted; but, fortunately, before their execution, Colvin was discovered living in New Jersey, having fled there, apprehensive of further violence from what occurred in the field. The solution of the confession thus made by two innocent men was simply this, that an injudicious adviser suggested that, by such an admission of their guilt, their sentence would be commuted to perpetual imprisonment.

To illustrate the value of confessions for imaginary offences, and at the same time to exemplify the boasted 'wisdom' of our ancestors of not very remote date. In July 1716, an era glorious in the realms of literature and of thought, and made resplendent by the genius of a Pope, a Swift, an Arbuthnot, and others of nearly equal fame, a substantial farmer of the name of Hickee accused his wife and child (the latter a girl only nine years of age), on their own admission, of witchcraft. They were tried before Judge Wilnot, at Huntingdon, and on the prosecution of the husband and the father, the wife and child were hanged. What a deplorable consistency is there to be always found in the rules which would perpetuate injustice and error, and sacrifice truth upon the altar of prejudice, thus inverting the natural principles of justice. By the manual of the Inquisition, published in 1761, it was solemnly laid down, that if a witness has perjured himself, he can correct his first evidence, and then the judges will hold by the second, provided that it *implicates* the accused; for if it be favourable to him, they will adhere to the first statement. And continental jurists established the doctrine, that persons of notoriously bad character, although not to be believed upon their oaths, on the ordinary occasions of disputes that might arise between man and man, were to be believed if they swore that any one had bewitched them. A showman once exhibited an unhappy animal, which he described as being unable to live on land, and died in the water; and in the old times in Spain, those who were believed to be secretly Jews were placed in something of as unenviable a position, for the presumptive proof of Judaism was held to be confirmed if a man gave Hebrew names to his children; while a professed member of that persuasion, by a law of Henry II., was prohibited, under the severest penalties, from giving them Christian names.

And, as respects all sanitary details—as to the bringing home of justice to every man's door by the agency of local tribunals—the redress of real grievances through the medium of the press and of public opinion—the encouragement of true genius in every department, that overleaps all barriers of class distinction—the reign of Victoria may well

contrast with that of any previous one. Unlike the magician in Aladdin, we prefer new lamps to old, and can find no magical illumination in the light of the latter.

#### SCENES ON THE SPANISH ROADS.

SPAIN is a grand country for an artist, as the scenes on the Spanish roads are so utterly different from what one sees elsewhere. It was not until we had left Seville some miles behind us, that we began to see the real wildness of the country portion of Spain. Our route lay in a north-west direction, and for many miles the country was flat and uninteresting. As we looked back, the tall spire of the Giralda was visible, glistening in the sunlight, and towering above the town of Seville. The climate of Seville is such that scarcely any fires are required except for culinary purposes, and it is said that an expert Spanish cook can find in a newspaper enough fuel to cook a dinner. Thus, there is scarcely any smoke to be seen even over such a large town as Seville, and the views, consequently, in this clear climate are superb.

From looking back at the glistening Giralda, we turn our attention to the road before, and there are a string of mules approaching us. Each of these mules is loaded with what appears an enormous burden. High up on the creature's back, and extending far on either side, there is a pile of dark-looking material, which gives the poor animal the appearance of being enormously overweighted. As this procession approaches us, we distinguish that the load carried by the mules consists of large planks of cork. These pieces of cork are about three or four feet in length, nearly two feet broad, and about three inches thick. On the leading mule a Spaniard is seated, and is perched among the cork; the colour of his dress and his brown complexion giving him the appearance of a piece of cork. He is what we should call an ill-looking rascal, if we saw him in England. His garments are patched or torn, leather being largely used, both in portions of his jacket, and as a sort of protection to his trousers. His waist is girded by a broad cotton or woollen sash of scarlet or blue, and in this sash is his knife, which no Spaniard thinks of travelling without, especially along the country roads. It is usual to find a rider on the first and last mule of a team, the total number of mules sometimes amounting to ten or a dozen. When one meets these strings of mules, and hears the jingle of their necklace of bells, one feels that he is in Spain, the whole scene being so thoroughly national. Of course, the muleteers themselves are enjoying their cigarette, for every man in Spain smokes. How some of them manage to cover the outlay, it is difficult to say, for nearly every Spaniard consumes about twenty-five or thirty cigarettes per day, the cost of which is about threepence-halfpenny. Now, if threepence-halfpenny were deducted from the wages of an English labourer for something which, however much it may be deemed a necessity, is, after all, only a luxury, we believe such a sum would be severely felt; yet the hewers of wood and the drawers of water in Spain consume this amount of tobacco every day.

Those who are fond of old stones have a rich treat on the road from Seville towards Guadalcanal. About six miles from Seville, and on the

left of the road, there are the ruins of a Roman amphitheatre. These ruins are very perfect. There are the dens in which the wild beasts were kept, and from which they were let loose into the arena. The seats remain; and, in fact, but little time, trouble, and expense would be required to put this place into working order. These ruins are called Italica. The name, however, formerly applied to a city, of which these ruins are the only remains. Scipio Africanus founded this city, and it was used as a resting-place for the soldiers employed in the siege of Carthage. It is remarkable as the birthplace of the Roman emperors Trajan, Adrian, and Theodosius. Several statues of no great merit have been dug up in these ruins, and are preserved in Seville; whilst coins are discovered, and are offered for sale by some wretched-looking old hags, who seem to start into sight immediately a visitor is seen to enter the gallery leading to the podium.

Whilst we were examining the ruins of Italica, our attention was directed to three birds which were flying towards us, and at no great elevation. We knew at once that they were remarkable birds, as their size and flight indicated this. Their course conducted them exactly over our heads; and as they passed, we saw that they were three bustards. They were very strong on the wing, but not quite so large as those of the same species that we have seen in Africa. The bustard is not uncommon in the south of Spain, and we believe good sport might be had with these birds in many places. They are wild and very wary, but still a sportsman would be able to obtain many shots at them.

When one leaves the more civilised portions of Spain, and comes into the wilder country, a number of crosses will be seen on the side of the road. In the Sierra Morena, these crosses are very common, and they do not indicate any highly religious feeling on the part of the inhabitants, but are generally intended to mark the locality of a murder. On our journey, near Guadalcanal, one of our men pointed out to us a very rough cross near a small gully, and told us that this was the spot where a murder had been committed a few years before. The description he gave of the affair, shewed one of the peculiarities of the Spanish character. Two men, who might fairly be termed brigands, lay in ambush for another man, who, they knew, was in possession of a few dollars. This man they murdered and robbed. A dispute then arose between the two as regarded the division of the spoil, which soon ended by one stabbing the other, and thus securing the whole.

It is a custom amongst the inhabitants in some parts to pick up a stone, and place it just under the cross. Why this is done, we could not ascertain; but it is the practice to do so in other countries besides Spain. No people we have ever met seem to more thoroughly enjoy doing nothing than do the Spaniards. In Seville, they pass the greater part of the day in what may be called lounging and smoking; whilst the men in the villages seem to do little or nothing. When, however, we know that nearly all the food that a Spaniard requires is a few chestnuts and some baked olives, we see a reason why, with so inactive a nature, he avoids work.

In one of the villages between Seville and Guadalcanal, we had an opportunity of seeing the rustic Spaniard enjoying himself; and certainly

his proceeding was not one likely to elevate him in our eyes. The peasants had been regaling themselves, and having a large drink of their abominable 'fire-water,' and we had heard them shouting and quarrelling during the greater part of the night, for the spirit-shop was directly opposite the *venta* at which we were staying. We arose shortly before daybreak, and strolled outside our inn, to study the Spaniard at home; and we then saw eight or ten men, holding each other's arms, and marching backwards and forwards up and down the street, and shouting discordantly. They would stop occasionally, and all clap their hands, and thus stand for nearly half an hour merely clapping hands; then they would combine clapping hands, marching to and fro, and singing. It may appear somewhat absurd to attempt to define in what manner a half-drunk man should enjoy himself, so as not to look like an idiot; and when we have witnessed some of the numerous scenes which occur in England after certain jovial dinners, we should hesitate before we condemn as idiotic the proceedings of tipsy Spanish peasants. Yet we do not remember ever to have seen anything which appeared so utterly to indicate feeble-minded men, as the senseless acts of these peasants, who found enjoyment during a whole night in merely walking backwards and forwards clapping their hands. To produce such a condition, it requires that a man must have fed for years on nothing better than roasted chestnuts and baked olives.

Nothing can be more solitary than the lives led by some of the Spanish peasants. At one place we found a farm-house, the inhabitants of which were an old man, his wife, and their daughter; there was no other house within ten miles of these people, and they were disinclined to travel. They informed us that, during the last three years, they had not gone a league from their house; and it was rare indeed for any travellers to visit them. On our first arrival we found two donkeys, three cats, and four or five hens in possession of the only room in the house. The entrance to the stable was through the sitting-room. The husband was away when we arrived; but when he saw smoke coming out of the chimney, he knew something was going on, so he left his work in the fields, and came to share in any excitement that might be had at home.

Previously to the arrival of the man, we had aired our Spanish as much as possible; the few words we knew were such as could be made use of to express our wish for hot water, our opinion that it was fine weather, &c. In spite of the fact that the old lady had travelled so very little, yet she knew we were English; and upon the entrance of her husband, she replied to his inquiry as to who was there, by telling him two Englishmen. Having wished the man good-day, and uttered one sentence with regard to the weather, we had exhausted our Spanish; but the effect was surprising, for the man, having taken a good look at us, informed his wife that she was an old fool not to see that we were Castilians, and not Englishmen.

It is the general opinion among those who have not travelled much in Spain, that the Spaniard will use his knife as soon as his tongue. We were under this impression when we first entered Spain; but after we had travelled in the wild and little known district of the Sierra

Morena, we learned the fact, that two Spaniards will abuse one another five times as much as two Englishmen without coming to blows.

On one occasion, we were ascending a long hill about twenty miles from Seville; the road was narrow, so that it was difficult for one vehicle to pass another. Just as we came to a steep part of the hill, we found in the road, and partly across it, a large cart laden with poles. The load of this cart was too heavy for the mules, and it had stuck in the road. We were thus prevented from passing, and had to pull up and wait.

Immediately our driver found that this vehicle blocked the way, he abused the men belonging to it with a torrent of words. The other side replied with equal energy, and two more of our men joined in the abuse, and were answered by those on the other side. Such an uproar and such excitement we had never before witnessed, and we were in momentary expectation that knives would be drawn, and a free fight commenced. We felt if our revolver were handy, so as to come to the rescue in time of need, and then waited to see what would happen. After about a quarter of an hour of this battle of words, exhaustion set in, and the men began to consider how we were to get the vehicle clear of the road. They asked us to lend them our horses to pull them up the hill, and then to come back for our wagonette; but this we declined, and suggested that they should take half the load off their wagon, ascend the hill, unload their wagon, and return for the other half-load. This, after another tremendous argument, they agreed to do. We, however, had merely to wait until the wagon was dragged out of our way, when we passed the obstacle, and should soon have left it behind, had not our attention been called to a magnificent spring of water, which formed a pool beside the road. We all went to this pool, and all drank; and then our own men sat down on the bank with the men of the other vehicle, lighted their cigarettes, and chatted away in the most friendly manner imaginable.

On our return journey to Seville, we had the opportunity of noting one or two facts. On the banks of a stream we crossed, the oleander grew to a great size, almost to a tree; we saw several at least twelve feet high, and three inches thick in the stem. At one or two places suitable for animals to drink, we saw the footprints of a buck, as large as the red deer. We also saw footprints of a pig, and our men informed us that wild boars were common here. There was no evidence that the river rose to any great amount at any time, four or five feet rise being apparently the extent. On the bank of this stream, and on nearly all those we saw in the south of Spain, woodcocks are abundant.

We heard an immense deal about brigands, mostly from Spaniards. Upon our announcing to one of the officials at Seville that we proposed travelling up the country, and visiting the out-of-the-way villages, we were told that it was very risky, and that we should only be acting with prudence if we took an escort with us. This escort, we learned, was to consist of two of the civil guard, and that we should be expected to pay for the protection thus afforded. Our estimation of the civil guard, however, was not very favourable, and we could not but feel that, if the brigands were at all up to their work, the civil guard would be easily disposed of. It is true that perhaps these

men might produce a moral influence on robbers, just as policemen do in England, and, under such a condition, they would be a protection; but we declined the honour of these gentlemen's escort, and determined to incur the risk by ourselves. Now, as we had with us a driver and an assistant, an interpreter, and a guide, we mustered rather a strong party; and it may be that the rapidity of our movements, combined with our numbers, and the knowledge that we were armed, caused us to be unmolested on our journey, for, in more than one place, we found groups of men, whose rascally looks and apparent want of occupation seemed to indicate that it was not honest labour by which they obtained their daily bread. At one of the ventas at which we stopped, we noticed two tremendous-looking ruffians, who scowled at us in anything but a friendly way. More than once, whilst we were in the cupboard sort of place that served as our bedroom, we noticed these men pass the open doorway - for door there was none - and peep in at us. Such a proceeding might be mere curiosity, but as they had no business to be in our outer room at all, we looked upon their proceeding as suspicious. In order to warn them off, we called our interpreter, and told him to explain to the people who were wandering about near our doorway, that we hoped no accident would occur, but that, having lived formerly in a wild country, where dangerous animals prowled about sometimes of a night near our camp, we had a habit of suddenly waking up, and, before we quite knew what we were about, of firing when we heard a noise; thus, if we once went to sleep, and were awake, as we certainly should be by any one walking near us, we should probably forget where we were, and might then fire a shot in haste, and perhaps with fatal results.

After our speech to him, our interpreter cautioned all those who were round the fire, and added the information that we had put a bullet through his hat, when he had thrown it in the air to test our skill with a revolver. During the remainder of the night we were not disturbed by inquisitive wanderers near our bedroom, for even the Spanish brigand has a wholesome dread of six barrels and a steady hand.

About a fortnight after we were in this district, two Spanish gentlemen who were travelling there were captured by brigands, and held to ransom, and did not escape without the payment of a large sum of money; so that we learned that there were such things as brigands in this country, a fact even more lately proved by the stoppage and robbery of a railway train.

We were told by a Spaniard, but we know not whether it is true, that the reason why robbery and other crimes were so common in these mountains was, that there was so large a party in favour of crime, that no one dared either to denounce the robbers, or appear as evidence against them. Even the authorities in certain places feared to condemn a man; and thus, with but little chance of punishment, robbery and crime became profitable amusements. A check, it was told us, had been put on these proceedings by another somewhat novel expedient. Men found red-handed, or known to have committed crime, were taken by somewhat roundabout and solitary routes to the authority who ought to have sentenced them. The conductors well knowing that their prisoner, no matter

how plain his guilt, would be released for want of evidence, watched their opportunity, and then shot the murderer, and pursued their journey alone, reporting at the end of it that they were attacked by their prisoner, and had to shoot him in self-defence. By this ingenious plan, several bad characters were got rid of without the trouble of a trial, and without allowing the prisoners to escape through any legal quibble.

Certainly, the country north of Seville is well suited for brigands. It is the least densely populated of any country we ever saw. It is covered, in most places, with a low scrubby bush, which would afford concealment to a score of men. There is plenty of water, and, for a Spaniard, plenty of food, as rabbits swarm. Other game is abundant, and the great stand-by, olives, can be obtained anywhere. The only rarity seems to be travellers, at least travellers worth robbing, for the game of taking gentlemen prisoners and making them pay ransom, has been played more than once in the Sierra Morena; consequently, even those Spaniards who own property, and have shooting in that district, do not like to venture to trespass on their own land. Foreigners, of course, are rare, because they usually have a beaten track pointed out by their guide-book, from which they do not care to deviate.

A story we heard from a Spanish gentleman spoke well for the boldness and skill of some courageous Englishmen. A train was stopped by Spanish brigands. Whilst the robbers were busy in the carriages robbing the passengers, three Englishmen got out of one carriage, and coming quickly to that in which were the brigands, collared them, and disarmed them in an instant, and left them in charge of some other passengers; then taking the brigands' own weapons, they approached the engine, where there were two brigands threatening the engine-driver and stoker. These men were in a like manner threatened, and ordered to lay down their arms, and were then made prisoners, and conveyed into Madrid; thus making their attack not a very successful one.

However much some persons may laugh at the idea of there being danger in travelling in Spain, still every Spaniard is invariably armed. And we were informed by an intelligent Spaniard who knew well the country in which we had travelled, that he would not have ventured there without an escort of five hundred soldiers.

During our journey by wagonette, we frequently preceded the vehicle, when there was a long hill before us; and as these hills were sometimes two miles long, and steep, we not unfrequently were many hundred yards in front. On one occasion, when thus alone, we saw two men on the hill-side with guns; they were in the bush, and about three hundred yards from us. Immediately we turned a corner, and came in sight of them, they both crouched down, and concealed themselves in the cover. This proceeding was suspicious; and not wishing to give them any very great chance, in case they were brigands, we moved on, and turned a corner of the road, and thus moved out of their sight; we then sought shelter in the bush, and stalked the enemy. Having obtained a good position, whence we could see the hill where the men were concealed, we waited to watch their movements. In a very few seconds, first one, then the other head appeared; and then both men ran rapidly among the bushes

parallel to the road, and disappeared; they were evidently not running away from us, and we anticipated that a bend in the road in front would probably lead it near some cover, for which these men were making. A solitary, and apparently unarmed traveller might easily have been 'potted,' and concealed before the wagon arrived; so we waited to watch further proceedings. Now, it happened that, in consequence of the length and steepness of this hill, our vehicle made several long stoppages; thus we were nearly half an hour in front of it. After we had remained about ten minutes in our cover, we saw the two men creep over the hill, and look along the road; they appeared certainly interested in our whereabouts; and having most likely been puzzled to account for not having seen us on the road in front, had come to look at us on the road behind. Those who have had anything to do with bush-warfare, are aware of the immense advantage that the man stationary in cover possesses over the man who is moving. The former can always tell where the latter is, and can, of course, select his own time for a shot; thus, we knew as long as we were motionless, and did not shew, we should possess an immense advantage over these two suspicious-looking gentlemen; and if they really meant mischief, and approached our position, we could have put two or three bits of lead into them before they could have time to pull a trigger. What their intentions were, we did not learn, for, in a short time, the vehicle approached; and when it was between us and the men in the bush, so as to conceal our movements, we broke cover, and kept the body of the vehicle between us and the enemy. When we had passed the suspicious locality, we called our interpreter, and told him what we had seen. After a brief conversation with his companions, he informed us that the men were most likely poachers, and that this occupation was usually carried on with robbery and a few other amusements; that these men would shoot us as soon as look at us, if they had a chance of robbing us too; and they earnestly requested that we would not again venture so far in front of the vehicle, as they felt themselves responsible in a great measure for our safe-conduct.

Future travellers in the Sierra Morena may possibly have greater opportunities for seeing the brigand or robber in greater proximity than we did, and to be taken by brigands would much increase the interest of one's narrative.

#### SONNET—A FROSTY NIGHT.

Out in the keenness of the pinching air!  
 Out in the silence of the frosty night!  
 O what a smart sensation of delight  
 Steals through our tingling veins! the heaven is bare,  
 With its deep blueness and its stars; and there  
 Hangs like an icicle the crystal moon—  
 One edge of frozen brilliancy, and one  
 Dissolving into nothing—oh, so fair!  
 Briskly we march along each icy lane,  
 Crunching the brittle ruts and crisped soil  
 Beneath our bounding feet; the lumb'ring wain  
 Follows the sturdy horses' panting toil:  
 Yea, all things are in such a bracing mood,  
 They breed a glorious frenzy in the blood!

Printed and Published by W. & E. CHAMBERS, 47 Paternoster Row, LONDON, and 339 High Street, EDINBURGH.  
 Also sold by all Booksellers.

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No. 583.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 27, 1875.

PRICE 1½d.

## THE MACDERMOTTS OF BALLYBANE :

AN IRISH STORY OF REAL LIFE.

THE best 'holding' of land on the Ballybane property was that of old Darby MacDermott. His crops were always first sowed, and first home; his haggard, the neatest and best thatched; his fences in the best condition, and his house the snugest in the village. Darby was never a day behind-hand with his rent. The 1st of May and the 1st of November found him, wet or dry, good season or bad season, at the office with his old worsted stocking, in the very corner of which his half-year's rent lay safely counted. He was a decent old man, who always minded his business, and attended to his duties, and had few troubles in the course of his threescore and ten years. He had two sons: Martin, the eldest, a dark handsome man, with a square heavy face, and a pair of dark, restless, glittering eyes—a man whom every one respected, but very few liked; and Owen, a fair, curly-haired, delicate boy, who had been his mother's darling. Old Darby was fond of both his sons, but the sturdy, healthy Martin was decidedly his favourite; and when he died, it was found that the greater part of his savings went to his first-born.

Owen was not either of a jealous or envious disposition; still, he sometimes thought it rather hard that his brother should have all the luck. Martin was strong and healthy and handsome, had been his father's favourite, and was master of the farm after his death. All the stock and crops, and everything, was the property of Martin; and Owen was the possessor of but fifty pounds. Forty years ago, two hundred pounds in ready money was considered a fortune, and even fifty pounds was not by any means to be despised; and when old Darby MacDermott left his boys so well off, there were few men in Ballybane who did not envy them—Martin especially, who was looked up to by his neighbours as little short of a gentleman, certainly as a man who might keep his jaunting-car if he chose. But the possession of money made no change in the new tenant of the Upland Farm,

as the MacDermotts' holding was called. He just worked as hard as ever, getting up at six o'clock in the morning, and going to bed late. Owen lived with him, and worked too, just as usual, only that during his father's time he might spend his evenings reading old newspapers, or writing letters to his acquaintances who had gone to America. But Martin thought such occupations mere waste of time, and when the day's work was ended, and the supper over, he ordered the fire and the lights to be put out.

The next farm to that of Martin MacDermott's on one side was held by Michael O'Byrne, a farmer who had been well to do once, but misfortunes of late years had come thickly on him, and he had hard work to keep the farm together. On the other side, a small holding of about fifteen acres was held by a good-for-nothing old fellow, named Patrick Heveran, who was little better than a nuisance to the entire neighbourhood. However, one morning he was found dead in his bed; and Owen MacDermott, without taking counsel of any one, went to the agent, and asked if he might have the vacant farm, as he wished to settle down on his own account. The agent promised, and, full of hope and joy, Owen went about his work. The next day was the 17th of March, St Patrick's Day, and a general holiday; and, early in the morning, Owen dressed himself in his Sunday suit, and went out. A little way down the road, he met a young girl, also dressed in her best—a crimson stuff dress, a gay shawl, and a cross of ribbon of all the colours in the rainbow on her shoulder. Her fair hair was twisted carelessly round her head, and her soft blue eyes had a startled look in them.

'Oh, Owne, avourneen, I was afeard you weren't comin'; and sure, sorra a bit of shamrock you have in your cap this blessed mornin'. Why is that, dear?'

'I was in a hurry to see you, my darlin',' he answered, looking tenderly into the sweet shy face. 'Julia, I have some good news for you this mornin'; let us walk down this lane, and I'll tell you, and look for my shamrock at the same time.'

Together they turned down a lane, or rather

footpath, bordered on one side by a thick black-thorn hedge, and a broad meadow on the other.

'Julia,' said Owen, 'you know I'm fond of you, since you were a wee shy delicate little creature. I never had any sweetheart but yourself, and now I want you to fix the day; I'm goin' to take you all to myself. You know Pat Heveran's houldin'; I went to the office yesterday, and axed for it, and the agent as good as promised me it. Now, Judy!'

'I am so glad, Ownie,' was all the girl answered, very softly, but there were tears of genuine delight in her eyes as she looked up at him. Well it was that neither of them saw the dark face which watched them from the other side of the hedge, or heard the muttered threats that were hurled after them, or they might not have enjoyed the remainder of that day as they did.

St Patrick's Day in Ireland, forty years ago, used to be very different from what it is now; and when Julia O'Byrne and Owen MacDermott entered the market-town of Gort, after a long ramble through the fields in search of a shamrock, it presented a gay appearance. The principal street was lined with stalls filled with oranges, apples, and gingerbread, gay crosses, and sugar-sticks. There were tents full of 'boys' and girls eating, drinking, and laughing; large pots of boiling bacon and potatoes, barrels of porter and kegs of potheen, and Irish pipers playing with all their might. From stall to stall, and from tent to tent, Owen and Julia wandered, enjoying everything, till late in the evening, when they met Martin MacDermott and Julia's father, both evidently in high spirits, and chatting confidentially. They went into a tent together, and after an hour's chat, came out more good-tempered and confidential than ever, and sought Julia and Owen.

'Come here, my colleen!' O'Byrne said in rather a thick voice. 'I have made a match for you with Martin! Go over and sit by the side of him.'

'With Martin, father!' the girl said, looking with dismay at the stern dark man she almost hated, and certainly feared. 'With Ownie, you mean.'

'Sorra a bit of it, Julia; but Martin—Martin, the master. Poor Ownie has nothing.'

'He's promised Heveran's farm, father.'

'No, my dear; it's me that has Heveran's houldin', Martin said with a sinister smile; 'and it's me you're goin' to marry.'

Owen walked up to his brother, and, looking him straight in the face, said in a clear, calm voice:

'What do you mean, Martin MacDermott?'

'What I said just now—that I got Heveran's houldin', and took my oath to marry Julia O'Byrne. I told it to her father, half an hour ago.'

'You mean to say you are goin' between me and the colleen I love—the colleen I have loved since she was up to my knee! You mean to say you are goin' between me and these few dirty acres of Heveran's that I axed first, and bespoke; between your only brother and all the hopes of peace he has in this world—you, that has full and plenty, Martin MacDermott!'

'I'm goin' to marry Julia,' Martin replied with sullen determination.

'Julia, what do you say?' Owen asked, turning to the girl, who stood silently weeping.

'I must answer for her,' O'Byrne said. 'I promised her to Martin, and I'm not goin' back of my word, I can tell you. What have you to shew? How do you mean to keep her?'

'What do you say, Julia?'

'I wish to stick to you, Ownie, and never marry any one else—never, never, as I hope for luck!'

'God bless you for them words, darlin'! Only be true and faithful, and I'll soon have a cabin for you somewhere.'

'Julia!' said her father, raising his hands to heaven, 'if you ever marry that boy, ever spake to him, ever think of him, I'll curse you on my bare knees! You don't know what a father's curse is! —Don't bring it on my child, if you love her. Never come across her again, Ownie MacDermott!'

'You hear that, Julia. What am I to do?'

Owen asks.

'Go away, and never come near me again, or he'll curse me, Ownie. Go away!'

Owen MacDermott stood perfectly still for a few minutes, and then, raising his eyes to heaven, and with the impetuosity of a young Irishman, called down a bitter curse on his only brother. 'May you never be happier than I am now, sleeping or waking! May everything you put your hand to turn to dust and ashes! May your children live to hate and dishonour you, Martin MacDermott!' And with one long look at the trembling Julia, Owen rapidly passed out into the cold darkness of the March evening, and was seen no more in Castlegar. Ten pounds of the money left him by his father he took, the remainder lay in the bank. But which side he went, or what became of him, no one knew.

A year passed away, and then Michael O'Byrne died; and Julia, from sheer inability to resist any longer, became the wife of Martin MacDermott, though she feared the very sound of his voice, and trembled at his touch. He was a tyrant, but she scarcely heeded that, for she had no will, and no wish to do anything but what he bade her. She had children, but one after another they sickened and died, and things in general began to go wrong with Martin; his shabby churlishness making him generally disliked. When they were ten years married, Julia died in giving birth to twins, a fine healthy boy and a girl. Both lived, and all the affection their father had for anything he centred on the boy he called Darby after his own father. The little girl, Julia, he cared nothing about, allowing her to grow up just as best she could. The farm Martin took so treacherously from his brother, he gave up long before, as nothing ever sown there prospered, and indeed, acre by acre, the Upland Farm had been going for years. Darby MacDermott grew up to be a fine handsome man, first and foremost in every mischief the village could afford; and at twenty years of age, got transported for seven years for treason-felony, as he had taken an active part in the rebellion of 1848. Julia was an idle, careless girl, who spent her time in gossiping in the neighbour's house, instead of taking care of her father, a weak, helpless old man, who toiled early and late trying to keep a roof over his head. All his wretched schemes had turned out badly. They had not in them the ring of a straightforward and honest man. Above all, the trouble and disgrace of his son Darby completely broke him down, and he took to his bed, only wishing and wanting to die. 'It's the curse, it's Ownie's curse,' he would moan for hours, as he lay alone without a soul to hand him even a drink of water. 'Sure, I might have known it would come.'

At length the climax of Martin MacDermott's



sufferings was reached, the measure of his punishment filled up. For three years he had not paid a sixpence of rent, and he was dispossessed, turned out of the house in which he had been born, and his father and grandfather before him, to die by the way—left homeless and friendless by the roadside, on a dreary November morning.

Remembering his unkindness to his only brother, his harshness to his poor, timid, patient wife, his blind indulgence of his son in the face of patent facts, his total neglect of his only daughter, and his mean scheming character, there were few to pity Martin MacDermott in his trouble; and so he was taken to the workhouse, his house knocked down, and not a trace left of what had been once a happy homestead.

And Owen, when he left the tent that ever-memorable St Patrick's night, it was with the resolve of going away for ever—anywhere, so that he was far from the place which had suddenly become hateful to him. He walked all night, and at the break of day found himself just outside the town of Ballinasloe. There he had some breakfast, and, at the inn, he entered into conversation with some men who were going to England with cattle, and were in want of a drover. Owen offered his services, and, as he appeared a quiet, respectable young man, they were accepted at once. They reached Dublin in three days, and then started for Liverpool, where Owen said good-bye to the cattle-jobbers, and took a passage to America in the *Golden Cross*. On board, he made himself so useful and agreeable to the captain, that he gave him a recommendation to a merchant in New York, who took him into his office. For five years, Owen worked patiently and steadily, and then his master promoted him to be a clerk; and so on from step to step, his patient, honest industry raised him, till he became partner in one of the first firms in the great city. Then, when he paused to consider that he was rich and independent, and a gentleman, came home-longings. The Upland Farm, the lane where he last walked with Julia, the quiet little market-town—all used to come before him as he sat in his grand lonely house; and at last he resolved to pay his native place a visit.

He arrived at Gort late on the afternoon of the 16th of March, and determined to remain quiet till the next day, when he felt pretty sure of meeting his brother Martin. It was just thirty years since Owen left his native place, and there were fewer changes in the dull little country town than he anticipated—far fewer changes than there were in himself. But when St Patrick's Day dawned clear and frosty, he could not rest, and started early in the well-remembered direction of the Upland Farm. How his heart beat as he drew near the old cabin, weather-stained and desolate, which had been the home of Julia; and how it stood still as he reached the level field of oats which was just coming over ground where his father's house stood! Faint and sick, he entered the first cabin he came to, and asked a drink of water. A wretched old woman, seeing how white he looked, asked him to take a *stool*, which he did, and after a few minutes' silence, he began to ask some questions about the place. A young girl, with a face that would have been pretty but for its sulky expression, and a quantity of fair hair negligently hanging over her shoulders, looked up from a heap

of flax she was carding, and examined the stranger attentively, as he asked the old woman what had become of the MacDermotts.

'Come here, Judy, and tell his honour what become of Martin MacDermott and his blessed family.—This is his daughter, sir.'

'And Martin, what has become of him? Is he dead?' Owen asked breathlessly.

'No; it would be a good job if he was,' the girl said sullenly: 'he's in the poorhouse!'

Owen buried his face in his hands, and wept aloud. Surely his curse had fallen hot and heavy; far, far hotter and heavier than he meant it should. 'Girl! did you ever hear of your uncle Owen? I am he! Take me to your father. And this is Julia's daughter! I might have known; you are so like her.'

It was hard to make poor old Martin MacDermott understand that his brother had come back, and was rich, and willing to help him; but when it did dawn on his feeble mind, his sorrow and his gratitude were touching to behold. 'Take me away, Ownie—take me away from Ballybane. I can never hold up my head among the neighbours again. Sure I'm a poor broken-down ould creature; but I have a small taste of the spirit of the MacDermotts left yet, in spite of all my troubles. Take me an' Julia away, Ownie.'

There was now demonstrated a beautiful instance of magnanimity. Owen took his brother and his niece to New York; but Martin did not long live to enjoy the splendid home of Owen. Six months after they landed, he died, without any visible or local cause—simply of a broken heart. Julia took her place as mistress of her uncle's establishment; and before very long, married the son of his partner, and had a fine house of her own; and when Darby's term of transportation expired, his uncle took him to live with him. The young man had learned a severe lesson, but he profited by it; and is now one of the most prosperous and esteemed merchants in New York. His children climb on the knees of a white-haired, gentle, old man they call Uncle Owen; and he sometimes says to Darby, as he strokes his eldest boy's golden curls: 'Your Owen is like me, nephew; I can see that. I'm a happy old man. I could not have been so, had I committed any horrid act of vengeance. In doing good for evil, I feel that I am truly blest.'

## HISTORY OF ADVERTISING.

A GENTLEMAN has been at extraordinary pains to write a *History of Advertising, from the Earliest Times*,\* and he has made a very substantial volume, which might have been made more substantial still, if he had not exercised sound judgment and resisted temptation; for of advertisements, if of anything, it may be said that enough is as good as a feast; and a history of advertising, from the nature of the case, must consist, to a great extent, of illustrative specimens.

The first point to which attention is drawn is the erroneous assumption, that advertisements are of comparatively modern origin. It does not appear that Nimrod is known to have advertised his meets; but it is confidently asserted, on the

\* *A History of Advertising, from the Earliest Times.* By Henry Sampson. Chatto and Windus.

authority of Smith and others, that advertisements, which, most likely, took the form of what is now generally known as 'billing,' were not unknown in ancient Greece and Rome. But, at anyrate, advertisement is of ancient date in this country, though the extraordinary development it has exhibited within the last few years has drawn especial attention to it, and thus made people regard it as something quite recent. Nowadays, it is scarcely possible to purchase a single article which does not carry upon it some sort of advertisement; or to cast the eyes in any direction, out of doors, without finding them alight upon some species of advertisement. But, after all, the newspapers are, if not the chief, the most interesting vehicles of advertisement; and from them, chiefly, an historian of advertising would most naturally and most properly cull his samples.

It is notorious that most newspapers and periodicals derive the bulk of their income from their advertisements; and it is stated, as might have been supposed, that, in London, the *Times* and *Telegraph* absorb the lion's share of the advertisers' money. In the case of the *Times*, the receipts in the advertisement department are said to be about one thousand pounds a day. As for the *Telegraph*, we are told that a number of that paper, in December 1873, contained one thousand four hundred and forty-four advertisements, and that these may fairly be calculated to produce five hundred pounds or thereabouts; but that 'the *Telegraph* proprietors do not, however, get all the profit out of the advertisements, for, in its early and struggling days, they were glad, naturally, to close with advertisement agents, who agreed to take so many columns a day at the then trade price, and who now have a vast deal the best of the bargain.' Of other London papers, it is said that 'the *Standard* has, within the past few years, developed its resources wonderfully, and may be now considered a good fair third in the race for wealth, and not by any means a distant third, so far as the *Telegraph* is concerned.' Of the *Daily News*, we learn that it 'has, since the Franco-Prussian war, been picking up wonderfully, and . . . many experienced advertisers have a great regard for the *News*, which they look upon as offering a good return for investments. The *Morning Advertiser*, as the organ of the licensed victuallers, is, of course, an invaluable medium of intercommunication among members of "the trade;" and in it are to be found advertisements of everything to be obtained in connection with the distillery, the brewery, and the tavern.' As for the *Morning Post*, it resembles the *Advertiser* in one respect—namely, that it has its own exclusive clientèle. Manchester and Liverpool, our authority says, 'possess magnificent journals, full of advertisements, and of large circulation; and so do all other large towns in the country; but we doubt much if, out of London, Glasgow is to be beaten on the score of its papers or the energy of its advertisers.' What, however, proves advantageous to the owners of a paper crammed with advertisements, is apt not to be relished by those who read for the sake of news. In some newspapers that fall under our attention, the news part has been crushed down to two pages, while the advertising part has been gradually swelled out to six. 'What is fun to you is death to us,' say general readers; 'we do not wish to pay money for what is mainly

a sheet of advertisements.' The thing, as we see, may be carried too far.

The ruins of Pompeii and Herculaneum afford, as might have been expected, examples of the ancient mode of advertising: 'the walls in the most frequented parts are covered with notices . . . painted in black and red.' Announcements of plays and gladiators are common, of course; and so are those of salt-water and fresh-water baths. Moreover, just as provincials in our day recommend their articles or processes by informing the public that the things have come from London or from Paris, or are done as in London or as in Paris, so did they of Pompeii and Herculaneum—though they must have been worthy of a more dignified name than provincials—not unfrequently proclaim that they followed the customs of Rome at their several establishments. In still earlier times, especially amongst the Greeks, a common medium of advertisement was the public crier; and another, in cases of things stolen or strayed, or of injuries inflicted upon the advertisers, was an inscription affixed to the statues of the infernal deities, invoking curses upon the offender.

In mediæval times, it appears that the advertising shopkeeper's chief organ was the public crier; and it was also customary for most traders to have touters at their doors, just as the cheap photographers now have in London. That part was acted subsequently, and is still, in some localities, by the shopkeepers and shopservers themselves, vociferating, after the manner of the apprentices in the *Fortunes of Nigel*, 'What d'ye lack? What d'ye lack?' It is assumed that 'one of the very first posters ever printed in England was that by which Caxton announced, circa 1480, the sale of the "Pyes of Salisbury use," at the Red Pole, in the Almonry, Westminster.' Any Simple Simon is warned against supposing that Caxton's announcement had anything to do with the wares of a pie-man, and is informed that the expression, suggestive of edibles, had reference to 'a collection of rules, as practised in the diocese of Salisbury, to shew the priests how to deal, under every possible variation in Easter, with the concurrence of more than one office on the same day.'

It is mentioned by our authority that 'in England the first *bona-fide* attempt at newspaper-work was attempted in 1642, when the outbreak of the great Civil War caused an unusual demand to be made for news, and suggested to a bookseller and pamphleteer the idea of printing a weekly newspaper from the Venetian gazettes, which used to circulate in manuscript. After one or two preliminary attempts, he acquired sufficient confidence in his publication to issue a long advertisement; but, like most innovations, his attempt met with an indifferent reception, and was greeted in the literary world with a shower of invective. . . . What is generally supposed to be, but is not, the first authenticated advertisement in England, appeared in the *Mercurius Politicus* for January 1652, and runs thus: "IRENODIA GRATULATORIA, an Heroick Poem; being a congratulatory panegyrick for my Lord General's late return, summing up his successes in an exquisite manner. To be sold by John Holden, in the New Exchange, London. Printed by Tho. Newcourt, 1652."

In 1657, 'appeared a weekly paper which assumed the title of the *Public Advertiser*, the first number being dated 19th to 26th of May. It was printed for

Newcombe, in Thames Street, and consisted almost wholly of advertisements, including the arrivals and departures of ships, and books to be printed. Soon other papers commenced to insert more and more advertisements. . . . Most of the notices at this period related to runaway apprentices and black boys, fairs and cock-fights, burglaries and highway robberies, stolen horses, lost dogs, swords, and scent-bottles, and the departure of coaches on long journeys into the provinces, and sometimes even as far as Edinburgh.' At this time, it should be remembered, England swarmed with negro or mulatto boys, who were frequently offered for sale, by means of advertisements. In 1682, 'one John Houghton, F.R.S., who combined the business of apothecary with that of dealer in tea, coffee, and chocolate, in Bartholomew Lane, commenced a paper,' which at first failed, but was revived again on March 30, 1692. He by untiring perseverance, and no small amount of thought and study, may be said to have trained his contemporaries in the art of advertising, and to have left an example which might be followed with advantage at the present day; for he, when a number of quack advertisements had found their way into the paper, put a mark above them, with the following broad hint: 'Pray, mind the preface to this half-sheet. Like lawyers, I take all causes. I may fairly; who likes not, may stop here.' By this time, newspaper advertisements were getting well developed, chiefly through the medium of the *London Gazette*, the only paper that still exists of all those started about the middle of the seventeenth century.

When we reach the eighteenth century it is 'apparent that advertising has become recognised as a means of communication not only for the convenience of trade, but for political, love-making, fortune-hunting, swindling, and the thousand-and-one other purposes which are always ready to assert themselves in a large community;' and when we arrive at the end of the eighteenth and the commencement of the present century, we observe that matters were very nearly as we find them now. But, before quitting the eighteenth century, a brief account should be given of the birth and growth of a gigantic power. In 1785 was established the *Daily Universal Register*, which, on the 1st of January 1788, appeared as '*The Times*, or *Daily Universal Register*, printed Logographically.' The price was threepence, and for many years the *Times* gave no promise of future greatness; but it was always fearless, and very early was fined, while its editor narrowly escaped imprisonment. In 1790, Mr Walter was actually incarcerated in Newgate, where he remained sixteen months, besides being fined two hundred pounds, for a libel on the Dukes of York and Clarence. He was released eventually at the intercession of the Prince of Wales. . . . It was under John Walter the second, born in 1784, that the *Times* rose to the place of the first newspaper in the world. . . . Whilst yet a youth, in 1803, he became joint proprietor and sole manager of the *Times*. . . . The *Times* denounced the malpractices of Lord Melville, and the government revenged itself by withdrawing from the Walters the office of printers to the Customs. . . . During the war between Napoleon and Austria, in 1805, the desire for news was intense. To thwart the *Times*, the packets for

Walter were stopped at the outports, while those for the ministerial journals were hurried to London. Complaint was made; and the reply was, that the editor might receive his foreign papers as a *favour*; meaning thereby, that if the government was gracious to the *Times*, the *Times* should be gracious to the government; but Walter would accept no favour on such terms. Thrown on his own resources, he contrived, by means of superior activity and stratagem, to surpass the ministry in early intelligence of events. The capitulation of Flushing, in August 1809, was announced by the *Times* two days before the news had arrived through any other channel. . . . He spared neither pains nor expense. . . . What a visionary could scarcely dare ask, the *Times* gave. To other journals, imitation alone was left. They might be more consistent politicians, but, in the staple of a newspaper, to be nearly as good as the *Times* was their highest praise.' And now, as has already been remarked, the receipts in the advertisement department are said to be about a thousand pounds a day more than the revenue of many a principality.

Of curious and eccentric advertisements, so much has been written at different times in different papers, that the appetite of the public is likely to be a little cloyed. Still, a few specimens may be tolerated. One smiles to see a reward offered for restoration of a keyless lady's gold watch, or a green lady's umbrella; but, after all, the sense is so plain, that it requires a wilful misconception to create the smallest modicum of fun. It requires less effort to laugh at a husband with a Roman nose having strong religious tendencies. When a spinster, particularly fond of children, informs the public that she wishes for two or three, having none of her own, one cannot help smiling at the spinster's own guileless simplicity, which prevented her from noticing that her language was likely to be wilfully perverted by the malicious. An advertiser who 'wants a young man to look after a horse of the Methodist persuasion,' simply places the cart before the horse. It is not improbable that the chemist, when he requested that the gentleman who left his stomach for analysis, would please call and get it, together with the result, was himself a wag, and knew perfectly well what he was about. There is something very droll about the confusion exhibited by the advertiser who, 'having made an advantageous purchase, offers for sale, on very low terms, about six dozen of prime port wine, late the property of a gentleman forty years of age, full in the body, and of a high bouquet.' Nor is it easy to preserve our gravity entirely, when we read: 'To be sold cheap, a splendid gray horse, calculated for a charger, or would carry a lady with a switch tail.' That lady ought certainly to make the acquaintance of the owner of a mail-phacton, the property of a gentleman with a movable head, as good as new. It is doubtful what was meant by the governess who advertised that, amongst other accomplishments, she was perfect mistress of her own tongue; there is an interpretation which should have secured her an offer of something better than a situation as governess. If we laugh, we must deeply sympathise with the wealthy widow who advertised for an agent, but, by a printer's error, was represented as requiring 'a gent,' and was, consequently, inundated with applications

by letter, and pestered by personal attentions. There is a good humorous advertisement inserted in a paper as long ago as 1816, evidently by a householder who has improved his dwelling for the benefit of a grasping proprietor; thus it runs: 'WANTED IMMEDIATELY, to enable me to leave the house which I have for these last five years inhabited, in the same plight and condition in which I found it, five hundred LIVE RATS, for which I will gladly pay the sum of five pounds sterling; and, as I cannot leave the farm attached thereto in the same order in which I got it, without at least five millions of docks and dockens (weeds), I do hereby promise a further sum of five pounds for said number of dockens. —N.B. The rats must be full grown, and no cripples.'

For dry humour, American advertisements seem to bear away the palm; and with the humour is mingled, sometimes, no little ingenuity. A story is told of a grocer in Pennsylvania, whose name was Jones, or who, at anyrate, was an agent for one Jones, and whose favourite place for advertising was the fence of a graveyard, upon which fence he inscribed in large white letters: 'Use Jones's bottled ale if you would keep out of here.' To conclude our specimens, we will give a characteristic advertisement sent out by a well-known boarding-house keeper in Princetown, Indiana: 'WANTED—Two or three boarders of a decent stripe, such as go to bed at nine o'clock without a pipe or cigar in their mouth. I wish them to rise in time to wash their faces and comb their heads before breakfast. When they put on their boots, to draw down their pants over them, and not have them rumpled about their knees, which is a sure sign of a rowdy. When they sit down to rest or warm by the fire, not to put their feet on the mantelpiece or bureau, nor spit in the bread-tray. And to pay their board weekly, monthly, or quarterly—as may be agreed upon—with a smile upon their faces, and they will find me as pleasant as an opossum (*sic*) up a persimmon tree.' The boarding-house keeper here satirises his countrymen in a fashion which would have been resented by them in the case of a Trollope or a Dickens.

## WALTER'S WORD.

### CHAPTER XVII.—SIR REGINALD PROGRESSES.

THERE is many a dinner-party that is not a party of pleasure, although our inviter may have designed it to be so, in all good faith. It is not pleasant, for example, to be asked to meet a creditor, who is rarely at the same time one's friend; nor a man to whom, from any cause, it is necessary to make one's self civil, if one is not inclined to be so; nor some very great personage indeed, the satisfaction of meeting whom consists solely, if there be any, in the being able to boast of it afterwards; nor one's old love as a newly married woman; nor one's old friend, with whom there is a feeling of estrangement. Perhaps these last two are the most unpleasant to meet of all, and they were both awaiting Walter Litton that evening. He was to meet them also in the presence of a host who was unconscious of his acquaintance with them, and from whom he had designedly concealed that circumstance. He would have to act a part, and one that he felt he was ill adapted to fill, throughout that evening, and perhaps for many

evenings to come. It seemed to him that this was infringing the laws of hospitality, and soiling by ignoble use that name of gentleman of which he had hitherto thought himself worthy.

Without having any exaggerated opinion of himself, he had, up to this time, found himself perfectly at ease in any society to which he had been admitted, and had imagined, and with reason, that so it would have been in all cases; he was not dazzled by rank and show, though it was intuition rather than experience which had convinced him of their emptiness; his very simplicity made him natural in his manners; and natural manners—when the nature is good—are the best in the world. But on this occasion, while he attired himself for that little party at Willowbank, he felt like a girl who is going to her first ball—flurried, and nervous, and excited, and rehearsing to himself those little speeches, which are so certain not to be remembered when the time comes for their due delivery. His difficulty, like hers, was, that he could not foresee what others would say to him; he did not know what attitude the captain might adopt towards him, nor how far either he or Lotty would assist him in feigning a mutual ignorance of one another. So embarrassing was his dilemma, that he actually found himself considering whether it would be better for him to arrive late or early at Willowbank; in the end, he determined on going early, since he could then have no surprise sprung on him by the gallant captain—of whom he had suddenly grown unaccountably suspicious—in the way of judgment being passed against him by default. It would be clearly a disadvantage to him to enter the drawing-room without knowing what had passed at the first meeting of Sir Reginald with his 'papa.' This plan turned out even better than he had anticipated, for his cab drew up at the front door at the same moment as the very respectable brougham which conveyed the baronet and his bride, and the three met in the hall. Their mutual greeting was sufficiently guarded not to excite suspicion in the servants, yet warm enough to establish an understanding between themselves; and they entered the drawing-room together, like guests who have already made one another's acquaintance, and who need no further introduction. That was the ordeal, indeed, from which Walter had shrunk from most of all—the moment when his host should say: 'Mr Litton—my daughter,' or 'Mr Litton—Sir Reginald,' because it would necessitate an overt act of hypocrisy, as it were, on his part, whereas up till then he had only deceived by silence. This unpleasantness was now altogether avoided, partly by the circumstance I have mentioned, and partly because the position was too grave and peculiar to admit of mere conventional observances. The old merchant was standing stiffly by the fireplace when the three guests were announced; but the sight of his daughter was too much for the dignity he strove to maintain, and he stepped quickly forward and embraced her tenderly; then he offered his hand to her husband with a frank 'I am glad to see you, Sir Reginald,' and almost immediately afterwards to Walter himself. The ceremony of reconciliation was, in fact, made as short as possible; but for all that, it was plain that it was not without its effect upon the host, who, disinclined, or perhaps unable, to speak more, gazed with tears in his eyes at his two daughters as they rushed into each

other's arms. It was only natural, therefore, and in accordance with good taste, that Selwyn and Litton should affect to ignore his emotion, and enter into conversation together.

'If he asks you, Litton, whether you have ever met "Sir Reginald" before, you can say no, with truth,' whispered the captain hastily; 'and the same holds good with regard to her ladyship yonder.' This specious method of evading the difficulty had certainly not occurred to Walter, and did not recommend itself to him now, but, nevertheless, he replied: 'All right, old fellow; I'll do my best.' And then they fell to talking aloud upon indifferent topics. While they did so, Walter could scarcely keep his eyes off Lotty. Cloaked and hooded as she had been on her arrival, he had had no time to observe her fully; but now, in the brilliantly lit drawing-room, he noticed with pain how cruelly care had dealt with her brightness and beauty; so cruelly, indeed, that knowing what he did, he could not but suspect that not only care, but neglect and unkindness, must have had their share in effecting such a change. Her face had lost its rounded lines, its delicate tints, and had become sharp and wan; her eyes were red, which could scarcely have been accounted for by the tears that she was weeping then; her trembling lips smiled, indeed, but as though smiles were strangers to them; nay, the burden of sorrow seemed to have weighed upon her very frame, for her carriage had lost all the grace of girlhood.

He had feared for her some fate of this sort, and, under the apprehension of it, had portrayed her, as we know, from imagination; but so far had the actual change outstripped his fears, that, forgetting for the moment that the old man, like himself, had made a picture of her in his mind more consonant with the portrait than with the original, he almost marvelled how his picture could have recalled her to her father's remembrance. It was evident that the old merchant perceived this change himself, for he regarded Lotty with an expression of wistful tenderness that he took no pains to conceal; but, in all probability, he set it down solely to her long exile from home, and loved her, we may be sure, no less, that absence from his arms and roof had wrought such woe with her. He did not even apologise to Walter, when, upon dinner being announced, he offered his own arm to Lotty, and Selwyn of course taking Lilian, the young painter was left to bring up the rear of the little party alone. Except, however, in these tacit evidences of his affection and forgiveness, the host seemed resolved in no way to allude to the cause that had led to the dismemberment of his family; and his guests were only too glad to maintain a similar silence upon that topic.

The conversation at first was somewhat scanty and constrained, but never so much so as to become embarrassing; and as the good wine circulated which had been so long a stranger to the captain's palate, it moved his always fluent tongue to animated talk. His native sagacity taught him to avoid jesting under what he afterwards described as those 'rather ticklish' circumstances, and even to sink that tone of careless frivolity which was habitual to him; but he narrated incidents of his military career in a cheerful and entertaining style. Instinct told him that the army was not a profes-

sion that was popular with his new-found father-in-law, and therefore he confined himself to such anecdotes as would be most likely to interest an outsider. Had he been but a mere captain in the Heavies, he might not have succeeded so easily in gaining Mr Brown's attention; but that gentleman's ear, like those of many others of his class, was particularly formed to receive the narrations of persons of quality; and though he made some considerable resistance to the voice of the charmer, in the way of interruptions and objections—as if in protest against injured fathers-in-law being placed at once on too familiar a footing—he, in the end, accorded him a sufficiently gracious hearing. The story that pleased him most, and the one which the cunning captain had kept in reserve with that very object for after dinner, was the one known in military circles as 'the tale of the Golden Lions,' a sort of typical narrative which shifts its date to suit the times, and which, since the captain's day, has been permanently attached to the taking of the Chinese emperor's Summer Palace: but it does, in fact, pertain to an earlier epoch of British warfare, namely, that of the first Chinese war, in which the captain's colonel was engaged, and who (unless we are so bold as to disbelieve a baronet) told it to him with his own lips.

'It was about that opium business, as you doubtless remember, sir,' said the captain, addressing himself to his host, 'that the war was begun which ended in the opening of the ports.'

'I remember it well, Sir Reginald,' observed Mr Brown. 'I was stopped on my way to business, for the first time in my life, from mere curiosity to see the wagons that brought home the Chinese indemnity pass along the street. There were twenty-one millions of silver dollars—twenty-one millions,' repeated the old gentleman, smacking his lips, for the mention of a large sum of money was always music to him.

'That was the precise sum,' said the captain deferentially; 'though I should not have ventured to state it from my own recollection.'

'Ay, but I don't forget such things,' said the other, much pleased to find his own memory so complimented. 'It was the only war in which this country has been engaged through which we ever reaped a pecuniary advantage; that is one of the reasons why I am a peace-at-any-price man, and am not ashamed to own it, Sir Reginald.'

It was probable that the captain's opinion of peace-at-any-price men was not a very high one, but you would never have supposed so, had you seen his polite and almost assenting bow.

'Well, I was about to observe, sir, that large as that indemnity was, my present colonel—Markham—then a lieutenant in a foot regiment, had it once within his power (had he but known it) to have returned home with even a larger sum to his own cheek—I mean, at his private account at his banker's,' added the captain hurriedly. His speech was apt to be garnished by slang terms; and though, as he had proved, he could put a restraint upon himself in all important matters, these little verbal eccentricities would occasionally escape him. 'It was just before the preliminaries of peace were signed, and while the troops were before Canton—'

'It was Nankin, if it was anywhere,' observed Mr Brown severely, for that notion of 'one's own cheek,' as being synonymous with one's banker's

account, had savoured to him of something like profanity.

"I daresay you are right, sir; but, at all events, Markham himself, with a company or so of his regiment, found themselves separated from the main body of the army; they were on a foraging expedition, or more likely a marauding one, for Markham's captain had always an eye for "loot," and had ventured much farther into the interior of the country than he had any authority for doing. They knew that the war was at its close, you see, and that if anything valuable was to be got, it was to be picked up at once."

"Upon my life, Sir Reginald," said the old merchant, "your tale, so far as it is gone, is not very complimentary to your cloth."

"Well, you see, there are soldiers and soldiers; with some, all is fair in love and war—that is, in war."

The slip was terrible. Most men in the speaker's position would have thought it irreparable, and given up their anecdote altogether; but the captain was made of cooler stuff.

"Of course it's wrong," he continued; "but there will be soldiers of fortune as long as the world lasts, like Major Dalgetty."

"Is he in your regiment also?" inquired Mr Brown, with severity.

"O no, sir; I merely instanced him as the sort of man I am talking about. They are often good soldiers, and serve the state as well as themselves, we must remember. Look at Clive, for example, and—and—oh, a lot of fellows."

It was now Mr Brown's turn to bow, which he did in very qualified adhesion to these sentiments.

"Well, Bob Markham and the rest marched a good way up the country—the people fleeing before them—till they reached a certain imperial residence of which they were in search. It was very splendidly furnished, and of course they sacked it. The walls of one room were lined with silver plates of half an inch thick—with the proceeds of some of which, by-the-by, Bob afterwards purchased his company. There had been hopes of jewels, I believe; but these had been removed, in anticipation of their visit; but altogether it was a great haul, and very glad they were to get back to camp with it—those, that is, that managed to do so, for they were cut off by the imperial troops, and had to fight their way through them. But the curious thing was that the Chinese themselves could never be persuaded that our men had reached the palace. They shewed their silver plates; but those carried no conviction. "Such splendours," they said, "were to be found in the house of many a rich mandarin. Had you really been to Bong-gata-boo (or whatever its name was), you would certainly have brought back its golden lions."

"What golden lions?" asked Markham, rather irritably, for he did not relish not being believed about such a matter, for the expedition had been a very smart thing.

"Why, the lions that guard the gates; you must have passed between them, if you ever got inside." Then he remembered that upon each pillar was a lion, in brass, as they had all supposed, about eight feet high, which some of the soldiers had pricked with their bayonets.

"Well, what about them?" he asked. "I saw the lions, of course."

"Only, that they are of solid gold, and the richest prizes in all China," was the reply.

"Perhaps he could never have got back alive with them; he always protests that he could not; but he and his men had beasts of burden with them, and other means of carriage; and he has often told me in confidence that it could have been done, had it ever entered into his mind that the images were of the precious metal. Then he tears his hair (what little is left of it), and proclaims himself the unluckiest dog alive, since he is only a colonel of Heavies; when he might, but for the merest chance, have been a millionaire, Mr Brown, like yourself."

This last shot was a bold one, for it inspired no little risk to the shooter, but, fortunately for the captain, it went home. The story, with its flavour of gold about it, had greatly recommended itself to the old merchant; and this concluding hint at his own wealth, so far from making him suspicious of the captain's motives, was received with uncommon favour.

"Well, well; I don't know about being a millionaire, Sir Reginald," answered he complacently; "but I have reaped the usual reward of much frugality and toil.—If you won't take any more wine, young gentlemen, we will join the ladies."

#### CHAPTER XVIII.—WAR IS DECLARED.

Dinner-time, and after dinner-time, at Willowbank, on this momentous occasion, had thus, we may say, been very successfully got over for all concerned. Thanks to the old merchant's forbearance, or respect for the baronetcy, and to the captain's intrepid behaviour, all disagreeable topics, as well as those embarrassing silences which are almost as bad, had been avoided. It was true that the talk had been confined to these two gentlemen; but Lotty and Lilian (who had also contrived to maintain with one another a conversation in an undertone full of interest for themselves) were thankful to have been excused from taking part in it; and Walter was by no means displeased to find himself second-fiddle—or, rather, playing no instrument at all—in the newly united family band. If he could only have escaped observation, and above all, interrogation, for the rest of the evening, he would have thought himself fortunate indeed; it would have been enough for him to watch the others in silence; to speculate, though with pain and sorrow, upon the causes that had produced the alteration in poor Lotty's looks; how it had come to pass that her pretty ways had vanished, and whether they had been stamped out for ever by poverty and neglect, or if, under the sun of her new-found prosperity, they might grow and bloom again. Upon the whole, he was not hopeful of her; she seemed to him like some bright and shapely vessel which had struck against a hard and jagged rock, and had only not gone down, and that its happy crew—"Youth at the helm, and Pleasure at the prow"—were dead and drowned. Nor did he hesitate to identify that rock with her husband. He was certainly indebted to Selwyn for having caused matters so far to go off so swimmingly that evening, without hitch or kink; but he was not grateful to him for it; he resented (though he felt that the captain was but acting a part) that he should seem so animated and careless, while his wife looked so wan and woful even in her new-found home. That she should sit with her sister's hand fast

clasped in hers, so silent, and, as it seemed to him, always on the brink of tears, filled him with pity, but also with anger against the man who had brought her to such a pass; and even that she could not give himself one smile of welcome or recognition—though that was made impossible by the necessity of the case—irritated him against the captain. Lilian indeed smiled upon him brightly, nay, gratefully, whenever he looked her way; but she too was pale and thoughtful, and had scarcely addressed a word to him throughout the evening. It was of course but natural that she should be occupied with her sister, and that her face should somewhat mirror that of Lotty; but he felt it hard that the reconciliation in which he himself had had so large a share should bear such bitter fruit for him. Perhaps, too, though he would not have confessed so much, he was somewhat jealous of the strides that the captain was making in the favour of his father-in-law; not that he wished him not to gain his good opinion, and all the benefits that might flow from it, but that, somehow, he felt that whatever influence Sir Reginald might acquire with Mr Brown, would be used to his own disadvantage. He had more than one secret of Selwyn's in his keeping especially that one connected with Nellie Neale—the revelation of which might have done him serious harm; and though he would have perished rather than reveal any one of them, Selwyn might not give him credit for such chivalry, and in that case would have cause to fear, and therefore to intrigue against him. A man that would ill-treat his own wife—for he *had* ill-treated her—and especially such a winsome and delicate creature as Lotty, could not be expected to entertain honourable ideas, or, indeed, to stick at anything. Walter had thought hard things of his former friend more than once, and had repented of them; but now he entertained such thoughts without repentance.

He was standing by the drawing-room table with his coffee-cup in his hand, pretending to look at some engravings, but in reality occupied in these bitter reflections, when he heard Mr Brown address his son-in-law as follows: 'Have you been to the exhibition this year, Sir Reginald?'

Then Walter knew that it was coming; that the subject which had been so happily avoided up to that moment was about to be touched upon; and that he would be called upon to play some delectable part in the discussion. How he wished that he had pleaded indisposition, or work to do at home—an excuse which his conscientious host would readily have admitted—and taken himself off immediately after dinner! But it was too late now.

'Well, the fact is, Mr Brown,' returned the captain, in a low voice, 'that, until the day before yesterday, when your generosity placed us upon quite another footing, dear Lotty and myself had not much money to spare for exhibitions, nor, indeed, for anything else.'

It was plain that the old merchant was pleased by this confession, or perhaps by the deferential and almost humble tone in which it was couched, for his manner altered at once from studied carelessness to a certain confidential assurance, as he rejoined: 'Well, well, all that is over now; let bygones be bygones. Of course, I cannot forget what has happened. I should be very culpable not to make a difference—and a great difference

—between the daughter who has disobeyed me, who has been undutiful, and her with whom I have had no cause to be displeased. But still I shall take care that Lady Selwyn shall possess an income for the future sufficient, with economy, to maintain her rank.'

'You are most kind, sir; much kinder than the—that is, than I have deserved of you,' returned the other. His words were those of gratitude, and, to his father-in-law, they doubtless seemed to express it; but, to Walter's more sensitive ears, who also knew the captain well, the tone in which they were spoken had both dislike and disappointment in it. He knew it must have been galling to such a man as Selwyn to have to humble himself to one like Mr Brown, and it also struck him that that mention of a difference—'and a great difference'—to be made between the daughters, had annoyed him excessively. He would have avoided playing the eaves-dropper, had it been possible, but their conversation had taken him utterly by surprise, and was now already concluded. The next words were addressed by Mr Brown to Walter himself.

'Our friend, Sir Reginald, has been telling me, Mr Litton, that he has not been to the exhibition this year, so that he does not know what a treat is in store for him in your Philippa. "Supplication," by-the-by, you call it, I believe; but that is no matter, for Sir Reginald will have a name of his own for it.'

'Indeed!' said the captain, with the most innocent air that his bold eyes and fierce moustaches would permit. 'How should that be?'

'Well, you must go and judge for yourself; but it seems to me, and to Lilian also, the most wonderful likeness—considering that it was quite undesigned—of Lotty herself.'

'Dear me! how curious!' said the captain, raising his eyebrows. 'What does Mr Litton call it?—"Supplication?" I will make a note of that;' and he took out a dainty case of ivory tablets, and entered the memorandum accordingly.

Walter felt hot and uncomfortable; he did not envy Selwyn his *sang-froid*, and yet he would have given anything to possess it. He was wroth with him, too, that he had not taken some course more likely to cut the conversation short; as it was, it was evident that the offensive topic was only just begun.

'Yes; it is in the third room of the Academy, in the left-hand corner as you enter,' continued the old man eagerly. 'You should go to-morrow, and see it. What is so surprising is, that Mr Litton never set eyes on Lotty before to-night.'

A dreadful silence seemed to fill the room as Mr Brown said this. The two girls sat with their cheeks burning, and their eyes fixed upon the floor. Perhaps they felt like Walter—as though the floor had suddenly opened, and that one false step would precipitate him, and Lotty with him, to utter destruction. Shame covered his face, and palsied his tongue.

'Well, I can answer for it, at all events, that my wife didn't sit for the portrait,' observed the captain, with a light laugh. 'We have been rather hard up; but Lady Selwyn never went out as a model, to my knowledge.'

'I should hope not,' observed the matter-of-fact merchant austere. 'I don't wish to say anything against any calling by which poor folks get an



honest living, but I am afraid the models of painters are not generally models of propriety.'

'Hollo! do you hear that, Mr Litton?' said the captain gaily. 'Come, draw and defend yourself. Was not your Philippa, Edward's queen, then, all that it seems you have represented her on canvas?—tender-hearted, pitiful, regal, modest, and all the rest of it?'

Walter had felt grateful to his quondam friend for the moment, for picking him out from that hole in the floor, but this impudent allusion to Nellie Neale was altogether too much for his patience.

'The model that sat for Philippa is as honest and good a girl as any I know,' said he, in a stern voice; 'though it is quite true that persons in her position are thrown much in the way of temptation, and—of scoundrels.'

Such an angry blush leapt to the captain's cheek, as told not only of guilt, but also of consciousness that the other knew him to be guilty; yet his answer was careless enough, as he replied: 'That is a pretty confession as respects you gentlemen-artists, Mr Litton; for my part, I thought it had become generally understood that there were no gay Lotharios now, except in the army.'

The presence of mind and quickness that the captain exhibited had been certainly far beyond what Walter (though he had always known him to be a clever fellow in his way) had believed him to possess; and he now began to credit him with other qualities, the existence of which he had never suspected in him, and which, perhaps, he had no reason to suspect. It seemed to him that there was a design in all Selwyn said; that even in that general remark, for example, respecting the gallantry of the military profession, he was either making light of his own behaviour to Nellie Neale, or, what was more likely, was paving the way for excuses with the old merchant, in case the matter should ever be brought up against him. If this was so, Mr Brown, of course, was quite unconscious of it.

'Well, well,' said he, 'let Mr Litton's original be who she may, he has made a most charming picture of her, of which I am glad to say I am the possessor. Indeed, it is so good, and also, as I have said, so like dear Lotty, that I have commissioned him to paint me a companion portrait of her sister. It is only just begun—that is, so far as Lillian is concerned—but I already recognise the likeness.'

This was said as though he was conferring the highest praise upon Litton's picture which such a work of art could receive; whereas, as all of us who are duly subject to authority in such matters are aware, likeness in such a case is a very secondary affair, if only 'tone,' and 'pose,' and 'meaning,' and a number of other æsthetic excellences, have been attained. A father, however, and especially a patron, may be excused for these little errors; and Walter bowed his acknowledgments, as gracefully as though Mr Brown had said: 'Your ideal has been realised.'

'Then Miss Lillian is Mr Litton's model for the present, is she?' inquired the captain, smiling.

'Well, of course, she does not go to his studio, Sir Reginald; our friend here is so good as to come here, and work.'

'Oh, indeed!' returned Selwyn, raising his eyebrows; 'that must be a very pleasant arrangement for him.'

There was such a marked significance in his tone, that even the old merchant understood the innuendo it was intended to convey, and answered with some stiffness: 'I hope so; we do all that we can to make it pleasant, though I am aware that we are putting Mr Litton to considerable inconvenience.'

But notwithstanding the friendship these words implied towards the young painter, the eyes of the speaker wandered to Lillian with an expression of anxiety, if not of alarm; and from that moment Walter felt convinced that Selwyn had declared war against him, nay, more, that he had come that evening with the express determination to declare it. There were immense odds in the captain's favour; not only from his position in the family, which might now be said to be established, but because, as he had himself observed, 'all was fair in war,' in his view of the matter; whereas, as he well knew, Litton was scrupulous even to chivalry. It was a contest between arms of precision and bows and arrows, which could have but one result.

Walter did not, however, deign to take notice of the other's hostility, even by a look (and, indeed, the captain had studiously kept his face averted from him during the last five minutes), but turned to Lotty with some commonplace observation, to which she confusedly replied. No person, however unobservant, could have failed to see that something had gone wrong, and yet it seemed to Walter that her embarrassment, as she answered him, was due to other causes than that knowledge. She had shot a nervous, frightened glance towards her husband, and her words had been very cold. Could it be possible that he had schooled her to refuse him her countenance, bidden her not only to ignore, but to forget that he had been and still was her friend? Or was she so conscious of her own wretchedness as to feel she had no cause to thank him for the hand he had had in giving her a husband—who was also a tyrant?

'I have some work to do at home, Miss Lillian, which your father's hospitality has caused me to neglect,' said Walter abruptly, and with a touch of bitterness that he could not wholly stifle. 'I must go now;' and he held out his hand to her.

'But you will come to-morrow at the usual time?' said she, in her clear sweet tones, made more distinct, as he fancied, even than usual, so that all in the room could hear her. 'My sister is very desirous to see you paint—are you not, Lotty?—and she is coming on purpose.'

'I don't know,' said Lotty hesitating; 'I should like it;' and again her eyes wandered towards her lord and master.

'O yes, you must come early,' put in Mr Brown authoritatively, 'and spend the day; and Sir Reginald can join us when he likes.—Well, if you must go, Mr Litton, you must; this is Liberty Hall, you know.' And Walter took his leave, exchanging only a nod with Selwyn.

As he walked home with his cigar in his mouth, his anger was still hot against the captain; but he could reflect upon what had happened with more patience than when he had been standing 'under fire,' as it were, in the drawing-room; and as usual with him, however angry, when time for thought was given him, he began to beat about in his own mind for excuses for the offender. If Selwyn really believed him to be capable of

telling what he knew about Nellie, it was perhaps natural, though certainly not right, that he should look upon him as his enemy. But *could* Reginald, after so many years of friendship, believe his friend so base? Might there not be some other reason that made him hostile to him. Might he not, for example, resent his having drawn that likeness of Lotty, notwithstanding that the result had been so favourable to his fortunes. Selwyn must surely know him too well to suspect him of entertaining any improper ideas with respect to his friend's wife; and, moreover, the captain was by no means a jealous man; he was too self-confident (and with reason) to be subject to any such passion. But the Somebody—and there *was* a possible Somebody in the person of Mrs Sheldon—might have put the notion into his head. By itself, he would doubtless have laughed at it; but coupled with the picture, was it not just within the range of possibility that it had made Selwyn jealous?

Nothing could be more unreasonable or more unjust than for him to be so; but if he was, his conduct became to a certain degree excusable. But, on the other hand, was such an explanation of his behaviour consistent with that significant remark of his, that the 'arrangement' of painting Lilian's picture at Willowbank must be 'very pleasant for Mr Litton?' It was so pleasant, that Walter confessed to himself that if it should be broken off, the greatest happiness of his life would thereby be taken away from him; and he had a sorrowful prescience that it would be taken away, and that at no distant date.

#### OLIVER CROMWELL'S HEAD.

OLIVER CROMWELL, Lord Protector of England, died at Whitehall Palace on the 3d September 1658. He had for some time been suffering from tertian ague, which might have been alleviated, if not removed, by the use of Peruvian bark, but with this remedy the medical practitioners of the period were unacquainted. During Oliver's protracted illness, his beard was suffered to grow, so that at his death his features were somewhat different from what they are usually represented in his portraits. We say nothing of the Protector's character, further than this, that his religious enthusiasm and regard for the principles of civil liberty, led him to take a stand against the arbitrary measures of Charles I., at whose trial and condemnation, he, and his son-in-law Ireton, and Bradshaw assisted. Though rising to power on the ruins of the monarchy, and in effect becoming an autocrat, Oliver was by no means a selfish or vulgar tyrant. He was a stern lover of justice, and under his firm rule, the nation enjoyed peace and prosperity. At his decease, he was only sixty years of age. Mourned both by his family and the public, his body was carefully embalmed, and lay in state at Somerset House, previous to burial with regal honours in Westminster Abbey. There, seemingly, was an end of the Protector, who was never more to be seen in this world; but this proved to be a mistake.

As a rule, the English are generous and forgiving. They do not take the mean advantage of striking a man when he is down; nor is it customary for them to revenge themselves on bodies torn from the grave. On this occasion, however, the nation was in a political paroxysm, as intemperate in its way as was that demonstrated by the French

revolutionists, when, in 1793, they rifled the tombs at St-Denis, and scattered their contents to the winds. In January 1661, when Ireton had been dead upwards of nine years; Cromwell, more than two years; and Bradshaw—deemed the principal regicide, from his having presided at the trial and condemnation of Charles I.—a year and two months, measures were taken to inflict vengeance on the three helpless bodies. It is not a pleasant subject to refer to, but in history we must take the bad with the good. In the present instance, there is not a little to be regretted. The three wretched corpses were officially dug from their graves, and ignominiously dragged in sledges to Tyburn. There they were hanged and beheaded, and their mutilated bodies buried beneath the gallows. One is almost ashamed to record proceedings so much at variance with the character of a generous and high-minded people. The horror that the circumstance inspires is significant of the advance in feeling since the seventeenth century.

What now became of the three heads? They had a distinct history, of which we propose to say something, and are much aided in doing so by the statements of an intelligent correspondent in the *Times* (December 31, 1874) which have not been invalidated. The heads, as we learn, were stuck on the top of Westminster Hall, on the ground below which at that time sentinels walked. Ireton's head was in the middle, and Cromwell's and Bradshaw's on each side respectively. Cromwell's head, being embalmed, remained exposed to the atmosphere for twenty-five years, and then, one stormy night, it was blown down, and picked up by the sentry, who, hiding it under his cloak, took it home, and secreted it in the chimney corner; and, as inquiries were constantly being made about it by the government, it was only on his deathbed that he revealed where he had hidden it. His family sold the head to one of the Cambridgeshire Russells; and, in the same box in which it still is, it descended to a certain Samuel Russell, who, being a needy and careless man, exhibited it in a place near Clare Market. There it was seen by James Cox, who then owned a famous museum. He tried in vain to buy the head from Russell; for, poor as he was, nothing would at first tempt him to part with the relic; but after a time, Cox assisted him with money, and eventually, to clear himself from debt, he made the head over to Cox. When Cox at last parted with his museum, he sold the head of Cromwell for two hundred and thirty pounds to three men, who bought it about the time of the French Revolution to exhibit in Mead Court, Bond Street, at half-a-crown a head. Curiously enough, it happened that each of these three gentlemen died a sudden death, and the head came into the possession of the three nieces of the last man who died. These young ladies, nervous at keeping it in the house, asked Mr Wilkinson, their medical man, to take care of it for them, and they subsequently sold it to him. For the next fifteen or twenty years, Mr Wilkinson was in the habit of shewing it to all the distinguished men of that day, and the head, much treasured, yet remains in his family.

'The circumstantial evidence is very curious. It is the only head in history which is known to have been embalmed and afterwards beheaded. On the back of the neck, above the vertebra, is

the mark of the cut of an axe where the executioner, having, perhaps, no proper block, had struck too high, and, laying the head in its soft, embalmed state on the block, flattened the nose on one side, making it adhere to the face. The hair grows promiscuously about the face, and the beard, stained to exactly the same colour by the embalming liquor, is tucked up under the chin, with the oaken staff of the spear with which the head was stuck up on Westminster Hall, which staff is perforated by a worm that never attacks oak until it has been for many years exposed to the weather.

The iron spear-head, where it protrudes above the skull, is rusted away by the action of the atmosphere. The jagged way in which the top of the skull is removed throws us back to a time when surgery was in its infancy; while the embalming is so beautifully done, that the cellular process of the gums and the membrane of the tongue are still to be seen. Several teeth are yet in the mouth; the membrane of the eyelid remains, the pia-mater and the dura-mater, thin membranes, which I believe lie over the brain, may be seen clinging to the inner and upper part of the skull. The brain was, of course, removed, but the compartments are very distinct. When the great sculptor, Flaxman, went to see it, he said at once: "You will not mind my expressing any disappointment I may feel on seeing the head?" "O no!" said Mr Wilkinson; "but will you tell me what are the characteristics by which the head might be recognised?" "Well," replied Flaxman, "I know a great deal about the configuration of the head of Oliver Cromwell. He had a low, broad forehead, large orbits to the eyes, a high septum to the nose, and high cheek-bones; but there is one feature which will be with me a crucial test, and that is, that, instead of having the lower jaw-bone somewhat curved, it was particularly short and straight, but set out at an angle, which gave him a jowlish appearance." The head exactly answered to the description, and Flaxman went away expressing himself as convinced and delighted.

"The head has also a length from the forehead to the back of the head which is quite extraordinary; and one day, before Mr Wilkinson retired from practice, his assistant called him into the surgery to point out to him how exactly the shaven head of a lad who was there as a patient resembled the embalmed head of Cromwell up stairs, and more particularly in the extreme length between the forehead and the occiput.

"Mr Wilkinson mentioned the circumstance to the gentleman who brought the lad to him. "No wonder," said the gentleman, "for this lad is a direct descendant of Oliver Cromwell, whose name, like this boy's, was Williams, before they changed it to Cromwell." It was curious that this type should re-appear or remain after so many years.

"When the head was in the possession of Samuel Russell, he was frequently intoxicated when he shewed it to his friends, and they cut off pieces of the hair, until the head was closely cropped.

"A correspondent in the *Globe*, of the 28th of September or thereabouts, believed that the body of Cromwell, after removal from the Abbey, was buried in Red Lion Square, and another body substituted, and sent on to Tyburn with Ireton and Bradshaw. But it is not probable they could have

obtained an embalmed body for the purpose. The embalmed head is now in the possession of Mr Horace Wilkinson, Sevenoaks, Kent. There is a small hole where the wart was on his forehead, and the eyebrows met in the middle. The head has the appearance of hard, dry leather. There are other details, and there is other circumstantial evidence, and there are records printed and published at the time; but I feel I must not trespass on your valuable space any further, although it is a subject in which many of your readers may take as great an interest as does SENEX.

A subsequent correspondent of the *Times* has a doubt as to the head being that of Cromwell, hinting the possibility of its being that of Ireton or Bradshaw. But all circumstances, and more particularly the fact of the head having been embalmed, point pretty conclusively to the correctness of the belief, that the head above described is really that of the Lord Protector.

#### A FRIENDLY GIFT.

I AM so fond of animals of all sorts, that I think Nature designed me to be the keeper of a menagerie, and to go about the country with caravans full of wild beasts. One, however, is apt to mistake his profession. Circumstances led me to be a wholesale grocer in the City, whose business is to judge critically of teas, sugars, and so on. In duty bound, and with a wife and family, I have endeavoured to make the best of my position; but always have had a clinging to animals. As matters stand, I am obliged to content myself with being a Fellow of the Zoological Society; with frequent visits to the Gardens of that honourable body, and in a small way keeping some animals on my own account. On one occasion, I went the length of keeping a young Bengal tiger—a most interesting creature—but receiving sundry hints from my neighbours that I was to be indicted for maintaining a dangerous nuisance, I quietly disposed of my acquisition to a well-known animal merchant.

The coast being so far cleared, the reader can imagine the pleasure with which I perused a note to the following purport, on arriving one morning at my office. It came from an acquaintance, a merchant with foreign dealings: 'An old correspondent, thinking to pay me a great compliment, writes that he has sent a young bear by the ship *Polar Star*, expected shortly to arrive. Knowing your fondness for animals, I shall be glad if you will accept it. Do not be profuse with thanks, for I do not know what to do with the beast.'

I had already several animals, but no bear; a young one could be easily managed; so I gladly accepted the gift.

On my return home in the evening, I, of course, informed my wife of my present; but with what a result! 'A gazelle, dear little thing; yes. But a bear? No! What would I do with him? Where would or could I keep him? Just remember your tiger.' All Benedicts know, however, that anything from a sealskin mantle to a handsome bracelet will

remove a mountain of difficulties. 'Room might perhaps be made in that old outhouse in the corner of the meadow, and with strong bars, there could be no danger or inconvenience.' The point thus satisfactorily settled, the cage was prepared, and made ready for bruin.

In due time the *Polar Star*, with her passenger, arrived; and I went on board to see my acquisition. I found bruin quietly walking about the deck, with a chain hanging from his neck. The sailors informed me he was a great favourite, very tame, quiet, and playful; and when I went up to him and patted him, I was delighted; he quite bore out the good character he had received. Bruin was to be well cared for during the night, and I promised to send for him next morning. I reached home quite elated, praising the good qualities of my bear; and my wife was delighted beyond measure. An envelope lying on the table contained a bill for a bracelet which had just arrived. I was so much taken up with my bear, that I had not noticed my wife's delight was caused by admiring her bracelet; it *was* a handsome one indeed, and so was the price.

I had sounded my man John, keeper of my zoological collection, about my bear. He cared nothing for a bear, especially a young one, after his experience with my tiger; but he made no demur; so I arranged he should be at the docks at ten o'clock next morning, and bring bruin in a cab to my office in the Lane. I expected him about eleven. Noon, 1 p.m. came; but no John—no bear; so I went to my lunch, leaving strict orders I was to be at once sent for on their arrival. Returning to my office, no sign of either; two, three, even four o'clock came; and as the hours passed, my anxiety kept rising as rapidly as a thermometer placed in a pot of cold water on a large fire would. Shortly after four, when my mental thermometer was at boiling-point, I heard shouts and yells, and instinctively looked through the window of my office: I then saw John pulling and tugging the bear along by his chain, and naturally surrounded by all the tag-rag and bobtail of the streets. The door of my sample-room was opened, and John and the bear admitted.

His followers, being excluded, amused themselves by trying to look through the keyhole, until, finding they could see nothing, their patience became exhausted, and they gradually withdrew to their accustomed haunts. John was thoroughly done up; but after a little stimulant, was able to account for his late appearance, much to my own astonishment, and that of some of my neighbours, who had called in to see my new friend. John told me he had got the bear quietly into a cab, but shortly bruin began to give unmistakable evidence that he much preferred being a passenger on board ship, to riding in a 'Growler' over the stones. He became very fractious, and at last, making a sudden spring, burst open the cab-door, and hauled poor John, who had hold of his chain, into the road. Once there, bruin became quieter; but cabby would have nothing more to do with him, and insisted, as was natural, on being paid not only for the distance he had come, but for the damage done to his cab. This, after a little time, John settled by handing the man a sovereign; and, as bruin was again on his good-behaviour, resolved

to lead him. Bruin went very quietly, until a Newfoundland dog good-temperedly wished to make his acquaintance. The best friends fall out occasionally; but bruin was determined not to make a friend of one so casually met, and immediately attacked the poor dog, and so severely pawed him, that he was glad to beat as hasty a retreat as his wounds would permit. John was beginning to get faint-hearted, but his courage had not quite deserted him; he obtained some buns, and with these, and not a little coaxing, at last managed to get him safely to my office. Whilst these adventures were being related, bruin had been very quiet; but when finished, he evidently thought that it was his duty to prove, as far as he could, John's truthfulness. I happened to have at that time a large lot of molasses for sale, and the different samples were standing on one of the tables. Whether he thought he should have had some more buns, or had a vague idea he had been brought from his native home to be trained as a grocer, I know not, but he suddenly sprang upon the table to inspect and taste my samples. My friends made a rush; I never knew until then, in how short a time about a dozen men—my neighbours, of course—can vanish through a doorway. I at once caught the chain, and got the 'taster' off the table; but no sooner on the floor, than he turned on me, and my shirt-front and waistcoat were torn to ribbons, my watch-chain broken; and there was no saying what might have been the result, had not John fortunately come to my assistance with the poker, and with two or three blows, happily succeeded in stunning my newly acquired treasure! Whilst he was in this state, we managed to secure him with the chain. But what to do now was the question. It was folly, under the circumstances, to think of taking him home; he had evidently not been licked into proper shape by his mother. What could I do with him? As a member of the Zoo, I would send him there. After some difficulty, when the package was known, John got a cart, and started with bruin, carefully secured, to the Regent's Park, taking a letter for my friend, Mr —. I felt relieved when I saw them off, and making the best of my rags, returned home, rejoicing the heart of my wife by informing her I had changed my mind, and did not intend keeping a bear. I was well out of the scrape; but it does not do to shout until you are out of the wood. A few hours later, John reached home with a letter from Mr —. He thanked me exceedingly for sending the bear, but as at the Zoological Gardens they were then full of bears, he much regretted he could not keep him. He would, however, take charge of him for three days, to give me a little time; &c.

A little time! It was a little time, and then I should have bruin thrown on my hands, perhaps on my shirt-front again. However, I was determined I would rather sell him, or give him to my hairdresser, than have him home. Fortune favours the brave. On the second day, I heard, by mere chance, that the Zoological Society at Amsterdam would be glad to receive him. I lost no time. I found out when the next steamer sailed; and, carefully secured in a strong cage, bruin made his second voyage.

Ursus arrived safely, is at present in good health, and seems very comfortable in his quarters; and I am comfortable too, in having got him off my

hands, and he so well taken care of. In this as in some other cases, a gift of an animal—though not a white elephant—may become a subject of considerable perplexity both to mind and pocket!

### THE MONTH:

#### SCIENCE AND ARTS.

WE all know that 'blacks' are plentiful in the air above our great towns; and Dr Angus Smith of Manchester has discovered various kinds of dust in the rain-water of that neighbourhood. But Professor Nordenskjöld of Stockholm, having caught falling snow, found in it minute particles of metal which he supposed to be iron, as they were attracted by the magnet. Examination of hailstones that fell at Stockholm, and of snow from icebergs in latitude eighty degrees, brought similar particles to light; and it now appears that this metallic dust is composed of iron, nickel, cobalt, carbon, and phosphoric acid. This remarkable discovery has prompted the suggestion, that the flashes and streams of light seen during displays of the aurora may be due to this dust having become incandescent by friction in our atmosphere. The peculiar striped appearance assumed by the light on some occasions might then be regarded as an effect of terrestrial magnetism. The question is a curious one, and will, no doubt, be further investigated. Are there countries where iron dust is more plentiful than in others; and are the inhabitants of those countries more vigorous than the people whose atmosphere has no iron? The Polar Expedition might investigate the question during the weary hours when they are frozen in.

As regards the Polar Expedition, the preparations are going on actively. The two ships, *Alert* and *Bloodhound*, are being strengthened to the utmost, so that they may resist the pressure of ice. The victualling department is engaged in cooking and compressing food of the best kind into the smallest possible space; and the navy tailors are busy over thick clothing, and fur coats and jackets, which may enable the crews to set the cold at defiance. As usual, when scientific advice is wanted, the Royal Society have been appealed to by the Admiralty, and they have recommended for appointment two naturalists who are to do what is needful for the botany, geology, and zoology of the countries and seas which we may hope will be discovered and explored. And in order that all on board may know what is needful, the Council of the Society have undertaken to prepare a Manual of advice and instruction in Physical Science, Natural History, Geology, and Ethnology; and the Geographical Society are to do the same for Physical Geography. So far, therefore, as knowledge and power can serve, the expedition will possess two essential elements of success.

An expedition to observe the total eclipse of the sun on the 6th of April next is also preparing. This eclipse will be visible in the east, and

observers are to be sent to some suitable place in India, to the islands of the Bay of Bengal, and to Siam. There is yet so much to be studied and learned as regards the constitution of the sun, that it is quite worth while to incur all the trouble and cost of a long voyage to observe an eclipse, especially as there are some particulars which can be made out during an eclipse, but at no other time. The king of Siam has promised to receive as his guests the observers who may be sent to Bangkok, and to aid their work according to their requirements. The period of totality in the forthcoming eclipse will be from four to five minutes, in which time, with favourable weather, a series of important observations may be made. Before these lines appear in print, the observers will be on the way to their several stations.

Mr J. G. Rowe, manager of the Aylesbury and Buckingham Railway, has invented what he calls the 'Relume Signal-lamp,' which, as the name indicates, will relight itself, should the flame by any chance have been extinguished. The oil-chamber of the lamp, which has two or three wicks, rotates and is regulated by a spring. A stud connected with a bar formed of two metals, brass and steel, locks the chamber, and holds it in place while it (the bar) is heated by the flame. But should the flame go out, the bar cools, shrinks, releases the stud, unlocks the oil-chamber, which immediately flies round, impelled by its spring, while certain matches suitably placed take fire, and kindle one of the spare wicks, and thus the lamp is relighted automatically. It is obvious that a lamp which can be depended on to maintain its light, would be especially useful as a signal-lamp on a railway, or indeed anywhere.

In this case, the result is obtained by the compound bar, and the difference of expansion between the two metals. By a modification of the contrivance, a safety-lamp is produced, to which the inventor gives his own name, and calls it the 'Rowe.' After it has been lighted a quarter of an hour, the heat locks it so fast that it can only be opened by blowing out the light and leaving the lamp to cool. While waiting a quarter of an hour in the dark, a miner would have time to 'consider his ways.'

Should every man in the realm be required to become a soldier, as in Germany? is a question which has been much discussed of late. Without attempting a solution, it may be answered that every man should at least know how to defend himself. Military history abounds in instances of successful defences made by digging intrenchments and felling trees; and to this end Captain Stewart Harrison suggests an implement which, combining pick, spade, axe, and mantlet, he calls the 'Burgoyne'—a name dear to engineer officers. The spade is to be of steel with sharp edges, so that it could be used as an axe; the handle is a steel tube into which a saw-bayonet or an auger may be fitted. With these appliances and a stout rope, a few men might very soon intrench themselves. Periodical drill at this sort of work might be made a recreation, as rowing, cricket, or football, and with greater contingent advantages. Captain Harrison reminds us that the most expensive articles used in war are soldiers; and that 'no mental, moral, or physical qualities will render men bullet-proof, while a few inches of earth or timber will easily do so.'

By availing himself of well-known contrivances, namely, bright spots on a dark ground, or points of light, the captain has produced his 'Stellar Abacus' for day and night signals. With six rows of points, one million signals can be made; they can be kept under observation for any length of time, and in seasons of danger the code may be changed every day or night, and they are available in any language. Any one desiring further information on these inventions may apply to Captain Harrison, Sutton Place, Hackney.

The use of the steam-whistle as a signal for mariners is spreading. A whistle has been erected on the extremity of Cape d'Or in the Bay of Fundy, which, during thick weather, fog, or snow-storms, blows a blast of six seconds' duration twice in each minute. The sound will be heard to a distance of twenty miles in calm weather, and from five to eight miles during storms; and will thus give timely warning to vessels approaching the coast.

If the land is dangerous to ships, landmen are at times more dangerous, seeing that, for greed of gain, they send ships to sea in an unseaworthy condition. It is argued that the ships are surveyed before they are sent to sea; but the answer is—How are they surveyed? It has been suggested that the effectual way to prevent the lamentable loss of life to which seamen are now liable, would be that, on proof of the unseaworthiness of a ship, the policy of insurance should be forfeited both by the owner and the underwriter. Government is expected to do something vigorous in the matter, at least, as regards overloading.

Steel wire is made for the strings of pianofortes. Sir William Thomson recommends that a wire of this kind should be used instead of a rope for deep-sea sounding. For this purpose it has many advantages: its weight and friction are exceedingly small in comparison with the weight and friction of a rope. A sounding in a depth of two thousand seven hundred fathoms has been taken with a steel wire in the Bay of Biscay with complete success. The sinker weighed thirty pounds, and brought up in the tube attached to it a specimen of the bottom. To facilitate the hauling up, Sir W. Thomson makes use of a supplemental pulley, which bears the weight of the sinker while the wire is wound without strain on the principal roller. To preserve the wire from rust, when out of use, it is kept always immersed in a solution of caustic soda. The small space in which three thousand fathoms of steel wire can be packed, is a further advantage, that will no doubt be considered in the fitting-out of ships in which economy of stowage is essential.

Steel wire is now used in the manufacture of ships' cables and tow ropes. The ropes and cables thus produced are remarkable for their strength and flexibility, and for the small space they occupy in comparison with hemp-ropes and chain-cables. A rope two inches in diameter will bear a strain of one hundred tons without breaking: the strength is uniform throughout; whereas, on testing chain-cables, defective links are always discovered. The cost, too, is moderate. A ship of three thousand tons must have three hundred and sixty fathoms of two-and-a-half-inch chain-cable, which weighs forty-five tons, costs about twelve hundred pounds, and is tested up to ninety-one tons of breaking-strain. A steel cable five and a half inches in circumference, equal, as above stated, to more than one hundred tons of strain, costs four hundred pounds only, and

weighs not more than five tons in the same length, namely, three hundred and sixty fathoms. After reading this, we cannot help asking, are the merits of steel cables as widely known as they ought to be?

It has been known for many years that iron can be deposited by means of electricity: as a scientific fact, it was interesting to metallurgists; but the iron so deposited was too brittle to be useful. Of late years, the process has been modified and improved, and Mr Klein of St Petersburg can now produce electro-deposited iron which is 'perfectly malleable, eminently flexible and elastic, and, like sheet-steel, may be welded. In a word, it possesses all the characteristics of an excellent forged iron.' Considering the numerous applications of which iron is capable, this process is likely to become of great value.

The Devon Great Consols mine discharges a prodigious quantity of water into the river Tamar, and, considering that this waste-water is impregnated with arsenic, the Commissioners for inquiring into the pollution of rivers are of opinion that some special precautions should be taken against harmful results. The manufacture of arsenic in this country amounts to more than five thousand tons a year, and one-third of this enormous quantity is produced in the mine above named. The Commissioners, we are told, 'saw stored in the warehouses of the mine, ready packed for sale, a quantity of white arsenic probably sufficient to destroy every living animal upon the face of the earth.' Where the manufacture is on such a scale, it is easy to see that a river may be poisoned by the influx of waste-water from the arsenic works, to say nothing of the noxious fumes that escape into the air. Such being the elements of mischief, it seems impossible not to agree in the conclusion, that 'it is only reasonable (as is now the case with the retail sale of arsenic) that the manufacture of a poison so virulent should be subject to special state supervision; and that an officer should be empowered to require that the best practicable means be taken not only to prevent the poisoning of the air by the volatilisation of the mineral, but also to hinder the access of the poison to running water.' The public health should surely be the supreme consideration.

From a paper read at a recent meeting of the Geological Society, we learn that the microscope has become of importance in determining the structure of rocks, and that, in consequence, certain rocks about which doubts prevailed can now be classified with certainty. For example, there are groups of volcanic rocks, and the microscope has enabled the observer to determine which are the oldest rocks in the several series. This has been an exceedingly difficult question, for the reason that volcanic rocks and even ashes have been strangely 'metamorphosed' by the action of heat subsequently to their first ejection. It is now possible to distinguish between a 'normal lava' and the reconsolidated ashes; and in discussing the paper, Mr David Forbes explained the difference between volcanic ash and tuff or tufa. The ashes, as he states, are purely sub-aerial formations thrown out of the volcanic orifice, and falling down on land or water according to local conditions. Tuffs, on the contrary, are molten lava poured out into or under water, whereby they become at once cooled and disintegrated into fragments or powder,

in proportion as the action of the water proved more or less overpowering. Professor Ramsay followed with the remark, that in the volcanic region of Wales the ashes had been thrown out of old Silurian volcanoes, first beneath the surface of the sea, and afterwards above water, as the vents increased in height. The green slates, he said, were fine ashes thrown out upon land.

An engineer at Dublin, who is building breakwaters and harbour-works, constructs concrete blocks that weigh three hundred and fifty tons each, and then, by a clever contrivance, sinks them to their place at the bottom of the sea, and thus, in a comparatively short time, brings the work above the low-water mark, when the upper portions can be built in the usual way. This saves all the trouble and cost of coffer-dams and pumps, and must be regarded as a triumph of engineering.

It is known to some of our readers that the Royal Society have compiled and published a Catalogue of Scientific Papers in six volumes 4to. These volumes contain the titles of papers published in the Transactions of Societies, and in scientific periodicals in all parts of the civilised world between 1800 and 1863, and their value as a work of reference is everywhere recognised. At the annual meeting of the Institution of Civil Engineers, a suggestion was made that a Catalogue of Engineering Information similarly compiled might be undertaken with advantage. As the Report of the meeting states, 'it would be invaluable to an engineer in practice, as it would give him the means of ascertaining, if not exactly what had been done in certain cases, at least the amount and kind of information on record in regard to particular subjects.'

The Europeans in Japan have formed an Asiatic Society, and have published two volumes of *Transactions*, which is a gratifying sign of activity apart from commercial enterprise. The scope of the Society may be judged of by a few titles of papers from the volume which has just appeared: 'A Journey from Yedo to Kusatsu'; 'Constructive Art in Japan'; 'The Games and Sports of Japanese Children'; 'Winds and Currents in the Vicinity of the Japanese Islands'; 'Has Japanese an affinity with Aryan Languages?' and 'Concerning Deep-sea Sounding.'

Our notice, in a previous *Month*, of Herr Bachmaier's dictionaries, in which numerals take the place of words, has brought upon us what the French call 'reclamations' from different quarters. In some instances, it is implied that somehow or other certain persons are aggrieved by our notice; some of them had 'thought' of a similar publication, while others held a copyright. Our answer is, that Bachmaier's dictionaries were first published seven years ago, and have ever since been advertised, reviewed, and consulted. And further, that the learned German is not the first inventor of that kind of book. In 1856, the Board of Trade published *The Commercial Code of Signals for the Use of all Nations*, in which numerals represent words, and embodying a most ample vocabulary, comprising about six thousand words and sentences, and about three thousand names of countries, islands, ports, and capes. This book has been translated into seven, at least, of the languages of Europe. It was originated by a distinguished naval officer, whose name is held in high honour north of the Tweed, who availed him-

self of scraps and suggestions already existing, and did not claim to be an inventor. We are always willing to answer legitimate inquiries, but we protest against being held responsible for imaginary grievances.

#### WAITING.

'Tis time you drew the curtain, child, and latched the open door;

Put out the useless candle - there is daylight on the moor;

And if he comes back in the day, be it early, be it late,

He'll find the track across the heath that leads him to our gate.

I'll lay me down upon the bed, but I shall wake to hear

The faintest footfall on the grass, or ever it draw near;

'Tis many a year; yet I should know his step as well to-day,

As when I checked my sobs to hear its echo die away.

'Tis many a year; I sometimes wish, the while I watch at night,

And feel my heart grow colder with the coming of the light --

I wish my hope could die away as dies the lamp at morn;

I wish I could sit down and weep, and know myself forlorn.

I wish that I could shut my heart as you bar out the sun,

And sit in darkness, yet in peace, until my life were done;

I'm weary listening all the night for what I never hear;

I'm weary counting how the days make up another year.

And if he comes, it is so long, so long I've waited now,  
Oh, will he know me with these lines deep traced upon my brow?

He'll look to see a knot of curls, like one that he has kept,

And worn, I know, upon his heart, the while he waked or slept.

He'll look to clasp a little hand that once was firm and white:

(Feel how it shakes, child, just to think if he should come to-night);

From scanty hair, and lined face, and figure shrunk and bent,

How could he guess the beating heart, whose love is all unspent!

It would be worst of all to see him try to hide the pain,  
To hear the old fond words, and see the old dear looks again;

To hold his warm brown hand, close pressed, and know at heart the while

That when he turned his face aside, the lips forgot their smile.

I'm fain to give up hope, and rest from weary day and night

In soft gray gloaming, that may end, who knows, in sudden light:

There are some joys most near, they say, when every hope seems past,

And if I cease to watch and wait, my love may come at last.

Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, 47 Paternoster Row, LONDON, and 339 High Street, EDINBURGH.  
Also sold by all Booksellers.



# CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

OF

POPULAR

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

Fourth Series

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS.

No. 584.

SATURDAY, MARCH 6, 1875.

PRICE 1½d.

## STORY OF SUSANNAH, COUNTESS OF EGLINTOUN.

ON a towering height overlooking the valley of the Seine, at no great distance from Havre, stood the chateau or castle of Montgomerie, from which its proprietors, an old family of distinction in Normandy, took their surname. At the invasion of England by William the Conqueror, 1066, he was accompanied by his relative, Roger de Montgomerie, who, for his services at the battle of Hastings, was rewarded by grants of lands, and created Earl of Shrewsbury. A descendant of this personage, Robert de Montgomerie, settled in the west of Scotland about the middle of the twelfth century, and there the Scotch branch of the Montgomeries received gifts of lands, and in time rose to dignity and importance. Before 1450, the representative of the family was created Lord Montgomerie; and in 1506, the Lord Montgomerie of his day was raised to the dignity of Earl of Eglintoun. The want of male heirs caused a temporary change in the family surname. By the decease of Hugh, fifth Earl of Eglintoun, in 1612, the inheritance devolved on Sir Alexander Seton, a son of Lady Margaret Montgomerie, eldest daughter of Hugh, the third earl, who had married Robert Seton, first Earl of Wintoun. Sir Alexander, who thus became sixth Earl of Eglintoun, and assumed the surname of Montgomerie, was one of the notable men in his day, who brought into the family the energy and proud bearing of the Setons. Not ceasing for a moment to lose his loyal attachments, he was, like some other distinguished nobles of his time, constrained by a sense of duty to uphold the principles of civil and religious liberty. As a zealous Covenanter, he adhered to the parliament, took part in the celebrated Assembly of Divines at Westminster, and fought under Leven and Fairfax at the battle of Marston Moor. Renowned for his valour, he received the popular designation of Greysteil, by which he is still known in family tradition. Cromwell, as an autocratic outcome of

the national convulsion, was not relished by Greysteil, who did all in his power to promote the restoration of Charles II.

At this point in our narrative, attention has to be called to a work of considerable interest, the *Memorials of the Montgomeries*, by William Fraser, in two quarto volumes, printed for private circulation. Mr Fraser is deeply versed in genealogical and peerage lore. By his researches in the charter-rooms of grand old mansions, he has done much to clear up doubtful points in family history. In the course of his explorations among old writs in the castle of Eglintoun, he alighted upon a letter addressed by John, sixth Earl of Cassillis, to Alexander, sixth Earl of Eglintoun (Greysteil), which at once puts to flight a popular romance, founded on ballad literature. What a downcome it would have been to Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe, who wrote an elaborate account of the affair, to have known on incontestable authority that the versified story of 'Johnnie Faa, the Gypsy Laddie'—a thing imbedded in our youthful memory, and the air to which it was sung to us by an old aunt, still, after a lapse of seventy years, tingling fresh in remembrance—is altogether a falsehood, the invention of some clever but evil-minded *jongleur*. For the sake of honest literature, the matter cannot be passed over.

Let us first deal with the circumstances embalmed in the popular tradition. The Earl of Cassillis, quite as stern a Covenanter as the Earl of Eglintoun, married Lady Jane Hamilton, daughter of Thomas, first Earl of Haddington—Tam o' the Cowgate, as James VI. called him. The lady was unhappy. She had been previously beloved by a gallant young knight, Sir John Faa of Dunbar. When several years had come and gone, and Lady Cassillis had brought her husband three children, this passion led to a dreadful catastrophe. Faa, seizing the opportunity when the earl was attending the Assembly of Divines at Westminster, came disguised as a gypsy, with a band of followers, and, by glamour or magical illusion, induced the countess to clope. In the language of the ballad—

The gypsies cam to the Earl o' Cassillis' yett,  
 And oh, but they sang sweetly;  
 They sang sae sweet and sae very complete,  
 That doun cam our fair lady.

And she cam tripping doun the stair,  
 Wi' all her maids before her;  
 As sune as they saw her weel-faured face,  
 They cuist their glamour o'er her.

Before the countess and this crew of real or assumed gypsies had been long gone, the earl returned, pursued them on horseback, overtook and captured them at a ford over the river Doon, called the Gypsies' Steps. Johnnie Faa and his accomplices were hanged on the 'Dule-tree' opposite the castle-gate of Cassillis, and the countess was thereafter imprisoned during the remainder of her life in an old family mansion at Maybole; her occupation, during her life-long imprisonment, being the working of tapestry. On a fine projecting staircase in the tower, heads were carved representing those of the gypsy abductor and his band—the earl in the meantime marrying another wife. The effigies of the gypsies, still shewn on the mansion, are said to be very minute. Such is the story of the ballad of Johnnie Faa, and so circumstantial is it, that one is inclined to wonder how it should have been so ingeniously invented. Possibly, the existence of an old baronial mansion of the Cassillis family in Maybole, decorated with some carved heads—a ford in the Doon, which, at an unknown period, was called the Gypsies' Steps—a splendid umbrageous plane-tree in front of the castle-gate, which, likely enough, had been used as a gallows, in the days when heritable jurisdictions gave the power of life and death—the circumstance of Faa being the name of a gypsy clan—may have assisted in the fabrication of the romance. At anyrate, it is untrue that the Countess of Cassillis eloped with Johnnie Faa, or any one else. It is untrue that the Earl of Cassillis, with a band of retainers, went after them. It is untrue that he captured and hanged Faa and his associates. It is untrue that he repudiated the countess, and immured her for life in the family mansion at Maybole. And there is no evidence that the unfortunate lady worked tapestry during her lengthened captivity. In short, the whole thing is a downright falsehood; and in this, as in many similar cases of ballad legends, the truth of history has been strangely, if not malignantly perverted. Relying on documentary evidence, Mr Fraser shews that the Earl of Cassillis was married to Lady Jane Hamilton in December 1621; that they lived together happily for twenty-one years, that is, till her decease in 1642. This is proved by the lately discovered letter of the Earl of Cassillis, intimating the death of his dear spouse, to which Lord Eglintoun answers in terms of condolence. It further appears, that a letter was addressed by the Earl of Cassillis, shortly after the death of his wife, to the Rev. Robert Douglas, in which he expresses great respect

and tenderness for the memory of Lady Jane; which is quite inconsistent with the fanciful story of her elopement and imprisonment. Moreover, the earl was so devoted to the memory of Lady Jane, that he did not marry his second wife, Margaret Hay, until 1644. It was quite impossible that the countess could have eloped with Johnnie Faa while her husband was attending the Assembly of Divines at Westminster in 1643, for the best of all reasons, that she was in her grave a year before the earl attended that notable Assembly. We feel satisfaction in quoting Mr Fraser's remark. 'This,' he says, 'is a good proof of the value of preserving papers such as those contained in the present work. The fair fame of a lady had been tarnished by a romantic story, founded on the misapplication of a popular ballad. Her character is now cleared by the unerring testimony of contemporary writers.'

So, down the wind to the limbo of malicious fabrications, must now float the versified legend of Johnnie Faa, with all its picturesque particulars. How the worshippers of old ballads and mythic legends will hate the ransacking of charter-rooms!

Coming to Alexander, ninth Earl of Eglintoun, who succeeded his grandfather in 1701, we approach the dignified heroine of our story. His lordship was thrice married. His first wife was Lady Margaret Cochrane, a grand-daughter of the first Lord Dundonald. By this marriage, he had three sons and six daughters, a goodly family to begin with. Unfortunately, the sons died young. Next, his lordship married Lady Anne Gordon, eldest daughter of George, first Earl of Aberdeen, of which union there was only one surviving child, a daughter, Lady Mary, who grew up a celebrated beauty. It was gratifying to his lordship to have so fine a family of daughters, but he was anxious for a son and heir, whom the Countess Anne, from her failing health, did not seem likely to confer upon him. At this juncture, the blooming Susannah Kennedy, daughter of Sir Archibald Kennedy of Culzean, was introduced to the world of fashion in Edinburgh, about the time of the Union (1707), and attracted considerable attention. She was of lofty stature—it is said, six feet high—extremely handsome, of elegant carriage, and had a face and complexion of bewitching loveliness. A young lady of good family with such attractions, could not fail to have a vast following of suitors among the nobility and gentry.

'Among her swains,' says the author of the *Traditions of Edinburgh*, 'was Sir John Clerk of Penicuik, a man of learning and talent in days when such qualities were not common. As Miss Kennedy was fond of music, he sent her a flute as a gift; from which it may be surmised that this instrument was played by females in that age, while as yet the pianoforte was not. When the young lady attempted to blow the instrument, something was found to interrupt the sound,

which turned out to be a copy of verses in her praise :

Harmonious pipe, I languish for thy bliss,  
When pressed to Silvia's lips with gentle kiss !  
And when her tender fingers round thee move  
In soft embrace, I listen and approve  
Those melting notes which soothe my soul in love.  
Embalmed with odours from her breath that flow,  
You yield your music when she's pleased to blow ;  
And thus at once the charming lovely fair  
Delights with sounds, with sweets perfumes the air.  
Go, happy pipe, and ever mindful be .  
To court bewitching Silvia for me ;  
Tell all I feel—you cannot tell too much—  
Repeat my love at each soft melting touch—  
Since I to her my liberty resign,  
Take thou the care to tune her heart to mine.

'Unhappily for this accomplished and poetical lover, Lord Eglintoun's sickly wife happened just at this time to die, and set his lordship again at large among the spinsters of Scotland. Admirers of a youthful, impassioned, and sonnet-making cast, might have trembled at his approach to the shrine of their divinity ; for his lordship was one of those titled suitors, who, however old and ugly, are never rejected, except in novels and romances.' Perhaps Susannah Kennedy half anticipated that she would some day be married to Lord Eglintoun ; there being a kind of prophecy in her father's family, that such an event was, from a certain omen, likely to take place. While one day walking in the garden at Culzean, there alighted upon her shoulder a hawk, with his lordship's name upon its bells, which was considered by the domestics to be an infallible prognostication of her fate. All things considered, Sir John Clerk had little chance of being accepted. 'It appears,' continues the writer of the *Traditions*, 'that poor Clerk actually made a declaration of his passion for Miss Kennedy, which her father was taking into consideration, a short while before the death of Lady Eglintoun. As an old friend and neighbour, Sir Archibald thought he would consult the earl upon the subject, and he accordingly proceeded to do so. Short, but decisive was the conference. "Bide a wee, Sir Archy," said his lordship ; "my wife's very sickly." With Sir Archibald, as with Mrs Slipslop, the least hint sufficed : the case was at once settled against the elegant baronet of Penicuik. The lovely Susannah accordingly became in due time Countess of Eglintoun.' The marriage took place in June 1709.

'Even after this attainment of one of the greatest blessings that life has to bestow, the old peer's happiness was like to have been destroyed by another untoward circumstance. It was true he had the handsomest wife in the kingdom, and she brought him as many children as he could desire. One after another came no fewer than seven daughters. But then his lordship wanted a male heir ; and every one knows how poor a consolation a train of daughters, however long, proves in such a case.' At length, her ladyship brought him a

son, and two other male children succeeded. The Earl of Eglintoun died in 1729, having from first to last by his three wives had seventeen children. His widow, the Countess Susannah, now about forty years of age, is to be supposed to have had imposed on her considerable responsibility in taking charge of the younger members of the family, more particularly as so many of them were daughters, requiring not only to be educated, but brought out in a becoming manner. Her ladyship, however, was self-possessed, had proper notions as to decorum, and was a first-rate manager. There was a lofty, yet genial style in her demeanour. She had a manner peculiar to herself, which inspired respect, and which was remembered as the *Eglintoun air*.

In 1730, the countess had occasion to visit Bath, with two of her daughters, Lady Eleonora and Lady Margaret ; the former, on account of a temporary indisposition, being recommended to drink the mineral waters. To travel to and from Bath, was at that time greatly more difficult than it is now to go round the world ; for the roads were awful, carriages were apt to be overturned and broken, and horses killed. Having reached her destination, not without misadventure, the difficulty was how to get safely home. To give an idea of Countess Susannah's scholarship, which was very much like, if not superior to, that of the best educated ladies of quality at the period—when little attention was paid to spelling—we transcribe a letter from her to a friend of the family, Lord Milton, dated Bath, November 9, 1730.

'My dear Lord—I did myself the pleasure of writting to you soon after I came to this place, but hes never yete heard on word from you ; pray what's the matter ? Could I convie my self with the same ease as this letter, I vow I wou'd come and see. I can't say this place affords great pleasure to your humble servant. I have left too mannie attractives behind me to be sensible to waker influence. Ellie reaps not the benefite from the watters I hop'd for ; but be the evant what will, I have don my dutie, which gives a lasting comfort. You tak'd with uncertantie of coming to London. I shou'd be overjoy'd you did. The roads are so bat across the countrie that I darnot accross with an sote of horsess, so that I'm oblig'd to goe that way, but I shall stie no longer then I kiss the Queen's hands. I hope to be in Scotland befor the end of next month. I beg you'l send me a bill for 200 lb. upon the banke, least my monie shou'd run short, which I take all the care I can to prevent ; but the surest way is to come soon home. If you pleas you may direct my letter to Earle Isla, and recommend my self as a verie tolrable piece of antiquatie. Pogie's voice is much addmir'd. She hes had a master ever since I came here ; but I don't find her 100 pound will goe a great way. Give mannie services for me to my dear cusin ; and assure the person with whom I dranke the possat that the thoughts of them is dear to me. If Mr Crawford be turn'd out as survior in Irvin, I wish you cou'd poot Mr Samuell Boyse in his place. He hes much merite.'

Lady Eglintoun and her two daughters, by taking a circuitous route by way of London,

were fortunate in getting home safely. In the metropolis for but a short time she shone as a star of the first magnitude. Though inheriting from the rough old cavalier, her father, certain Jacobite proclivities, she did not refrain from attending the court of George II., where her tall and graceful figure created no little admiration. A Scottish gentleman writing from London in 1730, says: 'Lady Eglintoun has set out for Scotland, much satisfied with the honour and civilities shewn her ladyship by the queen and all the royal family; she has done her country more honour than any lady I have seen here, both by a genteel and prudent behaviour.'

The Edinburgh mansion of the Eglintoun family was situated in a dingy court on the north side of High Street, latterly known as the Stamp-Office Close. Though hemmed in on all sides, it was a commodious building, with a handsome staircase, and an air of aristocratic distinction. Its chief drawback, according to modern notions, consisted in the narrow and mean entrance from the street, which, at the utmost, could admit only a sedan-chair with its bearers. Here, however, dwelt the Countess of Eglintoun, in a style befitting her rank, along with her daughters; and hence did they ceremoniously sally through the narrow passage, each in her sedan, to attend the fashionable balls in the Assembly Rooms, situated in the recesses of the Old Town—the procession lighted by links borne by servants and caddies. Tradition speaks of the goodly sight it was to see the long procession of sedans, containing Lady Eglintoun and her daughters, emerge from the close and proceed to the Assembly Rooms, where there was sure to be a crowd of admirers congregated to behold their lofty and graceful figures step from the chair to the pavement. It could not certainly fail to be a remarkable sight—eight beautiful women, conspicuous for their stature and carriage, all dressed in the splendid though formal fashions of that period, and inspired with dignity of birth and consciousness of beauty.

It was perhaps reckoned an eccentricity of character, in an age when the nobility were not signalled by a regard for learning and the fine arts, that the Countess Susannah manifested a kindly affection for literary talent. Allan Ramsay, the Scottish poet—affecting a relationship with the Ramsays of Dalhousie, and referring to them as

Dalhousie of an auld descent,  
My prop, my stoop, my ornament—

was not slack in discovering the Countess Susannah as an encourager of literary effort. As Gay found an indulgent patron in Kitty, Duchess of Queensberry, so did Ramsay, in launching the *Gentle Shepherd*, lay that charming pastoral drama at the feet of the Countess of Eglintoun. We know not, after an interval of a hundred and fifty years, how far the dedication—full of extravagant praise—helped the author to secure public attention. It was probably of no permanent value, for the merits of the work would in time have given it a high place in literature. If possible, to secure success at a time when efforts of this kind were doubtful, the drama was prefaced by verses by Hamilton of Bangour, laudatory of the Countess of Eglintoun, and embodying a just compliment to herself and her daughters. The verses have been quoted a hundred times; but in honour of

Susannah, we print them in this humble sketch once more:

In virtues rich, in goodness unconfined,  
Thou shin'st a fair example to thy kind;  
Sincere, and equal to thy neighbours' fame,  
How swift to praise, how obstinate to blame!  
Bold in thy presence bashfulness appears,  
And backward merit loses all its fears.  
Supremely blest by Heaven, Heaven's richest grace  
Confest is thine—an early blooming race;  
Whose pleasing smiles shall guardian wisdom arm—  
Divine instruction!—taught of thee to charm,  
What transports shall they to thy soul impart  
(The conscious transports of a parent's heart),  
When thou behold'st them of each grace possessed,  
And sighing youths imploring to be blest,  
After thy image formed, with charms like thine,  
Or in the visit or the dance to shine;  
Thrice happy who succeed their mother's praise,  
The lovely Eglintouns of other days!

One is pleased to know that Lady Betty, Lady Margaret, and the other 'lovely Eglintouns of other days,' made good matches, and were the mothers of men more or less distinguished for intellectual attainments. Some of the best blood in Scotland in the present day can be traced to these ladies. Besides watching over her daughters, the countess had to care for the education of her eldest son, Alexander, who was a mere boy when he succeeded as tenth Earl of Eglintoun. He was an especial favourite of her ladyship. Putting him under the direction of tutors, and living with him most of the year at Eglintoun, and more lately at the interesting old mansion of Auchans, she, in her formal ceremonious way, always addressed him, though a boy, as Lord Eglintoun, and commanded all the family and domestics to do the same. Every day, his lordship, with courtly state, led his mother to the dinner-table. The entertainments which she gave on special occasions, both for the dignity of the guests and the magnificence of the service, were seldom or never equalled in those days.

It is sorrowful to turn from this picture of maternal complacency to the tragical circumstance which clouded the evening of a bright and happy life. Her son, the young Earl Alexander, grew up all that a mother could desire—the pride and hope of the family. Under the responsibilities of his position, he made spirited exertions to improve the agriculture of the county of Ayr, and to diffuse an enterprising system of rural industry. At much expense, and with considerate taste, he planted trees, and laid out the extensive grounds around the family seat, so as to make the place one of the most beautiful in Scotland. How abruptly was this promising young nobleman to be cut off from a scene so enviable! On the 24th of October 1769, he left Eglintoun Castle on horseback, his carriage and four servants attending, and stopped at Ardrossan parks, where he observed a man with a gun in his hand in the act of poaching for game. The man was Mungo Campbell, an officer of excise, who had been already challenged and forgiven for this offence. Somewhat precipitately, as we think, the earl insisted on Campbell giving up his gun, which he refused to do. In a case of this kind, the proper course would have been, not to have acted as a constable, but to appeal to legal process. In his eagerness, however, the earl repeated his demand, at the

same time advancing on Campbell, who, stepping backwards, stumbled on a stone, and fell. In rising, as is alleged, he pointed the gun at Lord Eglintoun, and fired, and lodged the whole charge in the body of his lordship. The wound was mortal. He was carried to Eglintoun Castle, where he died in about twelve hours afterwards; his decease being universally regretted. Campbell, a man with good connections, was brought to trial for murder at Edinburgh. It was shewn that the crime was committed without premeditation, and therefore to be viewed leniently; but, by a majority of nine to six, the jury gave a verdict of guilty, and Campbell was condemned to be executed. The unfortunate man, however, could not brook the idea of an ignominious death. On the morning after his trial, he hanged himself in his cell.

At the time of Lord Eglintoun's death, his mother was living at Auchans, which is at some distance, in the neighbourhood of Irvine. Being immediately sent for, she was stunned with the sudden shock, but hurrying off, she was able to reach Eglintoun Castle before the young earl expired. The tenderness he displayed towards her and others, is said to have been to the last degree noble and affecting. Though bearing up with pious resignation, the countess never entirely recovered from the loss which she and the family generally had sustained. Alexander, tenth Earl of Eglintoun, having died unmarried, his titles and estates devolved on his brother Archibald, who thus became eleventh earl.

Archibald was married, and had two daughters. Dying without a male heir, and his younger brother having predeceased him, the titles, and most of the estates, were inherited by his cousin, Hugh Montgomerie of Coilsfield, as a descendant of Alexander, the sixth earl. Previous to his accession to the peerage, Hugh had figured as a soldier in the Seven Years' War, had won applause by his care and skill in engineering the Highland roads, and also, for his integrity, had been elected member of parliament for Ayrshire. In this latter capacity, he was the 'soger Hugh' of Burns, not noted for his oratory:

See, soger Hugh, my watchman stented,  
If hardies e'er are represented;  
I ken if that your sword were wanted,  
Ye'd lend a hand,  
But when there's ought to say anent it,  
Ye're at a stand.

'Soger Hugh,' the twelfth Earl of Eglintoun, lived to the advanced age of eighty, and died in 1819.

As regards the Countess Susannah, she latterly lived in comparative retirement at Auchans, and there her ladyship was visited by Johnson and Boswell on their return from their memorable tour to the Hebrides. The countess was so well pleased with Dr Johnson, his politics, and his conversation, that she embraced and kissed him at parting, an honour of which he was ever afterwards extremely proud. Boswell gives an amusing account of the interview. 'Lady Eglintoun,' he says, 'though she was now in her eighty-fifth year, and had lived in the country almost half a century, was still a very agreeable woman. Her figure was majestic, her manners high-bred, her reading extensive, and her conversation elegant. She had been the admiration of the gay circles, and the patroness of poets. Dr Johnson was delighted with his reception here. Her principles of

church and state were congenial with his. In the course of conversation, it came out that Lady Eglintoun was married the year before Dr Johnson was born; upon which she graciously said to him that she might have been his mother, and she now adopted him.'

Returning to the account of her ladyship in the *Traditions*, we have some curious particulars of the manner in which she amused herself in her concluding years, in taming and patronising rats. 'She kept a vast number of these animals in her pay at Auchans, and they succeeded in her affections to the poets and artists with whom she had been acquainted in early life. It does not reflect much credit on the latter, that her ladyship used to complain of never having met with true gratitude except from four-footed animals. She had a panel in the oak wainscot of her dining-room, which she tapped upon at meal-times, when ten or twelve jolly rats came tripping forth, and joined her at table. At the word of command, or a signal from her ladyship, they retired obediently to their native obscurity—a trait of good sense in the character and habits of the animals, which it is hardly necessary to remark, patrons do not always find in two-legged protégés.'

This venerable lady, who was born just at the Revolution which had brought William and Mary to the throne, drew out existence till 1780, and died at the ripe age of ninety-one. She preserved her stately mien and beautiful complexion to the last. Her skin was of exquisite delicacy, and its fineness, which was a mystery to many ladies not a third of her age, is said to have been due to the fact, that she never used paint or cosmetic, but daily washed her face with sows' milk—a secret, it seems to us, worth knowing. Of course, our lady readers will understand that we do not vouch for the accuracy of this interesting tradition concerning the Countess Susannah; but it is not unlikely to be true. Poppæa, the wife of Nero, with a view to prolonging her beauty, bathed periodically in asses' milk; and sows' milk perhaps possesses superior virtues as a beautifying article for the toilet.

One cannot but regret that Auchans Castle, a fine specimen of an old Scottish manor-house, with towers, picturesque gables, wainscoted apartments, antique chimney-pieces, and reverentially classic from the visit of Johnson, is now uninhabited, and fast hastening to decay. In some measure as a compensation, 'soger Hugh' rebuilt and enlarged the castle of Eglintoun; and, what was more important in a national point of view, he, at his own expense, constructed the harbour of Ardrossan, now a useful sea-port on the coast of Ayrshire. 'Soger Hugh' was succeeded by his grandson, Archibald William, thirteenth Earl of Eglintoun, an excellent and justly popular nobleman, for some time Lord-lieutenant of Ireland, but who is perhaps best remembered in connection with that chivalric display, the Eglintoun Tournament. As already told in one of our stories, his lordship was served heir to the titles of the Setons, Earls of Wintoun. He was thereafter created Earl of Wintoun in the peerage of Great Britain, with limitation to heirs-male. His son, Archibald William Montgomerie (paternally Seton), the fourteenth and present earl, succeeded to the honours of this old and distinguished family in 1861.

We should not close our sketch without mentioning that Mr Fraser's superb work, which few have an opportunity of seeing, is enriched with a number of family portraits, including those of Greysteil in the armour he wore during the Civil Wars, and of Susaninah, Countess of Eglintoun, in the pearls and resplendent beauty with which she shone in the early part of her wedded career.

W. C.

### A CRUISE TO RAFFIN'S BAY.

THERE is no more congenial fireside reading for a winter evening than a volume of Arctic travel. At such times we are best able to appreciate at their full value the courage, endurance, and the spirit of resolute hopefulness required by the explorer of the polar regions. Drear and desolate as those regions are, they nevertheless possess a fascination for us greater than lands to which Nature has been most lavish in her gifts. No doubt, the air of mystery—a mystery yet to be penetrated—which hangs over that vast northern world, has much to do with this. The same element gives its chief interest to the explorations of the river Nile; but there is a sense of vagueness and vastness, something of solemn awe about the former, beyond that attaching to any other field of modern exploration.

Those who take any interest in the progress of Arctic discovery, and can relish, besides, a simple yet well-told narrative of maritime adventure, will find much to attract them in the account which Captain Markham has recently given us of a voyage\* made by him to Baffin's Bay and the Gulf of Boothia, in company with Captain Adams, the dashing, warm-hearted, and jovial skipper of the Dundee steam-whaler *Arctic*. The volume will have additional interest for many from the fact of its author's being, as our readers are aware, the next in command to Captain Nares of the forthcoming Arctic expedition. It would seem, from certain expressions in the early part of his book, that the author looked forward at the time of writing to the possibility of his some day being employed in Arctic exploration under government auspices. And it is possible that the book under notice may have additionally recommended him to the responsible and arduous post to which he has recently been appointed. Until we receive news of the results of the present Arctic expedition, this account of a voyage to what may be regarded as the threshold of the regions which the expedition is to endeavour to penetrate, is very good preparatory reading, apart from its own intrinsic interest.

Captain Markham sailed from Dundee in the steam-whaler *Arctic*, a vessel of four hundred and thirty-nine tons burden, and having an engine of seventy horse-power. His object in undertaking the present voyage was to gain experience in Arctic navigation, to see for himself how steam-vessels were handled among the ice, and to pick up any kind of information that might be of service, should an expedition be, at some future time, despatched from England for the exploration of the polar regions. As whale-ships are not licensed to carry passengers, Captain Markham had to ship

under Captain Adams, who was in command, as an officer on board the *Arctic*, signing articles by which he was pledged 'to conduct himself in an orderly, faithful, honest, and sober manner,' and 'to be at all times diligent in his respective duties, and to be obedient to the lawful commands of his said master.' He was also to receive a fixed wage, namely, one shilling per month, a penny on every tun of oil, and a halfpenny on each ton of whale-bone brought home in the ship. These, of course, were merely formal ceremonies; and having been duly gone through, Captain Markham's position on board the *Arctic* was simply that of a passenger.

The scene on board a whaler on leaving port cannot be an edifying one. Owing to the very large number of parting glasses quaffed by sailors in taking leave of their friends, a considerable time is frequently wasted in settling down to their respective duties on board. We are glad to state, however, that there are exceptions to this rule, and Captain Markham was fortunate in having shipped with a crew of whom their skipper could say that they were the best and soberest 'crowd' he had ever put to sea with.

The *Arctic* made the passage to Davis' Strait in six days—a quick run; and here preparations were immediately begun for capturing whales. It was not long before 'fish' were sighted; but the *Arctic* was not immediately successful in securing any. The sailors began to attribute their ill-luck to various causes, all of a very trifling kind, but enough to prove how superstition still lingers amongst the race. Now it was a small comb, the common property of the men, that was the cause of their bad fortune; now a little pig that was on board; and now the blame was laid on two of their shipmates, who, it was discovered, had, on their last voyage, been in a ship which had returned to port 'clean,' that is, without having captured a single whale. This latter idea became so fixed in the minds of the crew, that they actually went through the ceremony of burning their innocently offending comrades in effigy, as a propitiation to Dame Fortune. No doubt, their faith in the efficacy of this proceeding was strengthened when, not long after, a fine whale was harpooned and secured.

The capture of a whale is an affair of the most absorbing interest. It is exciting even in the reading, and Captain Markham assures us that the actual scene baffles description. From the moment that the cry of a 'fall' is shouted from the 'crow's-nest' or look-out, to the time when the huge prey is safely alongside the vessel, all is breathless suspense, and the intensest excitement. Captain Markham more than once had personal experience of the perils incident to a whaler's life. On one occasion, the boat which he and his companions were in was fast to a whale for six hours, during which time they were dragged through the water at a terrific pace. Water had to be constantly poured on the tow-line, lest the friction of the rope should set fire to the boat, and, as it was, smoke rose in little clouds from the bows. For a few moments, the whale stopped its terrible speed to blow, and the line, which had worn a deep rut in the 'bollard head,' having got time to cool a little, stuck to the wood. Suddenly, the whale dived, the line would not run, and the bow of the boat was dragged violently under water, which almost

\* *A Cruise to Baffin's Bay and the Gulf of Boothia.* By Captain A. H. Markham, R. N.

overwhelmed the harpooner. But this saved the occupants of the boat, for the water, moistening the rope, caused it again to run freely, and the boat righted in time to escape being wholly swamped. It was a close thing; for had the tow-line refused to run, the boat must have inevitably been taken under with its crew, who would have in all likelihood perished, for at the time they were far distant from the ship. On this occasion, the boat was dragged fifteen miles by the whale, before, exhausted by its exertions and by loss of blood, the huge monster yielded itself a helpless prey to its pursuers, and received its death-stroke amid the cheers of the wearied but elated men. When the boat's crew reached the ship, they had been away fourteen hours, during which time no food had passed their lips.

The *Arctic* left Dundee on the 6th of May, and on the 6th of June she reached Melville Bay. Melville Bay is the *bête noire* of the whaler, for it is here that he has to encounter the formidable ice-floe. The first thing to be done is to try to discover a 'lead'—that is, a narrow creek of water amid the floes, through which the vessel may pass. When a vessel is caught, or, what is termed, in whalers' phraseology, 'nipped,' by a floe, one of three things happens—either the ice, in its unswerving and merciless course, passes under the ship (in which case all is right); or *over*, or *through* it. In the last two cases, the sailors have barely time to leap out upon the ice, and escape from the sinking ship. In the days before steam-vessels were used in the Arctic whale-fishery, loss of ships in this way was a frequent occurrence, though, singularly enough, when we consider the danger to the crews that must have accompanied such casualties, they were rarely attended by loss of life. Now, happily, the sinking of a steam-whaler, by being 'nipped' by an ice-floe, is rare, though instances have occurred.

It is not possible, Captain Markham declares, for any one who has had no experience of them, to realise the dangers and vicissitudes of Arctic navigation; and yet our author found a great amount of interest in their experience. He found it a most attractive pastime, for instance, to stand on the fore-castle of the *Arctic*, and watch the ship fairly fighting with the ice. Now she charged straight at a floe, meeting it with such a shock as to come to a sudden and dead stop. Now she struck a mass sideways, and making a cannon, glanced off another with her opposite bow, her head swerving from the recoil five or six points out of due course. Again the ship would pass over a piece of the floe, forcing it under the water, but not thereby escaping all danger, for the masses of ice, released from the pressure of the vessel's hull, spring up again with sudden violence, and in the most unexpected quarters. If they rise up under the boats that are slung to her sides, there is danger of the latter being shattered to pieces. To prevent such casualties, men have to be stationed to keep a look-out for the reappearance of the ice above the water, and to fend it off the ship's sides with long poles. We can well imagine that the watching of this battle between the *Arctic* and her stubborn foe must have been a pastime of a keenly exciting kind.

After a little time, however, Captain Markham found the mere killing and capturing of whales becoming a little monotonous. One 'kill' very closely resembled another; and when the novelty

wore off, all attraction ceased for the amateur whaler, who had no pecuniary interest in the taking of the 'fish.' Our author's narrative gives us a very good insight into the kind of life that is led on board the whaling fleets that yearly visit the polar regions from our northern ports, and is, we believe, the most exactly detailed account of the fishery, as it is now carried on, which we have yet had. The voyage which he made in the *Arctic* proved an extremely lucky one for its owners, the captain, and all on board in any way concerned in the pecuniary profits of the ship. Sometimes as many as four whales were killed and secured at one time; and the ship began rapidly to fill up. When a whale has been got on board, the process of 'flinching' and 'making-off'—that is, skinning, boning, and cutting up the whale—is at once begun; and all this is described at length by our author. The condition in which a ship is left after a flinching and making-off is one of simply indescribable filth, and when two or three fish have been taken, this state of things becomes chronic. In a little time Captain Markham found it a matter of almost hopeless difficulty to keep even his own person and apparel clean, so impregnated with grease and dirt did everything in the ship, from stem to stern, become. When it seemed impossible to him that things could become much worse in this respect, Captain Adams remarked one morning, in a reflective way: 'When we have another fish or two, we'll be in a fearsome mess.' The witnessing of a fish being flinched, however, does not appear to be especially disgusting. One chief reason for the excitement of whale-fishing soon palling upon our author was, that his heart and thoughts were really in the regions beyond those in which the *Arctic* lingered in the first part of her voyage. His imagination went out to the vast unknown waters farther north, on the confines of which he was now sailing, and a somewhat nearer approach to which he hoped for, even in his present voyage. By-and-by, he got nearer. The *Arctic* made an unusually rapid passage through the ticklish Melville Bay, and emerged into the region known as the 'North Water,' on the other side; and Captain Markham was 'only eight hundred and fifty miles from the north pole!' It seemed to him no distance. Meanwhile, he busied himself, whenever the weather permitted, in taking sights and bearings, and in making various observations relative to the nature and position of the land, the depth of the water, and the accuracy of the existing charts of these regions.

Captain Adams, still pursuing his mammoth prey, pushed on through Barrow's Strait to Port Leopold. Landing at Port Leopold, Captain Markham found interesting traces of former Arctic explorers—of Sir James Ross, Kennedy, and McClintock: stores and gear left by these gallant navigators for the benefit of those who might follow in their track; and besides these, written records of Sir Leopold McClintock's voyages in the *Fox* in 1848 and 1859. Farther on, at Fury Beach, other relics of Sir James Ross, and also of Parry, were discovered; all of which, naturally, had a deep interest for Captain Markham. Close to Port Leopold, off Cape Craufurd, the *Arctic* met the *Ravenscraig*, another steam-whaler, and in this way occurred the most interesting incident in the voyage of the former vessel, and a not unwelcome one in that of the latter, for it was discovered



that the *Ravenscraig* had on board a number of the crew of the American expedition ship *Polaris*, who had been picked up from their boat. It was arranged between the captains of the *Ravenscraig* and the *Arctic* that the latter should take on board a portion of the *Polaris*' crew, including the doctor and the first-mate; and from these, Captain Markham obtained much information in regard to the voyage of the *Polaris*, of a kind likely hereafter to be useful to him.

The expedition of the *Polaris* was in many ways remarkable, and deserves to be remembered as one of the most daring and successful feats of recent maritime enterprise. It was carried out under anything but favourable circumstances. The *Polaris* was a small vessel, of weak steam-power. The leader of the expedition, Captain Hall, was not a trained seaman, and had, in fact, hardly any knowledge of navigation, almost his only recommendations for the post being great courage, energy, and enthusiasm. His crew was a hastily selected, miscellaneous, and oddly assorted one. Yet the *Polaris* penetrated to a farther point north than had yet been reached—as far as eighty-two degrees sixteen minutes, which is not much more than three hundred miles from the pole. Captain Hall started from America in the summer of 1871, and sailed uninterruptedly up Baffin's Bay and part of Smith's Sound, where his further progress was stopped by loose ice-floes. In Smith's Sound, Captain Hall wintered, and there, sad to relate, died. Some of his companions expressed to Captain Markham their belief that had their leader lived, the expedition would have been in all respects a success, so impressed had they become with his gallantry, energy, and endurance. After Hall's death, however, his comrades thought only of getting back as soon as possible. They were progressing favourably on their homeward way, when their vessel was 'nipped' by the ice, whereby a portion of the crew were swept away on the floe, the remaining part being left on the ship. The former were rescued by a vessel engaged in the seal-fishery. Those who had been left on the ship, ran her aground near Lyttelton Island, Smith's Sound, took to the boats, and were ultimately picked up by the *Ravenscraig*.

From Dr Bessels, who was really the only man of any scientific attainments attached to the *Polaris* expedition, Captain Markham gathered many valuable hints regarding Arctic navigation. Dr Bessels was a remarkably ingenious man, whose services any exploring expedition would be fortunate in obtaining. Of his inventive powers, he gave numerous proofs, both on board the *Polaris* and the *Arctic*, one of which was, when Captain Markham lost his hydrometer, to replace it by a novel one of his own construction, which admirably supplied the place of the lost instrument. Dr Bessels' voyage in the *Polaris* had impressed him strongly with the opinion that the real way to reach the north pole was by Smith's Sound.

After taking on board, from the *Ravenscraig*, Dr Bessels and such of his companions as it was arranged should accompany him, Captain Adams continued his voyage, the *Arctic* being not yet quite so full as to satisfy that energetic skipper. Captain Markham now found a congenial companion in Dr Bessels, and the two pursued their scientific observations with keen interest and mutual benefit. At Cape Garry, they made a

short exploring sally together on land, meeting with several adventures of a sufficiently exciting kind, getting some good sport in the shape of reindeer-shooting, and returning to the vessel thoroughly tired out, but well satisfied with the success of their expedition. During his sojourn on board the *Arctic*, Captain Markham had many offers of assistance from the crew, in the event of his one day making a polar expedition. While the preliminary arrangements for the present government expedition were in progress, the captain went to Dundee, for the purpose of enlisting the services of a number of ice-masters; and we have no doubt that, in seeking what he wanted, he did not forget his stalwart and stout-hearted shipmates of the *Arctic*.

Captain Adams' luck, though it had been at first a little long in coming, when it had set in, continued with him to the end. At length, the ship was almost full, with hardly room for another fish. We may here notice, in passing, that the phraseology of whalers, like nautical phraseology generally, sometimes reverses the meanings which words have on land. Strictly speaking, a whale is not a fish, being a marine mammal; but, with the northern fisherman, nothing else is a fish but a whale. With him, no other creature is worthy of that name. One day, Captain Markham, in the early part of his voyage, having noticed an appearance on the water, at some distance from the ship, which looked to him like some kind of large fish, intimated this to a north-country sailor standing by, who answered: 'Na, na, sir; nae a fish, only a unie;' unie being the whaler's name for the narwhal. The *Arctic* had now on board the largest cargo of blubber and whalebone that had ever been taken in Baffin's Bay; the hearts of all in the ship, to use a Scriptural figure, which is, however, no figure here, but the literal truth, were glad with marrow and with oil. When the skipper put it to the crew, whether they should try for yet another fish, or at once set their faces homeward, the men unanimously declared for the latter course. It was with mingled pleasure and regret that Captain Markham heard the decision. He could not, of course, be otherwise than glad at the thought of getting home; but he had a vague wish that he could have seen more before returning. Captain Adams, too, would have liked to oblige his passenger in this respect; but his ship, owing to her heavy cargo, was now so low in the water, that he feared to risk remaining longer amid the ice than was necessary. So the *Arctic*'s head was pointed for home. But her return journey was not so rapid as could have been wished. She had to encounter a good deal of adverse weather and much ice, now steaming through vast tracts of it, packed closely together, now along the edge of floes, and now amid innumerable bergs of gigantic size, sometimes literally boring her way through the opposing mass. Fifteen days after the *Arctic*'s head had been set southward, those on board were no nearer home. Eventually, however, the weather took a favourable turn, the *Arctic* got into open water, and a course of fair and steady winds took the good ship in fine style across the Atlantic on her homeward course. She reached Dundee on the 19th of September.

The voyage here described by Captain Markham, taken in conjunction with the expedition of the *Polaris*, tends very materially to prove two things:

the first is, that the great improvements that have been made during recent years in steam-vessels must vastly facilitate all future exploration of the Arctic regions. Difficulties and dangers which were found almost insurmountable by the old explorers, must vanish with the employment of the steam-power which those of the present day have at their command. The second thing which Captain Markham's experiences, or, rather, those of the members of the *Polaris* expedition which our author records, tend to confirm is, that, as far as can be seen at present, *Smith's Sound is the key to the north pole*. From the farthest point which the *Polaris* reached, open water was seen stretching northward, and land extending to the north and west. The Geographical Society seem to be unanimous in their opinion, that *Smith's Sound* is the route by which the north pole is to be reached, and have therefore recommended it to the polar expedition as that which should be tried. There will be few who will not await with interest the results of the expedition, wishing it, meanwhile, all success in its bold and hazardous enterprise.

Since the days of the old English explorers, other nations besides England have entered the field of Arctic discovery. Germany, Russia, Austria, and notably America, have all, during late years, made strenuous efforts to penetrate the mystery of the north pole, and so secure the palm for maritime prowess. It would be a pity, surely, if England, after having done such noble pioneer-work in Arctic exploration, should have to see a rival nation snatch from her grasp the prize for which she has struggled so gallantly and so long.

## WALTER'S WORD.

### CHAPTER XIX.—A CONFIDENTIAL SITTING.

NOTWITHSTANDING the dismal foreboding that haunted Walter Litton as respected his connection with Willowbank, it is not to be supposed that he was even yet in love with Lillian, in any serious or practical way. If he had been charged with such an imprudence, he would probably have answered: 'And am I also in love with the moon?' but there would have been more bitterness than drollery in the reply. We remember a young gentleman of our own acquaintance who was rallied upon his attachment to a lady considerably his senior, and who gave considerable comfort to his friends by replying gaily: 'A man may not marry his grandmother;' and yet he did wed the lady, after all. But the 'table of affinity' was nothing in the way of an impediment, compared with the obstacles that stood between Walter and Lillian. He had not even told his love, though that is of small consequence, since love is one of those things which 'goes'—and also comes—'without saying.' He had never dreamt of telling it. He would have thought it dishonourable—considering how he had obtained admittance to Willowbank, and his hospitable reception there—to speak to Lillian upon such a subject, without first addressing himself to her father; and if he did that, it was certain that he would be dismissed at once. Dismissal, indeed, as we have said, would probably take place, at all events; but he had no intention of anticipating it. Whatever peril to himself, whatever regrets, whatever despair, might attend such a

cause, he resolved to be with Lillian as much as he could. His wings might be singed, he might be utterly shrivelled up by that attractive flame, but the light and the warmth were temptations that he could not withstand, and he would enjoy them as long as possible. And at the appointed hour next morning, he presented himself at Willowbank, and was shewn up to the extemporised studio above-stairs.

Both the sisters were awaiting him there, and received him with marked cordiality. In the morning light, Lotty looked even more wan and changed than she had done on the previous evening; but her manner was warm and genial, as though she was striving to make up to him for the enforced coldness of her late reception.

'It gave me pain, Mr Litton, yesterday, to have to ignore so true and kind a friend as you have shewn yourself,' said she frankly. 'And you must please to believe that I am not the ingrate that I seemed.'

'You seemed nothing of the kind, dear Lady Selwyn,' answered Walter; 'but only to be the victim of untoward circumstances, as, indeed, we all were. I hope the time will soon arrive when there will be no necessity for such concealment.'

'Well, I think it will be better to let bygones be bygones altogether,' replied she quickly. 'I know what you will say—for Reginald has thought a great deal about it—that it is unpleasant to feel that there is always a risk; that when we are most secure, and all is going on smoothly, an explosion may occur out of this very secret; but that is no reason why we should light the match ourselves. Moreover, the longer it is delayed, the better condition we shall be in to meet the consequences. At present, things have hardly joined, as it were; whereas, in a little time, I hope the reunion will have been fully established—and solid masonry will stand almost any shock.'

'Your husband is doubtless the best judge of his own affairs,' said Walter quietly. 'It seemed to me that he and your father got on capitally last night.'

'Yes, did they not? And dear papa is so very kind to me. He hardly likes me to be out of his sight; and I should have been with him now, but that I could not bear to meet you a second time as a stranger, Mr Litton.—O Lillian, he was so kind on that journey to Penaddon! What we should have done without him, I can't imagine! And he has been even kinder since'—

She stopped, and blushed; and Walter coloured too at this allusion to his loan. He was not, however, so annoyed at it, as he otherwise would have been, since the fact of Selwyn's having told his wife of the matter, seemed to render it impossible that he should have entertained any jealousy of him with respect to her. He might have been jealous, and still borrowed the money—that would have been like 'spoiling the Philistines,' in the captain's eyes—but he would certainly not have let her know with whom he had incurred the obligation.

'I know he has been kind,' assented Lillian, 'and is so still, since, for your sakes, he is doing violence to his own conscience.'

Walter could not help comparing the difference in the view of these two girls as respected that matter of secrecy: the one had spoken of it as a dangerous risk, and solely with regard to the

material loss that might result from it ; the other had referred to its moral aspect. It was true that Lillian had recommended the dissimulation, but she had made no attempt to justify it ; whereas it had not even struck her sister that there was any objection—on the score of conscience—to the plan at all. But in this he was hard on Lotty, since it ought to have been evident to him that she was but the mouthpiece of her husband.

‘O yes, that’s very dreadful, of course,’ said she ; ‘but it would be a hundred times worse, if papa found out you were an old friend of ours, Mr Litton, and had been planning and plotting in our favour.’

‘Nay, he could scarcely say that, Lady Selwyn, for, with all the will in the world to serve you, I had no such opportunities. The picture, you know, was a lucky chance.’

‘Yes ; how funny, was it not ? I must certainly go and see that picture some day ; as soon as I have got something fit to wear to go in. And that reminds me I have not written out what dear papa calls a “rough draft” of the things I am in want of. These are to be quite independent of his arrangement with Reginald—a little present all to myself. Is he not kind, Mr Litton ?’

And off she tripped, with more of the lightness of those Penaddon days than he had hitherto seen in her. He was not pleased at the careless way in which she had spoken of his picture (how little did she guess what it had cost him ; how little did she dream that it had been inspired by the memory of herself, and had been wrought out mid vain repinings!) ; but to see her so like herself, made him forget that, and follow her retreating figure with tender eyes.

‘I suppose,’ said he smiling, ‘your father thinks he can scarcely do enough to shew how pleased he is to get your sister back, Miss Lillian.’

‘That is but natural,’ answered Lillian gravely. ‘But there is another reason, I think, for his being so demonstrative: she looks so piteous—so sad. You see that, Mr Litton, yourself, I’m sure.’

‘She is certainly not looking nearly so well as before her marriage,’ answered Walter.

‘No ; and, what is worse, not nearly so happy, Mr Litton.’

‘And yet she ought to be happy, Miss Lillian, being thus reconciled to her father, and reunited to yourself. Perhaps it is the excess of joy, which, succeeding to much sorrow, has been too much for her.’

Lillian shook her head, though Walter was at that moment painting from it, and she was generally a most careful sitter. ‘No, no ; you are quite wrong there ; though, as you say, there has been much sorrow. Sir Reginald is your friend, Mr Litton—though (if I am not mistaken) not quite so friend-like as he used to be ; and, therefore, I cannot tell you what I think.’

‘Pray, tell me, Miss Lillian. It cannot hurt Sir Reginald to tell me, and it will not hurt me. My solicitude is not for him, but for your sister. That is not because he was, as you hint, unfriendly to me last night ; it always was so. I could not have painted that picture, had it been otherwise.’

‘I guessed that much,’ said Lillian softly.

‘Yes ; of course she could be nothing to me, for I never met her till the day she’—he looked about for some euphonious term in vain—‘ran

away with Captain Selwyn ; but her face haunted me from the moment I first saw it.’

‘It is sadly changed,’ said Lillian, in low grave tones. ‘Do you think six months of wedded happiness could have altered it so ! No ; nor even six months of poverty, or toil, or care. Nothing but misery could have effected that, Mr Litton. My poor dear darling sister Lotty is a miserable woman.’

‘Let us hope not that,’ said Litton soothingly. ‘She has been living a hard life of late, remember, compared with that to which she was accustomed under your father’s roof ; she has had anxieties of the gravest sort, as well as petty cares, which of themselves would effect so delicate a being.’

‘Yes ; and she has had no one to comfort her. That man, Sir Reginald, is no comfort to her. She is afraid of him. Did you not see how her eyes followed him about—not with affection, or, at least, certainly not with affection only, but in fear ! He is a hard man, I am sure, Mr Litton, and I believe he is a bad man.’

‘As I told you once before, Miss Lillian, no man is good, if weighed in so fine a balance as a young lady’s judgment—unless he chance to be her husband. Selwyn is doubtless selfish, like the rest of our sex ; and he is a proud man : no doubt, therefore, he resented your father’s conduct towards him, implying as it did that this marriage was in some respects a *mésalliance* ; and resentment does make a fellow a little hard.’

‘But he should not have resented my father’s conduct upon Lotty,’ urged Lillian ; ‘no man but a coward.’

‘Selwyn is not a coward,’ interrupted Walter. He could not afford to neglect that chance of defending the captain on grounds where he had good standing ; the next moment, he felt that it would have been better to have let it pass.

‘I don’t mean that your friend is afraid of swords and bullets, Mr Litton,’ answered Lillian quickly. ‘We are all aware of that ; but there are other kinds of cowardice—and worse—than that which shrinks from death and danger. I know that his arm was hurt in battle ; but if he had lost it, his empty sleeve would not—to me at least—have atoned for his want of heart. He has no heart, to be called such ; nor courage either, or he would not have permitted you—his friend—to play the hypocrite for him. It’s true that I did myself urge you to do so ; but had I been he, I would have told my father all last night, and excused you to him for what you had done for him and his ; instead of which, he made a cat’s-paw of you, Mr Litton, and shewed himself neither grateful to you nor friendly.’

Walter felt that this was true : her statement of it, indeed, was the strongest possible confirmation of his own view of the matter ; but it was a subject that he by no means wished to discuss.

‘I am sorry that your sister’s husband should have made such an unfavourable impression upon you, Miss Lillian ; I am sure that he little suspects it.’

‘It is no matter to him whether he suspects it or not ; so long as he has gained my father’s ear, that is all he cares for. My opinion of him is of no consequence in any way, nor his of me ; it is upon my sister’s account alone that I am so grieved—so wretched. Of course, I have not told her a word of this ; nor my father either. I had no

right to tell it to you—that is, to trouble you with such a matter—but I felt as though I could not keep it myself.’

‘If it has been any comfort to you to tell it to me, then I am glad that it has been told,’ said Walter gravely. ‘I both think and hope, however, that your affection for your sister leads you to exaggerate her woes. In a little time, now that Fortune smiles upon her, you will see her become herself again, and her husband will be reinstated in your good opinion. Adversity is not a good school for all of us, believe me; and in happier days, you will see Sir Reginald’s character in brighter colours.’

‘Let us hope so,’ said Lilian, sighing. ‘I shall have every opportunity for doing it, since my father intends to ask him to live with us. To have dear Lotty here again will be an inexpressible pleasure to me—a few days ago, I should have deemed it the greatest that could befall me; but, on the other hand, to see her the slave of a tyrant, spiritless, joyless, with all her illusions cruelly destroyed—that will go nigh to break my heart.’

Walter saw that his companion was in no mood to be reasoned with. It was probable that she had some distinct foundation for her apprehensions or convictions, which she did not wish to disclose; but if even they arose from intuition, it was difficult for him to combat opinions which in truth he shared. It was terribly early for her to have thus made up her mind as to the character of the man just admitted into her family circle; but upon the whole it seemed better to let matters right themselves—if that might be—than to argue the matter further. He worked on, therefore, in silence, only now and then addressing his companion upon professional topics. ‘The heroine’s head should be a little more to the right, please’—‘Would you be so good as to smile, Joan, since you are not yet condemned to be burnt alive? those gloomy looks are an anachronism;’ &c. &c. Then Mr Brown came in, with Lotty leaning on his arm, and was very gracious, though, to Walter’s sensitive ear, his tone lacked its usual frankness. His looks had changed for the better almost as much as those of his new-found daughter had changed for the worse. As he stood complacently regarding the picture, his hand beat softly upon hers, as though to convince himself that his happiness was not a dream, that he had really recovered the treasure which he had deemed lost for ever. Was it the mere recollection of that loss, or the hint that Sir Reginald had dropped the previous night, which made him, while praising the painter’s handiwork, more distant to the painter himself? ‘You are getting on capitally, Mr Litton. I conclude that, after a few more sittings, my daughter’s presence will not be necessary to you?’ Lilian looked up, as if about to speak, but did not do so. Walter felt that she had intended to say that the sittings gave her no inconvenience; in his secret heart, he flattered himself that she enjoyed them.

‘I shall not trouble her more than I can help,’ said he.

‘Just so,’ returned his host; ‘and, of course, it will be more convenient for yourself to finish the work at home. I must take these young ladies one of these days to see your studio.’

‘It is but a poor place,’ said Walter; ‘and you must please to give me notice, that I may have it swept and garnished.’

‘Yes, yes; we understand all that,’ answered Mr Brown loftily. ‘It is not to be expected that lodgings in Beech Street should be in such a spick-and-span condition as we keep our rooms at Willowbank. We shall not take you by surprise, sir.’

Presently, the dull roar of the gong sounding for luncheon came up to them from the hall.

‘I am afraid, Mr Litton,’ said the host, ‘I must take away your patient—I mean your sitter—since I have promised myself the pleasure of driving out with my two daughters after lunch.’

‘By all means,’ answered Walter, with a little blush. It was the tone of the speech, rather than the words, that annoyed him; it seemed to say so very plainly: ‘I can’t have you hanging about the house all day, and dropping in at every meal.’

‘But will not Mr Litton lunch with us, papa?’ said Lotty. It was an effort that evidently cost her much; she was by nature timid; all the vigour and courage of her life seemed to have been expended in that runaway match of hers; and, moreover, it was more than probable that she had received positive orders from her husband that Walter was not to be encouraged at Willowbank.

‘We have some Devonshire cream in the house, Mr Litton, I know,’ observed Lilian, ‘if such things tempt you.’

‘Nay,’ answered he, smiling; ‘I rarely take lunch at all.’

He was resolute not to take offence at Mr Brown, and his meekness had its reward; for that gentleman, conscious, perhaps, of having committed a breach of hospitality—a virtue on which he plumed himself—began now to press him to stay; and when Litton declined, he said: ‘Well, well; you must come and dine with us, again, then, some day: let us say in a week or so hence—when you have done your Joan of Arc.’

The invitation was not a pressing one, and about as vague as those to which no date is attached; and it was a proof how ‘hard he was hit’—how highly, at all events, he valued an evening spent in Lilian’s company—that Walter accepted it with a good grace. At the same time it was quite evident to him, that neither on that occasion nor on any other would he be received at Willowbank on the old easy footing.

#### CHAPTER XX.—SIR REGINALD IS FRANKNESS ITSELF.

Walter’s Joan of Arc did not make progress at the rate which its beginning seemed to promise; nor was this through any fault of the artist. He would doubtless have liked to linger over it as long as he dared; he was not given to ‘scamp’ his work at any time, and this particular picture was, if we may say so without any imputation upon that prudence and good sense on which he piqued himself, a labour of love to him. He wished to do his very best with it, in order—at least that was the reason which he could have given for his solicitude in the matter—to make it a fitting companion to the Philippa. But had he been ever so desirous to make good speed, the opportunity was not afforded to him. Instead of repairing to Willowbank daily, according to the original arrangement, he was given to understand that his attendance once a week would now be more convenient; and more than once, upon the day before a visit, he would receive a communication from his patron that Miss

Lilian's engagements would not permit her to sit to him until the week afterwards. It would perhaps have been more judicious in Mr Brown, if he wished to part these young people, that Walter should have done his work at once—so much of it, that is, as required Lilian's presence—and then have taken it home to finish, as had been at first agreed upon; for, as it was, these periods of absence only made the meetings more attractive, and imparted to them a certain flavour of friendship and intimacy, born of long acquaintance. Moreover, artist and sitter had so much the more to talk about concerning matters that had occurred in the interval; and since these were naturally of a domestic sort—chiefly respecting Lotty and her husband—their conferences became very confidential.

Sir Reginald and Lady Selwyn were now living at Willowbank; but the former—for he could not suppose otherwise—kept out of his way designedly; he had not set eyes on him since the date of that dinner of reconciliation, now some months ago. Lotty he often saw, and she was looking somewhat better, certainly less haggard and anxious; whereas Lilian, on the other hand, had fallen off, not, perhaps in her beauty, but certainly as to health and spirits. She had been depressed when he first knew her, because of her sister's misfortune; but she had always entertained hopes of its mitigation, and could rouse herself to cheerfulness upon occasion; but now she was always depressed, and at times looked so pale and piteous as to more resemble Philippa than Joan. Nor, in answer to Walter's inquiries on the matter, did she affect to conceal the cause of this alteration.

'I told you that if I found that my sister was unhappy in her marriage, it would be a very severe blow to me, Mr Litton; and that blow has fallen.'

It really seemed that, independently of her passionate love for Lotty, their twinship had something sympathetic in it, which rendered their woes common. Walter could now say little to heal this family breach—though he loyally did his best for the captain—since her complaints of Sir Reginald arose from matters that were within her own observation, and of which he knew nothing, save from her lips. From them he learned that the baronet was growing into considerable favour with his father-in-law, and that his position in the house seemed to be quite secured. To his host, he was complaisant, even to servility, and perfectly civil and polite to Lilian herself. At first, he had appeared to lay himself out to gain her sisterly affections; but perceiving that his efforts were but coldly received, he had discontinued them. To his wife, he was smooth-spoken before her two relatives; but Lilian had noticed that his voice, in addressing her, had quite another tone, when he imagined that others were out of hearing; but independently of that, she was persuaded that Lotty lived in fear of him. A hundred little occurrences had convinced her of this, slight in themselves, but all significant, and, taken together, overwhelmingly corroborative: the way poor Lotty watched her husband, even in company; the involuntary admissions she would make when speaking of him in his absence; the start she would give on hearing, unexpectedly, his voice, his footstep; and, above all, the loss of all her brightness and gaiety, and happy ways.

'Look at her, Mr Litton—only look at her, as

she moves, and smiles, and speaks, and then, if you will tell me that I am wrong, I will bless you from the bottom of my heart!'

But Walter could not tell her she was wrong; all that he saw of Lotty convinced him that her sister's sad description of her case was but too true; that she who, counting by months, could almost be termed a bride, was already a broken-spirited and most unhappy woman. Curiously enough, Mr Brown did not seem to perceive this, or, at all events, to take it much to heart; perhaps he imagined that languor and impassiveness were the proper attributes of an exalted position, and that it was only natural that Lady Selwyn should have cast off the childish gaiety that had characterised her as plain Lotty Brown. On the other hand, he was somewhat anxious about Lilian. He saw the change in *her*, though even in that case only in her health; if he noticed her altered spirits, he set that down to some physical ailment; it was inexplicable to him, that any girl who had plenty to eat and drink, fine clothes to wear, and a good house over her head, could have any cause for melancholy.

'When your picture is finished, Mr Litton,' he observed on one occasion, 'and before the cold weather sets in, I propose to take my little household to Italy. It seems to all of us that my daughter Lilian requires change of scene; and our medical man has recommended a warm climate.'

Walter could not but express his hopes that such a plan would benefit the young lady; but he had little expectation of its doing so, since the cause of her malady would remain, or, rather, accompany her on the tour, in the person of Sir Reginald. Moreover, the information had been given him with a certain significance of tone, which, at all events to his ear, had seemed to imply another object in the arrangement—namely, that of separating Lilian from himself; and if so, he could make a shrewd guess as to whom he had to thank for the precaution. He thought this hard, since, never, by look or word, had he broken his inward resolve not to abuse his position at Willowbank, by offering love to his host's daughter; but harder still, that Sir Reginald, whom he had helped to his marriage with Lotty, should have been the person to awaken Mr Brown's suspicions of him in such a matter. However, there was nothing to be done, or even said. It was clearly no business of his, though how nearly it concerned him, his sinking heart and faltering tongue—for when he had first heard the news, he could barely trust himself to speak to Lilian—gave evidence. If Mr Christopher Brown had chosen to take his family to Nova Zembla, it was not for him to make objections. And after all, such a proceeding, or something like it, that is, some management which should forbid his meeting Lilian more, was what he had expected ever since that fatal dinner-party. It would have been as easy to separate her from him—dutiful daughter as she was—by a word of paternal authority, as by removing her a thousand miles away. He felt that every touch of brush upon his picture now hastened the time that was to part him from Lilian for ever; and yet he did not linger over his task on that account; he finished it as quickly as he could, consistent with his doing it as well as he could; and then he told Mr Brown that the rest could be completed at his

own house; that it was no longer requisite for him to have his daughter before him. Perhaps Mr Brown had expected some procrastination upon Walter's part; perhaps the quiet manner and matter-of-fact tone of the speaker for the moment disarmed his suspicions, and gave him a twinge of conscience for having entertained them; but, at all events, his behaviour upon receiving this information was more genial and conciliatory than it had been for months.

'Very good, Mr Litton,' he replied. 'Your picture has, I assure you, given us all great satisfaction. We had promised ourselves, long ago, the pleasure of seeing you at dinner when it should be completely finished. I intended it to be quite a celebration banquet—to have asked some influential friends, patrons of art, who might have been useful to you in your profession; but circumstances have rendered that impossible. Before your Joan can be fit for such an ordeal, we must be off to Italy. The Philippa—he always called it by that name, its proper title of 'Supplication' being distasteful to him—will be home from the Academy next Tuesday. Dine with us, then, upon that day, and come as early as you like. It will probably be many months, perhaps longer, before we shall have the pleasure of seeing you again.'

It was evident to Walter that Mr Christopher Brown wished that they should part good friends—but, above all, that they should part—and on the ensuing Tuesday; for, since his picture was finished, there would be no excuse for the young painter's presenting himself at Willowbank after that date; and that the 'celebration dinner,' as his host called it, would, in fact, be a 'good-bye' one. The thought of this struck a chill to his heart, and made the future blank indeed. Curiously enough, however, although despairing, he was not despondent. He was resolute to go through with his farewell entertainment—that would, he knew, be like the apples of the Dead Sea in his mouth—with a smiling countenance; to all outward seeming, he would bear himself bravely—not for Lilian's sake, for he did not venture to flatter himself that she would feel as he did—but for his own, so that, at least, he should not incur ridicule. More than one pair of eyes would probably regard him narrowly, but they should not learn from his own looks or lips that he was sad. As he had been asked to 'come as early as he liked, he would do so.' He understood, or chose to understand, that by that form of speech Mr Brown intended him to spend the afternoon at Willowbank. He did not expect that his host would be there to meet him, and much less the captain; but in this he was mistaken.

Mr Brown, indeed, he found, on his arrival, had not yet returned from the City; but Sir Reginald—for whom he had not asked—the servant said, was somewhere about the grounds. 'The young ladies,' added she, as Walter hesitated whether to join the captain or not, 'are gone out shopping.'

It was evident he was not expected so soon; indeed, it seemed quite possible that Mr Brown had forgotten he had invited him to come early.

'Shall I tell Sir Reginald that you are here, sir?'

'No, thank you; I will go and find him myself,' said Walter, after a pause. It had now struck him that the whole affair was planned; that the young ladies had been sent out, and that the captain was, contrary to his custom, staying at home, expressly

to speak with him alone. If that was so, and he found him as unfriendly towards him as he expected, he would tell him some plain truths. In this not very conciliatory frame of mind, he walked quickly on to the lawn; and on the path that fringed it, he saw Sir Reginald, with a cigar in his mouth, looking at the ducks, or the nursemaids beyond them, with much apparent interest.

'Hollo! Litton, what brings you here?' said he carelessly, as he held out his hand.

'Well, an invitation from your father-in-law, which it seems he has forgotten.'

'Oh, I see; you have your polished boots on. But we don't dine at Willowbank now at the old heathenish hours: the place—and, I may add, its proprietor—has become more civilised. This is an hour when only the wild beasts are fed. Hark at them!'

And indeed from the Zoological Gardens across the Park there came that multitudinous roar, which is the lions' grace before meat.

'I was asked to come early and spend the afternoon, Captain Selwyn,' replied Walter haughtily.

'Why captain?' said the other, laughing. 'You needn't be in a huff, my good fellow; and besides, I am not a captain.'

'I beg your pardon; I should have said Sir Reginald.'

'That's rubbish, Litton. I'm not a fool, like my father-in-law, to lay such store by my handle. I mean, that I have sold out, and am, therefore, no more a captain than you are.'

'I didn't know you had sold out,' said Walter. 'How should I? You have not been very communicative to me of late, about that or anything else.'

'Well—frankly—Litton, I thought it better that I should not be. I don't want to quarrel with you, Heaven knows; but it seemed necessary to let you know, that your conduct, in one respect at least, was not such as Lady Selwyn and myself could quite approve.'

'Put your wife out of the question, if you please, as I am sure, if she had a voice in the matter, she would wish to be put; and be so good as to tell me in what I have given offence to you, sir.'

'Well, there is no offence exactly—certainly not so much as your last words were intended to convey. But you have, as it seems to me, adopted a line of proceeding that is not only distasteful to me, but prejudicial to my interests. Of course, I may be mistaken; I should be glad to think I was so, and that the good understanding that has always existed between us has been needlessly disturbed'—

'Never mind the good understanding,' interposed Walter dryly; 'stick to the facts, if you have got any.'

'Well, I think I have,' answered Sir Reginald coolly. 'To be brief, my good fellow, have you not been making love to my sister-in-law, Lilian?'

'I deny altogether your right to put to me any such question: to be plain with you, indeed, I think it a great impertinence.'

'Possibly,' said the captain, taking up a small flat stone, and making a 'dick, duck, drake' with it on the water: 'we must agree to differ upon that point. I am simply referring to the fact that you have made love to her.'

'I have done nothing of the kind. I swear it! I have breathed no word of love to Miss Lilian Brown.'

'Very good ; I am glad to hear it. But there are other ways of inspiring affection in a young woman, besides breathing it. A good deal may be done by looking at her, for example, and even by a peculiar pressure of the fingers : I remember all that, you know, though I am getting such a respectable old married man.'

'I have no doubt you remember,' said Walter, thinking of poor Nellie Neale. This man's cool impudence was almost more than he could bear, and would have stung most men into making reprisals ; yet he already regretted the significance of the tone in which he had spoken those few harmless words, lest the other should take it for a menace, and imagine, perhaps, that he wished to make a bargain—terms. Sir Reginald, however, only smiled—though, it must be confessed, not in a very pleasant way.

'Well, you may have squeezed her hand or not ; that matters nothing : the point is, that you certainly intended—and intend—to squeeze it, some day. If you have not declared your love, you are in love with her. Come, is it not so ?'

'Well, and what if it is ?' returned Walter indignantly. 'I don't say that it is so ; but I say, what of it ? and especially—in my case—what is it to you ?'

'I will answer you in every particular, my good fellow ; but first let us finish with the fact itself. The case is, that you obtain admittance into the house of a very rich man, on pretence—don't be offended ; let us say, on the ground, then—on the ground of painting his daughter's picture ; and during the progress of that work of art, that you allow yourself to entertain sentiments for her that are a little more than æsthetic. I don't accuse you, mind, as any other man would, who is less acquainted with your character—as her own father, for example, would without doubt accuse you, if he was as certain of what has occurred as I am—of fortune-hunting : I am content to believe that you have fallen a victim to her charms, and not her purse ; but, as a matter of fact, she is very rich, and you are very poor ; and the knowledge of that circumstance, it may be reasonably urged, should have caused you to place a greater restraint upon your inclination.'

'I see,' said Walter coldly ; 'I should have taken example from one Captain Selwyn.'

'That is beside the question, my good fellow ; or, rather, it opens up the second part of it, which, as I have said, I am also quite prepared to discuss with you. It is true that I was as penniless as yourself when I made love to Lillian's sister ; but then it was not as a guest of her father's, or under any false pretence, such as that of taking her portrait. And, moreover, since you insist upon making the matter a personal one—you must allow me to remind you that it was through me—or mine, which is the same thing, that you obtained admittance to this house at all. It is surely not necessary to go into that part of the business.'

'It is not at all necessary,' answered Walter contemptuously. If Sir Reginald had expressed annoyance at his having painted "Supplication" from the recollection of his bride, he would have admitted that such a feeling was natural, and humbled himself, as one in some degree to blame ; but that Selwyn should have alluded to the matter thus carelessly, as a lucky accident, while, at the same time, he took credit to himself for the

very secondary advantage it had conferred on Walter, irritated the latter exceedingly.

'It is not at all necessary, Sir Reginald ; and I quite understand—taking, for argument's sake, your charge against me for granted—the difference that would exist in our respective cases as suitors. But what I do not understand is this unexpected zeal on your part in the interests of property. I have heard you express sentiments with respect to love-making so widely different, and especially how odious it was that money should mate with money, that I can scarcely believe my ears.'

'My general sentiments,' answered the other coolly, 'are much the same as they were ; but circumstances have altered them as respects this particular case. The fountain of all sentiments, as the motive of all actions, is, I suppose, with most of us, self-interest ; and it is clearly to my interests that you should not marry my wife's sister.'

'Upon my word, you are very frank, Sir Reginald.'

'My good fellow, I am as open as the day,' answered the other coolly. 'You don't suppose that I object to you as a brother-in-law, more than to anybody else ? I am not, believe me, so ungrateful. On the contrary, if you were a rich man, and if Lillian must needs marry somebody, I should say : "Take Litton." But it is not to my advantage that she should marry anybody, and least of all, a poor man. When I won my wife, she was destined to be her father's co-heiress ; but as I have good reason to know he has altered his intentions in that respect, and left the bulk of his property to her sister, it is, therefore, only by good management that it can now be retained in the family.'

'So you mean, if possible, to keep Lillian unmarried all her life, for your own advantage ?'

'Most decidedly, I do,' replied Sir Reginald. 'Not that I have the least objection to her entering into the holy state of matrimony *per se*, nor even to her choosing yourself for her husband. You might run away with her to-morrow, if I could feel quite sure that old Christopher would not forgive you. But our self-made friend yonder—and the speaker jerked his thumb towards the house in a highly disrespectful manner—is not the Brutus that he imagines himself to be ; and he has already a sneaking likeness for yourself, a compliment he is very welcome to pay you, but not at my expense. To conclude, my good friend, I may tell you, without flattery, that you are a dangerous fellow, and that I mean to guard against you and your attractions, as best I can.'

'It seems to me, Selwyn,' said Walter gravely, 'that you are the most selfish man I have ever known, and also the most shameless.'

'Selfish, I doubtless am,' replied Sir Reginald, smiling ; 'it is rather a common weakness with us men ; and since by shameless you mean honest, I will not defend myself against that charge either ; you should take it rather as a compliment to your good sense that I have been so plain-spoken with you. I have exactly explained our mutual position ; and now it remains entirely with yourself, as to whether our interests are henceforth to be antagonistic, or the reverse ; in other words, whether we shall be friends or enemies.'

'You have, as it seems to me, settled that matter your own way, already,' answered Walter grimly.



'Not at all, my good fellow. I was obliged to take precautions against you, lest you should obtain such a footing in this house as would enable you to make your own terms, or even dictate them to me; but I have no personal hostility to you whatever. Moreover, I have so great a confidence in your honour, that I am prepared to accept your promise, where I would certainly not take the word of another man.'

'And what promise is it you require of me?'

'That you will never, either to-day, or hereafter, pay the attentions of a lover to my sister-in-law, or become, under any circumstances, her husband. If you refuse to give your word to this effect, it will be my painful duty to represent to Mr Brown the pretensions you entertain to his daughter's hand; and also to take other measures—perhaps at once—the effect of which will render your paying a visit to Willowbank, after to-day, highly improbable.'

'You are not only very "honest," as you choose to term it, Sir Reginald,' answered Walter, for the first time using a tone of menace, 'but, it also strikes me, somewhat audacious.'

'Very likely. I grasp my nettle tightly; that is always my plan in these emergencies. Of course, I am well aware that you may do me some harm; though, on the whole, I do not think you will. You can, no doubt, make some damaging statements; one in particular, which, if you choose to make use of it, will give great pain to Lady Selwyn.'

'You need not be afraid of that, sir,' answered Walter scornfully.

'I am glad to hear it. At the same time, do not imagine that all the magnanimity is on your own side. It would not be pleasant to some husbands to know that their own familiar friend had carried away with him, in his memory—out of platonic affection, no doubt—such a portrait of his bride, that he could paint from it as from the original.'

'For shame, Selwyn!' cried Walter; 'your respect for your wife, herself, should forbid you to speak so.'

'Oh, I know you meant no harm,' answered the other quickly. 'If I had thought otherwise, I would have shot you, six months ago, when'—— His speech was rapid, and, for the first time, passionate; but he stopped himself with a powerful effort, then added almost carelessly: 'But let us keep our train of argument to the main line. I have asked you a plain question; give me a plain reply. Will you promise?'

'I will promise nothing, *nothing!*' broke in Walter hotly, 'with respect to my behaviour to your sister-in-law. I admit no man's right to ask me for such a promise, and your right least of all.'

'That will do, my good fellow; we now perfectly understand one another; only, pray, don't look as if you wanted to cut my throat, because here are the ladies.'

And indeed, at that moment, the two sisters were bowing to them from the open carriage, as they were driven up to the front-door; they alighted at once, and came towards them down the lawn.

'Mind, Litton,' added Sir Reginald in a low but menacing voice, 'whatever happens this evening, you have no one to blame for it but yourself.'

But before Walter could reply, the ladies were within earshot, and Lillian was already holding out her hand.

## SCOTLAND'S NEW-YEAR'S GIFT TO NEW ZEALAND.

On New-year's Day 1875, a heavy storm raged along the western coasts of Scotland, and many a ship was glad to seek shelter in port; while others, that were due to sail, were kept in harbour till the conflict of the elements had abated. Among these was the new iron ship *Timaru*, which was designed to have sailed from Glasgow on the first day of the year, but was prevented by the gale from starting. A peculiar interest attaches to this vessel and a portion of her cargo. The *Timaru* was only launched at the end of 1874, and on this, her maiden voyage, she takes with her a strange freight, on the safe delivery of which at the antipodes many hopes depend.

We will imagine ourselves among the crowd that will probably, if all goes well, be waiting at the Bluff—a headland in the extreme south-east of New Zealand—and watching, on a day about the end of March, the approach of the new Glasgow clipper. She is yet about a day's sail from her final destination, Otago; but the crew are busy transferring to boats some portion of her freight. It is none of her passengers anxious to set foot as early as possible on the new soil; nor is it any bulky or weighty part of her cargo that is being prematurely discharged. About one hundred small wooden cases, each a foot cube, weighing two or three pounds apiece, are being carefully handed down the ship's side, to be eventually brought ashore by the boats. When they reach the place appointed for their unpacking, they are found to contain layers of damp moss, in a series of trays specially prepared, each containing, lightly reclining on their bed, a number of small amber-coloured globules, each about the size of a dried pea, which are carefully removed from the moss, and placed in tanks of running water. These minute objects are salmon-eggs, and constitute, now that they have safely arrived, a gift, the value of which Scotland will never feel, but New Zealand will never be able to calculate.

Altogether, over two hundred thousand eggs were despatched from Glasgow, having been collected by Mr Frank Buckland and his assistants in various Scotch rivers—the Forth, the Tay, the Tweed, the Teith, and others; and if they all survive their long voyage of over eighteen thousand miles, and arrive at maturity, their actual value may be reckoned as follows: If each egg becomes a salmon of only ten pounds weight, there will be two million pounds of fish, which, at the low price of one shilling per pound, will be worth one hundred thousand pounds ready cash. And, yet, the eggs, when taken from the parent fish in the cold wintry days of Christmas week, were not worth, as eggs, so many pence.

But these salmon will be left to increase and multiply, till, after a few years, if all our hopes are realised, this colony of two hundred thousand eggs will have become a mighty nation of fish,

which no man can number, and the ultimate value of which will be incalculable.

It will be asked, how will the eggs keep good long enough to produce salmon after a three months' voyage? It has been found that a salmon-egg takes about from eighty to one hundred days, more or less, according to the temperature, before the young fish is hatched; and that the higher the temperature, the shorter the period of hatching; the lower the temperature, the slower the process of development. In fact, by being packed in ice, and kept as cold as possible, the development of the egg may be retarded to a very great extent. Without this precaution, the ova would never survive the great heat of the tropics; and so the one hundred little boxes which we have seen landed in New Zealand, were packed in a large ice-house, built on board the ship, with a solid mass of two feet thick of ice entirely surrounding them, and a layer two feet thick lying between each row of boxes. This, it is hoped, will so retard the development of the ova, that they will be only partially advanced towards hatching by the time they arrive at the antipodes.

The history of the growth of the salmon, from the small ova or eggs, may be interesting in this place. Each adult female salmon lays from eight hundred to one thousand eggs to every pound of her weight. In their healthy condition, the eggs are generally of a pinky or amber colour, with opalescent hues, semi-transparent, and exceedingly pretty in their effect. Sometimes, however, the eggs are very pale—nearly white—in colour; others, again, are of a bright coral red; but all that have a peculiar transparent iridescent hue are unmistakably healthy eggs. A tough, horny membrane is the 'shell' which holds the embryo salmon, and preserves it from injury. This external shell is exceedingly elastic; an egg dropped on the floor will rebound like an india-rubber ball.

For a month or so, no change is apparent in the healthy egg, as it lies in its bed of gravel in the running stream where it has been deposited by the mother, with the temperature of the water at about forty-five degrees. The eyes of the fish appear in about forty or fifty days; these may be perceived as two small black specks; and in other three or four days, a faint red line is apparent, running round the interior of one side of the egg, and in the centre a small red globule appears. The 'thin red line' represents the vertebrae of the fish, just forming; and the red globule is a minute quantity of oil, which is destined to be absorbed by the fish after it comes out of the shell.

Gradually the faint indications of life within the semi-transparent shell become more marked, till, about twenty days after the first appearance of the eyes, the fish bursts its prison. It now presents a most ludicrous appearance, with the lower side of its slender transparent body affixed to an oval sac which it carries wherever it goes. The vital organs of the fish can be distinctly seen; the pulsations of the heart are easily perceptible; and the rapid vibrations of the gills shew that it is, for the first time, breathing just as an adult fish breathes. The empty 'shells,' as they float about in the water, shewing the rent by which the young fish breaks its prison-bonds, now appear like little bits of an india-rubber air-ball, or portions of the white membrane found just inside the shell of a hen's egg.

Sometimes the shell clings round the umbilical

vesicle of the fish, and, as it has no hands to free itself, it may be seen wriggling about among the gravel, endeavouring to escape from its uncomfortable burden.

The fry are now 'all alive,' and as active as fish can be. Some of them will be found with their tails turned upwards in an impudent manner; others bear their bodies in a becomingly staid longitudinal position; while others, again, are strangely deformed. These unfortunates are unable to swim in a straight line, and can only turn round and round as on a pivot in one spot, lying all the time on their side, instead of swimming upright; and falling helpless to the bottom as soon as they cease their efforts at locomotion. These cripples generally die; though some of them, no doubt, arrive at maturity, as is proved by the instances—rare, it is true—of deformed salmon with the backbone bent and crooked in various ways.

But the most curious instances of malformation are the fishy 'Siamese twins.' A double-headed creature is of frequent occurrence in a family of baby salmon, but these enormities seldom survive more than three or four days, though instances have been met with of a longer term of existence being granted to these 'monsters.'

For some time after birth, the young fish do not seem to grow very fast; they are exceedingly active, and, though burdened with the umbilical vesicle, they swim swiftly about, rushing for a few seconds, and suddenly falling again to the bottom of the stream: they are unable to rest without touching the gravel.

The young fry do not require any food for some time to come. The contents of the sac they bear about with them serve as food for the first six weeks of the salmon's life. The poor little fish has no mother to nurse it, so nature has provided it with a commissariat of its own. This vesicle or sac contains an albuminous secretion similar to white of egg, and a small globule of oil, the whole of which are gradually absorbed into the system. After six weeks of this self-sustaining process have elapsed, the outer skin of the bag appears to diminish in size, as the body of the fish increases, and in due course the fry appears as a complete miniature of an adult salmon.

The fins, and even the scales, are now fully apparent. The gills can easily be perceived. The eye—that first sign of life in the egg ten weeks ago—is completely developed; while a slight red spot under the pectoral fins is the only sign of the late symbol of babyhood.

Such is a sketch of the history of the infant salmon. If all goes well, the tanks prepared for the reception of the eggs sent out in the *Timaru* will witness the birth, as above described, of many thousand fish, eighteen thousand miles away from the land, or water, in which they were naturally destined to enter upon life. Let us trust the hopes centred on these embryo salmon—now probably passing through the most critical part of their voyage—will be amply realised, and that a new source of wealth will thus be introduced into the far-distant lands at the antipodes, through the medium of Scotland's new-year's gift to New Zealand.

Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, 47 Paternoster Row, LONDON, and 339 High Street, EDINBURGH. Also sold by all Booksellers.

# CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

OF

POPULAR

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

*Fourth Series*

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS.

No. 585.

SATURDAY, MARCH 13, 1875.

PRICE 1½d.

## THE TRANSIT OF VENUS.

A TRANSIT of Venus is, in itself, by no means a very striking phenomenon; to the common eye, it is much less so than an ordinary eclipse of the sun or moon. It requires a telescope to see it; and all that is to be seen, even then, is a black spot, about the size of a pea, moving slowly over the bright face of the sun. It must have been something more than the expectation of this as a mere wonderful sight, that kept the scientific world on the *qui vive* for the last two or three years, and led to such extensive preparations for witnessing it. There were long and earnest discussions among astronomers as to the best stations for seeing it; special apparatus of the most delicate and costly kind were constructed; and bands of astronomers with their assistants trained themselves for months beforehand, by practising the art of observation on an artificial model of the transit; thus rehearsing, as it were, their several parts before the great event of the 9th of December 1874 should come off. More than this, the leading governments of the civilised world, one and all, voted liberal funds for defraying the necessary expenses and transporting these corps of drilled observers to a multitude of stations distributed all over the eastern side of the globe. Even a private individual, Lord Lindsay, has spent what would be to most people a considerable fortune in equipping at his own expense an observing expedition to the island of Mauritius.

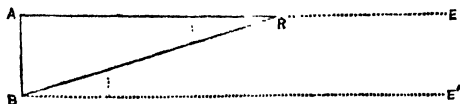
The interest attaching to the transits of Venus, which has thus been so strikingly manifested, arises from the circumstance, that when they occur, which is rarely, they are available for solving, more accurately than can be done in any other way, the grand and fundamental problem of astronomy—the measurement of the sun's distance from the earth. All other celestial measures are deduced from this; and if there is error here, there is error everywhere. No wonder, then, that astronomers should have been anxious to make the most of the recent occasion. The final result of the observations taken on the 9th of December cannot be

known for months to come. The observers have to be brought back, literally from the ends of the earth, and their separate observations have to be carefully discussed and compared, before a definite conclusion can be arrived at. In the meantime, while the interest is yet fresh, we propose, for the benefit of those who are not astronomers, to give a general notion of how a transit of Venus comes to be of so much use in the problem of planetary distances.

We may observe at the outset, that although the absolute distances of the planets from the sun are difficult to determine exactly, their relative distances are readily measured. By observing the angle made between Venus and the sun when the planet is at its greatest elongation, we get all the angles of the right-angled triangle formed by the earth, the sun, and Venus; and thus, by one of the simplest rules of trigonometry, we know the *proportion* between the distances, though not the distances themselves. If the distance of the earth from the sun be called 1·00, that of Venus is found to be 0·72, or about seven-tenths; similarly, the distance of Neptune is known to be 30 times that of the earth; and so with the rest of the planets. If, therefore, we can find in any way the absolute distance in miles of any one planet, say that of the earth, these ratios will give us the rest by a simple process of multiplication.

In order to understand how a transit of Venus helps to determine the sun's distance, it is necessary to consider the general principle of astronomical mensuration. The procedure is the very same as in determining the distance of an inaccessible object on the earth. Suppose that a surveyor wishes to know the distance of a rock, R, at sea, from a point, A, on the shore; he chooses another station, B, along the shore, and measures the distance between the two; this forms his 'base-line,' which we will suppose to be 100 yards long. He then measures with a theodolite the angle at A contained between the direction of B and the direction of the object R; and in the same way, the angle contained at B. He has now enough 'data,' as it is called, to calculate the

length of AR, or of BR. He may even find it mechanically, without calculation. He has only to lay down on paper a line, AB, equal to 100,



from a scale of equal parts, and, by means of a graduated circle, to make angles at A and B equal to the observed angles, and the meeting of the two lines on the paper will determine a point R, the distance of which from A, measured by the scale, will give the actual distance in yards of the rock from the station. This mechanical way of finding distances does not admit of great accuracy; but wherever we have data for drawing lines fixing the relative positions of objects on paper, trigonometry enables us, in ordinary cases, to calculate the actual distances with great exactness.

We have said, in ordinary cases; because there are cases in which exactness is very difficult to attain, namely, when one of the sides of the triangle is very small in relation to the others; with a short base-line, a small error in measuring the angles at the base makes a vastly greater error proportionally in the lengths of the opposite side. If, in the above case, with a base-line of a hundred yards, we suppose the rock to be ten or twelve miles off, and attempt to draw a triangle on paper representing these conditions, we find that the slightest variation of one of the angles at the base makes the crossing-point, R, of the longer sides approach or recede by a great distance. Such a triangle is said by mathematicians to be 'ill-conditioned,' or unfavourable to exact determination. Now, the triangles with which astronomers have to do in determining celestial distances are, as a rule, very ill-conditioned indeed. The longest base-line possible is that between two stations at opposite points of the globe, or 8000 miles. From this it is possible to determine with tolerable nearness the distance of the moon, which is only about 30 times 8000; but when it is applied to the planets and sun, where the distances are thousands of times the length of the base-line, the result cannot be depended on within a considerable percentage of the whole. Hence the necessity of having recourse to expedients by which the problem is attacked indirectly. The most trusted of these expedients is that furnished by the transits of Venus. But before describing how they are used, we may glance first at the results hitherto arrived at.

As early as the third century before Christ, Aristarchus, a Greek astronomer, essayed to measure the distance of the sun, but his means of observation and calculation were so defective, that he made it only about one-twentieth part of the true distance. No advance on this was made for many centuries. Even the great astronomer, Kepler, in the seventeenth century, could only say that the distance must be at least between 13 and 14 millions of miles. Subsequently, the estimates—for, owing to the imperfection of the methods and instruments, they were little better than estimates—gradually rose to 80 millions. At last, in 1716, Halley, the English astronomer, proposed a method of employing the transits of Venus. Accordingly, the next transits, in 1761 and 1769, were observed, with this view, at a

variety of stations. But the results at first deduced from these observations were so discordant among themselves, that little confidence was put in them. It was not till 1824 that the German astronomer, Encke, subjected the observations of 1769 to an elaborate and comprehensive 'discussion,' as astronomers call it, and arrived at the conclusion, that they gave a distance of about 95,300,000 miles; and this number, until quite recently, held its place in all books on astronomy as the true distance of the sun.

In the meantime, in the absence of transits, other methods of measurement, now become possible through the growing perfection of astronomical instruments, were tried; and all concurred in pointing to a value  $3\frac{1}{2}$  millions of miles less than that stated above. This conclusion was singularly confirmed by Mr Stone of the Greenwich Observatory, and others, who, recurring to the observations of 1769, found that, by putting a juster interpretation upon some of the data than had been done by Encke, they gave a distance very nearly in accordance with the results of the later methods. All this has led to accepting 91,500,000 miles as the approximate distance of the sun. It is not anticipated that the value to be deduced from the recent transit will differ from this to any very great amount.

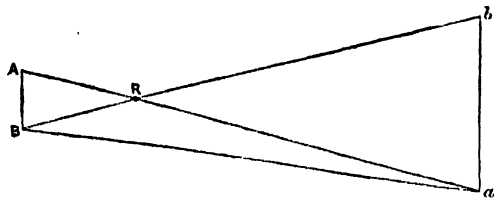
The object of the problem now engaging the attention of astronomers is often spoken of as being the determination, not of the sun's distance, but of the sun's *parallax*. Parallax is the technical name for the 'displacement'—for that is the meaning of the Greek word—which an object appears to suffer when the observer changes his place. If the rock we spoke of above lay due east (E) from A, it would, when looked at from B, lie some points or degrees north of east (E'); and this change of bearing, this deflection from the east direction, which is measured by the angle E'BR, is exactly equal, as is evident at a glance, to the angle contained at R by the two lines, RA, RB. It is this angle, ARB, that is styled the *parallax* of the object R, as observed from A and B; it is the angular measure, the apparent length of the base-line as seen from R; and knowing this, and the actual length of the base-line, the distance of the object—supposing one of the angles at the base to be a right-angle or otherwise known—is easily calculated. In speaking of the parallax of the heavenly bodies, the base-line assumed is the radius of the earth, or 4000 miles; the actual stations of observation may not be that distance apart, but the resulting angle is always reduced to that standard for comparison. Thus, the parallax of the moon is the angle subtended at the moon by the earth's radius; it is found to be nearly one degree ( $1^\circ$ , or the 90th part of a right angle)—a quantity measurable within a tolerable percentage. But the parallax of the sun, as deduced by Encke, was only  $8''.5776$ , while the other measurements alluded to gave an average of  $8''.94$  ( $1''$  is the 3600th part of  $1^\circ$ ). This slight difference of a few tenths of a second of arc gives a difference in the distance, as we have seen, of  $3\frac{1}{2}$  millions of miles. The difficulty attending the measuring of such minute angles may be conceived when it is stated that, on the graduated edge of a circle five feet in diameter, the length of a second of arc ( $1''$ ) occupies only  $\frac{1}{3600}$ th of an inch. And yet an error of this amount in the

angle involves an error of half a million miles in the calculated distance.—But, to return to the transit.

The reader, it may be assumed, has a general notion of the plan of the solar system, and knows that the planet Venus revolves round the sun in an orbit within that of the earth. Her time of revolution is shorter than the earth's, being accomplished in about two hundred and twenty-five days. In consequence of this difference, Venus comes every now and then into a line with the sun and the earth, at one time between the earth and the sun, which is called 'inferior conjunction'; at another, on the opposite side of the sun—'superior conjunction.' If the orbit of Venus were in the same plane with that of the earth, the planet would seem, at every inferior conjunction, to pass across the face of the sun. But as the two orbits cross one another at a small angle, it is only when the planet is in or near one of these crossing-points, or 'nodes,' that this can happen. On such occasions, the body of the planet is seen like a black speck on the bright disc of the sun, which it traverses in a straight line.

These 'transits,' as they are called, are of rare occurrence, as it takes a great many revolutions to bring about the coincidence of the two necessary conditions. The intervals follow a rather complex law. There are usually two transits within eight years of one another, and then a lapse of either 105 or 122 years, when another couple of transits occur, with eight years between them. The transit of December 1874 will be followed by one in December 1882, and there will not be another until June 2004. Previous to 1874, the last transit occurred in June 1769, and had been preceded by one in June 1761.

Recurring once more, for illustration, to the rock in the water and the two stations on shore, let us suppose that the opposite shore is visible, consisting of a perpendicular cliff running parallel with the base-line AB, and that we have to ascertain the distance of this cliff, without knowing anything more about the rock than the proportion of its distances from the two shores. The cliff, we shall suppose, is too far off to have its distance measured directly with anything like accuracy from so short a base-line; let us see whether any use can be made of the intervening rock. Suppose that the top of a flagstaff on the rock is seen from A projected against the cliff at a spot where there



is a permanent mark,  $a$ ; when looked at from B, the top of the staff will be displaced to the left, to a spot  $b$ , where also we shall suppose that there is a recognisable mark. Now, if the rock were exactly midway between the base-line and the cliff, it is obvious that the distance between  $a$  and  $b$  would be exactly equal to the base-line; but, for a reason that will appear afterwards, we will assume it known that the rock is three times as far from the cliff as from the base-line; and then it is equally

obvious that  $ab$  will be three times the length of AB, or three hundred yards. By turning a theodolite first to  $a$ , and then to  $b$ , we can next find the angular length of  $ab$ , or the angle  $aBb$ , which we shall suppose to be  $30'$  ( $1'$ , or one minute, is the 60th part of  $1^\circ$ ). Now, in the triangle  $BRa$ , we know the angle  $RBa$  ( $= aBb$ ), and the proportion of  $Ra$  to  $RB$ , and therefore can find the angle  $RaB$  by means of the fundamental proposition in trigonometry, that the sides of a triangle are proportional to the sines of the opposite angles. When the angles are very small, the sines become equal to the arcs which measure the angles; and therefore we may assume in this case that the angles themselves are proportional to the opposite sides; and that, as  $BR$  is one-third of  $Ra$ , the angle  $RaB$  is one-third of  $RBa$ ; that is, the angle  $AaB$  is  $10'$ . We have thus got the parallax of the point  $a$ , with greater exactness than was attainable by merely measuring the angles at the base, and are in a position to calculate the distance  $Aa$  or  $Ba$  with corresponding exactness. The advantage of this roundabout procedure is, that a comparatively large angle ( $aBb$ ) is measured, in order to deduce from it a smaller ( $AaB$ ); so that any error in the measurement is diminished in the result.

Now, the transit method of measuring the sun's distance is, to a certain extent, identical with the process just described. The position of the three bodies, the sun (S), the earth (E), and Venus



(V), is roughly represented in the accompanying figure. The distance of Venus from the sun may be taken roundly as three times her distance from the earth. The exact ratio is, as before stated, well known, and is not far from this. An observer at a station A, on the northern part of the earth, will see the planet projected on the sun as at  $a$ , while a southern observer will see it at  $b$ ; and if we assume the stations to be 4000 miles apart, the distance between  $a$  and  $b$  will, by the foregoing reasoning, be 3 times 4000, or 12,000 miles.

But how get the angular measure of  $ab$ ? For each observer sees only one of the spots, and does not know where the other is; and there are no permanent marks on the sun's surface to guide us. The difficulty is got over in the following way: The observer at A notes the exact time when the planet has fairly entered on the sun's disc at C—'the instant of internal contact' at ingress, and then the instant of internal contact at egress, and thus gets the length of time of the transit—the time it takes the planet to move over the path CD. The interval of time between the two internal contacts is not the whole duration of the transit. The planet has a sensible breadth of disc, and the transit begins and ends at the instants when the centre of the planet is on the edge of the sun; but as this is difficult to determine by observation, attention is directed to the contacts, and allowance is made at both ends for the time it takes the planet to move over its semi-diameter. The time of traversing FG is determined at the other station in the same way. Obviously, the duration of

the transit at A will be longer than at B. The average duration of the transit of 1874 was calculated beforehand at nearly four hours, and the difference of duration at the several stations might be twenty minutes and upwards. The greater this difference, the more favourable are the stations for accurate determination. Now, from the times of transit it is possible to find the length of the paths or chords CD and FG. This is got at from knowing by observation the rate of Venus's apparent motion in the heavens as seen from the earth—that is, her relative motion in regard to the earth, which is also moving in the same direction. That relative motion is such, that it carries her in an hour over about 4' of arc. If, then, a transit lasted five hours, we should know at once that the chord described on the sun was 20' long; and so for any other duration. The lengths of the chords being thus found, we are in a position to find the distance between them. For the angular breadth or apparent diameter of the sun can be measured, and is, on an average, 32', or over half a degree. Now, when the diameter of a circle is known, and the length of a chord, the perpendicular distance of the chord from the centre is calculated by simple arithmetic from a well-known property of the circle. The central distances of the two chords are thus found; and the difference of these distances is the distance between the chords themselves. This gives us, at last, the distance *ab* in angular measure; and we may assume that it is found to be 30". In the triangle *AVb*, then, we know the angle *bAV* to be 30"; and, reasoning as before, we conclude that the angle *AbV* or *AbB* is one-third of this, or 10"; but *AbB* is the angle subtended at the sun by the earth's radius; that is, 10" is the parallax of the sun—the object of the whole inquiry. Without referring to the triangle *AVb*, we might, in the case of such small angles, infer directly that if a line of 12,000 miles on the sun subtends at the earth an angle of 30", a line of 4000 miles at the same distance at the earth will subtend an angle of 10". These round numbers are assumed for simplicity of explanation; what the actual parallax is held to be, we have seen before.

Besides the method of Halley, another method was devised by a French astronomer, named Delisle, which consists in observing the exact times when the transit is seen to begin at two distant stations, and using the difference of time as an indication of the sun's distance. The same use is made of the times of ending of the transit. For this method, the longitudes of the two stations must be exactly known, in order to be sure that the same instant of absolute time is referred to at both. The accurate determination of longitude is always a matter of great difficulty, except where electric communication exists. Delisle's method was to be used at several, at least, of the stations, on occasion of the recent transit. It has the advantage of being available in cases where the whole duration of the transit is not visible.

In addition to the trigonometrical methods, great things were expected from photography, the application of which to the celestial bodies has recently been brought to such perfection by Mr De la Rue and others. Hundreds of pictures of the sun have been taken with the black speck on his disc at all stages of its progress across; and it is believed that by micrometrical measurement of these pictures, and comparison of those taken at

distant stations, the interval between the spots may be got with an accuracy little, if at all, inferior to the Halleyan method. Micrometer measurements applied directly to the image of the sun as seen in the telescope, are also expected to afford valuable indications. The problem has thus, like a beleaguered fortress, been assaulted from a variety of quarters with a variety of arms, and we may hope that an effective breach has been made.

Such is an imperfect outline of the transit method of finding the sun's distance. We have purposely omitted all mention of the thousand and one subsidiary operations necessary in the actual working of it; the precautions that must be taken against the many insidious sources of error that beset the observer; and the endless considerations that must be taken into account before the true value of an observation is arrived at. To illustrate all this in detail, would carry us into too wide a field. We trust that what has been said will enable the reader to understand in some measure what so many scientific men were about on the 9th of December last; and will prevent his being surprised if he shall find them, two or three years hence, beginning to plan a similar campaign for December 1882.

## WALTER'S WORD.

### CHAPTER XL.—THE NEW BRIDGE.

It was a habit of Walter's—no doubt induced by the practice of his profession—to note the countenance of his fellow-creatures narrowly, and it struck him that that of Lillian, as she greeted him upon the lawn of Willowbank, wore a look that he had not seen upon it before. Her eyes were always earnest, and her voice soft and natural, never breaking into those little screams of pretended admiration or emotion, which fashionable young ladies use; but upon this occasion, her glance was sunnier and more encouraging than he had ever seen it, while her tone of welcome had a certain demonstrativeness about it, such as, had they been alone, would have filled him with wild hopes, but which, since there were spectators, he concluded meant defiance. 'However you, Sir Reginald, may choose to treat Mr Litton,' it seemed to say, 'it is my intention to shew that I am glad to see him.' Lotty too, instead of the smile with which she was wont to greet him when she and her sister were alone together, looked grave and timid; which he set down to the same cause—namely, the presence of her husband.

'I feel that I ought to apologise,' said Walter, 'for such an early visitation; but it seems to me there has been a little mistake. Mr Brown was so good as to tell me to come early—to spend the afternoon, as I understood him.'

'Then, how very rude you must have thought us, Mr Litton!' exclaimed Lillian. 'Neither Lotty nor I were ever told a word of that. It is so unlike papa to be so forgetful.'

'I am afraid it is I that am the sinner,' observed Sir Reginald penitently. 'Your father did tell me this morning, Lillian, that Litton would probably drop in soon after luncheon; but I knew that Lotty had some serious shopping to do, in which she would require your assistance (bonnets, my dear fellow, which with my wife are paramount), and so I kept at home myself—a very bad substitute,

I allow—to do the honours in your stead. My conscience smote me, I promise you, when I saw him in his white tie and polished boots (like a fellow who has been up all night at a ball)—there is something so exquisitely ridiculous in a man in evening clothes in the daytime—and reflected that he had got himself up so early all for nothing, or at least only for me; but I really did it for the sake of you ladies.'

'I beg you will leave me out of the question, Reginald,' said Lilian coldly: 'if my father himself had so behaved, it would have been an act of inhospitality; but in your case it was a rudeness, not only to Mr Litton, but to me.'

'I really cannot admit that, Lilian.'

'Then we must agree to differ upon that point—at all events, I hope you have done your best, in your self-assumed character of master of the house, to shew Mr Litton the lions.'

'He has heard them,' said Sir Reginald, laughing. His temper, which, as Walter was well aware, was none of the best, seemed imperturbable, and only by a red spot on each cheek, could you perceive that his sister-in-law's reproof had stung him. 'He came at three o'clock, you know, as though he had been asked to dine with them.'

'Reggie is incorrigible, Lilian,' said Lady Selwyn, forcing a little laugh, 'and it's no use being angry with him. After all, my dear, remember Mr Litton and my husband are old friends, and I daresay have got on very well without us.'

'Have you seen our new bridge, Mr Litton?' inquired Lilian, without taking any notice of this attempt at mediation.

'No,' said Walter. 'What bridge?'

'Why, the one papa has thrown over the little brook by the rose-garden. But you have been shewn nothing, of course!'

'There's ingratitude!' exclaimed Sir Reginald. 'Why, I left you to exhibit it to him designedly. I knew he would have to see it!'

But Lilian was already leading the way to this new wonder, with Walter by her side, leaving Sir Reginald and his wife to follow them, or not, as they, or rather he, might feel inclined.

'It is positively disgraceful,' muttered the baronet, 'to see how your sister is throwing herself at that fellow's head.'

'Let us hope not that, dear,' answered Lotty mildly.

'What's the good of hoping when she's doing it, stupid!' returned he angrily. It had begun to strike him that the somewhat high-handed course he had taken to prevent the young people spending the afternoon in each other's company, had not had quite the result he had intended, but, indeed, rather the contrary one—their heads were very close together, and by their eager talk they seemed to be making up for lost time.

'Had we not better go to the bridge too?' said Lotty timidly.

'No—yes; that is, *you* had better go,' was the curt reply. 'As for me, I can't trust myself to see the girl making such a fool of herself; though this is the last day, thank goodness, that she will have the opportunity of doing it. Follow them up at once, and mind you keep your eyes open and your ears too;' and Sir Reginald turned upon his heel, and, lighting a cigar, strolled away towards the entrance gate.

In the meantime, Lilian's tongue was not idle.

'That is only a specimen, Mr Litton,' said she indignantly, and scarce waiting till they were out of earshot of their late companions, 'of Sir Reginald's officiousness, and of how much he takes upon himself of what ought to be my father's province. I am sure papa has no idea that you have been treated thus.'

'I beg, Miss Lilian, that you will not distress yourself on my account. That you should do so, does indeed give me pain, whereas, nothing that your brother-in-law can say, or do, can affect me in any way.'

'He has been doing his best, then, to annoy you?' said Lilian quickly. 'I guessed that by the look of his face.'

'He does not trouble himself to be very agreeable to me, certainly,' answered Walter, smiling. 'And yet, I have done nothing—voluntarily at least—to offend him.'

'I think he is jealous of you, Mr Litton—I mean, as respects your position in this house, and my father's liking for you.'

'But I am nobody here; scarcely even a guest, since I have been employed by Mr Brown professionally, while Sir Reginald is his own son-in-law.'

'Yes; but his egotism is such that he wishes to be all in all here. As it is, I am sorry to say that he exerts a great influence over my father: this notion of our going abroad, for instance, is certainly his own idea.'

'You do not wish to go abroad, then, Miss Lilian?'

'Well—no; not for so long, at all events, or rather, not for an indefinite time, such as is proposed. One does not wish to be separated from all one's friends, without some notion of when one will see them again—does one?'

'No, indeed. But is it really decided that you are to winter in Italy?'

'Yes; we are to go to Sicily first—in October—in a yacht, which Sir Reginald has secured. The sea-voyage has been recommended to me, it seems; though I am sure I don't want a sea-voyage.'

'Perhaps it will do you good; you are not looking in such good health as when I had first the pleasure of seeing you.'

'Is that wonderful to you who know what ails me? It is this spectacle constantly before me of my sister's unhappiness that wears and worries me so; and her husband, you may depend upon it, will be no kinder at sea than on land. Indeed, when I reflect upon his growing ascendancy over my father, and on the isolation from all our friends that awaits us, it seems almost as though I myself were about to be subjected to his tyranny.'

'I have too good an opinion of your sense and spirit to apprehend such a subjugation, Miss Lilian; and, in fact, I think you have declared your independence pretty plainly this very day.'

'Well, I was angry at his behaviour to you, Mr Litton, and so spoke up, but I sometimes fear that I affect a courage in contending with him that I do not possess. If I was to be ill—I mean, really ill—for example, I often shudder to think what puppets Lotty and myself would be in his hands, now that he has once gained my father's ear.'

'He seems to have gained it very quickly,' said Walter musingly.

'Yes; it is very strange, but so it is. I am ashamed to say that I think his possessing a title has given him a sort of stand-point; for my part,



however, he not only seems no better as Sir Reginald, than he was as plain Captain Selwyn, but twenty times worse! O indeed, indeed, it is no laughing matter—for Walter could not forbear a smile at her womanly vehemence—and when we are far from home, and—and—friends, I shall feel so lonely and so helpless to resist his will!

'If your apprehensions carry you so far as that, Miss Lilian,' said Walter gravely, 'I would positively decline to leave England. There is Torquay or the Isle of Wight.'

She shook her head. 'I have tried all that; but, for the first time in my life, my father has overruled my wishes. I sometimes think that there is a plot between them; for my own benefit, of course, as respects papa; but in Reginald's case, as certainly for his own advantage.'

'I wish to Heaven I could help you, Miss Lilian! There is nothing I would not do.'

'I know it, Mr Litton,' said she earnestly. 'You are a true friend to all of us; so different from that smooth-tongued man yonder, who can also be so rough and tyrannous. But hush! here comes poor Lotty; and I had so much to say to you, which I must not speak of now.'

'Well, Mr Litton, and what do you think of the new bridge?' asked Lady Selwyn, with that artificial sprightliness which a woman must be crushed indeed not to be able to assume upon occasion. 'Papa was his own architect, and is immensely proud of it, so I hope you have been going into raptures.'

Walter had been standing by the new bridge for the last five minutes, and not even noticed its existence, but now he hastened to express his approval.

'It is Venetian,' she went on, 'in its style, as papa avers; but Reginald, who, as you know, is so absurd, will call it the Willow Pattern Plate. So the question has been left by consent for us to decide, when we shall have seen Venice with our own eyes.'

'You are looking forward with great delight, I suppose, to your first visit to Italy?'

'Well, yes, I suppose I am; but what we all look forward to most is, that the change will do Lilian good. We think her looking so pale and out of sorts.'

'Oh, I am well enough,' said Lilian wearily.

'Nay, you can scarcely say that, darling, when papa feels so curious about you; and even Reginald—'

'Have you told Mr Litton who is coming to dine to-night?' interrupted Lilian suddenly.

'O no, dear; I thought it was to be a secret. Indeed, Reginald particularly told me not to mention it, so that it might be a pleasurable surprise to Mr Litton.'

'Well, Reginald has not told me, nor, if he had, should I be bound to obey him.—Mrs Sheldon is coming to dinner.'

'Mrs Sheldon! Well, that does astonish me,' exclaimed Walter. 'I am glad to hear it, however, for it shows that your father has now forgiven everybody who had a hand in making his daughter Lady Selwyn.'

'O yes, he has quite forgiven her, and, indeed, likes her very much.'

'Then this is not the first time he has seen her?'

'Oh, dear no,' answered Lotty gaily; while Lilian leant over the Venetian bridge, and shredded a plucked flower into the water with impatient fingers. 'She came to call—let me see—the very

day after you were here last; and she staid to dinner; and has been here since very often.'

'I don't like Mrs Sheldon,' observed Lilian quietly.

'Well, my dear, we have seen so little of her, that is, comparatively,' replied Lotty nervously. 'Reginald, who has known her all his life, has a very high opinion of her, you know.'

'Yes, I know that,' said Lilian.

'And papa is certainly pleased with her.'

'I know that too,' repeated Lilian, and this time with even more marked significance.

'O Lilian, for shame!' exclaimed Lotty. 'What must Mr Litton think!'

'Mr Litton is old friend enough, or, at all events, has shewn himself friendly enough to both of us, Lotty, to be told. If we had any friend of our own sex'—and here Lilian's voice was lost in a great sob—'with whom to take counsel, it would be different, but, as you know, we have none. We see no one, now, but Sir Reginald's friends.'

'O Lilian, Lilian!' cried Lotty, looking round about her apprehensively; 'for my sake, for my sake, say no more; I am sure you will be sorry for it. It is not fair, either to me or my husband, or to papa himself.'

'Very well; then I will say nothing.'

'I hope you have not already said too much,' sighed Lotty.

'Nay, indeed, Lady Selwyn,' observed Walter, 'I have gathered nothing of this forbidden fruit. I have no idea at present as to what it is that Miss Lilian wishes you to withhold from me; and I shall make it a point of honour not to guess at it.'

'You are very good, I am sure,' said Lotty nervously, and speaking like one who repeats a lesson learned by rote. 'I think I heard the front-gate click, and it is just the time for papa to be home. Had we not better go and meet him?'

'By all means,' cried Walter, manifesting an extraordinary interest in Mr Brown's return from the City, but, in reality, desirous to relieve the young ladies from the embarrassment of his presence; and he moved away accordingly. Lady Selwyn, however, hastened to accompany him; while her sister remained behind, perhaps to remove the traces of her tears. The former made no attempt at conversation with him, and Walter found it no easy matter to keep his thoughts from speculating upon the cause of the strange scene he had just witnessed. That something had occurred with respect to Mrs Sheldon, which had roused Lilian's extreme indignation against her, was evident; and also that she suspected Sir Reginald of designs of which Walter himself, who had such good reason to distrust him, could hardly believe him capable. It really seemed that the reconciliation of the little household at Willowbank had brought with it, at last, as much of evil as of good.

As they left the shrubbery for the lawn, he saw his host walking rapidly towards them, having apparently just left his son-in-law, who was standing on the carriage-sweep; his brow was knit, and his face wore an angry flush; but as he drew nearer, these symptoms of wrath seemed to evaporate, which Walter shrewdly set down to the circumstance that Lady Selwyn was his companion, instead of Lilian, for whom the old gentleman had probably taken her.

'Good-day, Mr Litton, good-day,' said he; 'I am afraid I must plead guilty to having forgotten

that I had asked you to look in upon us early, until it was too late to alter the ladies' plans; but I hope Sir Reginald made himself agreeable.—Lotty, my dear, if you will go and dress for dinner, and then come down and do the honours to Mr Litton, I will do my best to amuse him in the meantime.—By Jove! what a lucky fellow you are to be dressed, man. It's not often they get me to do it; but we have got another guest to dinner to-day besides yourself, and, unfortunately, it's a lady.'

'I am sure the lady would feel herself greatly complimented, if she heard you say so, papa.'

'Tush, tush! I was only speaking generally. It is deuced hard on a man at my time of life to have to change his clothes because a woman is asked to dine. With you young fellows, it is doubtless different; though, when I was your age, Mr Litton, I had never had a pair of polished leather shoes on my feet, nor so much as a tail-coat on my back. The only evening-parties I ever attended were those at the Mechanics' Institute.'

'Indeed,' said Walter, not knowing what else to say, though he was well aware that a more rapturous appreciation of the difference between Mr Brown's Now and Then was expected of him. 'Such a mode of life must have been very unconventional and independent.'

'Gad, I don't know about the independence, sir; I had but a pound a week, except a few shillings that I made by working after-hours, and which I laid by to marry upon. People said it was rash in me to think of a wife; but it is my opinion, that when a young fellow gets to be three-and-twenty, it is high time for him to think of such things—that is,' added Mr Brown, with sudden gravity, 'if he chooses, as I did, one who is accustomed, like himself, to economising and simple fare; for to drag a girl down from competence and opulence to what seems to her like beggary by contrast to it, is a very shameful action.—Hollo! Lillian, my dear, where did you spring from?'

'I have only been as far as the new bridge and back, papa.'

'Well, you'd better go in and dress for dinner, my dear. Your sister has been gone these five minutes.'

'But my toilet does not take quite so long as her ladyship's,' returned Lillian, smiling.

'Well, well; rank has its duties, no doubt, as well as its privileges,' observed Mr Brown complacently. 'Perhaps you will marry a baronet, or maybe a lord, yourself, Lillian, some day, and then, I daresay, you will take as long to dress as Lotty.'

'Why should I only marry a lord, papa?' said Lillian complainingly. 'Can't you look a little higher for me? Why should I not be a duchess, for instance?'

'Go along with you, and dress for dinner,' laughed her father, pinching her cheek; but when she left to do his bidding, his countenance grew grave.

'Lilian is far from well,' said he; 'I don't think the English climate agrees with her.'

'She looked very well when I first had the pleasure of seeing her,' observed Walter. 'I would fain hope that her indisposition is but temporary; the heat has been exceptionally great this summer.'

'No, no; it's not that; but something more serious, though we don't know exactly what. Dr Agnew has prescribed change of climate. You are doubtless aware that we are going abroad next month?'

'I have heard so, sir,' said Walter quietly. 'Of course, I regret it, for my own sake, but still more for the cause that takes you away.'

Common politeness would almost have dictated as much as this, yet Mr Brown was obviously displeased with the remark, and in his reply to it, ignored the sentence that referred to his daughter altogether.

'Well, yes, of course it will separate you from us completely; but a young man like yourself is always making new friends; for my part, I shall be most pleased to forward your interests, if it should ever lie in my power to do so. But I hope, when we come home, we shall hear of you as having made your own way in the world. After all, that is the only satisfactory method of doing it. Look at me: I had no patrons; I did not lay myself out to conciliate society.'

'That is very true,' mused Walter: his thoughts were far away, dwelling upon the time when the house before him, now so full of light and life, should, with its shuttered windows and tenantless rooms, strike desolation to his soul. Whether Mr Brown fancied that his guest's attention was wandering, or, on the other hand, deemed his reply too apposite, he was manifestly annoyed. 'Come,' said he; 'though you are dressed fine enough, you will like to wash your hands before dinner, I daresay; let's step inside.' And they went in accordingly.

#### CHAPTER XXII.—BANISHED FROM EDEN.

Notwithstanding the reputation which Lady Selwyn had acquired for a prolonged toilet, she was the first person to come down to the drawing-room, where Walter had been 'kicking his heels,' as the phrase goes, while the others had been dressing for dinner. As a matter of fact, he had not been kicking his heels, but taking up book after book—profusely illustrated, and wholly unreadable, as most drawing-room books are—after the dissatisfied and changeful fashion of all too early guests; but in his case there was not only his 'too earliness' to render him uncomfortable. It was impossible for him to avoid the conviction that, except to one person of that household, his presence had become unwelcome, and that it had been resolved upon by all the rest that this evening was the last that he should spend as guest beneath that roof. He was a high-spirited young fellow enough, and, under similar circumstances, would have put on his hat, and marched out of any house in London, there and then, without inflicting his company further upon unwilling companions: he was not so fond of a good dinner that he could 'eat the bread of humiliation with it; but though very sore at heart, he could not make up his mind thus to leave Willowbank. If there was but one within its walls who was glad to see him, she, at least, he felt sure, was very glad; if to others he was an object of suspicion or dislike, to her he was a trusted friend. She had confided to him her troubles, and would that very day have even taken counsel with him upon some important domestic matter, had she not been overruled by her sister. He had no desire to know what it was—unless his knowledge of it might enable him to give her aid—but it was delightful to him to think that she had thought him worthy of such confidence. Possessing her good opinion, he could afford to despise the distrust of all the rest; and if he felt

indignation against one of them, it was less upon his own account, than because that one had rendered himself distasteful—nay, abhorrent—to Lillian. As for the old merchant, he only pitied him for his weakness in having been so cajoled by his son-in-law, and dazzled with his fire-new title; and as to Lotty, though he felt she had become inimical to him, he well understood that she was no free agent, but a puppet in her husband's hands. It was impossible that he could ever be angry with her, or regard her otherwise than with tenderness and compassion; and if his feelings towards her had changed, if that respectful devotion for her, which he had once entertained, no longer existed, it was not from any conduct of hers, but simply that his allegiance had been transferred elsewhere. It was impossible any longer to conceal from himself that another now reigned in her stead; if he had had any doubt of it, the fact that he no longer felt any bitterness or disappointment about Lotty's having ignored himself and his services during the time of her elopement—that she had not even mentioned his name to Lillian—should have convinced him of this. He cared no more for her indifference or forgetfulness, but only pitied her woes. As she entered the room now, beautiful and elegantly attired, and smiling—though not with the frank smile of old—he experienced none of those sentiments which her presence had once inspired: she seemed to him no longer herself at all; the very words she spoke to him—some conventional apology for his having been left so long alone—were not her words: she was but the mouth-piece and the messenger of another.

'Reggie ought to be ashamed of himself for not having been down before, Mr Litton; he *would* finish his cigar, though I told him it was time to dress; but I have hurried over my toilet, in order to keep you company, so you must forgive him, for my sake.'

'I would forgive him much more than that, Lady Selwyn, for your sake,' said Walter: the words had escaped him without his reflecting upon their significance, and the next moment he was sorry that he had so spoken, for poor Lotty's face grew crimson from chin to brow. 'As to your toilet having been hurried,' added he quickly, 'I should never have guessed it, had you not told me so. May I compliment you—as an artist—upon the colour of your dress?'

'It is Japanese,' said Lotty, 'and a present from papa. He is never tired of giving me little *cadeaux* of that kind. Reginald says I am like the Prodigal, whose return was solemnised by having beautiful robes given to him; only, in my case, there is no one to object to it: dearest Lillian is not one bit jealous.'

'I can well believe that,' said Walter enthusiastically. 'She has no thought of herself. Before your reconciliation with your father was effected, her heart and head were busy with that only; she scarce seemed to live for herself; and even now it is your well-being—your happiness—which concerns her more than her own.'

Lotty's pale face flushed, and in her eyes the dewy pearls began to gather, as she sighed: 'I know it, ah, how well I know it! and if I could but see her happy—in her own way! O Mr Litton, if I had but the power, as I have the will, to serve you both!' Here she stopped, frightened, as it seemed, by her own words. 'Hush!' whispered she, with

her finger on her lip; 'don't answer me; I only wish you to know that I am your friend. I can do no good, but you must never think that I mean to do you harm.'

'I should not think that, even if you did me harm,' said Walter softly. Her words had gone to his heart; not—just then—because of their significance, though they were significant indeed; but because this tender timorous woman had ventured thus to express her sympathy.

'Do not imagine,' she went on, in hurried tones, 'that Lillian has told me anything; alas! I have read her secret for myself. I can give you nothing but my prayers—not even hope. She is not a girl like me, ungrateful and undutiful, who would leave her father and her home—you must give her up, or she will suffer for it.'

'Lady Selwyn!'

'Oh, I know, I know: it is easy to offer such advice as mine. But, since this can never be, be generous, and spare her all you can. I hear her step upon the stairs—pray, promise me.' As Walter bowed his head, Lillian entered the room.

'I hope her ladyship has been affable, Mr Litton?' said she, smiling.

'My dear Lillian,' exclaimed Lotty, 'how can you be so foolish!'

'Indeed,' answered Walter gaily, 'I should scarcely have guessed, had I not known it, that there was any social gulf between us.'

Then, as they all three laughed, Mr Brown entered: 'Come, come; tell me the joke, young people, or else I shall think you were laughing at me behind my back.'

'Mr Litton has been complimenting me, papa, upon my magnificent apparel,' said Lady Selwyn promptly; 'and we all think it a little grand for the occasion.'

'Not at all,' said the old gentleman seriously; 'I always like to see people dressed according to their rank.'

'But the Queen does not put her crown on every day, papa,' said Lillian.

'Well, this is not an everyday coincidence; we have honoured guests to-night. And, besides,' added he hastily, 'my picture—yours and mine—has come home from the Academy, and such makes the date important.'

'Now, I call that very pretty of papa,' said Lady Selwyn. 'Don't you, Mr Litton?'

'Indeed, I do,' said Walter.

'Yes, yes; I shall always value that picture, young man, and, I may add, the artist who painted it.'

Walter expressed his sense of the compliment, though, truth to say, the valedictory air with which it was expressed had rubbed the gilt off sadly.

'I hope the other picture will please you equally well, sir, when it is finished.'

'I have no doubt of that; I will leave directions with the housekeeper about it, so that you can send it home when it is done.'

This was another blow to Walter; for he had secretly intended to keep the Joan in his studio till his patron had returned from abroad; he had felt that that would be a solace to him, and besides, when they did return, it would have provided an excuse for his paying a visit to Willowbank. His chagrin was such that the entrance of Sir Reginald into the drawing-room was quite a relief to him, since it at once gave a turn to the conversation.

'Your guest is late, Mr Brown,' said the baronet. 'Yes, yes,' said the merchant, who had already pulled out his watch with some appearance of impatience. 'I hope they understand below-stairs that our party is not complete.'

This was a good deal for Mr Brown to say, since it was his invariable principle—or so at least he had told Walter—to wait dinner for nobody. 'Why should the rest of the alphabet have their meat done to rags, because Z is always behind-hand?' was one of his favourite sayings.

'My aunt is generally punctual as clock-work,' observed Sir Reginald.

'So I should have inferred, from what I have seen of her character,' answered the other.—'Ah, there's the front-door bell.'

It was curious to see how fidgety was Mr Brown, and still more so to observe, now that the cause of his anxiety was removed, and his expected guest had come, how he abstained from any demonstration of welcome. He remained, as if by design, in the further corner of the apartment, when Mrs Sheldon was announced, and the rest of the company stepped forward to greet her. At the moment, Walter thought this was for the purpose of observing how he himself should first meet the lady; that it was a sort of trap, laid for him, by which his host might be certified of some suspicion that he and the widow were old acquaintances. In that case, he resolved to shape his conduct by her own, which would doubtless have been decided upon beforehand. If she shrank from recognition, it would be easy for him to ignore her acquaintance; but he would no more initiate deception.

Notwithstanding her recent bereavement, Mrs Sheldon was not in widow's weeds; she refused, it seems, to wear the customary garb of woe for a husband who, in his lifetime, had treated her so ill; or, perhaps, she knew that crape was unbecoming to her. She was dressed in gray silk, trimmed with black lace; and in the soft lamplight of the drawing-room, looked quite bewitching. She embraced Lotty with great effusion, kissed Lilian on the cheek, nodded familiarly at Reginald, whom she had met before that morning, and then held out her hand to Walter, with a 'What! you here, Mr Litton?' Both speech and action were so marked, so evidently designed to attract attention, that it seemed almost impossible they should have escaped Mr Brown's notice; yet they did so. He could not, of course, but have heard and seen, but the circumstance did not appear to strike him as remarkable; doubtless, he concluded that Mrs Sheldon and Walter had met during one of her recent calls at Willowbank, and therefore thought little of her claiming acquaintanceship with him. By the expression of the widow's face, it was clear to Walter that her intention, whatever it was, had missed fire in the performance. The spectators, too, had evidently expected some result: the baronet frowned, and bit his moustache discontentedly; Lotty, who had cast down her eyes, as though to avoid some unpleasant scene, looked up again, with an expression of relief; Lilian, who had turned a shade paler as the new-comer addressed Walter, but had never taken her eyes off her face for a moment, wore a look of disdain. Quite unconscious of all this, Mr Brown himself had at last come forward to greet his guest. He

did so with warmth, yet, at the same time, as it seemed to Walter, with as little demonstrativeness as possible. His words were conventional enough, but his voice was unusually soft and low, and he retained the widow's hand in his much longer than is customary. Perhaps it was for this purpose that he had not greeted her earlier, since, when other people are waiting to shake hands with a lady, you can scarcely keep her fingers prisoners beyond a second or two. How often, or on what occasions, Mrs Sheldon had been a guest at Willowbank, since her mediatorial letter had been received, Walter did not know, but she had evidently made the best use of her time with Mr Brown. It was borne in upon the young artist at once, that what Lilian had said he was old friend enough to be told, and which Lotty had objected to being revealed to him, was, that a certain tenderness had sprung up between the old merchant and this newly-made widow. That Lilian should regard it with aversion, was natural enough; and that Lotty, being under the dominion of Sir Reginald, this lady's favourite nephew, should not so regard it, was also explicable. He felt that those who were already his enemies in that house, had recruited a new ally, more dangerous to him, perhaps, than any one of them, in the person of the handsome widow; for during their previous acquaintance with one another, had he not shewn himself proof against her charms; and had not her farewell words to him been such words of bitterness as only the tongue of a slighted woman knows how to frame! He had then been able to despise her charge that he had fallen in love with his friend's wife; but his heart now sank within him at the thought of how she might abuse another's ear with the same calumny; not Mr Brown's, nor Selwyn's, nor Lotty's, but Lilian's ear. Had he been a wiser and a less honourable man, he would have known that he had it in his power to set himself right—and more than right—with Lilian, by simply revealing the cause of this woman's malice; but such an idea never entered his mind. He felt that there were overwhelming odds against him; and that, probably, though the first blow had missed its mark, he would undergo their onset that very night; but he had no thought of any resistance such as would compromise even the most cruel of his enemies. He had promised Lotty to 'spare' her sister; that is, as he understood it, to make her no offer of marriage, since such a union must needs be utterly hopeless; and he had made a promise within himself to spare Lotty; that is, not to imperil by any revelation—however such might excuse his own conduct in Mr Brown's eyes—the reconciliation that had been effected between herself and her father. His foil, in fact, had the button on, while those of his antagonists were bare.

Mr Brown of course took Mrs Sheldon into dinner, while Lilian fell to Sir Reginald's lot, and Lady Selwyn to Walter's. The conversation, was lively enough, and though not very general, still, more so than on the last occasion when he had sat at that table; for the baronet's sallies were seconded by his aunt, who, as the merchant admiringly remarked, was 'a host in herself as well as a guest,' a stroke of pleasantry that Sir Reginald applauded very loudly, and of which poor Lilian looked utterly ashamed. That the widow was 'making the running' with the owner of Willowbank very

fast indeed, could not be doubtful to any one that heard her; but, nevertheless, the whole company was taken by surprise by Mr Brown's suddenly saying—apropos of the contemplated trip to Italy—'And why should not you come with us, Mrs Sheldon?'

It had seemed to Walter, whom this speech had positively electrified, that Lilian was here about to speak; but Sir Reginald, with his quick, 'Ah, why indeed?' was before her, and she said nothing, only casting a despairing look across the table to her sister.

'Well, well, that is a very tempting proposition, Mr Brown, I own,' answered the widow gravely; 'but it will need a good deal of consideration.'

That she intended to accept the invitation, no one present, except, perhaps, the host himself, who was very solicitous to extract an assent from her, had any doubt; but she declined for that time to give a definite reply. 'It was a delightful idea,' she said—'perhaps almost too pleasurable a one, it would be thought by some, to be entertained by one in her position'—and here she sighed, as though that allusion to her recent bereavement had set some springs of woe flowing—'but it would need very serious reflection before she could say "yes" or "no." She would make up her mind by the next Sunday afternoon, when she had engaged to meet dearest Lotty in the Botanical Gardens at three o'clock.'

'Dearest Lotty,' instructed by a glance from her lord and master, promised to be punctual to that appointment, and expressed her hope that Mrs Sheldon's decision would be in the affirmative. Most of this talk had taken place during dessert, and again and again Lilian, from the head of the table, had looked towards the widow with that significant glance, that even the youngest housekeepers can assume when they think that a change of scene will be desirable. But the other had steadily ignored it, and, in one of her endeavours to catch the widow's eye, Lilian caught her father's instead.

'Why should you be in such a hurry to leave us, my dear?' said he testily; 'we are quite a family party; and neither Sir Reginald nor Mr Litton are three-bottle men.'

'Of course, both gentlemen hastened to say that they had had wine enough.'

'Very good,' continued the host. 'Then why should the ladies part company from us at all?—What say you, Mrs Sheldon, to our forming ourselves into a hanging committee, and criticising the new picture that has just come home from the Royal Academy?'

'I should like it, of all things,' answered she; 'that is, if such an ordeal would be agreeable to the artist.' It was the first time since their meeting that she had looked Litton in the face, and she smiled as she did so very sweetly.

'It is not a very good time to judge of a picture,' observed Walter; not that he cared about that matter in the least, but because he saw that the proposition was, for some reason or other, distasteful to Lilian.

'But the less light there is, Litton, the more your blushes will be spared,' said Sir Reginald gaily.

'Oh, there's plenty of light,' returned the host; 'I have had reflectors contrived expressly to exhibit it.—Come along, Mrs Sheldon, and pass judgment.'

And with that, he gallantly offered his arm to the widow, and led the way across the hall into the breakfast-room, where the picture had been hung. The gas apparatus which had been made to throw its beams upon the canvas, was soon lit, and certainly Walter's handiwork looked to the best advantage.

'There, madam, what do you think of *that*?' inquired Mr Brown admiringly. 'The idea is Philippa, wife of what's-his-name, interceding for the lives of the citizens of what-you-may-call it. The Joan which you have seen is to hang opposite, and I must say that a prettier pair of companion pictures it would have been hard to find.'

'And when did dear Lotty sit for this beautiful likeness?' asked Mrs Sheldon, regarding the canvas with all the rapt attention expected in such cases.

'Why, that is the best part of the whole thing, my dear madam: she never sat at all; the likeness is a purely accidental one.'

'Dear me! What! he painted it only from memory? Well, that is most creditable; and also, I may add, very complimentary to Lotty herself.'

And now Walter knew that it was coming, that exposure and undeserved shame awaited him; and also, though he looked neither to left nor right, but kept his gaze fixed upon the canvas, that all who stood by, save Mr Brown himself, were aware of what was to follow.

'Memory?' echoed the host; 'not a bit of it! He had never so much as set eyes upon Lady Selwyn.'

'Ah, you mean not *after* she was Lady Selwyn. Of course, Mr Litton was well enough acquainted with Lotty's features, since he saw her every day when she was at Penaddon.'

For a moment, not a word was spoken. Mr Brown stared with astonished eyes at Walter, evidently expecting him to speak; but when he did not do so, the colour rose into the old merchant's cheeks, and his eyes gleamed fiercely at him from under his shaggy eyebrows.

'What the deuce is the meaning of this, sir?' inquired he roughly. 'Have you been telling me lies, then, all along?'

'No, sir; I have told you no lies,' answered Walter calmly. 'At the same time, I confess with sorrow that I allowed you to believe what was not the fact.'

'Then this is a portrait, is it, just like any other portrait?' cried the old man contemptuously. 'You excited my interest by a cock-and-bull story, and obtained entrance into this house by false pretences. Nay, I may say you have picked my pocket'—

'O *papa*, *papa*!'

It was Lilian's voice, full of shame and agony, but the sound of it, usually so welcome to his ear, only seemed to make the old merchant more furious.

'Be silent, girl!' exclaimed he harshly; and then, with some inconsistency, he added quickly: 'What have *you* to say about it, I should like to know?'

'I was about to observe, that, so far from picking your pocket, *papa*, Mr Litton would not take a third of the price you offered him.'

'That is true enough; but I have some reason to believe that this gentleman had an object to gain in being so liberal in his terms. Yes, sir, in acting with such marvellous magnanimity, you threw out your sprat to catch a whale; though, as to your pretending to be a stranger to her ladyship,

I cannot understand, indeed, why Sir Reginald yonder, and Lotty herself, did not inform me'—

'Well, finding him here, Mr Brown,' interrupted the widow, laying her dainty fingers upon his arm appealingly, 'earning such large sums under your patronage, they doubtless hesitated to take the bread out of his mouth, as it were, by denouncing him as an impostor. It was a weakness in Reginald, no doubt, but I think, considering their old acquaintanceship, a pardonable one.'

'Since such is your opinion, Mrs Sheldon, I will forgive him,' replied the old man. 'But as for this gentleman—as I daresay he still considers himself to be, though, when a man sails under false colours in humble trade, we have quite another name for him—this is the last time he shall set foot in this house. Have you nothing to say, sir, absolutely *nothing*, to excuse your having played me such a scurvy trick?'

There was a long silence. For the first time, Walter turned about, and threw a glance upon the witnesses of his degradation. Sir Reginald, as if ashamed to meet his gaze, at once cast his eyes upon the ground; Lotty, with her face buried in her handkerchief, was sobbing bitterly; but Lillian, white as marble, gave him back a look of supplication tender and earnest as that which looked out of the picture itself; only added thereto was an expression of heartfelt gratitude, as though the favour asked had been already granted.

'No, Mr Brown,' answered he, in a firm voice, 'I have nothing to say.'

'Then the sooner you leave this house, the better I shall be pleased,' was the grim reply.

In the glare of the gaslight, he saw two faces, the recollection of which was doomed to haunt him long with a bitter sense of humiliation—one, his host's, full of honest scorn; the other, scornful too, but with the triumphant malice of a slighted woman. He passed out and before them both without a word, and into the hall, from whence he took down his hat and coat with his own hands, and left the house.

#### AMERICAN NICKNAMES.

Our American cousins are great in nicknames; and persons, states, and cities seem to have no *locus standi*, until they achieve or obtain a distinctive appellation. The more expressive the name bestowed is, the greater becomes the feather in the cap of the recipients, and certainly many of them are strong enough, peculiar, and pungent. Having had occasion lately to peruse several American works of a certain class, we have thrown together the following brief but strange specimens of topographical and personal nomenclature, the perusal of which, we hope, will not fail to interest and amuse.

Arkansas is called the Bear State, and its natives or inhabitants are Tooth-picks or Sophers. California is, on account of its mineral wealth, the Golden State, and its occupiers nothing more or less than Gold-hunters. Connecticut, as every reader of *Sam Slick* must well know, is the Nutmeg State. It is also Freestone State, and the Land of Steady Habits. The natives are designated Wooden Nutmegs, but whether they like the name or not, we cannot say. Delaware is the Blue-hen or Diamond State; but for some reason, inexplicable to us, the natives are Musk-rats. Florida is

the Peninsular State, and the people who live in it are Fly-up-the-Creeks; both terms sufficiently explain themselves. Illinois rejoices in three names which are severally poetical, ridiculous, and practical: Garden of the West, Sucker State, and Prairie State. Suckers, whatever they may be, dwell therein. Indiana is the Hoosier State, inhabited by Hoosiers, whatever they may be. Iowa, being Hawk-eye State, affords a local habitation for Hawk-eyes. Kansas is another Garden of the West, but, unlike its namesake, Illinois, is occupied by Jayhawkers, which may be, however, only another name for Suckers. Kentucky, in words suggestive of strife in bygone days, is the Dark and Bloody Ground; but the irrepressible fondness for fun having afterwards cropped up, it has latterly become known as Corn-cracker State, and Corn-crackers people it. Louisiana, as a cotton-growing state, is called the Creole State, is inhabited by Creoles, who are facetiously called Cree-owls. Maine is Lumber or Pine-tree State. The Law associated with its name does not seem to have yet resolved itself into a title, but no doubt it will, in course of time. Foxes live in this state. Massachusetts is the Bay State, and Bay Staters reside in it. Michigan is Lake State or Wolverine State; Wolverines, not Lakers, have there a habitation. Mississippi is the Bayou State, and its residents are recognised as Tadpoles. New Hampshire is the Granite State; the natives thereof are Granite Boys. New York is proudly called the Empire State; Longfellowishly, the Excelsior State; and having a grateful remembrance of its obligations to the Dutch, also the New Netherlands. In honour of its historian, however, the natives prefer to be known as Knickerbockers. North Carolina is the Old North State, or Turpentine State, to those who prefer it; and, for the same reason, its natives are either Tuckoes or Tar-boilers. Ohio is Buckeye State, and is specially retained for Buckeyes only. Pennsylvania is honourably designated the Keystone State. After its founder, those who live in it are Pennanites, or, after modern manners, Leatherheads. Rhode Island is lovingly called Little Rhody; although the compliment is somewhat marred, when the term Gun-flints is applied to the sons of the said island. South Carolina is Palmetto State, and the natives are Weasels. Tennessee is Big Bend State, and is the home of Whelps or Cotton-manies. Texas is poetically termed Lone-star State. It is tenanted by Beet-heads! Vermont, as its name implies, is the Green Mountain State, and Green Mountain Boys are to be found there. Virginia is, as a matter of course, the Old Dominion, the Mother of States, and also the Mother of Presidents. Notwithstanding all these proud designations, no one but Beadies or Beagles live in it. Wisconsin is Badger State, and is the home of Badgers.

In addition to the foregoing, the inhabitants of several states and territories have already had names bestowed upon them, although their 'respective places of abode' have not yet been unofficially recorded: to wit, the inhabitants of Alabama are Lizards; Colorado, Rovers; Georgia, Buzzards; Maryland, Craw-thumpers; Minnesota, Gophers; Missouri, Pukes; Nebraska, Bug-eaters; Nevada, Sage-hens; New Jersey, Blues or Clam-catchers; Oregon, Hard-cases or Web-feet. Many of the cities of the United States have also names of their own. A few of the more important are here given.

Atlanta, Ga., is the Gate City; Baltimore, Md., the Monumental City. Boston, the capital of Massachusetts, is, as the comprehensive expression has it, not only a 'whole team and a horse to spare,' but a 'big dog under the wagon' as well. It is the Athens of America, the City of Notions, the Hub of the Universe, the Modern Athens, the Puritan City; and it is also Tremont or Trimountain. Brooklyn, N. Y., is the City of Churches; Buffalo, N. Y., the Queen City of the Lakes; Chicago, Ill., the Garden City. It is possible, however, that a certain recent disastrous event may alter this name by-and-by. Cincinnati, Ohio, is a 'big' place, and rejoices in a number of names: it is Porkopolis, Losantville, Queen City, or Queen of the West. Cleveland, Ohio, is the Forest City; Detroit, Mich., the City of the Straits; Hannibal, Bluff City; Indianapolis, Ind., Railroad City; Louisville, Ky., Fall City; Lowell, Mass., the City of Spindles; Nashville, Tenn., the City of Rocks; Newhaven, the City of Elms; New Orleans, La., the Crescent City; New York, N. Y., Gotham, Empire City, or New Amsterdam; while Philadelphia, Pa., is quietly and unostentatiously called the Quaker City, or the City of Brotherly Love. Pittsburg, in the same state, is called what it deserves to be, Smoky City, or Iron City. Portland, Me., is the Forest City; Rochester, N. Y., Flour City; St Louis, Miss., Mound City; Springfield, Ill., Flower City. Washington, the capital of the United States, is the City of Magnificent Distances. We have no doubt it is so, whether viewed naturally, strategically, or politically.

But, in addition to peoples, states, and cities in America, other important events, places, and things are honoured by having nicknames conferred upon them. The entire continent itself is Old Stars and Stripes, Uncle Sam, the New World, or Columbia. The Amazon is the King of Rivers, although we think, with all due respect, that Queen would have been a more appropriate designation. Confederate soldiers were Johnny Rebs; and the revolting states in the civil war were classed together as Secessia. Faneuil Hall, Boston, is the Cradle of Liberty. The Southern States, taken collectively, are Dixie; negroes, generally, are Cuffees, Quashees, or Sambos; and the grand insignia of all that is good and noble in the gospel of the world, according to Uncle Sam—that is, the Stars and Stripes itself—is affectionately and familiarly nicknamed Old Glory!

A native American cannot receive a higher compliment than to be styled Brother Jonathan; and as the origin of this name is not generally known, we quote the following from Bartlett's *Dictionary of Americanisms*: 'In the course of the struggle for independence, General Washington fell short of ammunition. He took counsel with his staff, but failed to obtain any practical suggestion for relief. "We must consult Brother Jonathan," said he—meaning Jonathan Trumbull, the senior governor of Connecticut. This was done, and the difficulty was remedied. To "consult Brother Jonathan" immediately became a set phrase, and the term has since grown, until it has become, in the eyes of Americans, an equivalent to the John Bull of old England.'

Nor, in its intense desire to give nicknames to whom nicknames are due, does America forget its great men. We have only space, however, to

mention a very few instances: John Quincy Adams was the Old Man Eloquent; Thomas H. Benton, Old Bullion; James Buchanan, Old Public Functionary; Henry Clay, Mill-boy of the Slashes; John C. Fremont, the Path-finder; Andrew Jackson, Old Hickory; Thomas Jefferson, the Sage of Monticello; Abraham Lincoln, the Rail-splitter; John Neal, Jehu O'Cataraet; Martin Van Buren, the Little Magician; Daniel Webster, the Expounder of the Constitution; and last, but not least, George Washington was the American Fabius, and the Father of his Country.

Parties, political, sectarian, and otherwise, are considered fair game for ridicule in most countries; and in the States, they are certainly not overlooked. During the rebellion, the Peace party, being suspected of favouring the South, were nicknamed Copperheads or Cops, equivalent to 'secret foes,' the copperhead being a species of poisonous snake that gives no warning of its approach or whereabouts. The application is obvious. The Knownothings were members of a secret society formed in 1853. When questioned as to their proceedings, they invariably answered: 'I know nothing about it.' It was a prudent answer to give, for, as their chief object was to accomplish the repeal of the Naturalisation Laws, the truth might have proved troublesome. The Knownothings, however, ran their ship on Slavery Rock, and it foundered. Carpet-buggers, as a party nickname, came into existence in 1868, and it has a history which is not without interest. When the first convention met in Alabama to frame a reconstructed constitution under the Congressional Acts of 1867, it had no name. It would not do to call them Republicans, because several members were staunch adherents to Congress. They could not be designated Unionists, Federals, or Yankees, for a similar reason. The question of a proper name for the enemy was, therefore, discussed at a 'caucus'—which word, by the way, is a nickname for a secret or private meeting. Colonel Reese, a strong Unionist, during the conversation, happened to speak of the large influx into Washington of shabby office-seekers, with *carpet-bags*, at the appointment of President Lincoln. This term struck the fancy of the caucus, and it was resolved to adopt it. Next morning, the *Montgomery Daily Mail* applied to the strangers who had seized the governments of the South the name of Carpet-buggers. In a few weeks, other states also adopted it, and it has clung to the agents of the Republican party in Congress ever since. Bogus Boys are the pests of Wall Street and other commercial districts. They derive their name from Borghese, an accomplished rogue, who did a great business in fabricating counterfeit bills, sham mortgages, &c. Bogus Boys are therefore swindlers and 'frauds.'

Tub-thumpers, Hard-shells, and Tunkers are religious bodies. The first are itinerant preachers, who say what they have to say from inverted tubs, or similar elevations, and enforce by declamation what they cannot convey by sense. Hard-shells, we understand, are a section of extreme Baptists, and the nickname, no doubt, indicates the unswerving fidelity of their conduct. Tunkers, according to Mr Hepworth Dixon, are 'a politico-religious sect of Ohio. They believe all will be saved, are Quakers in plainness of dress and speech, and neither fight nor go to law.'



Truly, Tunkers are Tunkers to some purpose, if they act up to their principles! There are hundreds of other party nicknames current in the States, but these few examples must suffice in the meantime.

### A LITTLE PARADISE.

It may be news to many readers to be told that the Kawau, the little Paradise, or Wonderland of the Antipodes,\* is a small island which lies about twenty-eight miles to the north-east of Auckland, in the Hauraki Gulf. To the memory of Mr J. E. Tinne, of University College, Oxford, who visited it about two years ago, and on whose authority it has been dubbed 'the little Paradise,' it brought back vividly 'the tales one has read in boyhood of fairy spots in the Pacific seas, where cast-away mariners, like Robinson Crusoe, used to live in solitary glory.' All readers of *Peveril of the Peak* must remember how, a long while ago, the Isle of Man was the absolute possession of the earls of Derby; and all readers of newspapers must be aware how, more recently, the Scilly Islands were held on lease by Mr Augustus Smith: well, in some sort of fashion intermediate between those two methods of holding, the little Paradise, when Mr Tinne visited it, was held by Sir George Grey, the former governor of New Zealand. The 'island, which measures about thirty miles round, contains three magnificent harbours, one of which could easily float the *Great Eastern* close to the shore at low water.' Should it ever be your good fortune to enter the middle harbour in the steamer which calls with the weekly mail from Auckland (for they cannot do without letters and newspapers even in the little Paradise), you would probably see the same sight that Mr Tinne saw, and be impressed by it as he was. If it were not for the small size of the island, you might fancy you had come upon 'the Atlantis of the ancients, where the earth gives forth her choicest fruits unasked, where animal life has found its utmost limits of variety and health, and where, with Plato,' you might at length find perfect happiness in the contemplation of beauty, and sympathise with nature in her divinest guise. But you would see something that Plato never, even in his mind's eye, saw. As you steamed into the harbour, you would mark how 'a large English-looking house suddenly breaks upon the sight from a lovely sequestered bay to the right, where it stands embosomed in trees, within a few yards of the shelving beach of white sand and gravel.' The little Paradise is a paradise even for the geologist. There are not only mineral riches in the Kawau, but it is said to be a relic of a far older country than New Zealand. The Kawau 'has sunk into the sea, for the valleys that still intersect it were clearly, in a previous age, the beds of large rivers, whose watershed must have been from a far wider area than this; whilst the present mainland of New Zealand is still slowly rising from the deep, and thus differs widely from the Kawau in its origin and present state of volcanic disturbance. In fact, so comparatively new a creation are the two islands of New Zealand proper, that it has been frequently remarked that they were inhabited centuries too

soon.' It is said that 'the only land which can compare with the Kawau for antiquity is Kurewa Rock, from which Captain Mair lately sent to the British Museum two lizards (*Hatteria punctata*, Tuatara in Maori), the venerable representatives of an extinct fossil genus found only in that locality.' Once upon a time there were as many as two thousand Maories, so that the soil must be or have been pretty fertile, whilst the adjacent fisheries must also have contributed largely to their sustenance; but, in 1872, there was not a living native on the island. It is believed that some squatters in New South Wales, with stock-breeding proclivities, were the first to purchase the island, whither 'they actually despatched a cargo of beasts, which were landed, but next morning disappeared in the dense bush, and now form the herd of wild cattle which infests the forests, and number about five hundred head.' Apropos of these cattle, it appears that they sometimes create a consternation hardly reconcilable with the tranquil delights of a Paradise; especially if, when the traveller wanders through the paths of this antipodean Eden, his faithful dog shall keep him company; for, even in Paradise, it seems that dogs will go sniffing about in the bush by the side of the road, and that cattle, when a dog 'sets them,' are apt to come at the man, and not the dog. Consequently, there may, perhaps, be seen the rather unparadisical spectacle of blest inhabitants clambering hastily into trees for fear of their lives. When the stock-breeders, already mentioned, had, for reasons to be divined, abandoned their purchase, the island 'became the property of a succession of copper-mining companies, who worked to more or less profit the very rich mine on the west side, until, in 1849, a discovery of gold in California, and the "rush" to that country, deprived them of the necessary labour.' Whether, since that time, anything has been done in the way of working the mines, appears to be uncertain; but, in 1872, the old shaft and a fine smelting-house were still remaining as evidence of the past enterprise.

Ultimately, it passed into the hands of Sir George Grey, who, by the assistance of his own taste, and the natural capabilities of the place, proceeded to convert it into what Mr Tinne calls Utopia. Materials for building the house were found, almost entirely, upon the spot. There was plenty of timber in the forests, of kauri (a coniferous tree akin to the dammar pine); and of that the ceiling and the walls were made. The floors were covered with matting plaited from the native flax (*Phormium tenax*), of which vast quantities are found in the swamps of the island. The library was filled with 'about the finest collection of works on the dialects of South Africa to be found in the world. They were collected chiefly while Sir George Grey was governor of the Cape.' Besides, there were 'Maori antiquities and curiosities, many of them presents from personal friends among his former subjects, and others of them trophies of the last war:' to examine them all would be the agreeable pastime of weeks. Amongst them would be seen 'the original idol which was brought in the canoes from Hawaii, when the natives colonised New Zealand, made from a hard red stone, for which one may search their present country in vain;' and the wooden flute of the poet Toutanikai. Then the attention would be caught by 'several

\* *The Wonderland of the Antipodes.* By J. E. Tinne, M.A. Sampson Low & Co.

mere-meres or greenstone clubs, of immense antiquity, the symbols of authority and long descent, every one of which, with its minutest flaws, is as well known to the Maories as our celebrated diamonds to an expert in jewels. The greenstone itself resembles the Chinese jade, and is only found near Hokitika, on the west coast of the Middle Island, at the bottom of rivers. It is extremely hard to cut, being of a greasy tough substance, but may be bought in the rough for a mere song. It is seldom that a piece of it turns out well in the cutting. There are two main varieties, the dark opaque and the light transparent, of which the latter appears to be the least common, though perhaps not the most valued. Each great mere has a history of its own, telling who were its possessors, in what battles they had been engaged, how many skulls it had cleft in twain, besides personal anecdotes of the combatants and their families.

But let us stop outside the house; and let us suppose that the Kawan wears its brightest autumn garb. In the garden are bushes of scented daphne, wildly luxuriant, and wonderfully profuse of blossom; there are 'trees of geranium and heliotrope; English violets breathing forth their modest fragrance in retired nooks, and blushing beds of the ever-welcome rose.' The eye feels refreshed, and a sweet odour seems to fill the nostrils, at the bare idea. Moreover, 'gigantic aloes guard the corners of the walks, whilst on the hillside is a dense jungle, or undergrowth of wild ginger, interspersed with a Japanese plant, from the pulp of which the exquisite rice-paper of commerce is made.' Side by side grow india-rubber trees, tea and coffee plants, and small date-palms; and, if the garden be not a small epitome of the vegetable universe, it is because Sir G. Grey would not introduce any plant which requires artificial heat, or cannot thrive naturally in the New Zealand climate. Does our soul long for fruit? Then let us rise early in the morning, before the sun has dried up the dew, and pick it for ourselves. On our right hand are bushes thick with the small purple guava, having a deliciously acid flavour, with pomegranates and with oranges ripening more readily than they; on our left are 'citrons, lemons, large fig-trees, prickly pears from Malta, strawberries, and grapes, an enticing medley suited to the most capricious tastes.'

As regards pines and firs, the little Paradise is more Californian than California itself; 'nearly every kind you can mention is there, though, naturally, they will not rival the American "big trees" in size for centuries to come.' It appears that every bay or headland in the Kawan appears to be devoted to a different kind of animal. There are tree-wallaby (the wallaby being a small variety of the kangaroo) from New Guinea, let Australians laugh as they will at the notion of wallaby perched in trees; there are rock-wallaby that live on the face of precipitous cliffs, and burrow like rabbits; the meadows and all the open ground are alive with pheasants, and with coveys of the pretty little California quail, with their black crests, who always keep a sentry perched on the stump of a neighbouring tree, to give them timely warning of the approach of strangers; there are wild pea-fowl, with their brilliant plumage; there are Cape geese, strangely exclusive birds, that seem to prefer a Darby and Joan existence, and are

believed by Mr Tinne never to 'leave the piece of water which they have first appropriated to themselves at the commencement of their wedded life'; there are 'the tracks of elk, Virginia spotted deer, fallow-deer, and other creatures. One rare species of bird is the Australian bush turkey, which must equal the capercaillie in size. From where you look out towards the Coromandel Ranges and the Thames, there is a small headland where the wingless kiwi is carefully preserved. They are very scarce, and the feathers are much prized for making caps and cloaks among the Maories.' Moreover, there are opportunities for the exciting sport of stingareeing, or spearing sting-rays, the sting-ray being described as a loathsome brute, a flat, circular, slimy mass, with malicious, deep-set, red eyes, and with a long spike behind—a fish, however, not without its use, for, to say nothing of its barbed sting of ivory, its body is much esteemed as garden manure. As for a very different fish, commonly called the oyster, whithersoever you wander in the little Paradise, it is said that 'the only provision you need make for a meal is a small hammer, to knock the oysters off the rocks wherever you like to sit down on the shore. These rock-oysters are very small, but deliciously flavoured; they are not the same symmetrical shape as those at home, and therefore you find it easier to open them by a sharp blow on the butt with a stone or hammer, instead of using a knife to prise them.'

As for the scenery of the little Paradise, you may not only gladden your eyes, in a humble way, with the sight of English daisies and buttercups springing up on the soft turf, but it is asserted that 'the island combines the park-like undulations of Blenheim, the bold cliffs and tides of the Menai Strait, and the wooded mountain-sides of Killarney or the Trossachs.' And there is an almost perfect climate. When Mr Tinne was there, there were about forty souls or eight families in Paradise. Sir G. Grey, it is believed, intended to increase the number of inhabitants to about two hundred. At that time there was what licensed victuallers and their customers would, no doubt, consider a great drawback even to Paradise; for Sir George enforced strictly temperance regulations, and no one was allowed to import spirits or beer into the island except for medical purposes. It is to be feared that, by this time, if the population has been increased according to intention, the little Paradise has, notwithstanding its almost perfect climate, been the scene of much sickness and medical attendance.

#### TREATMENT OF ANIMALS.

THAT men and women, and especially wives, are kicked to death, particularly in Liverpool, is unfortunately but too well known. It is far less common to find that sort of destruction dealt out to the lower animals. Not very long ago, however, at the Marylebone police court, a wretch was sentenced to three months' imprisonment, with hard labour, for having kicked a horse to death. It appeared that the ruffian, a stableman, had 'beaten, flogged, and kicked a horse in the stable, because it drew back from timidity' (not unnaturally, if it had any previous acquaintance with the ruffian), 'when he attempted to put a collar on its neck.' The stableman, having thus had his

temper ruffled, and feeling that he required a gentle sedative, 'went to another horse, which appears to have been entirely guiltless of any offence, and, to relieve the irritation of his temper, kicked it severely, then tied it up by its neck, and again kicked it as hard as he could. The wretched animal then fell down, when, in spite of the remonstrances of one of his fellow-stablemen, he got a whip and flogged it with the butt-end until it rose from the ground.' He himself admitted that he had kicked the horse about thirty times, and that he had given it about thirty or forty blows with the butt-end of the whip. The result was that 'the victim of his cruelty died a few days later from the effects of the injuries it had received.' This dreadful story brought to mind the fact, that the celebrated Friends in Council had discussed the question of animals and their masters. One of the friends playfully recommends the practice of downright courtesy towards animals, declaring that 'they are very appreciative of politeness, and observant of the reverse. They have a great objection to be laughed at.' As for the vast area occupied by the subject of the cruelties practised upon animals, a friend points out that some idea of its vastness may be obtained from an enumeration of the chief amongst the heads under which the subject might be divided: 'The cruelties inflicted upon beasts of draught and burden; the cruelties inflicted in the transit of animals used for food; the cruelties inflicted upon pets; the cruelties perpetrated for what is called science; and, generally, the careless and ignorant treatment manifested in the sustenance of animals from whom you have taken all means and opportunities of providing for themselves.'

Amongst the cruelties inflicted upon beasts of draught and burden is mentioned an atrocity commonly called a 'bearing-rein.' This atrocity is, undoubtedly, still very common; but it has for very many years been, from time to time, severely censured, and personal observation would lead to the conclusion that, though it has not been abandoned, it has been very much modified. A friend bears out the correctness of this personal observation by remarking that, 'as a general rule, the educated man who drives his own horses, and learns to know something about them, slackens this bearing-rein, or leaves it off altogether.' On the other hand, it is urged that 'the coachman, who has some familiarity with the animal, is uncultured, and has not the slightest notion of the real effect of this rein. The cultivated master or mistress, who knows, or might by a few words be taught, the mischief of this rein, and the discomfort which it causes the animal, is often so unfamiliar with the animal that he or she is quite unobservant of the way in which it is treated, and does not understand its mode of expressing its discomfort.' And an illustrative anecdote is told about one of the friends themselves. That particular friend, who is described as being 'fonder of the lower animals than of men,' but totally innocent of any knowledge of horse-flesh, and who is good-humouredly taunted with not having driven a pair of horses since he left college, was one fine day created Attorney-general. His coachman, who was as absurd as most other coachmen about this detestable bearing-rein, tightened it in honour of the master's rising fortunes; and the master, for all his love of animals, never

noticed how the horses he loved were made to suffer, in order to do more credit to his increase of dignity. In this case, the cruelty, though it may not have been of a very heinous description, may be traced to twofold ignorance—that of the coachman, who, through want of culture, did not know what is due even to the lower animals; and that of the master, who, through want of familiarity with horses and their gear, could not give the instructions which his culture would have prompted. This twofold ignorance, again, is the cause of constructive cruelty in another way; for 'pretty nearly half the diseases of the domestic animals are the result of a direct violation of the laws of nature upon the part of the owners of the animals,' the owners, from want of knowledge, being obliged to leave everything to persons devoid of culture.

As regards cruelty practised in the transit of animals, one of the friends, having been a member of the Transit of Animals Committee, was peculiarly well qualified to speak; and though, in consequence of the representations of that committee, certain improvements were introduced, we may, undoubtedly, still adopt his language, and say that 'much remains to be done.' Some people argue, that human care, to as great an extent as is possible, will be insisted upon and exercised by the owner of cattle, from motives of personal interest. The fallacy of this argument, which it was once the fashion to urge in favour of slave-owners and slave-dealers, is, unfortunately, proved by stern facts; and one very good reason why the cattle-owners are not more careful on the point of humanity is, that they have been accustomed, from the very first, to calculate upon, and make allowance for, a certain amount of loss. Besides, one cattle-owner is in the habit of contenting himself with the reflection that, on the whole, he does not lose more than another; and, until it becomes quite clear to him that a little more humanity would give him a commercial advantage over his competitors, he will not see why he should be the first to begin a course which is commercially doubtful, but which is quite certain at the outset to cause him additional trouble and additional expense. Moreover, however great the culture, and however good the intentions of a cattle-owner, he must be dependent upon all sorts of hirelings, over the majority of whom he can exercise no sort of supervision, and have no sort of control. The friend, when asked for practical remedies against this kind of cruelty, could only suggest that the inquirer should follow the example of Lady Burdett Coutts, who has given prizes for the encouragement of humanity to animals; should read up the subject (a great deal of evidence has been given upon it before Committees of the House of Commons); and should, meanwhile, shew an interest in the doings of that excellent Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, and of other societies that have like objects in view. It must be evident, after a little thought, 'that improvement in the treatment of animals depends upon many small things which it would be almost impossible to enumerate, and the value of which would only be appreciated by those who are conversant with the particular branch of the subject to which these small remedies refer.' For instance, you would hardly believe, says the friend to his fellows, 'unless you had heard the evidence of experts, how much can be done to improve the

transit of animals by sea, by such regulations as the following, the adoption of which is recommended by the Transit of Animals Committee: "The floors of each pen should be provided with battens or other footholds; and ashes, sand, sawdust, or other suitable substance, should be so strewed on the floors of the pens, and on the decks and gangways, as to prevent the animals from slipping." A whole host of evils could be avoided by these simple regulations.' It has been said that an Italian, if remonstrated with for ill-treatment of his beast, would answer, without any of those angry oaths whereby an Englishman, under similar circumstances, betrays his inner consciousness of his ruffianism, and with a pleasant smile of surprise and amusement: 'Non è Cristiano!' We are not quite so bad as that; there is nothing so hopeless as cruelty on principle, and, moreover, with a sort of religious sanction.

As regards the cruelty of keeping pets, one of the friends says that it goes against the grain with him to use so harsh a term of so amiable a weakness, 'and for this especial reason, that the young people who keep pets are generally, in after-life, those who are the best friends to animals.' Still, he does think that there is a great deal of cruelty in keeping pets—not so much directly as indirectly. There can be no doubt whatever of the barbarities frequently employed in those devices by which pets are caught and tamed, and rendered amusing; and there can be no doubt that we make pets of creatures which were never meant to be made pets of, so far as what they were or were not meant for can be gathered from certain visible signs. Of course, this remark applies chiefly to the feathered creation. But, on the other hand, there are some birds, such as parrots and cockatoos, which, if longevity and apparently uproarious spirits go for anything, cannot be said to pine away in the confinement of a cage, varied by occasional constitutional upon a balustrade, or an area-railing, or a window-sill, or even upon the shoulders and necks of their tormentors, and which can be taught, without the slightest cruelty, not only to divert their owners and their owners' friends with a choice selection of diabolical noises, but also to 'speak like a book.' Indeed, the allegation of cruelty in the mere keeping of pets is somewhat difficult to maintain; and the term certainly would be most wrongly and idiotically applied in the case of those creatures, such as cats and dogs, which really appear to like the society of human beings. One would be inclined to say that, so far as pets, when they have once become pets, are concerned, the cruelty practised towards them consists chiefly in over-coddling, over-feeding, and whatever else arises from thoughtless indulgence, and wilful or ignorant disregard of an animal's natural constitution. Many a bad quarter of an hour, too, must be passed by the dog, evidently worthy of a better fate, whose eyes, as he waddles, in his overcoat of many colours, a few yards behind his mistress, are turned wistfully but helplessly towards the spot where half-a-dozen of his poorer relations are having a low but exhilarating romp in the public streets. He sends after them one feeble bark of mingled protest at their rude behaviour, and regret that he can't join in it; and, with drooping tail, trudges along in the path of respectability, much as a Buttons, nearly broken-in to service, may be seen carrying a

parcel dolefully behind the young ladies, and, all the while, casting furtive glances of despair and envy at the ragamuffins playing leap-frog in the road. But then Buttons should reflect that man is born to misery, but dogs, for all that appears, are not.

As regards cruelties inflicted upon animals in the cause of science, one of the friends speaks of the barbarities that go on under the pretentious name of scientific investigation; and another says of vivisection, that the very word makes his flesh creep. The difficulty of the question is increased, if it be true, as the friends generally seem to think, that nothing but culture and enlightenment will satisfactorily secure the proper treatment of animals; for one is disposed to ask at the outset where, if not amongst men of science, one would look for culture and enlightenment, and yet those are the very men who are accused of cruelty. However, one is very much inclined to agree with the friend who maintains that it is a crime to make experiments upon animals for the sake of illustrating some scientific fact that has already been well ascertained, adding, that 'you might as well say that it is desirable to put wretched dogs into the *Grotta del Cane* [a cave near Naples] for the purpose of proving that the air in that grotto is mephitic.'

As regards the cruelties of sport, there is another question about which mankind may go on disputing until doomsday. It is probable, however, that not many amongst the superior order of even sportsmen themselves would have much to say in favour of pigeon-matches, and other such things, which a friend describes as poor, contemptible, and brutalising transactions. The friend expresses his wonder that women can 'assist' at such entertainments; but, if one thing be more certain than another, it is that, whether the entertainment be a fight of gladiators in a Roman amphitheatre, or a Spanish bull-fight, or an English pigeon-match, there, so long as fashion and public opinion do not forbid, women will congregate, not so much, perhaps, to see, as to be seen. The same friend, alluding to another sort of cruelty, says: 'I think women could do a great deal in this matter, as indeed they can in most social matters; but it does not seem to have struck him that, even if women were not rather inclined to follow than to lead, as they have been from time immemorial until now, when there is a spasmodic attempt being made to render them more independent and original in action, there would be obstacles in the way of making the treatment of animals a social matter in the sense in which it would be universally subject to the influence of women. The cases in which women can, and do make their power felt and respected are, for the most part, cases in which their personal presence exercises sway, or in which the instincts of sex may be counted upon to produce all but unanimity; whereas it is obvious that cases involving the treatment of animals would but seldom be of that sort. 'It is very little,' as the friend says, 'that direct legislation can do in this matter. We can only rely upon the force of enlightened public opinion.'

\* *Animals and their Masters.* By the author of *Friends in Council*. Strahan & Co.

Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, 47 Paternoster Row, LONDON, and 339 High Street, EDINBURGH. Also sold by all Booksellers.

# CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

OF  
POPULAR

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

*Fourth Series*

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS.

No. 586.

SATURDAY, MARCH 20, 1875.

PRICE 1½d.

## THE GOSPEL OF IDLENESS.

WE are glad to see that what we have called the 'Gospel of Idleness'—by which we mean the preaching of extravagantly short hours of daily labour, and numerous holidays in the course of the year, on the specious pretence of 'recreation'—is beginning to be spoken of doubtfully, if not absolutely repudiated. No one can reasonably find fault with a proper degree of recreation from labour, with a view to health and mental improvement. But all depends on devoting the hours and days of recreation to these objects. As far as we have been able to observe, recreation for the most part signifies loitering vaguely in the streets, drinking, and wasteful expenditure of means. Now, we cannot but consider this a hateful result of the movement for short hours, and an increasing clamour for holidays. Excessively hard work in any calling is bad enough, and not to be justified, but sheer idleness and mis-expenditure, without a compensating advantage, are worse. We are not to forget that the greatness of England was not produced by idleness, but by prolonged, earnest thought, the diligence which, each in his own sphere, maketh rich. Let visionaries say what they will, we knew that a period would arrive when the wastefulness of time and money arising out of so-called 'recreation' would begin to be repudiated as mischievous. In our own small way, we have spoken the truth on the subject, and are pleased to think that a most intelligent contemporary, the *Daily News*, as follows, takes a view analogous to our own.

'The holidays which public opinion has begged employers to give to those whom they employ, are not productive of all the good which was expected; and some employers, not moved by selfishness, say that such holidays, as they are used at present, lead to nothing but mischief, and that often of a permanent kind. A holiday to a number of working men and their wives, as it is seen in the imagination of amiable people, who know nothing of excursion trains, is a beautiful and idyllic thing. They look on it in

connection with those wagon-loads of children whom they have seen, on a bright May morning, being driven away to Epping or Wimbledon for a picnic—with a lusty band playing airs, with the children shouting for pure delight, and the grave superintendent sharing out such lumps of cake as might provision a Carlist regiment. If the grown-up folks would only enjoy themselves somewhat in this fashion, well and good. No one expects them to spend the day in the British Museum. It is something that they should be dragged away from the wearing monotony of their work; that they should inhale a breath or two of fresh air; that they should have a whole day in which to cultivate the society of their neighbours and acquaintances. What if they wear picturesque garments, and march in procession to the Crystal Palace?—a little theatrical display can do no harm. Better still if they catch the early morning train to Brighton, and drink in the fresh air on the sands, and have a look at the Aquarium, before coming back, tired, and yet contented, to their own home. All this is very nice; but any one who has been present at the incoming of a Whit-Monday excursion train knows to what proportion of the passengers it can fairly be applied. Of course, a very considerable number do know how to use such a holiday; their account of it would probably delight the amiable persons we have mentioned above. But, on the other hand, the drunkenness which prevails among the weaker brethren—and sometimes sisters, we are sorry to add—is alarming; and not the least distressing of its results is to send many an ordinarily steady workman off on a career of dissipation for many days to come. We do not speak of these things to denounce them in a Pharisaic spirit; it is enough to state the fact, in explanation of the doubts expressed by some people as to the unmixed good of these multiplying holidays. Those who actually go and thus abuse the opportunity granted them of innocently and healthfully amusing themselves, would probably not think themselves very much disgraced by their conduct. "Ah, well, master," they would say,

"it's all very well to talk ; but it isn't often we have a chance of taking a drop with a few friends ; and holidays don't come often in our way." The whole mischief of the situation lies in the fact, that these people simply look on a holiday as an opportunity for thus taking a drop—a good many drops—with their friends. They would regard the fashion in which a French or German family spends a holiday in the country as the very dullest of all possible performances. Now we are far from saying that, because a certain number of people misuse a public holiday, the holiday should be abolished ; but the fact that it is misused is continually brought forward by mistresses, foremen in public works, shopkeepers, and other employers, as the groundwork of their opposition to the ever-advancing liberty now claimed by those in their service.

On the part of the press, this seems like a return to common-sense, and, in the interests of all classes, we hail it accordingly. We cannot offer a very enlarged experience regarding the wastefulness of holidays in the south, such as are above referred to, and to do so is unnecessary. What has fallen under our notice is sufficient. From personal observation, we can aver that the letting loose of large masses of people from one or more days of ordinary industrial employment, has acted most injuriously on the population, causing not only a loss of means, but implanting habits of idleness and depravity. For this extravagance in sheer idleness, the railways, with their huge excursion-trains, and the large river-steamers, are chiefly answerable. We could point to a small town, situated picturesquely on a river of historical interest, with surroundings the most tranquil and enjoyable, which suddenly, on certain days in the year, is thrown into a state of wild commotion by the arrival of fifteen hundred men and women, whose main object, apparently, consists in spending nine or ten hours in riot and drunkenness. Instead of sallying forth to enjoy the beauties of nature, and benefiting by a day of fresh air and sunshine, the bulk of them spend the whole time in public-houses, and, in reality, never see the neighbourhood at all. Then, what a scene ensues at departure ! Crowds in a tipsy condition staggering to the railway station. Some lying drunk in the perturbed thoroughfares, and carried to the train in barrows ; the native population, with but a handful of police, being meanwhile distracted with the undesired visit of the unruly excursionists.

Bad enough all this in inland towns, but nothing to compare with the scenes on the Clyde, where, by means of numerous steamers, there occurs at certain seasons a frightful saturnalia. Landing at some tranquil and beautiful spot, environed by Highland mountains, thousands of holiday excursionists spread themselves abroad, intent, for the most part, on the wildest revelry. The grounds of quiet villas are unceremoniously overrun. Danting and carousing, shouts and execrations, salute the eye and ear ; and the day of so-called recreation ends in a state of general disorder—waste of means and health indescribable, without a single redeeming advantage. Preachers of the Gospel of Idleness perhaps mean well, but we humbly suggest that their counsels are inapplicable

to an existing state of things. Rational recreation from toil is an art, with which the masses generally, we regret to say, appear to be unacquainted, and we see the consequences. W. C.

### AGAIN BEHIND THE SCENES.

THERE is a general notion that actors begin as a set of stage-struck youths, who get employment from managers of theatres by shewing off their capacity to recite passages in plays from memory. There may at one time have been cases of this kind—the speech of young Norval being a sort of test as regards rhetorical effect. We certainly have heard of a lad who imagined he could fill the part of Norval with advantage, finishing himself at once by the disregard of a full stop :

My name is Norval on the Grampian Hills—

'That will do,' said the manager ; 'you will not answer.' Had the poor fellow only put a stop, or even the short pause of a semicolon after Norval, all might have been well. Except, possibly, among strolling companies, such tests are not now heard of. Acting is a matter of hard study, earnest thought, ingenious aptitude, and power of simulation—not a thing of rant and gesticulation.

The provincial theatre may be said to be the school where the young aspirant usually picks up the rudiments of his education for the stage ; and as a rule, he gets his first engagement from a dramatic agent, and commences his career as 'utility.' Having got little or nothing by way of instruction, the young actor has to look forward to rising in his profession as depending almost solely upon his own ability and exertions. If he speak too low, he receives a stern reminder from the gods to 'speak up.' If he be playing with a 'star,' and fails to support that dignitary with becoming power, he hears of it afterwards from both star and manager ; and though, poor fellow, he may be letter-perfect in his part, he has probably failed in the 'business.' On the proper performance of this business, we may here remark, much of the success of a piece depends ; and it may almost be said that apart from the mere studying of the words of a play, the perfecting of the accompanying business is an art in itself. No actor, however great his memory be for the author's words, is admissible for any important piece until he is intelligently and mechanically perfect in the performance of such duties as the handing of a chair, the removal of his hat, cane, and gloves, and placing them carelessly or otherwise on a table or sofa ; the positions he takes on the stage when addressing or addressed, or in passing to and fro ; the exact place from which he enters, and that at which he leaves the stage. These and a hundred other apparent trifles are in reality indispensable for the success of a play, and the careful observance of which forms not the least important part of stage education.

When, after considerable practice, the young actor has gone through the drudgery of utility-man (or man of all subordinate work), and, by various grades, has assumed the 'rôle' of, say, walking gentleman ; and, if he has succeeded well enough to raise himself in the esteem of his manager or managers ; and, better still, if he has become a favourite with his audiences, he turns his attention to London itself. There, partly

through a Dramatic Society, partly through the influence of friends, but chiefly from his own perseverance, he seeks to push his way. He is provided with bills, in which his name figures in various parts, as performed by him in the provinces. He has most likely had experience as Walking-gentleman, Heavy Ruffian, Lead, or Light or Low Comedy, &c. These, together with his *carte-de-visite*, are the credentials that shew he has 'taken his degrees;' and with them and a little influence at his back, our quondam 'utility' of the provinces begins his metropolitan career, perhaps to 'star it' himself some day.

Having in this way, little by little, got so far on in his career, and arrived in London, the actor looks about him in the neighbourhood of Bow Street, Covent Garden, and thereabouts, in search of one or other of the dramatic agency offices that are situated in that quarter. Finding what he wants, he pays a fee, and enters himself as a candidate for performing in tragedy, comedy, opera, melodrama, farce, pantomime, or whatever else he considers to be his rôle. It is quite a business affair. The offices in question do not, in outward aspect, differ greatly from what are seen in commercial concerns in the City; the only variation being that, instead of lists of shipping and commercial ledgers, there are gigantic albums full of photographs of applicants and walls decorated with portraits of famous actors and actresses. When circumstances offer, the actor enters into a formal engagement to commence his duties at a specified date, and binds himself to abide by the rules and regulations of the theatre to which he is sent. Such engagements may turn out unhappily—various stoppages may be made on salaries—and 'seasons,' during which a livelihood is expected, may prove vexatiously short; but for these and some other contingencies there is no resource. At London and other principal theatres, engagements are sometimes made for the run of a 'specialty' or particular piece; but if the specialty prove a failure, the actors and actresses have to submit to the most vexatious disappointment and pecuniary loss. How little the public know of the anxieties, and, it may be, the pinching poverty, endured by many estimable but unfortunate artists in the theatrical profession!

The remuneration to performers ranges in salaries varying from about three shillings a week to a hundred pounds a night. The first sum is paid to children performing in pantomimes. Supernumeraries, or 'supers,' as they are termed, receive from one shilling to eighteenpence nightly. The payment of members of the *corps de ballet* ranges from fourteen to twenty-five shillings a week. In London, managers pay higher salaries than those of the provinces; and the former will not hesitate to pay a good, though not particularly popular actor, fifteen pounds a week. A 'leading man' (first walking-gentleman) gets from three to five guineas in the provinces; 'utility,' from eighteen shillings to a guinea. In all cases, whether as regards actors or actresses, there is a tariff of fines for petty shortcomings, such as not being punctual at rehearsals, and these may amount to a serious deduction on weekly earnings. In exacting these fines, some managers are alleged to be severe, but we can easily understand that unless scrupulous discipline were maintained, the establishment would lose its credit. Of course, the

great ambition of every performer is to rise to be a 'star,' which is equivalent to entering the aristocracy of the profession, with the envied privilege of being courted, instead of courting. Some stars of brilliant accomplishments realise a revenue of several thousands a year. Stars, but not of the highest magnitude, usually arrange to share the receipts of the house after the manager has taken a stipulated sum; stars of eminence usually arrange for a clear half of the night's receipts; and in this way, certain extremely popular actors and singers of our day may occasionally net a hundred pounds, or even more, a night.

Exposed to disastrous contingencies, and with a consciousness that powers, however brilliant, will some day decay, or be thrown into the shade by fresh competitors, actors and actresses for the greater part become members of dramatic societies, established for purposes of life-insurance. These institutions are a vindication against the charge commonly brought to bear on professional improvidence. Of these really benevolent societies, there are the Covent Garden Theatrical Fund, which was instituted in 1760; Drury Lane Theatrical Fund, instituted in 1775, for the support of decayed actors and actresses of Her Majesty's company of comedians, their widows and their children, and open to those only who have played in these two patent theatres; and the Royal General Theatrical Fund, instituted in 1839. All these institutions serve to protect and aid their subscribers in sickness, poverty, and trial; and when we mention the Dramatic, Equestrian, and Musical Sick Fund Association, we have said enough to shew their in exclusiveness. In the words of our greatest humorist: 'They are societies which include every actor, whether he be Hamlet or Benedict, or the Ghost, or the Bandit, or the Court Physician, or, in the one person, the king's whole army. Be the path in the profession never so high, or never so low, never so haughty, or never so humble, these societies open their portals, and appeal to a class of men to take care of their own interests, to obtain their own right, to no man's wrong; so that when in old age, or in disastrous times, he makes his claim on the institution, he is enabled to say, I am neither a beggar, a vagabond, nor a suppliant; I am but reaping what I sowed long ago.' The total capital of the General Theatrical Fund alone amounts at present to something near fourteen thousand pounds; and for a sum paid annually, much less than that charged by an ordinary life-assurance society, the actor may, at the age of sixty, retire on a comfortable independence. Passing by, for want of space, that most excellent of institutions, the stage 'hospital,' or Dramatic College, to which any poor actor or actress, who has attained a certain age, is eligible, we dismiss the subject of this class of dramatic societies by merely noticing the Dramatic, Equestrian, and Musical Fund, by which, for a mere trifle laid by in health and strength, the actor is relieved in sickness, or enabled in poverty to travel distances in quest of new engagements. He is further relieved in various ways, when otherwise he might be crippled for want of funds. It helps him in life, and buries him at death.

We come now to a remarkable association connected with theatrical affairs; it is an institution known as the Dramatic Authors' Society; its object being the protection of the plays of authors.



who are members, and for a common action in the securing of their rights. Every dramatist who has produced a play at a first-class theatre is eligible to be proposed as a member, the entrance-fee being nominal, and no further charge being made. Under the Copyright Act, an author can establish a claim to a penalty of two pounds and costs for each representation of any piece played without his consent. The Dramatic Authors' Society publish a list of pieces. This catalogue embraces not only the manuscripts of nearly every piece that has attained to any degree of popularity, but almost every modern tragedy, comedy, opera, melodrama, vaudeville, interlude, burlesque, or pantomime that is published; leaving a manager who declines negotiations, to choose his season's programme from only the standard tragedies and comedies of a date antecedent to the society's inauguration, or to make arrangements for playing the pieces of men who are non-members of the society.

Not uncommonly, it happens that where an actor or actress makes a hit in a certain character, as in the case, for instance, of Mr Sothorn in *Our American Cousin*, the manuscript is purchased, and the piece can be acted only by permission of the purchaser. This has been usually the case with the more recent successes; in other cases, the author receives a certain sum for each night during its performance. In consequence of the glut of manuscripts London managers receive from authors of every grade, there might be no real necessity for the former to subscribe to the society; but there is scarcely a provincial manager of note who is not on the society's books.

In some cases, plays are written to the order of professionals and managers, and a certain sum paid to the writers before even the piece is produced. This, we believe, was the case with Bulwer's *Money*. The prices paid to popular dramatists are very great, amounting to some hundreds of pounds. Managers not unfrequently have manuscripts in their possession which have been paid for, but which have not been, and probably never will be, produced. The society's scale of charges to managers is, according to the class of theatre, either so much for the season, or so much per night, as follows: First Class—tragedy or five-act play, two pounds; three-act drama, one guinea; farce or burlesque, twelve shillings and sixpence. Second-class theatres are charged half of these sums, and third-class, a fourth. Nothing can be more thoroughly illustrative of the fact that there is no friendship in business, than the stern, unbending, and uncompromising method with which the society carries out its arrangements. The rules are like the laws of the Medes and Persians; neither distress nor misfortune can 'move it one inch from the determined purpose of its soul.' The week's playbills must be duly forwarded every Saturday by the provincial manager; and woe to the luckless wight who fails to send with the bills the weekly fee. By the next post, he will very likely receive a sharp reminder. The society has been compelled to adopt very stringent rules and measures through the shuffling propensities of too many theatrical directors, who care not on whose brains, or, for that matter, bodies, they live, for the sake of a night's receipts. Notwithstanding the untiring zeal, energy, and urgency of their proceedings, the society is defrauded yearly of hundreds of pounds.

It is to be regretted that unscrupulous managers sometimes evade all rule. It has in some instances happened that an expert shorthand writer has been sent to take down the dialogue of some new play. Translated into long-hand, it has subsequently been produced, and played long and successfully in some obscure country town, with only the title and names of the characters changed; the society, in the meantime, remaining ignorant of the entire transaction. Changing the name of the piece and characters is a principle adopted invariably by small companies who are unable or unwilling to pay the fee, but who deem it possible their playbills may meet the eye of the vigilant secretary through the dramatic news-organ, the *Kra*. As the simplest means of avoiding claims, we find managers announcing—'The performance will conclude with a favourite farce; characters by the entire strength of the company.' No doubt, by tricks of this kind, managers in struggling circumstances frequently escape payment for the use of particular pieces. Yet, notwithstanding these drawbacks, the society for the protection of dramatic copyright is a successful and valuable institution. Through its agency, aged writers of plays and small pieces of different kinds which retain their popularity, are able to draw out existence with a degree of comfort which would not otherwise fall to their lot.

## WALTER'S WORD.

### CHAPTER XXIII.—A FRIEND IN NEED.

It is not very easy, even to the best of us, to own we are in the wrong, even when we are so; but to sit silent under unmerited reproaches, is to obtain a moral victory of the very highest order.

Walter Litton had been to blame in allowing his host to deceive himself as to the Philippa having been an accidental likeness of his married daughter, but he had done so solely in her interest; the old merchant had laid great stress upon the undesigned coincidence; had tacitly, in fact, almost acknowledged his coming upon the picture in the Academy as a providential arrangement to turn his heart towards a reconciliation with his exiled child; and Walter, even if left to himself in the matter—and not, as we know he was, exhorted by another to concealment—would not perhaps have had the courage to undeceive him. It was a venial sin at worst, and had no selfish ends; yet, not only had a selfish end been imputed to him, and had he been punished for it, but others twenty times more blameworthy, and who had profited by his offence, had stood by in silence, while he was condemned. It was, as we have said, the bent of Walter's mind, whenever the first gust of resentment had passed away from it, to seek for some palliation in those who angered him; but in this case his charity could find no excuse for them. The old merchant himself, he did not blame; it was only reasonable that he should have imputed to him a selfish motive for a deception which was otherwise inexplicable; the reconciliation with the Solwyns had become so complete by this time, that he did not see 'the join'; now that the thing had been effected, the actual circumstances by which it had been brought about were forgotten; and besides, it was painful to him to revert to them. Moreover, Mr Brown

had been as clay in the cunning hands of the widow, for whom it was evident he entertained a warmer feeling than the aunt of one's son-in-law usually inspires. He was an honest old fellow, with some worthy qualities; and the young artist did not forget, notwithstanding his late calumnious words, that he had shewn himself friendly disposed towards him.

Nor did Walter feel the least animosity against Lotty: that there was some soreness in connection with her conduct towards him, was but natural, but it did not rankle; he transferred, as it were, what wrong she had done him to her husband's account, to whom he was already so considerably indebted in that way. The menace which Sir Reginald had uttered when Walter had declined to give any promise as respected Lillian—a promise, by-the-by, which he had given to Lotty without the least compulsion—had been carried out to the uttermost. He could not but conclude that his ejection from Willowbank had been decided upon by Selwyn and his aunt long before it took place, and that it would have been accomplished that evening, somehow; the exhibition of the picture had happened to furnish an opportunity, but, in any case, one would have been found. Curiously enough, his feelings towards his former friend were not so bitter as against the widow; she had, it is true, obvious reasons for being hostile to him, first, because he had shewn himself indifferent to her; and secondly, because she had matrimonial designs upon the old merchant, to which his presence would be more or less of an obstacle. He was not so ignorant of woman's nature but that he understood how those two causes of dislike—which to mere masculine sense would appear incompatible—were cumulative; and so far he forgave her. But what he resented—nay, what he hated her for—was, that she, a woman, had joined with Reginald against Lillian. From what the latter had hinted, he knew that Mrs Sheldon's designs upon Mr Brown were most distasteful to his daughter, and he felt that they would not be encouraged by Sir Reginald, as they obviously were, unless some treaty had been entered into between the two relatives, the nature of which it was not difficult to guess. If Mrs Sheldon should marry Mr Brown, her influence with him would doubtless be used to the uttermost to prevent Lillian from marrying anybody, so that Sir Reginald, by right of his wife, should be his sole heir. Walter did not go so far even in his thoughts as to accuse them of speculating upon her death; though she was certainly delicate and ailing, and it was very doubtful if this expedition abroad would not do her more harm than good; but it was clear that she was slipping into the hands of two persons, both of powerful will, and whose interests were diametrically opposed to her own. Moreover, she had acknowledged, with respect to one of them, that she looked forward with apprehension to bodily ailment, lest, through weakness, she should be unable to cope with him. 'We have no friend in the world, Mr Litton,' she had said, speaking of her sister and herself, 'but you.'

This was the consideration that pressed upon Walter's mind, as he walked home that night from Willowbank, and pressed with such weight and urgency as made his own humiliation light indeed. That he loved Lillian, he no longer attempted to

conceal from himself; but it was at least with no selfish love. Many men, upon having had their social relations with a man like Mr Christopher Brown thus summarily broken off, would have felt themselves justified in acting quite independently of him with respect to his daughter; like *détenus* who have been harshly treated and imprisoned, they would have considered themselves no longer on parole. But it was not so with Litton. He was a man of sensitive honour, and he could not forget that the old merchant had admitted him to his house, whether as guest or artist, upon the tacit understanding, that he would not abuse his position by wooing his daughter; moreover, he had promised Lotty not to press a hopeless suit; not to make Lillian still more wretched than she was by the confession of a love which could never be realised. He now knew, from her sister's lips, that she returned his love; but yet it behoved him to keep his word.

His distress and anxiety upon her own account, however, were so extreme, that he determined to seek the advice of another as to some remedy for her position. Hitherto, he had held her as a sacred thing, aloof from others; just as (it must be confessed) he had of old held Lotty; and had never made her the topic of his talk even with honest Jack Pelter, although the latter was by no means ignorant of her existence, and had perhaps drawn his own conclusions with respect to the feelings that his young friend entertained towards her. Jack was not one to be curious in regard to his friend's affairs, and the last man in the world to seek for information, where it was evident that confidence was withheld from him; but he was also capable of taking in his friend's welfare an interest, we do not say more lively than in his own, for to that he was too often deaf and blind, but one which would even lead him to take trouble, which was the thing he hated more even than the hanging committee of the Academy. Of Jack's friendship, Walter stood in no doubt whatever; it was only of his power to aid him in this matter that he doubted; and yet, in the present strait, he felt that even if no aid should be forthcoming, but only sympathy, it would be very grateful to him. It could not be said that any actual responsibility rested upon him, and yet he had a sense of something like it—of a weight that it behoved him to get another pair of shoulders, provided they were willing ones, to share. Bohemian as Jack was in his habits, and what is called 'feckless' as regarded his own affairs, Walter had found his advice, upon those matters in which he had consulted it, very sensible and sound; the only thing that made him pause, was the fear that Pelter might not handle this exceedingly delicate subject with due respect; that the counsel he might receive would be couched in terms of raillery and ridicule, every word of which would have a barb for him; for his heart was sore. Nevertheless, he made up his mind to speak with Jack. The opportunity was not long in coming, for he found his friend at home and alone, swathed in an old dressing-gown that might have suited the Grand Turk, had he been forced to pay his debts, a smoking-cap upon his head, and in his mouth, a pipe so short that it was a wonder it did not burn his beard. Such was the appearance of the oracle he designed to consult, while the source of its inspiration was indicated by a huge tumbler of whisky-and-water.

'What! back so soon, my lad, from the rich man's feast, and with such an anxious brow!' cried Pelter. 'Has his salmon, then, disagreed with you, or the cucumber?'

'Something *has* disagreed with me, Jack,' answered Walter gravely; 'but it was not the salmon, nor yet the cucumber.'

'Perhaps it was the company.'

'Well, yes; it *was* the company, though how you came to guess it, is more than I can understand.'

'Well, when a man comes home so early from a quiet dinner-party, as correct as you appear to be, it is manifest that he has been obliged to leave for some other indiscretion. There has been a quarrel, and probably about a woman.'

'No, Jack; there has been no quarrel, only an unfortunate misunderstanding.'

'Just so; and it has not been about a woman, but concerning a young lady, or an angel. You state the whole argument of the plot, whereas I only gave the synopsis.'

'To oblige me, Jack, would you be kind enough to be serious for the next half-hour,' pleaded Walter.

'The task is long, and, considering the world we live in, very difficult.'

'I will wait till to-morrow, Pelter,' said Walter with irritation.

'Nay, Walter; though I was proceeding to enjoy myself, as you can see, I am yet as steady as the Three per Cents. Nevertheless, to oblige you, and under protest that the operation is necessary, I will dip my head in cold water.' Whereupon, Mr Pelter rose with dignity, and marching into his bedroom with unfaltering steps, performed the ablution in question, and came back with a towel in his hand, and dripping like a water-dog. 'You arrested me on my way to happiness, Watty; but I have now retraced my steps, and am quite in a position to listen to your pitiful story.'

'It is not pitiful as regards myself, at all,' said Walter.

'It will be, if you don't take a pipe. I can't bear to see a fellow-creature without tobacco when I am smoking.—That's right; secure complete combustion, and then fire away.'

There were several pipes smoked both by listener and narrator, before Walter came to the end of his story. At first, his companion gave only so much attention as politeness demanded; but, as the tale proceeded, his interest seemed to increase, and every now and then was manifested by an observation or inquiry. When Walter described Selwyn's behaviour to him on the lawn, Jack chuckled aloud.

'Why do you laugh?' asked the other.

'Well, your friend was so very frank,' said he. "'I have married one of this man's daughters, and I mean to have the money of the other," was really too ingenuous.'

'Don't call him my friend, I beg,' said Walter bitterly.

'I obey you, my good fellow, very cheerfully. You will bear me witness, that, up to this moment, I have never said one word against Captain Selwyn; I have always respected your friendship for him, but I have long felt it to be misplaced. Sir Reginald Selwyn, Baronet of the United Kingdom'—for Walter had gone into details respecting matters at Willowbank—'may not be pusillani-

mous (since he fought at Balaklava), but he is a bad lot, that is certain.'

'I am afraid he is, and yet not worse than his aunt Sheldon.'

'His aunt Sheldon! Who is she?'

'Why, surely, I must have spoken to you of her before, as being the lady from whose house Sir Reginald was married?'

'You never mentioned her by name. There was a little veil, my friend, kept over all that happened during that expedition to Cornwall. I never sought to raise it, but I think at one time you had your reasons for being reticent about that matter. Without laying claim to any superhuman intelligence, it was plain to me that you were smitten very severely. Was it this widow that gave the wound?'

'No; it certainly was not; though, between ourselves, she tried to wound me. I should have thought this morning, that nothing would ever have induced me to mention such a thing; but the fact is, she is a most dangerous woman, as you shall hear.' Then he went on to speak of the apprehensions which Lilian had expressed to him; of the evident alliance that existed between Sir Reginald and his aunt; of the designs of the latter upon the old merchant; and of those events of the past evening with which we are already acquainted.

'And what am I to understand are your present relations with Miss Lilian?' inquired Pelter, when the other had come to an end.

'I love her; but I have not told her my love; nor do I mean to tell it. I have promised as much to her sister.'

'Upon the ground that such a declaration would make Miss Lilian more unhappy?'

'Yes.'

'But are you sure that it would do so?'

'I think so; since our marriage is so utterly out of the question.'

'It is unfortunate—mind, I don't say you are wrong—but it is unfortunate that you are so scrupulous, since you thus deprive yourself of any pretence for interference; you cannot even speak confidentially to Miss Lilian herself.'

'Oh, I think I could do that,' said Walter naively.

Jack smiled, but immediately resumed the look of judicial gravity which he had worn throughout the narrative.

'Well, you must warn her against this widow.'

'She needs no warning, my dear fellow. My impression is, that she distrusts her even more than Reginald. At present, you see, the poor girl has her father to appeal to; but should this woman become her stepmother, or even gain a permanent influence over the old man, she would be utterly defenceless.'

'Defenceless against what? You don't suppose they mean to take her abroad, and then, between them, to murder her for her money?'

'Heaven forbid! But they may kill her without intending it. She is weak and ailing even now; it is not change of scene, but change of society that she wants; cooped up with a tyrant, a slave, and an adventuress'—

'Why do you call this rich widow an adventuress?' interrupted Pelter sharply.

'There is only her own word for her being rich; she was certainly poor enough when I knew her, and what but poverty could induce her to lay siege to Mr Brown?'

Jack smiled again. 'There is no accounting for tastes, my good fellow; some ladies are very catholic in that way. Of course, it seems to you impossible that one who has made herself so agreeable to Walter Litton, should throw the handkerchief to any one else.'

'There is no pretence of affection in the matter, Pelter. She fools him to the top of his bent, and that so openly, that it is plain she feels she has hooked him. It seems to me the height of cruelty to let that poor girl leave England in such company.'

'But how do you propose to stop her? There is some ukase, I believe, beginning *Ne exeat regno*, but I don't know where it's to be got.'

'Of course, I can't stop her,' answered Walter, taking no notice of the last suggestion, 'nor, what is worse, can I stop this Mrs Sheldon from going with her, though I feel she will thus be in the worst hands she could be in. I had no hope, of course, that you would be able to help me in the matter, but I was so sore about it, and so miserable, that I could not keep my wretchedness to myself.'

'Poor boy, poor boy!' said Pelter softly. Then, after a little pause: 'It is not certain, however, that this lady intends to join the party in their tour abroad.'

'O yes, it is; she only pretended to hesitate. She is to communicate her decision to Lady Selwyn on Sunday. She made an appointment with her in the Botanical Gardens, for three o'clock.'

'How do people get into the Botanical Gardens on Sunday?'

'My dear Pelter, why, by members' tickets of course. Do you suppose they climb over the railings, or pay sixpence for a refreshment ticket, as they do at Cremorne?'

'I didn't know,' said Jack humbly. There was a long silence, during which Pelter pulled at his pipe with the gravity of a Red Indian at the council-fire.

'I suppose nothing can be done?' observed Walter dreamily.

'I am not sure, lad; still, I do think'—

'Think what? You have a plan in your head; I can see you have!' cried Walter joyfully.

'I felt I was getting bald,' replied Jack calmly, 'but I had hoped not so as to shew the brain. I have a plan, it is true, but I don't know that it will succeed.'

'But what do you think? I only ask you what you think?'

'Well, I honestly tell you, that I think Miss Lilian will marry a banker, about five years older than her father; that is how these things generally end.'

'I did not ask you that question, Pelter; I asked you whether you thought it possible that this woman, Mrs Sheldon, could be prevented from accompanying her abroad.'

'Why, yes, I think she could; that is, if you could only'—

'Only what? There is no sacrifice that I would not make—no trouble that I would not take, in order to accomplish that!'

'Well, then, if you could only get a couple of tickets for us two for the Botanical Gardens, next Sunday.'

'My dear Jack, I could get fifty! But how can that possibly help us?'

'That remains to be proved; but I believe it will. As to the "How," you must permit me to be silent upon that point just for the present.'

'O Jack, if you succeed, how shall I ever be able to thank you enough!'

'I don't know, I am sure; it will be a great personal sacrifice on my part, no doubt, because I have always avoided such places on principle. And then there's another objection; but there, in for a penny, in for a pound; one should never spoil a ship for a pound of tar.'

'What a real good friend you are, Jack! But what's the other objection?'

'Well, you know they won't allow a fellow to smoke in the Botanical Gardens.'

#### CHAPTER XXIV.—IN THE BOTANICAL GARDENS.

Walter believed in his friend Pelter implicitly. He was one, he knew, who not only never fell short of his promises, but was the last man to suggest a groundless hope. As to what device he had in his mind for hindering Mrs Sheldon from making one of the yachting-party to Italy, he would make no conjecture; but he was confident that the design was seriously entertained. He knew, too, that Jack was serious in requesting him to be silent upon the matter; but whether the self-sacrifice upon his friend's part was such as he had described it to be, he had grave doubts.

Those who were unacquainted with Pelter's character, or with the tenets of the class he belonged to, might well imagine that the talk of principle in such a matter as going to the Botanical Gardens was a mere joke, like his complaint of not being allowed to smoke there. But this, Walter knew, was not the case. Jack was a Bohemian of the first water. He hated society, and abjured all its pomps and ceremonies with as much earnestness as any young girl who 'takes the veil.' The latter sometimes becomes the Bride of Heaven, because an earthly husband has been denied her; but Jack could have been admitted into the world of fashion if he had been so minded, and he had resolutely kept out of it. He would go to no party for which it would have been necessary to have put on evening-dress, or, as he termed it, his go-to-meeting clothes. He would dine at no board at which smoking immediately after the meal was objected to. He would as soon have thought of voluntarily putting his feet into 'the Boots' of James II., used to correct the Covenanters, as into a pair of 'polished leathers.' He was quite incapable of understanding the feeling which prompts a conventional person to go to church in a high hat, in place of a wide-awake; instead of merely laughing at it, he detested it, and imagined what is a mere mechanical act of 'respectability,' to be significant of baseness of mind. The sort of man who thought that religion had anything to do with the shape of a hat, was honest Jack's aversion. He stood, in reality, on high moral ground, only, all his social prejudices being *inverted*, he seemed, to the common eye, to stand very low indeed.

Our views of mankind depend very much upon which end of the social telescope we apply to them. The true history of Life in Bohemia, though it has been once attempted, still remains to be written; it is a subject much too wide for these pages, but we may here observe of it, that its attractions are

apt to decrease, even more than is customary, with years. Whenever I see a gallant gay Bohemian, I cannot help inwardly saying to him, what Metternich said to the young gentleman who had not learned how to play whist: 'Ah, sir, what an old age are you preparing for yourself!' For it is observable of the whole Bohemian race, that when Time begins to tell upon them, they turn (like some wines, which, when drunk young, are very pleasant) a little acid. They are at no epoch, indeed, to be confounded with the great 'Pooh-pooh' school, with whom nothing is new, nothing is true, and everything is a bore, and to which they are vastly superior; but they arrive by another road at much the same place. They have no wife, to be called such, and no home worthy of the name; they have been generous to women, in thought as well as deed; but women are not grateful for such generosity; and an old age without a tender tie is deplorable. To that old age, though not yet past his meridian, poor Jack was tending fast; and, what was worse for him, he had the good sense to know it. His very affection for Walter was perhaps all the stronger, because he knew that it would be short-lived; that is, that a spot would one day be reached from which their paths must diverge, after which every step would widen the gulf between them. For Walter was no Bohemian, and Jack was far too good a fellow to attempt to proselytise him. As for himself, however, he would die in the Faith; and though—or perhaps because—he had already doubts of the happiness it was capable of conferring, he clung to it with greater obstinacy than ever. Thus it was no small matter that would have induced Mr Pelter to bow the knee to Baal, and present himself in an 'all-rounder' hat and coat of formal cut at the Botanical Gardens on a Sunday. The hat, indeed, would be purchased for the occasion; but as to the coat—'Do you think any of these will do?' inquired he of Walter, exhibiting to him the contents of his scanty wardrobe, which, to say truth, were rather of an artistic than fashionable make.

'My dear Jack, you look like a gentleman in anything,' said Walter assuringly.

'You are very good to say so,' replied his friend ruefully; 'though it strikes me that you have paid me a compliment at the expense of my tailor.'

But, nevertheless, Walter was right; it would have been impossible for any one of intelligence superior to that of a vestryman, to have mistaken Mr John Pelter for a snob.

Whatever he undertook to do, he did thoroughly, and having in this case abjured one principle, he proceeded to abjure another by insisting on punctuality.

'We should be at this place before your friends,' said he, 'if my plan is to take effect.'

'And may I now ask what that plan is?'

'No, my lad, if you would be so good, neither now nor ever; let it suffice you to note the result of it.'

Walter was much astonished, but, of course, said nothing, beyond promising to avoid the topic.

At half-past two, they accordingly presented themselves at the Gardens. The main body of fashionable folks had not yet arrived; but a few promenaders were walking up and down the lawn,

and the front row of chairs was fast filling with those who had come both to see and to be seen.

The two young men took their seats under a tree, from which they could watch those who entered by the chief turnstile.

'I shall know Lady Selwyn from your picture, I conclude?' observed Pelter.

'Well, I flatter myself you will; and as for Mrs Sheldon, you may recognise her'—

'Hush!' cried Pelter; 'there she is;' and, indeed, at that moment the widow entered the grounds.

'Why, how did you know?' was the question upon Walter's lips; but it was arrested by a glance at his companion's face, which had on the instant altered in a very remarkable manner. His florid complexion had become quite pale; his lips, generally parted, with a slight smile, had closed together tightly; and the expression of his eyes had grown severe almost to menace. 'Let me have a few minutes' talk with this lady alone,' said he quickly: and rising from his chair, he stepped down the long broad walk to meet her.

She was moving very leisurely, quietly scanning the row of faces, in search, no doubt, of Lady Selwyn; her attire was faultless, her air full of that careless grace which seems to ignore emotion of all kinds as vulgarity; when suddenly she dropped her veil, and turned as if to retrace her steps. She was not, however, permitted to do so alone; before she had got ten yards, Pelter overtook her, and taking his hat off, as to an old acquaintance, at once addressed her, and then attached himself to her side. As to what he said, Walter, of course, could make no guess; but whatever it was, the widow appeared to listen to it with grave attention, though exhibiting neither alarm nor surprise. Nay, when the end of the lawn was reached, instead of returning up it, like other promenaders, this pair betook themselves to a side-walk, and could be seen through the leafy screen evidently engrossed in talk. That Jack was 'thorough' in his views of friendship, and energetic enough when once roused to action, Walter was well aware; but that he should have thus sailed down upon a strange flag, and, as it were, piratically captured her, astounded him not a little. Was it possible, he had begun to think, that she was altogether a strange flag? when, under the trellised gateway, there appeared two persons, whose advent turned his thoughts at once into quite another channel.

Lilian and Lotty had entered the gardens. The latter, of course, Walter had expected to see; but the former's coming had been wholly unlooked for, and it filled him with an eager joy, which for the moment no prudent reflections could dispel. He had scarcely dared to hope to have speech with her before her departure abroad, or perhaps even ever again; he had steadfastly resolved not to seek a meeting with her; she should have, he had resolved, no further sorrow because of him; he loved her, and she knew it; but in leaving England, she should at least not have to break asunder an acknowledged tie. Such had been his resolute determination; but now, as she came slowly up the lawn with her beautiful face so pale and thoughtful, and her large eyes fixed sorrowfully upon the ground, his heart melted within him, and his resolutions with it. Her sister looked timorously from right to left, in search of her she had come to meet; but

Lilian, it was plain, had no anxiety upon that account; her thoughts were deeper, and he dared to hope that they might be busy with him. Though they were to be parted, and for ever, was it not right—or if it was wrong, was not the temptation irresistible, since the opportunity thus offered itself—to say to her a few simple words of farewell? He rose from his seat, and made his way towards them. Lady Selwyn was the first to see him; he saw her start and tremble, and knew that she was pressing her sister's hand, and whispering to her that he was near. Then Lilian looked up, crimson from brow to chin, but wearing such a happy smile, and held out her little hand.

'I am so glad to see you, Mr Litton.' If the light in her eyes was not love-light, thought Walter, it was the very best imitation of it that female ingenuity had yet discovered. It seemed as if Lilian was conscious of this too; that maidenly fear of having betrayed too much had seized her, for she added hastily: 'We are both so glad, because we feel that we owe you reparation.'

If Lady Selwyn was glad, she did not look so glad as she looked frightened. 'There are so many people here,' whispered she timidly; 'let us cross the broad walk to the other side.'

Indeed, their present locality, exposed to the line of a hundred pair of eyes and ears, was not one very suitable for explanations; whereas, upon the other side, there were no sitters, and but few walkers. So they crossed over.

'We have to apologise to you, Mr Litton—all of us,' continued Lilian with emphasis, 'for the treatment you so unjustly received at Willowbank the other evening'—

'I beg you will not do so,' interrupted Walter. 'any allusion to the matter must needs give you pain, and, therefore, give me pain; whereas, other wise I feel no pain at all. It could not be helped, and I perfectly understood why it could not be so.'

'It could be helped!' cried Lilian indignantly; 'it was cowardly and shameful!'

'Now, Lilian, dear,' broke in Lotty pleadingly, 'why go into that, when Mr Litton says he perfectly understands how we were all situated?'

'He was turned out of our house,' said Lilian, 'as though it had been he who had played a treacherous and dishonest part; while others, who were really to blame, made profit by it.'

'I entreat that you will say no more about it,' said Walter earnestly. 'What alone distresses me in the matter is the reflection, that your father must needs have so poor an opinion of me; but that will all come right in time, and, even if it does not, I have the satisfaction of feeling that I have been of some service to him, though he does not know it.'

'And to others who do know it, but have not acknowledged it,' added Lilian indignantly.

'For my part, Mr Litton,' said Lotty tearfully, 'I do acknowledge it, believe me, with all my heart. I am sure you have behaved most generously, and—like a gentleman.' Lilian laughed a bitter laugh, which, however, from its very bitterness, was sweet to Walter's ears. 'Let us hope,' continued her sister, 'that a time will come when it will be safe to tell dear papa the whole circumstances of the case; and then, I am sure, he will do full justice to you. I am afraid he must not know that we have met you here; and if Mrs Sheldon should see us, I am afraid'—

'We shall have quite enough of Mrs Sheldon for the next six months,' broke in Lilian haughtily; 'and what that woman may choose to say of us—of me at least—is a matter of the most supreme indifference to me. We were to meet here to receive her decision—about which she pretended to have some doubts—respecting her going abroad with us.'

'She is here already, but she has a friend with her,' added Walter quickly, as Lady Selwyn uttered a little cry of terror. 'We can keep out of her way, if you wish it; and if my company is really a source of alarm to you, I will withdraw at once.'

'Let us keep out of her way, by all means,' ejaculated Lady Selwyn, 'until you have done your talk.'

'I shall not move an inch out of Mrs Sheldon's way,' observed Lilian decisively; and since she did not tell Walter to withdraw, he staid.

'And when are you to start for Italy?' inquired he.

'We do not go to Italy at all, at least for the present, but to Sicily,' answered Lilian. 'Our first destination is Messina; but our plan is to coast round the island. I have proposed that, in hopes Mrs Sheldon may prove to be a bad sailor, in which case we shall leave her on shore.'

'O Lilian!' exclaimed Lotty reprovingly; 'and you know that Reggie himself is never quite happy on board ship.'

'We started Saturday, I believe, from Plymouth,' continued Lilian, without noticing this remonstrance.

'I trust the voyage may prove much pleasanter to you than you anticipated,' said Walter mechanically; 'and that your health may be restored by it.'

'As to my health,' sighed she, 'I cannot say; but if it be true that the bitterest medicine is often the most beneficial, it certainly ought to do me good. The thought of it is hateful to me; nay, more, if there be such a thing as a presentiment, if misfortune is ever permitted to cast its shadow before it, then, indeed, will evil come of it.' She shuddered, and drew her lace shawl around her, as though its fragile folds could give her warmth.

'Now, is it not childish of dear Lilian to go on like that, Mr Litton?' urged Lady Selwyn. 'I assure you this is what I have to listen to every day.'

'If I could only do anything to give you the least comfort,' murmured Walter beneath his breath.

'Indeed, you have done more for me, for all of us, already, than we deserve; while your acquittal has been'—

'Good heavens! there is Mrs Sheldon,' exclaimed Lotty. 'She is looking down the row for us; I told her we should be there, you know. Had we not better go and join her?'

'As you please,' answered Lilian coldly. Whether from fear of the widow, or from a kindly impulse which prompted her to leave the young people alone for a few seconds, Lady Selwyn here left her sister's side, and crossed over to where Mrs Sheldon stood.

'I hope I may be allowed to see you when you return to England?' said Walter softly.

'O yes—if I ever do return,' sighed Lilian.

'For Heaven's sake, do not encourage such forebodings. For myself, I am no believer in them;

but the knowledge that you entertain them is itself a real misfortune to me. You have no friend, Miss Lilian—none—who has a greater regard for you, a deeper devotion to your interests, than myself.

'You have proved it, Mr Litton,' answered she, in tones scarce above a whisper. 'I would that it had been in my power to shew my sense of your good'—

'Here is Mrs Sheldon, Lilian!' exclaimed Lotty. She pitched her voice in so high a key that it almost sounded like a warning, which perhaps the contiguity of the young couple had suggested to her; for the fact was, although they themselves were ignorant of it, that they were standing hand in hand.

'How are you, my dear Lilian?' inquired the widow pathetically. 'It is quite an unexpected pleasure to see you here; and I hope I may draw good auguries from it.'

'Thank you, I am pretty well,' returned Lilian icily.—'This is Mr Litton. There is no occasion for ignoring your old acquaintance here, I suppose.'

Mrs Sheldon cast a sharp and piercing glance at Walter. The words 'your old acquaintance' had a meaning for her which the speaker did not suspect; then, as if satisfied with her scrutiny, she smiled, and held out her hand. 'Mr Litton knows, I am sure, that nothing but a hard necessity compelled me to behave towards him as I did the other evening. His generous nature will forgive me for having sacrificed him for the good of others.'

Walter bowed, but said nothing.

'We have all to make our sacrifices in that way,' she continued. 'I am myself, for instance, compelled to forego the pleasure of accompanying these dear girls abroad.'

'What! are you not going with us?' inquired Lady Selwyn. 'That will be a great disappointment to Reginald, I am sure.'

'And I hope not only to Reginald,' answered the widow, laughing.—'These newly married young ladies think only of their husbands, you see, Mr Litton, which makes them seem sometimes almost rude.'

'Indeed, I did not mean to be rude,' answered Lotty, colouring very much. 'Of course, we shall all be disappointed; and we had counted on your coming as almost certain.'

'Well, I will tell you all about it, when we get home. I think it due to your good father to let him know at once the change in my arrangements—not that I wish to hurry Mr Litton away, I'm sure.'

'I was just about to take my leave,' said Walter, 'at all events.'

'Well, you and I are to be left in England, you know, and will, doubtless, meet again,' smiled the widow as she shook hands with him. She had really carried matters off exceedingly well, considering the hostile company in which she found herself, and that Lilian had not expressed one syllable of regret at her change of plan.

'Good-bye, Lady Selwyn,' said Walter kindly, and as he pressed her hand, the ready tears rose to her eyes. She knew, poor soul, that he knew how she had no longer any will nor way of her own, and that, though she had injured him, he forgave her. As she turned from him, she took Mrs Sheldon's arm, and, though trembling at her own audacity, led her a few steps away.

'God bless you, Lilian!' murmured Walter.

'And God bless you!' was the whispered response; their hands met in one long pressure, and then they parted without another word.

Walter stood and watched till the three ladies reached the gate, where Lilian turned, as he knew she would, to give him a farewell look; and then, with a sigh, he moved away to seek his friend. But Mr Pelter was no longer visible. He had doubtless taken himself home, to remove that badge of social servitude—his high-crowned hat; and Walter followed heavy at heart, but not without a keen curiosity with respect to the means which Jack had employed to alter the widow's plans. For that to Jack, strange as it might appear, Lilian was somehow or other indebted for her escape from that distasteful companionship, Walter had no doubt.

## REPRODUCTION OF ORGANISMS.

UNTIL the beginning of the eighteenth century, learned men refused to believe that animals had the power of reproducing their men<sup>as</sup>, when accident had deprived them of their u<sup>25</sup>. Fishermen constantly asserted that such was the case with crabs and lobsters; and the example of the lizard, whose tail grows again when cut off, could not be refuted. Still the subject was set aside as belonging to the region of fables and myths, until Réaumur took it up in 1712. Having spent some time on the sea-coast examining animal life, he came to the conclusion that the people were right, and science at fault. He took some crabs and lobsters, broke off a claw from each, and placed the mutilated creatures in a reservoir communicating with the sea. After a few months, he saw that new claws had already grown, and described with great exactness the way in which these regenerations took place.

Thirty years later, another naturalist, when walking round a lake, remarked some small green filaments like plants. To try whether they belonged to the animal or vegetable kingdom, he cut one into several pieces. Soon these reproduced complete individuals; they moved about, and seized and conveyed food into their digestive organs. These were fresh-water polypes. Cutting two longitudinally, he grafted them, and instead of a polype with eight cilia, he had one with sixteen.

Bonnet, in after-years, repeated these experiments, and made some further ones on the water-newt. Similar trials were made on the common earthworm; and, to his great astonishment, he found that so complicated a structure, with so many rings, and at each ring delicate organs of locomotion and digestion, possessed the faculty of reproduction; portions cut off from either head or tail reappeared in due course. Spallanzani cut off the feet and tail of a water-newt with extraordinary results, the tissue, bones, and muscles being reproduced complete. This was several times repeated on others, and with similar results.

These experiments on the regeneration of animals,



the results of which Leibnitz foresaw, made a deep impression on the mind of Buffon. He did not only regard them as curious facts in natural history, but that they confirmed hypotheses of a very high order. They were, he thought, a wonderful demonstration of the idea, that animated beings are composed of an infinite number of small parts, more or less like each other—that is to say, that life is not in the whole, but in each of its invisible elements; or, to use another expression, that general life is only the sum of a multitude of particular lives. It was a great epoch in scientific history when observation, verifying the intuition of genius, shewed by these surprising results that each of the living molecules of certain creatures has in itself a principle of activity and of individual development. Some rectification has been made since the days of Buffon and Bonnet, but the doctrine still remains as a point of departure for the evolving of the history of life.

In an essay by a noted physician, we get at what may be deemed the philosophy of the spontaneous repairing of lost limbs in living creatures. 'As a general law,' it is stated, 'the power of repairing lost parts decreases as we ascend from the lower to the higher parts of the animal scale. In the lowest and simplest forms of animal life, as in polypes, separated segments sometimes become developed into whole and perfect individuals. A hydra (fresh-water polype) was cut at different times into various portions by Trembley, and fifty separate individuals of the species were developed from the segments of one. Johnstone, and Duges, and others have shewn that animals with a much higher organisation—namely, the planaria (aquatic worms)—could in the same way be multiplied by artificial subdivision; the smaller divisions being actuated by the same impulse as the larger, and endowed with power of independent motion; and Lyonnet and Bonnet found the same true of the Nais. As we ascend in the scale of life, all power of self-development in separated parts or segments disappears. . . . In the higher and warm-blooded vertebrata, this power of repairing and restoring lost compound parts seems totally, or almost totally wanting.' In short, the power of spontaneous reproduction of parts is most strongly demonstrated in the lower organisations, and in the young of certain insects. A young fly may recover a lost antenna, a juvenile spider may get a new leg for one torn off; but as flies, spiders, and a number of other creatures grow up, they lose the valuable property of recovering lost extremities. The power of recovery is 'always in an inverse ratio to the age of the animal.' So, in the human being, the reproduction or attempted reproduction of parts is confined to the period before birth—in other words, when in a rudimentary condition analogous to that of the lower organisations. In a small tract, *Two Lectures on the Diseases of Women and Children*, by Dr W. O. Priestley (1861), some interesting facts are presented on this subject. He speaks of the immense and beneficent efforts of

nature to repair the loss or imperfection of parts previous to birth. In youth, through rapid assimilation of nourishment, and the circulation of the blood, the recuperative power is developed in the growth of parts, and the comparatively quick recovery from injuries. 'A broken limb, if properly treated, is sound and well in half the time necessary for the cure of a like injury in an adult; and the rapidity with which young patients recover after severe attacks of acute disease, is proverbial.'

These observations help us to understand how nature, in dealing with lower organisations, goes the length of imparting new tails, feet, antennæ, and other extremities, to the poor creatures who have been accidentally deprived of these useful members. And how suggestive is this of the work of an ever-merciful Providence! If a man loses a leg, he has the capacity and means to procure a tolerable substitute. A lobster losing its antennæ, or feelers, has no such resource, and would die outright, if nature did not take it in hand. According to age, it will get new antennæ in from six weeks to six months. In the reproductive phenomena, time plays an important part. A lizard, when you try to seize it, escapes by leaving its tail in your hand. Only for a short period is it tailless, so far as outward appearance goes. A new tail begins growing, and is seemingly completed in two to three months. The fresh and very satisfactory looking tail, however, is not yet properly filled up. The interior tissues of nerves, muscles, and veins are there, but not the vertebra. So long does it take to get a new back-bone, that naturalists at one time believed that this part of the structure was never recovered. It is now ascertained that a good vertebra for all practical purposes may be restored after two or three years. As for the green lizard, its new tail is of a gray colour, and not until the beginning of the third year does the green tint return. It seems the dormouse has been experimented on, with a view to see how it would recover a lost tail: the process was somewhat slow, for the animal is profoundly asleep in winter, during which time the vital force is nearly suspended. A tail, it is said, was recovered, but it was rather short, and the creature—a martyr to science—died in three months.

We are told by a traveller to the South Sea Islands that there is a land-crab common in Polynesia, known by the name of tupa, which bores deeply into the soil, the holes often extending to a considerable distance. At night, the crab loves to make its way to the sea, for the purpose of washing in the salt water and drinking it. When hurrying through the tall grass and ferns, it sometimes happens that one of its claws becomes soiled by contact with the mud. So great is its vexation at this misfortune, that it tears off its offending member. A mutilated crab is sometimes met with, hobbling along, devoid of two or three legs—a self-inflicted punishment. In some few instances, it has been known to wrench off all its eight legs; then dragging itself over the ground with great difficulty by means of its nippers, it hides itself

in its hole until new limbs partially develop themselves, though they never grow to their original length and beauty.

It appears clearly from these experiments, that all the tissues which have been destroyed in the adult crustacean—skin, nerves, muscles, and bones—may be restored, and follow a series of phases identical with their first development. The elements of the new tissue are reproduced exactly like those of the old, and attest alike the unity and simplicity of physiological mechanism. The epidermis, or outer skin, grows with the greatest facility, just as the hair and the nails; it is indeed the same tissue. The crystalline lens of the eye, which somewhat resembles the substance of the epidermis, is also reproduced when it is taken away. Many experiments made on dogs and rabbits, proved that this bi-convex lens, which is one of the principal organs of sight, is perfected afresh in a few months.

Besides the skin, there are the nerves, the restoration of which was unknown until the end of the last century, when Monro and some others drew up a complete theory. In the sciatic nerve, for instance, it is sometimes necessary to cut out about the third of an inch. The ends soon shew an alteration; then in about six weeks or two months, a gray lump appears on one extremity, which directs its course towards the opposite one, and reunites with it. This is composed of nervous tubes, more slender than the original ones; but by degrees they grow in size, become whiter, the fibres are more perfect, and after an interval of four to six months, there is a cord of nerves newly formed. This process will go on even when two inches have been excised. As the matter is repaired, the progressive re-establishment of the sensitive functions can be seen, whether of motion or of feeling.

The cartilage, which is perhaps better known under the name of gristle, was considered for a long period as incapable of renovation, but in 1867 this was found to be a mistake. The cartilaginous tissue of dogs and rabbits was divided, and at the end of two months there was a complete restoration. It is also found that the thinner muscular tissues which perform involuntary movements in the interior of the body, possess the same power. One point only remained to be proved: whether muscular fibres could restore by means of similar fibres their loss of substance. This was tried on some guinea-pigs; the muscles were cut, and after a few months, they were found to be complete again. Thus all the tissues of the animal frame can be restored in the adult, and by a precisely similar plan of development in the young.

The knowledge of these facts has been in the practice of surgery the starting-point for many new operations, which are still advancing. Thus the reproduction of bone has especially interested the public. Bones consist of three parts: the marrow, the osseous substance, and the periosteum, a membrane which covers the outside, and which was discovered during the last century to be the principal agent in elaborating the whole structure. One skilful experimenter remarked that, wherever he could introduce the periosteum, there he could have bone, and could thus multiply the bones of an animal, and place them where there were none before. This, however, is not desirable; but as the bones are very liable to inflammation, tumours,

and decay, surgery can here step in, and take away all the unhealthy parts, excavate the bone; and at the end of a few months the limb, which has never lost its form, repairs its losses, a new bone tissue is formed, and restored to the former condition of healthy vitality. Formerly, amputation was the only resource in such cases; now the limb is saved, bone gives birth to bone, just as the severed nerve reunited itself, the cartilaginous layer adhering to the periosteum being nothing else but bone in the course of formation.

The operation of grafting in the vegetable kingdom is well known: living fragments are attached to a perfect tree. But the grafted portion never becomes an integral part of that to which it has been transported; it rather develops as a parasite, like the mistletoe on the oak, and remains physiologically distinct. This, however, is not the case with animals: when a piece taken from another part of the same individual, or from a different subject, is grafted, it becomes a perfect portion, and gives the same life. The cells of the choroid coat of the eye may be transplanted, and preserve their vitality in their new home. The transfusion of blood is nothing but the introduction of red globules borrowed from one organism and transferred to another. This succeeds even if the blood passes into an individual of quite a different class, as, for instance, from a mammal into the vessels of a frog. The globules will be found after some time living, and easily recognisable as those of a superior animal. The spurs of one cock have been grafted into the comb of another, and teeth of mammals have also been transplanted.

From these facts, surgeons took up the idea of grafting bones in the place of those that had decayed, and several attempts seemed to favour the plan; but now it is acknowledged that a graft of either the periosteum or the marrow has an unconquerable tendency to be re-absorbed, or to disappear after a time, on account of the unfavourable conditions in which it finds itself, or for want of nutrition.

More success has attended the grafting of teeth, but this is not yet quite established. The teeth spring from a little bag or follicle, in which is the organ of ivory, and that for the production of enamel. When an entire follicle was taken from a puppy, and grafted into an adult dog, the germ was regularly developed to the production of a complete tooth. The enamel when grafted alone perished, whilst the organ of ivory produced an ivory tooth. These interesting researches lead to the hope that teeth may some day be thus restored, seeing that an entire organ with a complete structure is more likely to grow than when it is only a fragment, transplanted and isolated like a piece of bone.

The grafting of the epidermis has been accomplished by many celebrated surgeons. After an operation, a burn, or a bruise, the destroyed skin is but slowly restored, and often with difficulty. Thus the idea arose of taking a piece of healthy skin from the same or another person, and laying it on the wound. It was found to require the utmost delicacy on the part of the surgeon; and instead of covering the whole with one piece, very small bits were applied each day, following the progress of healing, and replacing those morsels that did not adhere. In about twenty-four hours, the grafting was accomplished, and the wound was not as usual

a contracted scar. Such are some of the efforts of physiology; the working-out is difficult and tedious, but, with skill and patience, the labours of the present time may bear future and valuable fruit.

## SNOW-STAYED.

## IN TWO CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER I.

In his library sat Robert Hilton, engrossed in his books. The door opened very gently, and there entered a pleasant-looking old lady, enveloped in a crimson shawl.

'Why, you here, mother!' he exclaimed, rising hastily. 'I never expected to see you at this hour of the morning; it is hardly ten o'clock yet, and the day so bitterly cold, I thought you still in bed.'

'I had letters, Robert,' she replied, as she took the easy-chair he placed for her near the bright fire.

'I am afraid I disturb you,' she began nervously, seeing the table spread with books of an abstruse kind.

'Don't think of it.' Though answering thus, he was rather discomposed, for his passion was books and research of all kinds; and he pushed the hair from his somewhat care-worn forehead, as he prepared to listen to the purport of his mother's visit, which, he judged, must be something unusual, to make an invalid as she was visit him so early.

Referring to her basket, Mrs Hilton drew thence a letter, and said: 'From my old friend, Margaret, Mrs Cameron;' and putting on her spectacles, she read aloud.

'Never mind the contents,' he interrupted, after she had read the first line, judging this by its many predecessors.

'But, Robert, I want you to hear; that is why I came,' she returned timidly. 'She says Helen, her daughter, you know, is coming, in a few days, to stay at Mount Farm, quite near us; and I thought it would look so odd if we don't ask her to visit us also, and—I came to consult you,' she hesitated. 'I think Margaret will expect it. I know you dislike visitors in the house, and have grown a confirmed bachelor;' she sighed; 'and I am only a poor invalid, not fit for much, so we are well matched, and can dispense with visitors. Still—if you would not mind for this once,' she pleaded.

Robert Hilton saw trouble looning in the distance, as he listened to his mother's hesitating request. It was quite true all she had said; he was a confirmed old bachelor, forty years old; and hated the sight of women, rarely looking on the face of one but his poor old mother. No wonder she felt apologetic and doubtful about the success of her request, as she watched the nervous, somewhat disjointed-looking figure of her tall lean son, whose sunken eyes had a troubled expression in them while she spoke.

'You would never see her but at meal-times,' she continued, 'and that only for a few days, my dear, if you wouldn't mind. I would not suggest her coming; only, she is staying so very near, and is such a nice girl; so Margaret writes; though it is some years now since I saw her. She was fifteen then, and must be twenty now. Dear, dear, how time flies! So long since I saw her; but then, Robert, that is your fault.'

'In what way?'

"The only son of his mother, and she was a

widow." That is my history for years; I have only lived for you, my dear; and if you didn't like visitors, I was content not to have them, though I should like to have seen my old friend Margaret and her child occasionally.'

'I know you have been very kind to my infirmities,' he replied; and his heart smote him, as he remembered her life of sacrifice, and heard her timidly pleading for the small gratification in question. Still, the power of habit is strong, and it was not without a great effort he determined to yield. 'Very well; ask her over, if you like,' he said with affected carelessness; 'but only for three or four days, mind;' and he turned with longing eyes to the open book which was waiting his perusal.

'Thank you; it is very good of you,' she said quite gratefully as she rose. 'I will leave you now, and write to Margaret to allow Helen to come to us.'

'Only for a few days,' he reminded, already regretting his permission; 'otherwise, we may have her here for weeks, if you don't specify the time.'

'I think not,' returned Mrs Hilton with quiet dignity. 'Margaret is a well-bred woman, and her child, no doubt, takes after her.'

The old lady then rose and Robert Hilton returned to his studies; and in the society of some fossil remains, which served as the subject of some learned paper he was preparing for one of the Quarterlies, he forgot the impending calamity, as his perverted mind regarded a visitor, and that a woman, furthermore a young woman, in his house.

Several days passed, and one bright frosty day, in the early part of January, a party of girls were amusing themselves in the drawing-room of the Mount Farm. Helen Cameron, with her two old friends and school-fellows, Annie and Clara Narcot, formed the trio.

Helen's best friend could not have called her pretty, while her worst would have found it impossible to call her plain. She was what is termed a *nice* girl, when one is pushed into a corner for a definition. She was agreeable, good-tempered, could talk pleasantly on most things, had a very fair figure, with a bright intelligent face, that refused to be catalogued as regular-featured; with a complexion frequently tinged with deep rose, interspersed with freckles. Ah, poor Helen! I am afraid that last hit may tell against you; but the portrait-painter must be faithful. She had, however, one grand point: her hair was beautiful, and fell in long wavy masses, like bright spun silk fresh from the cocoon, caught on either side by a comb which confined it to the back of her head; beyond this there was no arranging. Nature did the rest, with an admirable eye to effect.

A servant entered while they were laughing and talking together, and handed Helen a note.

'From mamma's old friend, Mrs Hilton,' she said, as she broke the seal and read the contents.

'The Hiltons of the Firs; the people one hears of, but never sees,' remarked Clara Narcot.

'Mrs Hilton is an invalid, and her son a monk, from all accounts,' chimed Annie, while Helen was perusing her note, who soon exclaimed:

'What am I to do, or say? How shall I ever get out of it? Mrs Hilton has written to say, that mamma has accepted an invitation for me to spend a few days with her, as I am in the

neighbourhood, and she hopes I'll fix an early day!' she cried with genuine dismay.

Her announcement was received with a chorus of groans from the two girls.

'It is too bad of mamma to accept an invitation for me from such people. What was she thinking of? She might just as well have asked me to spend a few days in a churchyard, as in such a house as that!'

'Yes,' said Clara, with a grimace; 'there is not much amusement to be got out of that valley of dry bones! Mr Hilton is a fossil, my dear: he has studied pre-Adamite man—and what do you call those ugly things, with hideous long names?—until he has converted himself into an ante-diluvian specimen of an implement for digging up his own discoveries! Heaven preserve me from such awful men! I like flesh and blood, not the world's progress-machines, as I call them. Why people must be for ever rummaging underground for old bones and such-like, I can't imagine!'

'You must go, Helen,' said Annie; 'if it is only to keep us alive with your description, when you come back.'

'Well, only for a couple of days,' stipulated Helen ruefully, as she sat down to answer the invitation.

'Of course, only for a couple of days; we couldn't spare you for longer,' said Clara: 'there is the ball next week, you know. Just say we will drive you over to-morrow—Tuesday—and will fetch you again on Friday; that will give you just two clear days, which I expect you will find too many.'

'The house is worth seeing, I am told,' broke in Annie. 'It is so old-fashioned, and full of all sorts of queer things—remains, and so forth.'

'Have you ever seen Mr Hilton?' inquired Helen.

'We sometimes, but rarely, see him riding about; but he hates women, and flees at the sight of one.—Doesn't he, Clara?'

'Agreeable for me,' murmured Helen, as she sealed her note, and rang for the servant to send it to the Firs. 'I do so wish I were not going; but there is no help for it, I suppose. I hope there are no ghosts or other miseries in the house beside the fossil remains?' she inquired, shivering. 'Tell me, what is he like, this fossil-in-chief, that I may know what I have to expect?'

'Oh, tall, lean, and grizzled about the head; with scared-looking eyes, as if they could only see clearly underground,' said Clara, with a mischievous twinkle in her eyes.

'Why, he is a ghost in himself! I shall be frightened to meet him,' exclaimed Helen.

'And he never speaks; even reads at his meals, I believe,' said Annie, with a laugh.

'Worse and worse! O girls, what am I to do? What an ogre for a woman to be shut up with. Does he like music, I wonder? But of course not!'

'They say music hath charms to soothe the savage breast; why not see if it will cause a resurrection in the pre-Adamite one?' hazarded one of the girls.

'What! sing to a stone? Impossible! I should be too frightened. I must take lots of work, that's all; try and finish this rug for the bazaar. Dear, how cold it is!' and she shivered again.

'Yes; is it not?' said Annie, drawing nearer to the fire, and giving it a vigorous poke. 'There is

snow in the air; and snow here is no joke, let me tell you. It regularly barricades us; we are such a height.'

'If it fell to-night, the chances are you could not go to the Firs to-morrow. There is no driving a carriage in these parts until the snow is over.'

'I wish it may come down, then,' said Helen.

'Don't wish that, as it would put an end to our ball; so it cuts both ways. You have no idea how the snow falls here, several feet deep; and then we are shut up sometimes for weeks.'

'And a storm is brewing,' said Clara. 'I hope it will have the good heart to keep off until the ball is over. I don't know when I felt it so cold!'

No snow fell the following day. It was in the air, people remarked, who understood the temperature. Amid much laughter on the girls', and mis-giving on Helen's part, she was driven over to the Firs, and deposited among the fossils, with many injunctions to be careful she, herself, was not turned into a 'subject' for investigation.

'So very glad to welcome you, my love,' said old Mrs Hilton, embracing her. 'It is so very kind of you to come and see us;' and she drew her to a seat near the fire, in the grand old drawing-room, where she kept solitary state each afternoon and evening.

The warm embrace and the fire thawed Helen, and she began to feel comfortable. 'If the son is only half as pleasant as his mother,' she thought, 'I shall not object to the partial interment.'

Some conversation followed; bending with which, Helen's thoughts flowed in the following under-current: 'I wonder if he has the look of his mother? What a joke if I happen to like him, and turn the tables on the girls! I suppose I shan't see him until dinner-time, and then he will be reading a book. Tall, lean, grizzled!—that sounds horrible!'

'You must excuse my son Robert,' said Mrs Hilton, wishing to prepare her for his peculiarities. 'He is eccentric, my dear, very; not in the least a lady's man. He took to study early in life, and now lives among his books; I must not complain, for, as an author, he has distinguished himself. Still, it disappoints me that he shuts himself up so entirely, and has lost all taste for society, for I am only a poor invalid, and can't last for ever; and I grow unhappy when I think of him left alone.'

Helen then went to her room to prepare for dinner, Mrs Hilton's maid having interrupted their chat to shew her the way. Having completed her toilet, she came down-stairs with no slight amount of trepidation, hoping, yet fearing, to find the much-dreaded fossil in the drawing-room.

Robert Hilton had entered the drawing-room shortly after Miss Cameron had quitted it, having actually dressed for dinner; a proceeding quite disregarded by him on ordinary occasions, for the very good reason that he always dined alone, as his mother was an invalid and could not bear him company.

Mrs Hilton looked pleased to see her son so wonderfully brightened up by the little attention to his appearance, at the trouble and waste time of which he had been inwardly fuming.

'Helen has arrived,' she said, as he stood chafing his hands, and trying to warm them by the fire.

'So I heard,' he answered shortly, looking

anything but delighted. 'How long is she to stay? This sort of thing is so terribly out of my line,' and he glanced at his evening dress as he spoke.

'She leaves on Friday; the girls at the Mount Farm won't spare her any longer. She is a very dear girl, Robert; I think you will like her,' she ventured timidly.

The remark was entirely lost upon him, as he never entertained the idea of liking any woman, unless it might happen to be the remains of one which had been deposited in some spot by the avalanche of ages, awaiting his discovery. Such a woman he would love tenderly.

Trembling outside the drawing-room door stood Helen, unable to turn the handle and enter, so afraid was she of encountering him; but growing desperate at last, she made a plunge, and went in with that awkward air which takes hold of one at difficult moments of intense self-consciousness.

Still stooping over the fire, he did not notice her until she reached the sofa where his mother sat, who had encouraged her timid entrance with a smile, and said: 'Robert, my dear, this is Helen. —Helen, my son, Robert.'

This introduction being effected, Helen took a seat, while Mr Hilton remained standing, in no way bashful, but so very pre-occupied with dead subjects, as to leave the living to take care of themselves.

As soon as she dared, Helen raised her eyes and glanced at him. 'Unmistakably tall, lean, and grizzled,' she thought; 'but not quite so bad as I expected. Good eyes, if they could be brought to look about him, instead of into remoteness. Good features, but tumbled hair, all falling about anyhow, as if no one ever smoothed it. What a pity he shuts himself up!'

Dinner was announced, and Mrs Hilton said: 'Will you let Robert take you into dinner, my dear? You must excuse me joining you, but I am obliged to live by rule.—Now, Robert, take care of her.' Thus saying, she strove to draw them together, a most thankless task, for Helen hung on to the reluctant arm by the tips of her fingers with an amount of nervousness which made the well-nigh chronic blush on her face turn deep crimson.

They sat down to table in solemn silence. Mr Hilton, from the force of habit, turned to find his place in the imaginary volume at his side, and then remembered he had a human book sitting near it might be worth his while perusing. He glanced up, searched for words, and came to a dead pause; for what on earth *was* there to talk about? Young women were a genus he had never studied since university days; they were a study he had shelved with dress clothes, as being 'terribly out of his line,' thinking at the time of the truth of St Chrysostom's definition of women, who pronounces them, one and all, to be 'a necessary evil, a natural temptation, a desirable calamity'—here he paused, for he declined thinking the present 'calamity' sitting near at all 'desirable'; quite the reverse—a domestic peril, a deadly fascination, and a painted ill.' Ah, yes; Chrysostom was a man of sense and experience, evidently.

Poor Helen was equally miserable; sipped her soup, to prolong the necessity for keeping her head lowered.

'One of us must begin,' she thought; 'this silence is overpowering.'

At last—'I think you know my friends, the Narcots?'

'Slightly,' he replied, putting his elbows on the table while waiting to be further fed. He was of that rare order of men who eat, asking no questions, anything put before them. Just the sort of man, women, with a view to a comfortable hereafter in housekeeping, ought to cultivate above all others.

'They are very nice girls,' she remarked.

'Possibly. I know nothing about girls.'

'You don't visit much, I think,' she again ventured.

'No; I am thankful I find something better to do,' and he pushed the unkempt hair from his forehead, and closed his eyes, as if to clear his brain of the disturbing possibility of such a fate, of which the present was a taste not at all to his liking.

The servant placed a dish before him, which excused them for again lapsing into happy silence. Thus the dinner passed off, save for a few spasmodic attempts at conversation like the previous. And at the finish, never were two people so glad to get rid of each other as Helen Cameron and her extraordinary companion.

Mr Hilton did not appear again that night, although he usually kept his mother company for a portion of every evening, after a silent fashion.

Helen gave him up as hopeless. She had failed to win the least courtesy from him; and there are few things a woman resents like a tacit avowal that she is powerless to attract. The two weary days, each worse than the other for dreariness, came to an end at last. With a light heart, she retired to her bed on Thursday night, and gladly looked forward to the morrow. 'I'll describe him to the girls as the most impassible monster it was ever my lot to become acquainted with.' With buoyant alacrity, she rose next morning, unmindful of the cold, which was piercing; slipping her feet into a pair of warm slippers, she went to the window to raise the blind. O horror! What she had feared from the 'feeling' of the cold the night before, was realised. A deep mantle of snow covered the ground!

## THE PRESENT CONVICT SYSTEM.

THOUGH of comparatively recent origin, the penal-servitude system, which was substituted for banishment, has reached a surprising degree of perfection, and, what is better, it has proved satisfactory as regards the repression of crime. Of what is actually effected by the convict prisons, little is generally known; and yet, looking to the objects aimed at, the subject is full of interest. It appears by a late *Report* of the Directors of Convict Prisons, that these establishments are governed on a rigorous but humane course of discipline, in the hope of deterring from crime, and reforming the habits of the unfortunate inmates. The principle pursued is a combination of the separate with the associated system; that is to say, the prisoners have each a separate cell for sleeping and meditation, and only associate together under certain regulations for work and exercise. Strict management, plain but sufficient food, enforced abstinence from stimulants, secular and spiritual

teaching, along with proper medical treatment, over a series of not fewer than five years, are spoken of as working wonders on the generality of criminals. Sentences to brief terms of imprisonment are condemned as almost valueless. In short, the convict prison is made such a terror to evil-doers, as indisposes them to run the risk of undergoing a second term of confinement. For one reason or other, the number of convicts is in the course of annual reduction. In the period of five years ending in 1859, the number was 15,212. For the same period ending in 1874, it was 8852.

While in a general way obviously deterrent, the system pursued has in one respect been of no avail. When everything has been done that human ingenuity can suggest, there remains a certain class whom it is hopeless to influence. Punish them as you like, they again cast up as criminals. The only explanation that can be given of this phenomenon is, that there are numbers of individuals who may be set down as mentally deficient. They have not the sense to understand that honesty is the best policy. Like wild animals, they seem to be incapable of submitting to social training. You may punish them by severities, and for a time they appear submissive and contrite, but let them loose, and back they bound to their old habits of insubordination. 'Speaking proverbially, they form a class of fools whom even experience fails to teach.' A low state of intelligence is the most formidable difficulty which the law has to encounter. It comes pretty much to this, that by neglect or inherent propensities, the habitually criminal classes are a species of lunatics, on whom nothing, not even the chance of hanging, can exert any intimidating influence.

Subject to this drawback, the convict prisons certainly reclaim large numbers of criminals. Industrial labour is described as of paramount importance. The tread-mill, on which magistrates at one time relied, is dismissed as nonsensical. Useful occupation at trades, by putting prisoners in the way of procuring honest employment on their discharge, is found to be much more advantageous in its results. The convict prisons, therefore, enter into the field of general competition, much of the work performed, however, being to meet the demands of government departments. For example, the metropolitan police are now supplied with boots and gaiters from the convict prisons. After due trial, the female convicts have been employed to make a portion of clothing for the police, 'the workmanship being found better than that of the contract clothing. Certain clothing is also performed for the Admiralty—namely, the manufacture of 16,000 hammocks and 3700 ballast baskets, to be delivered at the various dockyards in England.' Something more artistic has been successfully attempted. The female convicts have manufactured a flooring of mosaic to surround the tombs of Nelson and Wellington in the crypt of St Paul's. We learn with pleasure, that out of two hundred and thirty-three females discharged from Woking prison, thirty have become accomplished in laying mosaic tiles. Recently, in a letter to the *Times*, a 'Lady Visitor' alleged that the system of imprisonment to which female convicts were subjected had a tendency to drive them mad. This has since been authoritatively denied, and, as far as the Report

goes, we can see no evidence of the truth of the Lady Visitor's averment. We observe, however, that instances of feigned madness occasionally occur in the various convict prisons.

At Dartmoor and Portland, large works of a public nature have been and continue to be executed by able-bodied male convicts. Portland, situated on the south coast of England, is perhaps entitled to be called the greatest of the convict prisons. According to last Report, it had 1584 prisoners, who were engaged on very extensive works, such as excavating, hewing granite, building, and so on—quite a hive of industry. The value of the labour executed during the previous year is estimated at L.53,024, 16s. 7d., giving an average of nearly half-a-crown per day for each convict. In 1873, the total earnings at the convict prisons of England, nine in number, amounted to about L.250,000, which went a great way towards lowering the general expenses. So excellent is the management of Portland prison, that escape is hopeless. During the year, there were ten attempts to get away, which proved unsuccessful. The chaplain's Report on the moral and religious condition of the prisoners in this gigantic place of detention, abounds in interesting details. Amidst the industrial training, there is a judicious system of school-teaching, and the perusal of books of instruction, which are eagerly sought after. We are informed that some of the convicts seek for French, German, and Latin books, with a view, no doubt, 'to revive knowledge, which, through years of riotous living, fell into oblivion.' A very melancholy revelation this of possibly a brilliant career blighted by intemperance and crime! Altogether, the Report on Convict Prisons gives a satisfactory account of the modern method of reform by penal servitude. It is clearly an immense advance on the old system of transportation. W. C.

#### R E S U R G A M.

THE bones of winter whiten on the hills,  
A warm south breeze the pink-tipped copse fills,  
The trout leaps shyly 'neath the bank, and—hark!  
Melodious, as of old, trills yonder lark.  
Pert rooks responsive caw; while round their dams  
On slopy hill, for gladness race the lambs.  
A gentle shower drops down from heaven's deep blue,  
A softer murmur steals the hazels through  
The first pale primrose glimmers 'neath the thorn,  
From half-hid violets faintly scents are borne;  
Th' uncurling fern frost's last strong fetter breaks,  
From her long sleep the bright-eyed Spring awakes.

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# CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

OF

POPULAR

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

Fourth Series

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS.

No. 587.

SATURDAY, MARCH 27, 1875.

PRICE 1½d.

## RECENT DISCOVERIES REGARDING BURNS.

OF these discoveries, some of which have been noticed in the *Athenæum* and other journals, the most important is that concerning the poet's relations with the Board of Excise, which have hitherto been involved in mystery. That body has come in for a good deal of odium, which circumstances have done not a little to intensify. Although Lockhart was able to shew that in the books of the old Edinburgh Board there was recorded no censure of Burns for his supposed Jacobinical opinions, and although Dr Robert Chambers, in his *Life and Works of the poet*, has proved, beyond all possibility of question, that Burns's seemingly maddest act—his purchasing and sending to the French Legislative Assembly the four carronades which he himself was mainly instrumental in capturing, with the brig that carried them, in the Solway Firth—could not be regarded as a breach of decorum 'by any person entitled to take notice of his conduct,' the belief was long held, that, on account of some indiscreet speeches, such as his proposing the toast of Washington as a preferable one to that of Pitt, at a dinner-party, his chances of promotion in the Excise, if they were not absolutely destroyed, were so affected, that his supposed neglect preyed upon his mind, and in various ways hastened his end. A communication, however, which was made at the last dinner of the Dumfries Burns' Club, by Mr M'Fadzean, of the Inland Revenue Office, if it does not absolutely exonerate the Board of Excise and the Scottish gentry of the time of all blame in connection with the poet, places the conduct of the former in a more pleasing, and also more intelligible light. This communication states, that 'when the Inland Revenue Office was removed in 1856 to the new wing of Somerset House, it was found necessary to destroy a large number of old books and stores; and whilst a number of men were employed cutting them up, preparatory to their being sold as waste-paper, a gentleman in the Inspector's Department (Mr M'Fadzean's father, we believe)

superintended the operations, with authority to preserve everything that appeared to be of permanent value, or that might be required for future reference. Observing, when engaged on this duty, books and papers that had belonged to the old Excise Office in Edinburgh, he instituted a general search for information about Burns, and his efforts were rewarded with the following success: First, Burns's official character was found recorded in two places; second, registers where he was minuted for promotion; and, third, a list containing the whole staff of officers in Dumfries Collection. The first station to which the poet was appointed was designated Dumfries First Itinerancy, which appears to have embraced a considerable extent of country.

'On the 28th July 1790, he was promoted to Dumfries Third Division, or Footwalk, and in this station his duties appear to have consisted principally of the survey of tobacco, as it was called the Tobacco Division. His next appointment, dated the 26th April 1792, must have been at his own request, and was to Dumfries First Division, and this was his last station. On the 27th January 1791, the Commissioners entered Burns on the list for promotion to the rank of supervisor, and he remained on this list till his death, the word "Dead" being written in the column for the date of promotion; and had his death occurred only a few months later, Burns would in the ordinary course have been promoted on the 12th January 1797. With reference to this promotion list, it may be observed that several names had been struck off it, including the officer that immediately succeeded the poet. Again, a register was kept of all censures issued by the Board of Excise, and the absence of Burns's name from the register proves that he was never censured by the commissioners—not even in the mildest form in which they were in the habit of conveying their displeasure for what they characterised as trivial faults. And to see how much this circumstance proves in favour of his general good conduct and attention to business, it must be borne in mind that, during the time Burns was in the service, all the Excise duties imposed by Pitt at the close of the



American War were in full force; and it will convey some idea of how multifarious were the duties of an Excise officer in those days, when it is stated that the amended instructions issued in 1804 formed a volume which in outward appearance was not unlike a large Family Bible, and extended to nine hundred and thirty-nine pages. Now, taking these circumstances into account, it may safely be averred—and the averment will not be disputed by any revenue officer of experience—that at the time now spoken of, none but painstaking, careful, steady officers could avoid, or, in practice, did avoid, the irregularities in business which have been adverted to above as “trivial faults.” All the officers in Scotland were alphabetically arranged, with a brief statement of the character of each in the margin. A list of this description was made up three months after Burns joined the service, and the marginal entry opposite his name is, “Never tried, a poet;” with a subsequent interlineation, “Turns out well.” Three years later, a corresponding list was prepared, and the entry in it is, “The poet, does pretty well.”

These discoveries prove clearly that Lockhart was right in his assertion, that whatever may have been said of Burns to the Board of Excise, and whatever verbal reprimand may have been administered to him, for his imprudent expressions of political opinion, through his friend and official superior, Collector Mitchell, no censure was recorded in writing against him. They shew, moreover, that whatever the Excise Commissioners may have thought of Burns, they never proposed to deprive him absolutely of all chance of promotion in the service. He was entered on the list for promotion to a supervisorship in 1791, and remained there till death, never even being struck off for a period, and then reinstated, on account of his having regained the good graces of the Board, by such manifestations of loyalty as joining the Dumfries Volunteers, and writing the best patriotic songs of the time, except those of Campbell.

Regarding the marginal entries of the censors of the Excise, who were, there can be little doubt, the district Collectors, Mr McFadzean observes: “They are obviously made with inimitable candour, and the register clearly shewed no forbearance to any unfortunate sinner who had a weak side to his bottle. For instance, it was recorded of one that “he was once a good officer, but now tipples;” another was a “trifling officer, drinks;” whilst a third was put in the pillory as a “drunken creature.” To these may be added a “lazy supervisor, much given to his bottle,” and a “middling officer, likes a glass.” The same merciless vein of plain speaking runs through the register on almost every weakness to which flesh is heir. An amiable enthusiast had a “bee in his bonnet,” and a certain Highlander, who must have been very unlike his kin, had a “bad moral character.” One was a “conceited trifling officer;” another was “slow, needs spurring;” and there is also a “good officer, but insolent;” as well as a “gentleman scholar.” An Aberdonian, of a practical turn of mind, “had a farm, and attended to it more than to the revenue;” and it is recorded of a Lowlander that he “was active, and much for his own interests.” A glance at the entries under B, in which list, of course, the name of Burns occurs, confirms the im-

pression that, in the eyes of his censor, the poet was a more than ordinarily good officer. ‘A careful officer,’ ‘A good officer,’ are the most eulogistic entries given; and for one such, there are ten like ‘Indifferent,’ ‘A blundering officer,’ ‘Can do, but drinks,’ and ‘A sober, weak man.’ It may indeed be said that the later entry about the poet is not so good as the first, and looks not unlike damnation by faint praise. It by no means follows, however, that the censor’s second report proves that Burns had begun to fall off in the performance of his duties, or had taken to intemperance, at least to the prejudice of his daily work. Further, an examination of dates would seem to prove that this second entry was made on or about January 1, 1793, and contained, consequently, a criticism of the poet’s official conduct during 1792. Now, that was emphatically the poet’s unfortunate year. It was then that he committed his most notable indiscretions, that he got the *Gazetteer*, a violently political newspaper; and it was in the end of it that he wrote his piteous letter to Mr Graham of Fintry, beginning: ‘I have been surprised, confounded, and distracted by Mr Mitchell, the collector, telling me that he has received an order from your Board to inquire into my political conduct, and blaming me as a person disaffected to government;’ and ending: ‘I adjure you to save me from that misery which threatens to overwhelm me, and which—with my latest breath I will say it—I have not deserved.’ It is quite possible, therefore, that ‘Does pretty well’ does not mean that, in the eyes of the writer of it—probably, Collector Mitchell—Burns had become a negligent or dissipated officer, but that he would have been a still better servant if he had kept his opinions, especially on politics, to himself. This view of the matter seems to be confirmed by this passage in the remarkable letter he wrote, in April 1793, to Mr Erskine of Mar: ‘One of our supervisors-general, a Mr Corbet, was instructed to inquire on the spot, and to document me, that my business was to act, not to think; and that whatever might be men or measures, it was for me to be silent and obedient. Mr Corbet was likewise my steady friend; so, between Mr Graham and him, I have been partly forgiven; only I understand that all my hopes of getting officially forward are blasted.’ Burns, however, as time passed, as the political ferment cooled, and his own loyalty was sufficiently demonstrated, began to hope again; he looked forward not only to a supervisorship, but to a collectorship.\* He was acting as a supervisor when his last and fatal illness seized him; and the register of the Edinburgh Excise Board, now unearthed, proves that his hope was well founded, and that, had he lived a few months longer, he would have been promoted. The most and worst that can be said, therefore, against the Board of Excise, is, that it delayed Burns’s promotion; and is it very much to be wondered at, that, in the political frenzy of the time, alarmed officials thought of the poet simply as they would have thought of any other officer, and did not pause to

\* It is commonly declared that a supervisorship would have made Burns happy; but, in a letter to Mr Heron of Heron, in 1795 (*Life and Works*, vol. iv. p. 146), he says: ‘The business is an incessant drudgery, and would be nearly a complete bar to every species of literary pursuit.’ He only looked forward to it as a step to a collectorship.

inquire whether his Jacobinism, like his Jacobitism, was not mainly a matter of sentiment? It is absurd to maintain that the Board's treatment of Burns killed him, or that he himself thought so.

The men and women who were contemporaries of Burns, and are also of such an age as to remember him discharging duty as exciseman, are rapidly dying out. One of the most intelligent of these was Mrs Bennett, Moniaive, Dumfriesshire, who died in February 1874, in the ninety-eighth year of her age. Mrs Bennett was the daughter of a blacksmith of the name of Kirk, who lived in the village of Carronbridge, and who would appear to have connived at, or carried on, a traffic in liquor, that caused him to be occasionally visited by the poet-gauger. The blacksmith's daughter was then about ten or eleven years of age, and was consequently able to notice how Burns did his work. The following story, which she communicated to a writer in a Dumfries newspaper, is worth recalling: 'A man named Matthew Milligan left a considerable quantity of smuggled brandy in a greybeard at the blacksmith's house; it was concealed in a locked press; and the blacksmith and his wife having to go to the shearing on Carronhill, and also dreading a visit from the gaugers, gave the key of the press to Margaret (Mrs Bennett), with strict injunctions that she should on no account give the expected visitors access to the press. Sure enough, in the course of the day, Burns and the supervisor arrived, and the latter had evidently got scent of the smuggled brandy, for he plied the girl with questions on the subject, and was particularly desirous to see the inside of the press. In this, it appears, he could not be accommodated; and then he demanded that its contents should be described to him, which was done with considerable facility, but with no mention of the greybeard. Mrs Bennett was accustomed to tell with considerable humour how anxious and concerned the poet looked lest the press should be opened. He doubtless guessed what it contained, and knew well how serious a penalty would fall on his friend the blacksmith in the event of the brandy being discovered. "At one time," she said, "he winked hard at me owre the supervisor's shoulder to be sure no to let on." The result was that the supervisor was baffled, and the brandy was undetected. On another occasion, when Burns was leaving the house, after an official visit, she heard him say to her father: "Well, well, smith, so long as you take care of yourself and take care of the bairns, I will never hurt you."

These anecdotes—similar to those of Allan Cunningham and Professor Gillespie—are quite in accordance with the theory of Burns's biographers, that, as Dr Robert Chambers puts it, 'inspired with a just view of the contraband trade as an infraction and disturbance of the rights of the fair trader, he was disposed to be severe with the regular smuggler; but in petty matters of inaccuracy, or even something worse, among the country brewsters and retailers, he tempered justice with mercy.' That same infinite tenderness which was the essence of his strength and his weakness, which made him not only feel for all mankind, but even for the Daisy and the Mouse, and which made him give 'slices of his constitution' to people little worthy of such gifts, constrained him to wink at the peccadilloes of the Carronbridge smith, provided he attended to his 'bairns.'

As we are dealing with Burns, the fate of the celebrated Glenriddell manuscripts demands a slight notice. Readers of the poet's life will remember that, when he entered upon his farming experiment at Ellisland, he found as his nearest neighbour, Captain Riddell of Glenriddell, one of the heroes of *The Whistle* orgie, and that a close friendship sprung up between them—terminated only by Burns's unfortunate quarrel with Mrs Maria Riddell, the wife of Glenriddell's younger brother. When this intimacy was at its height, Burns wrote out for Riddell's library a volume of selections from his letters, and another of select poems; the one extending to one hundred and three pages, the other to one hundred and sixty-two, of which seventy-eight are in Burns's own handwriting, the remainder copied by amanuenses, and corrected by him. After his quarrel with the Riddells, Burns made repeated attempts to get possession of these volumes, but failed. On his death, they fell into the hands of Dr Currie, who made use of their contents in his edition of the poet's works. In 1853, the widow of Dr Currie's son, Mr Wallace Currie, presented the volumes to the Athenæum Institution in Liverpool. There, for twenty years, they remained locked up out of sight. At last, however, they have been placed in a glass case in the library of the Institution, and are thus accessible to the public. This has been done at the suggestion of Mr Henry A. Bright, a member of the Liverpool Athenæum, who has also published, for private circulation, a thin quarto volume, containing a complete catalogue of the poetical portion of the manuscripts, and giving in full such pieces as were unpublished. Interesting as such a book must of course be, it will not in any material way affect the reputation of the poet. Such has been the industry of Burns collectors, that Mr Bright is only able to print eight pieces, four of which he believes to have been never published before, while of the other four only imperfect copies have hitherto been published. Of the new pieces, little need be said; they are poor; and the addition to the *Clarinda* correspondence—an answer to a poem, *From Clarinda, on Mr B——'s saying he had nothing else to do* (which Mr Bright thinks it possible may have also been written by Burns)—is in his most affected style. Perhaps the most interesting fact that the Glenriddell manuscripts—now that they are in a manner given to the public—bring out is, that the manuscript volume of poems was a gift to Glenriddell, and not a loan, as Dr Robert Chambers and other editors and biographers believed. In a short preface to this volume, the author, after both predicting that its contents would be given to the world, and deprecating such an action, says: 'At the gentleman's request, *whose, from this time it shall be*, the collection was made; and to him, and, I will add, to his amiable lady, *it is presented*, as a sincere, though small tribute of gratitude, for the many happy hours the author has spent under their roof.' The words we have italicised place the fact of the volume being a gift beyond dispute. A glance at the Burns manuscripts also shews what liberties worthy Dr Currie took with expressions of the poet, with the good intention of modifying and softening them. Numberless instances of this could be given; but we give only one, in which we are not quite certain that the Doctor's modification is to his hero's

advantage. Referring, in his autobiography, addressed to Dr Moore, to the fact of his having gone to a dancing-school, in opposition ('defiance' is the word in the manuscripts) to his father's commands, he says: 'My father, as I said before, was the sport of strong passions.' Dr Currie, who hardly leaves a line of the passage from which this is taken untouched, gives us this: 'My father, as I said before, was *subject* to strong passions.' If the quiet-living father was unable to control his passions, as asserted in the former sentence—a view the very opposite of which was held by Gilbert Burns—there need be little wonder that the more tempted son should be 'by passion driven.'

### WALTER'S WORD.

#### CHAPTER XXV.—HOW HE DID IT.

As Walter had expected, he found, upon reaching Beech Street, that his friend had arrived before him. He found him walking up and down his studio with quick strides, without his pipe (which was itself a portent), and with his hands behind him, still gloved. Jack seldom wore gloves, but if compelled to do so, was wont to tear them off upon the first opportunity, as though they had been the tunic of Nessus.

'My dear Jack,' said Walter, 'is it really to the influence of your eloquence with Mrs Sheldon that I am indebted for this great service? I heard her, with my own ears, tell Lillian that she had altered her plans, and would not accompany them to Sicily.'

'To my influence—yes; to my eloquence—certainly not,' returned Pelter gravely. 'I used no honeyed words.'

'Whatever words you used, I am most grateful to you, as Lillian too would say, did she know to whom she was indebted.'

'It cost me something, lad,' sighed Pelter, throwing himself into a chair—'something that smug sleek men declare they value beyond all else, and which is dear even to me—namely, Self-respect.'

'I hope not, Jack; not for my sake, nor—nor any one's.'

'Ay, but it was so, for I had to lie to her, and, what is worse, to threaten her. Fancy using threats to a woman!'

'But why should she fear you, or your threats either?'

'Well, that's too long a story to tell now. But don't you remember, Walter, how, at the beginning of this Willowbank business, and when we were speculating as to who had sent the offer for your Philippa, that I gave you a leaf of my life that you might take a lesson from it—how, when I was young, and honest and credulous—like yourself, I was once fooled by a woman. You know what Pope says about the sex, and that I don't go with him; but in this case he was right. Intrigue was the atmosphere of that woman's life, and men's hearts her playthings. But she had not the wit for the work, or she would never have lied except with her tongue; as it was, she did so in black and white, and amongst others, to me. When we parted—when she flung me aside, like yonder glove—and he cast one violently on the floor, she asked me to give her back her letters; but that was impossible, because I had burned them every one, before she asked me. Judging me by

her own crafty, treacherous self, she did not believe me, and I took no pains to convince her; since she chose, after all that had passed between us, to think me capable of a base revenge, I let her do so; and to-day she suffered for it.'

'Then you knew who this Mrs Sheldon was, from the moment I mentioned her?' observed Walter.

'I guessed it, lad. It was not the name I had known her under, but I heard that she had taken it; and, besides, I recognised your portrait of her. As for her face, I should have known it, had I not seen it for twenty years, instead of ten, at the first glance. "It can make no more mischief amongst men, so you have set it against your own sex, madam, have you?" That shaft went home, I promise you.'

'What! you told her that?' exclaimed Walter excitedly.

'Ay, and she knew who was meant. At first, she thought I was pleading my own cause, not yours; but I undeceived her there. I told her that it might have been so once; that years ago, I might have loved some pure and simple girl, such as your Lillian, had my experience of woman-kind been happier in those days; but as it was, that I had had no cause to trust in woman. She tried to fool me even then; 'tis second nature with her, and first as well; but she might as well (as I told her) have fawned upon the turnstile. Then I made her understand not only that her past, but that her present was known to me, even to the fact that, with her nephew's aid, she was angling for the rich merchant.'

'What! are you jealous, then, dear Jack?' sighed she.

'I declare it made me laugh aloud to hear her.'

'No,' said I; 'I was not jealous, but resolute that her marriage with Mr Christopher Brown should not take place—that I was acquainted with her plans, and meant, so far as he was concerned, to prevent them; not, indeed, for his sake, but for his daughter's; and, to begin with, that she was not to accompany the family to Italy.'

All this had been told in a quiet cynical manner, very different from Pelter's usual tone; but when here, amazed, Walter inquired what right his friend had had to control Mrs Sheldon's movements, he answered vehemently: 'What right? Why, the right of the strongest. Is it for you to have scruples—you, who affect to love this girl, and would have me preserve her—scruples against a serpent? She is harmless now; but, let me tell you, my snake-charming was not done by soft words.'

'Indeed, my friend, you mistake me,' cried Walter; 'every one has a right to protect the weak against the wicked. I used the word as Mrs Sheldon would have used it. Did she not resent, I should have asked, this interference with her arrangements?'

'Of course she resented it; she would have struck me dead, if looks could have done it. But she never questioned my right, nor even my motives.'

'You would not have dared to speak to me like this,' was all she said, 'if you had burned those letters. It is not only women, then, who tell lies.'

'Nothing that I know—or which I hold in my possession—shall be used to your disadvantage, madam,' replied I respectfully, 'if only you will be

ruled by me in this particular matter. If otherwise, it will be my painful duty to place in Mr Brown's hands a certain note—I think you will remember it.”

“You coward!” she broke forth. If I had really kept that letter, she would have spoken truth; and even as it was, lad, I felt like a whipped cur. Do you understand, now, that I have done something more for you to-day than put on a tall hat?”

“Indeed, indeed, I do, Jack,” exclaimed Walter earnestly.

“Yes. But if our positions had been reversed, you feel that you could not have done as much yourself for me?” answered Pelter bitterly.

“I did not say that, Jack. Good heavens! do you suppose that I am reproaching you for sacrificing (as you said) your self-respect for my sake?”

“Well, this much I must needs say in my own justification: it was not altogether for your sake, Walter. It was for this young girl's sake also, whom I have never seen, except on canvas. If she is as good as she is beautiful, it was my bounden duty to defend her from that most unscrupulous of enemies, a jealous woman.”

“Of course, I know Mrs Sheldon is Lilian's enemy; but why should she be jealous of her?”

“Because Mrs Sheldon failed where she has succeeded. Did she not fail, man, in winning your smiles down at Penaddon?”

“She surely never told you *that*, Jack!” cried Walter.

“Certainly not; nor did you either; but yet I knew it. She must either fail or succeed with every man that comes her way. Well, *this* being so, I knew she would stick at nothing in the way of revenge; and, as it happens, interest and vengeance in this case went hand in hand together. She is as poor as a church mouse, as I conjectured, and is playing for a great prize in Mr Christopher Brown; and could she have hooked the father, it would have gone hard with her step-daughter, you may take my word for it. Even as it is, the poor girl has, in my opinion, a very dangerous relative in her new-found brother-in-law; a Frankenstein, too, you should remember, lad, in some respect of your own creation.”

“I know it,” groaned Walter despondingly. But what can I do? I can't stop Selwyn from going to Italy, as you have stopped his aunt.”

“No; but you can do something else. Your patron at Willowbank has paid you for your picture in advance; thinking, thereby, to close all connection with you, no doubt. You have the sinews of war, then why not carry it into the enemy's country?”

“Into the enemy's country?” repeated Walter. “I don't quite see what you mean.”

“Well, in other words, then, here is a young painter, devoted to his profession, and with a pocket full of money; what is more natural, and right and proper, than that he should wish to visit Italy, the temple of Art, the very cradle?”

“By Jove, I'll go!” cried Walter, leaping to his feet.

“Of course, you'll go, though you needn't have interrupted a fellow in what promised to be a very pretty flight of eloquence. I shall miss you, of course, but then I shall feel that you are improving your mind. You must not confine yourself to picture-galleries, remember, but study the out-door

effects of nature—the southern skies and seas. They say Sicily is a good place for filling your sketch-book. Suppose you go to Sicily first, and work your way up from the toe of the boot.”

“My dear Jack, you are the best adviser that ever man had!” cried Walter with enthusiasm.

“That always seems so, when one's advice happens to chime with one's friend's wishes,” observed Pelter composedly. “You must not be too sanguine, however, Sir Knight-errant; it seems to me that you have got your work cut out for you; even if you should save the young lady from the dragon, it will be a tough job to win her.”

“I do not think of winning her,” answered Walter earnestly; “if I can only be of use to her; only let her know, when far from home, and, as she supposes, friendless, that she is not without a friend; if I can unmask this man, and shew her doting father what he is.”

“You will ask no other reward,” interrupted Pelter dryly. “That is very wise, and very pretty; but everybody has not your disinterestedness. For myself, I feel that I have earned something at your hands, my lad; and I will thank you to brew me a little whisky-punch in the manner with which you are acquainted, and which the Faculty have recommended for my complaint.”

#### CHAPTER XXVI.—NEW LODGINGS.

It is late October, but where Walter Litton has, for the present, taken up his abode, all nature still wears her summer dress. It is early morning, but the air, though welcome and refreshing, breathes on him soft and warm, as he stands on the balcony in front of his lodgings, and looks out on sea and shore. So different is the scene that morning is wont to present to him, that it verily seems to be another world. In Beech Street, he was fortunate if at such a time the fog permitted him to see the sky. *Here*, the heavens are smiling on him without a cloud, and the sea reflects their smile on its smooth bosom. Above him, in serene stillness, rise high purple hill-tops, the very names of which he has not yet mastered, and which have still for him that mysterious charm which belongs to mountains which we see, but have not yet trodden. Below, is a broad highway—the Marina—at this hour, silent and deserted, but which will, later in the day, be thronged by equipages, vying with that of the Lord Mayor of London for splendour and bad taste. The streets, too, as yet are silent, although life has begun to stir in the alleys that feed them, and in which common shops full of fish, and fruit, and flowers, are already open. Out of windows hang to dry things both rare and common; namely, clean linen and macaroni. But at the elevation at which our hero stands, not only do the beauties of nature appeal to his artist-soul with irresistible force, but even what is in reality mean and sordid, becomes picturesque. The result is, therefore, a picture that has no flaw, set in a frame of gold and azure. As the morning advances, the gold increases, flowing in, as it were, upon the picture itself; till, presently, he perceives why the tall houses looking seaward are so brown, and also the advantages that may result in some climates from living in an alley, with only a strip of sky to light it. The growing glow and heat, indeed, are such as soon to drive our hero from the balcony into his chamber, a scantily furnished room—as

furnished apartments go in England—but wonderfully clean for Palermo; the reason of which can best be explained by an introduction to the proprietor of the house, whose modest knock at the door has already been repeated without arousing the attention of his new tenant, absorbed by the beauties of sea and land.

A small, spare Sicilian, who now enters with the breakfast equipage, Signor Baccari, like his house, has a half-baked look, which might lead the uncharitable to suppose him averse to the use of water; he *was* indeed averse, for he was a Sicilian, but for all that, he used it, being, as we shall hear, under a vow—though to no saint, for saints always stipulate for dirt—to do so.

‘Good-morning, signor. You have slept well, I trust?’ said he, in tolerable English.

‘If I have not, it was no fault of the arrangements made for my comfort,’ returned Walter warmly.

Baccari bowed, and shewed his teeth, white as the mice of any organ-grinder of his race.

‘To please the friend of one’s friend, is to please one’s self,’ he answered. ‘So soon as his letter reached me, said I to my wife: “Scrub everything—the tables, the chairs, the floors.” It was Signor Pelter’s weakness to have everything scrubbed; and the weakness of those we love is to be respected.’ If Signor Pelter had been dead, and his Sicilian friend had been referring to the fulfilment of his last request, his tone could not have been more grave and pathetic.

‘Your good-will is, I am sure, reciprocated,’ observed Walter, smiling. ‘When Mr Pelter found I was resolved to visit Sicily, he said: “I have one good friend there; if you visit Palermo, ask for Signor Baccari, in the Piazza Marina. I spent a winter at his house in my young days, when I thought I was going to be a Raphael, a Murillo, a Tintoretto—three single gentlemen-artists all rolled into one.” You remember his style?’

‘Is it possible to forget it? Heavens, what a genius he had! I have in my little room above-stairs his view of the harbour. It is the place itself! He was ever upon the sea, you know—the deep, smiling, treacherous sea!’ And Signor Baccari crossed himself like lightning, and muttered something that sounded between a curse and a prayer.

‘You do not like the salt-water, then, yourself?’

‘I! How can you ask me who know what happened! I detest it! I abhor it! I fear it worse than the brigands. What! body of Bacchus, did he never tell you why—he who preserved my Francisco?’

‘Never; he only mentioned that you and he were old friends.’

‘Is it possible? To be sure, he is not one to talk of his good deeds; if so, he would be always talking. And yet, look you, because he is a heretic, there are some who would hold him worse than a brigand. Bah! what stuff.—Forgive me, signor, for spitting on the ground. That was one of his prejudices, and it should have been respected. “If you must spit, my dear Baccari,” he would say, “spit in the sea.” He was so droll!’

‘But how was it he saved your Francisco?’

‘O sir, we were in a boat together—Francisco, then a little child, my wife, and I, all fools for being there—with the signor and a fisherman; out

in the next bay to the west, yonder, which is more beautiful than this, folks say, or than the Bay of Naples. But to my wife, with the child in her arms, nothing seemed so beautiful as to watch the reflection of his innocent face in the deep deceitful sea. So, while she was leaning over the boat-side—it is terrible even to tell of it!—the boy leaped out of her arms; there was a little splash, and then all the light of our life was quenched for ever!’

‘But your son was not drowned, for I have seen him.’

‘No; thanks to Santa Rosalia—and a heretic—he was saved. Our friend was with us, brave, agile, and who swims like a fish. Hardly had that little splash faded from our ears—as the knell of a death-bell dies away—when there was a big splash—that was Signor Pelter; O sir, I shall never forget it—“a header,” he afterwards called it; and he then comes up with the child in his mouth—I mean, in his arms—like a water-dog. It was nothing short of a miracle. What could I say to that hero, who had thus rescued our darling from the jaws of death? Nothing—nothing that could make him understand my gratitude! “Oh, what,” cried I, “noble Englishman, can I ever do for you or yours?” “Wash, my dear Baccari, wash a little occasionally, for my sake,” was his reply. Hence it is that our house alone, in all Palermo, is always water-flooded. “You will die of the damp,” say the neighbours; but we are not dead yet; neither I, nor my wife, nor our good Francisco. Is it wonderful that we have done Signor Pelter’s bidding, and are always clean! Is it wonderful also that to me the sea is more terrible even than the brigands!’

‘Are the brigands, then, so very alarming?’ inquired Walter. ‘I understood that you good folks who dwell in towns, at least were safe from them.’

‘Safe! Holy Rosalia, nobody is safe!’ answered the other, sinking his voice. ‘It is not safe even for us two to be talking of them. They have spies everywhere; allies everywhere. Why, the Marina, yonder, is the only road in Palermo that a rich man dare take his pleasure upon. On all other ways—if he goes to Messina, for example—he must take a mounted escort. To think that a couple of miles out and in, is all that a man dare travel, here in Palermo, because of brigands!’

‘My dear Mr Baccari,’ said Walter, smiling, ‘it appears to me, since our friend Pelter never even so much as mentioned their existence, that you have got brigands on the brain.’

‘Pardon, signor; it seems so, doubtless.—Your breakfast is prepared.’

It was evident that the feelings of the little lodging-house keeper had been wounded. In vain, before sitting down to his meal, Walter endeavoured to explain away his unfortunate observation.

‘The Signor Litton is mistaken; I am not out of my mind, as he has been pleased to imagine,’ was all that his apologies could for some time extract from his host. But presently, when Walter had explained to him that in England there were no brigands, absolutely none, and that, therefore, all reference to such unpleasant folks had for him an air of fable, he grew mollified.

‘The signor, then, is blest in his country,’ was his grave observation; after which, he inquired whether it had always been so favoured.

'Well, we had once robbers and outlaws,' admitted Walter, 'but certainly never in broad day, and in the neighbourhood of our towns. There was Robin Hood, for example, centuries ago, whose band, however, was said to plunder the rich only, and not the poor.'

'Ah, but *these* rogues, they plunder everybody,' put in the Sicilian, once more astride upon his hobby; 'though it is only when some great man has suffered that the affair is made public. My neighbour here, Loffredo, for example, a man as poor as myself, was taken up the mountain last spring, and had to pay so much for his ransom, that he and his family are beggared.'

'I would have let them kill me first!' exclaimed Walter indignantly.

'Yes; but your wife could not—that is, if she loved you, as in this case. Loffredo refused to pay more than such and such a sum—which would not have utterly impoverished him—whereupon one comes down here, into the very next street, yonder, and brings something with him. "Madam," says he, to Loffredo's wife, "do you recognise this *car*?" They had begun to mutilate the poor fellow; and without doubt he would have died by inches, had she not sold all, and sent the required ransom. Again, in the early morning (for the poor fellow shrinks from shewing himself in the crowded streets), you may see any day Signor Spillingio with but one arm, and without a nose. The poor gentleman, captured by these scoundrels, had not the money at command to satisfy them; but his friends scraped together what they could, and sent it to the captain of the band. "This is not enough ransom for a *whole man*," he said, and thereupon reduced him to the pitiable spectacle which I have described. To bring one's children to want, or to lose life and limb, these are the hard alternatives; severe punishments to pay for a walk outside the city walls in spring-time, signor.'

The good man's manner was so earnest, so pathetic, that Walter was tempted to observe: 'I trust, Signor Baccari, that you yourself have never suffered from these villains, either in purse or person?'

'Thanks be to Heaven, never! But my Francisco was once taken; he was acting as guide to a French gentleman, and, fortunately, being so small a fish, they made use of him in another way; they sent him into the town to state the price of their captive; when, only think of it, Francisco himself was thrown into prison, upon the charge of treating with brigands! The poor innocent lad! Our rulers, you see, cannot put down these thieves; but when a man is taken by them, they throw obstacles in the way of obtaining his liberty.'

Walter could not but acknowledge that this was indeed a pitiable state of affairs, though, in his heart, he thought his host was unintentionally exaggerating matters. An element of humour also mixed with his compassion for Signor Baccari, whose fate it was to live on an island, where on the one hand the sea was forbidden to him, and on the other the land. It seemed impossible for any man, not absolutely a prisoner, to possess a more limited horizon in the way of movement.

Yet Signor Baccari was by no means dispirited by these peculiar circumstances of his existence; his talk, when it was not upon the Brigand topic, was as gay and lively as the twitter of a bird; no stranger would have had a better guide than

he to shew him the lions of Palermo, and if Walter had cared for gossip, the private history of every household in the place would have been at his service, for Baccari knew it all. Francisco, his son, a lad of talent, seventeen or eighteen years old, was generally, however, Walter's cicerone. This youth was a study for a painter; tall, slight, and sunburnt, with poetic grace in his every movement, and a certain cold indifferent manner that would have been contemptuous, but for its stateliness; just as, when a king's air is cold and apathetic, we call it royal. He had no conversation, but since he could speak no word of English, that was of no consequence to Walter, who, on his part, possessed but a smattering of Italian, and no Sicilian save what he found in his pocket dictionary. Still, the two got on very well together, Francisco's eloquence of gesture doubtless making up for a good deal. But what made him especially valuable to Walter was that, unlike his father, he was passionately attached to the sea, and well skilled in the management of a sailing-boat. In vain had Baccari forbidden him, even when little more than a child, to tempt the treacherous smile of the Mediterranean; he had ever taken his greatest pleasure upon it; and now that he was a man—according at least to Sicilian reckoning—he was, in all except the name and the attire (which his father would not permit him to adopt), a sailor.

Litton, too, notwithstanding the attractions which Palermo offered to his artist's eyes, was seldom content to be on shore, nor even in the waters immediately about the harbour. It was daily his practice to take boat and put to sea; to escape from the landlocked bay, with its sheer steepes, until they seemed to dwindle before the presence of snow-capped Etna—a hundred miles away. The beauty of the scene thus left behind them was so transcendent, that it would sometimes win Walter's gaze and hold it, despite of himself, in a species of enchantment; but for the most part, he would fix his eyes to westward, where nothing was to be seen for leagues and leagues but the blue sea, and watch for a certain coming sail; while Francisco lay at length, thinking of nothing beyond the orange which he was slowly slicing, as an English school-boy (only without his eagerness) would slice an apple. Ever and anon, Walter would intermit his watch upon the sailless sea, to take from the pocket of his sketch-book a printed extract from a newspaper, which he would read and read again, as though to assure himself that in the end his patience must necessarily be rewarded: 'On Wednesday last, from Plymouth, the yacht *Sylphide* (Christopher Brown, Esquire) for Palermo.' The weather had been charming; even the Bay of Biscay must have been tolerably tranquil during the passage of the voyagers, but still the *Sylphide* came not. It was unreasonable in Walter to be so impatient, for he himself had started from England on the Thursday, by Paris and Marseille, for the same destination, and the iron horse was, of course, an overmatch even for the swift-winged *Sylphide*. Moreover, she might have touched at Gibraltar, or even at Marseille itself. But there was still another alternative, the thought of which haunted Walter, blurred all beauties of land and sea to his curious eyes, and made him sick at heart. The voyage, in place of benefiting Lillian's health, might have injured it; the *Sylphide*, perchance, might

have put back, or, making for some port, its passengers might have disembarked, and gone home by land. Thus, day after day went by in fruitless expectation; his sketch-book, notwithstanding the temptations that on every side appealed to him, remained almost blank; his hand refused its wonted office; it was only by forcing his mind into the shafts, and making *that* draw, in the shape of acquiring the Sicilian language, that the time could be made to pass for Walter at all. Making every reasonable allowance for probable delays, the yacht was now a fortnight behind her time, when, on a certain evening, just as their own little sailing-boat, far out at sea, had, as usual, put about for home, and Walter, sunk in despondency, was *thinking* whether it was worth while to remain in Sicily at all, Francisco touched his elbow, and, in his cold indifferent tones, observed: 'Inglese sheep.' Walter started to his feet, and gazed to westward; there was many a white sail studding the blue deep, as stars the sky, but he noticed no addition to their number.

'There,' said Francisco, nodding lazily towards the extreme horizon, where something like a puff of smoke was barely visible; 'Inglese yat.'

His sharp and practised eye had detected something in the shape of the sail which announced at once her class and nationality.

'Let us put back, and meet her,' exclaimed Walter eagerly, thinking not of the yacht, but Lilian.

Francisco opened his almond eyes a little, the only expression of wonder he ever allowed himself. 'Why so, signor? when with the breeze she must needs be in Palermo before us.'

So they held on their course, while the 'Inglese yat' fulfilled Francisco's prophecy by gaining on them hand over hand. For the rest of the voyage, Walter had no eyes except for her. What was the flaming glow of sky and sea, compared with that first gleam which glittered on the sail that brought his Lilian from the under-world! What was the purple tint of evening upon the mountain-sides, to the rose-coloured dreams of love! On she came, the yacht ever nearer and larger, till it overtook their little craft. Walter had no need to read the name that was writ in golden characters upon the bows, to know it was the *Sylphide*. An instinct seemed to assure him of the presence of the treasure that was being carried past him—of the neighbourhood of her he loved. From under his broad hat he scanned the deck with furtive glance, though, indeed, there was but small chance of his being recognised. No newspaper had recorded under the head of 'Fashionable Intelligence,' Mr Walter Litton's departure from Beech Street, Soho, for Sicily. By all on board who knew him, he was thought to be hundreds of leagues away, and by all *save one*—perhaps even by her—to have given up the object of his life as unattainable. But he was there close at hand, if not to win, at least to watch over and defend his Lilian. She was not on deck; nor did he expect her to be, for the evening air was chill. Sir Reginald alone, besides the members of the crew, was visible. He was standing in the bows, with a cigar in his mouth, looking intently towards the town, which they were now rapidly approaching. To judge by his frowning brow, his thoughts were far from pleasant ones, but they would have been darker yet had he known that the light bark within but

a few feet of him, and on which he did not even waste a glance, carried his whilom friend to the same port.

### THE TRANSPORT AND STORAGE OF GUNPOWDER.

THERE is now a bill before parliament dealing with the important subject of the transport and storage of gunpowder. This, if passed into law, will in certain respects, though not in all, effect an improvement upon the present state of things. The disastrous explosion on the Regent's Canal will have produced at least one beneficial result, for to it we must attribute all the attention which has recently been devoted to this question. At the present moment, our gunpowder law is a very defective one. Under proper regulations, the explosion of last October would have been an impossibility; but it seems to have been the constant practice on the canal never to carry gunpowder without an accompanying load of benzoline, and a fire on board the barge; thus providing everything necessary to produce an explosion, and repeatedly tempting the destruction which came at last.

It would be well if gunpowder were never carried along our canals except in boats specially adapted and licensed for the purpose. The trade in gunpowder is so extensive, that it ought not to be difficult to effect this. The boats might be like those used by government for the transport of the powder manufactured at Waltham, down the river Lea to the Purfleet magazines. These boats are about half the size of an ordinary canal barge, and are covered with a semicircular roof, having a door at the side for loading and unloading the cargo. No lights or fire is allowed on board, and no one enters the hold without wearing a pair of leather 'magazine-shoes'; indeed, in every respect the boat is treated as a magazine, and all the rules and precautions observed in the government magazines apply equally to the powder-barges. Of course, to adopt a similar system on our canals, would cost some money, but it would not equal one-fiftieth part of the loss caused by a single explosion; and it seems to us that either this plan, or some modification of it, should be applied to those which, like the Regent's Canal, wind through the densely populated suburbs of our great cities.

The transport of gunpowder by road is more difficult to regulate. It is now a common thing for not one, but several cart-loads of gunpowder to move together through the crowded streets of London. How dangerous this practice is, may be judged from an incident which took place during the retreat of the French army from Germany in 1813, after the battle of Leipzig. One evening, a convoy of powder-wagons belonging to the French artillery was passing through a small town in Bavaria. One of the barrels in the leading tumbril was leaking, and the powder was dropping from it, and forming a light train along the roadway, which, however, was unnoticed or disregarded by the drivers and the escort. Suddenly, a spark flew from a stone, struck by the iron-shod hoof of one of the horses; it fell among the scattered gunpowder; the train was ignited, and the flame ran along the street under the long line of tumbrils, and cart-load after cart-load of gunpowder blew up with a terrible explosion. The houses on each



side of the road, and many of those in the adjacent streets, were destroyed, and more than a hundred of the towns-people and the escort of the convoy were killed and wounded. Yet, fearful as was the destruction on this occasion, there is no doubt that it would be far exceeded by the ruin which would follow an explosion in some parts of London, where gunpowder is being constantly carried through the streets, to be embarked on the Thames; for instance, in Wapping, one of the most populous districts of the metropolis, where this dangerous traffic goes on day after day. No gunpowder should be carried through our streets except within a few hours in the early morning, when the way would be clear for the carts, and there would be no danger of delays, collisions, and the crowding together of several of the loads, as now frequently happens. Only covered vans should be employed in the traffic, and care should be taken that the drivers do not smoke or carry matches with them. If there were a compulsory mark on every powder-van, and a corresponding badge on the driver's arm, it would be easy for the police to note their passage, and see that the regulations adopted were properly carried out.

Very few people are aware of the extent of the gunpowder trade in England, even without taking the export into account. We have gunpowder everywhere around us—in shops; in the houses of gunmakers and sportsmen, or of quarrymen and miners; in the numberless little private manufactories and stores of cartridges and fireworks; and, finally, in larger amounts in factories, magazines, and volunteer storehouses. These last are by far the least dangerous. The gunpowder in government magazines, and in those belonging to great manufactories and Volunteer corps, though often accumulated in immense quantities—at Purfleet there are over fifty thousand barrels—is placed in properly constructed buildings, under the care of trained store-keepers, guided by fixed rules, which reduce the danger of an explosion to a minimum. On the other hand, the amount of gunpowder in the custody of private individuals—who are too often ignorant and careless men—constitutes a real source of danger. We find repeated instances of it in the government inspector's Reports on the storage of gunpowder. It appears that it is a common practice of miners and quarrymen to keep a barrel of gunpowder under their beds. One case where an explosion resulted from the foolhardy carelessness of a quarryman, would seem at first sight incredible, but its truth is vouched for by an official Report. This man had been in the habit of emptying barrels by boring auger-holes in their heads, and pouring out the powder through them. But it occurred to him that he could make the hole more easily by burning it out with a red-hot poker, stopping when it was nearly through the wood, and finishing it with the auger. The plan succeeded admirably so long as he had to deal with barrel-heads of the ordinary thickness; but one day he proceeded to operate upon a barrel the head of which was thinner than usual, though, of course, he had no means of ascertaining this. The red-hot iron reached the powder, and he was killed by the explosion. We only hear of such recklessness when, as in this instance, it leads to a fatal result. The wonder is, that such accidents are not far more frequent. Every mine and quarry where blasting-powder is used should have its regularly

appointed magazine, and the workmen should not be allowed to have any of it in their houses. Under the existing law, any one can keep fifty pounds of powder, and even half that quantity is quite sufficient to destroy an ordinary dwelling-house and all in it; but as the new bill only reduces the quantity to thirty pounds, the danger must still remain.

The law with regard to dealers is still more defective. No license is required at present, though a compulsory registration is provided for by the new act, which permits a shopkeeper to keep any quantity of gunpowder up to one hundred pounds, provided he store it in a fire-proof safe; or up to two hundred pounds, in a magazine or fire-proof safe isolated from his house, and at a safe distance from any thoroughfare or street. Then, for some weeks before the fifth of November each year, hundreds of shops display a large stock of fireworks; and their fabrication goes on not only in regular factories, but also in the houses of the working-classes, the finished rockets and crackers often being dried before an ordinary open fire. The result is, that we have one or more fatal explosions every autumn; so that the memory of Guy Fawkes's plot has probably in this way led to more deaths than he would have caused if he had succeeded in his nefarious design against the King, Lords, and Commons of England in parliament assembled. But, though in a less degree, the danger exists all the year round, and occasionally at fires the firemen are informed that there is gunpowder in the burning building; and they have to go in and search for and drag out the barrels or cases at the risk of their lives. At Manchester, in November 1868, eight barrels of gunpowder were found by the firemen in a chemist's store, after they had succeeded in extinguishing the fire; and in the same town, in March 1871, they had to get a hundredweight of powder out of a loft over the ceiling of a burning room. In both these cases, there was a very narrow escape of a serious explosion; and they are not solitary instances, for many others like them might easily be quoted.

The question naturally arises—Is there no remedy for this dangerous state of things? And the answer is supplied by Major Majendie's official report of his experiments on fire-proof gunpowder magazines. These experiments took place two years ago, but, unfortunately, at the time so little interest was felt in the subject, that much less public attention was devoted to them than their important practical results deserved. It is evident that only in rare instances can shopkeepers who deal in gunpowder in small quantities provide a properly isolated magazine for its storage. Generally, the gunpowder is kept in a cupboard at the back of the shop, or else in a room near the top of the house, in the hope that, in the event of an explosion, the lower stories will thus escape any serious injury. But this latter arrangement only makes it more difficult to remove the powder in case of a fire. The only safe plan would be to keep the powder in a small fire-proof magazine; but for a long time it seemed to be impossible to construct anything of the kind. An ordinary fire-proof safe would not be sufficient, for it would soon become overheated, and though books and papers would be safe in it, gunpowder would explode, and with a force all the more terrible on account of the confined space in which its action began. The

difficulties of the problem have been met and conquered by a patented invention of Messrs Milner & Co.

Their fire-proof magazine consists of a safe large enough to hold a hundred pounds of powder. The hollow sides of the safe, four inches thick, are divided into chambers, filled partly with alum, partly with a mixture of alum and sawdust. Now, more than half the weight of alum is made up of water, and when heated, it gives it off in the form of steam. If, then, the gunpowder safe is exposed to fire, the alum will be vaporised, and the steam entering the interior of the safe by small holes, will moisten the powder, and keep its temperature for a long time at about that of boiling water. It will gradually rise higher if the fire continues, but it will take several hours to reach five hundred and sixty degrees, the heat required to ignite gunpowder; and it has been ascertained that a safe would never be exposed to the heat of a great fire longer than six hours, so that a resistance for that period would be enough to insure security from explosion. Such is the theory of the fire-proof magazine, and it was subjected to a severe practical test by the experiments made at Woolwich in October 1872.

Four magazines were tested on this occasion. Three of them were designed to resist six hours; the fourth, being of stronger construction, and containing more alum in its chamber, was expected to resist eight or nine hours. The first contained a few ounces of powder in paper and in tin canisters; the second, ten one-pound canisters of sporting powder; the third, a quarter-barrel of twenty-five pounds of powder; and the strong safe, five pounds in an open barrel, and five pounds in canisters. There were also thermometers in the safes, and pieces of alloy, which, by melting at various temperatures, would register the greatest heat of the interior of the magazine. The magazines were placed in brick furnaces holding about five tons of coal; and when the fires were lighted, they blazed up like a blast-furnace, producing a heat far greater than that of any ordinary conflagration. After six hours, the first magazine was removed from its furnace, and opened. The powder was found intact, some of it being damp with steam, but the thermometer shewed that the temperature had never risen higher than two hundred and ten degrees. The experiment was therefore a perfect success.

The other furnaces were allowed to burn on. The second and third safes exploded violently, the former, after resisting for nearly sixteen hours, the latter, after eighteen hours and three-quarters. A can of powder from No. 2 was picked up unexploded; and a piece of alloy from No. 3, the melting point of which was four hundred and eighty-two degrees, was found unmelted. The natural inference is, that in neither case had the general temperature of the interior of the magazines risen to five hundred and sixty degrees, but that the flame, driven by the blast, had burnt through the side of the safes, and exploded their contents by actual contact. The fourth magazine did not explode at all. After twenty-two hours, the fire was put out, and it was ascertained that its contents were uninjured, and the thermometer indicated a maximum temperature of two hundred and fifty degrees. It was evident that this safe would still have resisted for several hours; and the whole series of experi-

ments proved that a means had been found for protecting a small store of powder from any ordinary fire. We have heard of another invention for storing and carrying gunpowder with safety, which possesses still more remarkable properties, and which is about to become the subject of a patent. And, doubtless, the use of some kind of fire-resisting repository that shall hold powder safe from the attack of the fiercest flame, must be sooner or later rendered imperative.

## SNOW-STAYED.

### IN TWO CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER II.

HELEN came down to breakfast utterly doleful. She had indulged in a good cry, to begin with; and now was filled with dismay at the prospect before her. On entering the breakfast-room, she found Mr Hilton had been waiting for her some time. 'I beg your pardon; I am very sorry to have kept you so long without your breakfast.'

Attracted by her despondent tones, he looked up with the first approach to interest he had manifested since her arrival, and said: 'I am sorry for you, Miss Cameron; this snow will make you a prisoner for some time, I am afraid;' and regret for himself was not unmingled with his sorrow for her.

'Yes; I *am* dreadfully sorry,' she returned, with a look of blank disappointment in her face, regardless of the ill compliment which had actually penetrated Mr Hilton's pachydermatous sensibility, and set him thinking. Now, when a man like that begins to think, he generally does so to some purpose. The latent chivalry of this strange being began to awake, and the man remembered with self-reproach that he had done nothing, as a host, to merit any other than the candid avowal he had just heard.

'I am sure I don't know what I shall do,' she moaned, as she stood irresolute by the fire, too genuinely miserable to be polite.

'Well, come and try some breakfast, and then we must see what can be done to preserve life in you afterwards,' he said, with something very like a smile shining on his face, the first she had ever seen.

As a gleam of sunshine attracts on a gloomy day, so did this smile attract Helen, and caused her to regard him with surprise.

He caught the look, and asked its meaning in such a friendly voice, that she said with simple bluntness: 'I saw you smile; I didn't think you could!'

The smile widened into a laugh, notwithstanding the unintended sarcasm, which he was conscious he deserved: the snow was falling outside, while within the first symptoms of a thaw had begun!

He, strange to say, was the first to be aware of it, as he glanced every now and then at the woe-begone face sitting near.

'Is it true,' she faltered, 'that the snow does not clear away for weeks?'

'Quite true.'

'O dear! what *shall* I do?' she sighed.

'We must try and make the best of it for you,' he answered kindly. 'I know this must be a dreadfully dull hole for a young lady to be shut up in, with only a couple of old people, like my mother and myself, for company; but I am afraid there is no help for it!'

'Are you fond of reading?' he asked, after a pause. 'I have some good books, but not in your style, I am afraid.'

'I am afraid not. You are very learned and clever, are you not?' she asked, with amusing simplicity, her eyes opening as she made the inquiry, as though treading on unknown and dangerous ground. 'The girls—the Narcots, told me so, and that made me rather afraid of you, and fancy—'

'I couldn't laugh, and had forgotten how to smile,' he interposed. 'Well, don't be frightened any more, for I am neither learned nor clever, that I know of; and I believe I can smile when provoked to do so; only living so much to myself, I seldom get an opportunity.'

'But that is your own fault, is it not? You hate—us—women, I mean; don't you? So the Narcot girls told me. Is it true?'

'Partly,' and he pushed his plate away as he spoke, and resumed his favourite attitude, with his elbows on the table; then, as if reflecting, he added in a lower tone: 'Still I believe I am capable of conversion, only no one has ever tried.'

'Perhaps you never gave them a chance,' she said, with a bright laugh, which displaced the cloud of melancholy for a moment, as she went to the window to see if she could discern signs of relenting on the part of her cruel jailer outside.

Mr Hilton, meanwhile, was revolving her last words in his mind, as he played with the bread-crumbs, saying to himself, that she had spoken rightly: and when a woman has once had the luck to drive a truth home into a man's mind, which he is willing to acknowledge, she has certainly gained a point.

On other mornings, he generally disappeared as soon as breakfast was over, and never shewed again until summoned to another meal; but this morning he sat on and on, even after the cloth was removed, and the distraction of arranging the crumbs into mathematical problems had been taken from him.

His train of thought evidently lay above-ground this morning. 'This girl would be in the house for weeks;' and he caught himself looking at her as she gazed hopelessly out of the window; and then this thought, at one time so repugnant, grew not altogether distasteful, although, of course, there would be a vast amount of inconvenience attending it, which he was forced to admit. It was a bad business on the whole, certainly, and he would have infinitely preferred if the snow had not fallen. But here she was; and he must make the best of it, and be thankful that, as far as women went, she was endurable after her kind, was unobtrusive at least, and would evidently rather not be staying; under these circumstances, he must make an effort.

Helen left the window, and took an easy-chair by the fire, resigning herself to the hopelessness of the situation, wondering when on earth Mr Hilton meant to go, when he surprised her by turning his chair right round in front of the fire, and en-

scenced himself in it as if to take up his position for the morning.

A quarter of an hour passed, during which time they both looked hard at the fire, while neither spoke. Then Helen said: 'Please, Mr Hilton, don't sit there all day and do manners on my account. I shall go up to my room, if you do. If I am to be a prisoner here for some time, don't add to my affliction by making me feel I am a trouble to you. I know you are always hard at work by this time. Indeed, it is on my conscience that I interrupted your studies at meal-times, as the Narcots told me you always read at such times.'

'I am afraid the Narcots have not given me a good character; paying me out for all my incivilities, I suppose. You might, however, give me an opportunity of proving them mistaken.'

'Yes; but I cannot bear disturbing the routine of any one's daily life. I feel as if they must look upon me as such a bore, an unenviable distinction at best.'

'But suppose I tell you, you don't bore me,' he answered with a smile.

'I shouldn't believe you, I am afraid. The leopard can't change his skin, or his spots; which is it? I am so stupid over quotations. No; it is the Ethiopian who has the skin.'

'But as I am neither Ethiopian nor leopard, but belonging to the Caucasian race of the genus homo, I may be permitted to change that mercurial organism existing in our species called mind. Without wishing to pay you any compliment, I desire to say that I should be glad to make your enforced imprisonment in my house less doleful than you at present contemplate. If you can suggest any course of amusement you would like to pursue, in which I can assist you, I will forego my books while you are here, and—place my time at your disposal.'

The last sentence came out with an effort which shewed the immensity of the sacrifice. Helen looked incredulous. 'Do you really mean it?' she asked.

'I am perfectly in earnest.'

'Then, I know what I would like.'

'What?' he inquired with a nervous pang; he knew not what wild prank he may have pledged himself to.

'You shall impart some of that wonderful learning of yours into my unfurnished brain. I have so long wanted to read Goethe in the original, but I don't know German sufficiently. Mrs Hilton tells me you know Goethe and German, and everybody and everything, alive and dead, by heart. Will you teach me German?'

'Has my poor mother been giving me a bad character, like the rest of the world?—with more cause, perhaps;' and he looked into the fire without answering her question.

'But you really are a German scholar—are you not?'

'Yes; I will teach you.'

'Oh, if you will, I'll think you the kindest creature in the world; and won't regret the snow,' she added archly. 'Then, while I am studying, you can go on with your reading and writing, can't you? and you won't find me so dreadfully in the way, will you?'

His face wore an amused look as he listened to her eager questions. 'So you want to read Goethe in the original. Well, you must follow me; but,

remember, I shall expect to be paid for my trouble.'

'How?'

'By being thought the kindest creature in the world; a decided novelty for me. Now, come into my library, and I will start you at once.'

'Oh, not in there!' and she drew back. 'I should be frightened to go in there. I hear you keep the bones of Noah and all the animals that went with him into the ark—to say nothing of those he left outside—in there.'

'But if I am to have a pupil, I must superintend the study,' he answered, laughing; 'and I promise Noah shall not put in an appearance, or in any way disturb your peace of mind; so follow me. You have never seen my library, have you?'

'No.'

'Then don't speak against such a haven of rest, of which you are ignorant.'

'What *would* the Narcot girls say, if they could only see us!' she thought, as she followed him on tip-toe, not quite certain, but determined to be brave.

'Oh, how very charming!' she exclaimed, as she surveyed the comfortable book-lined room, with its carved oak ceiling, its luxurious Persian rugs, its inviting easy-chairs, and its massive double writing-table, the whole made intensely snug by the glow of a bright crackling wood-fire.

'No signs of such a damp creature as Noah here,' he said, as he placed a chair for her at the writing-table, and rapidly looked out the requisite books, that he might find out how much she did not know, before setting her to work.

Through a fog of timidity, she managed to let him see she was fairly advanced, and then he set her some translation to do, himself taking a book the while to read. The translation was effected, and pushed across the table for correction. He then gave her some other work to do, which kept her for two hours in the library, when she left him to seek his mother.

'I am so sorry for you, my love,' said Mrs Hilton, kissing her, 'but glad for myself. This snow will keep you with us for some time. I hope you don't mind?'

And then Helen was surprised to find she did not mind the gloomy prospect so much as she expected. The thought of reading Goethe in the original was cheering. So she said.

'Of course, I don't mind; only, you must give me something to do. Here; can't I finish these?' And she took a pair of wool slippers from a work-basket.

'Oh, thank you, my dear! if you will; they are for Robert; but they puzzle my poor sight so much, I have been obliged to leave them.'

So between the German lessons and the slippers, the days sped faster than she expected. Even the meals were growing positively agreeable, since her better understanding with the master of the house.

Ever since the German lessons had begun, he had spent his evenings in the drawing-room, and Helen, overcoming her nervousness, rewarded him by singing.

'We owe the snow a debt of gratitude,' said Mrs Hilton, one evening after Helen ceased singing.

'Do we not, dear?' she said, addressing her son.

Mr Hilton did not reply, for he was experiencing a new sensation; one he had not felt for years,

since those old Oxford days, when a pretty girl, to whom he had been devoted, jilted him, and made him almost despise her sex, vowing never more, if he could help it, to look on the face of any woman, save his mother; a vow he might have kept religiously to the end of his days, but for this fall of snow. Now, circumstances were leagued against him. What vows or resolutions could stand against teaching a 'nice' girl every day for two hours; having the same 'nice' girl sitting as his companion at every meal; and, more than all, the same 'nice' girl singing, as she did, evening after evening, the most divine little melodies in the most sympathetic manner! St Anthony himself must have given in under such a cross-fire of allurements!

He had felt the spell growing gradually, until, at the end of the third week, he stood face to face with the truth, and knew he was a conquered man. She stood between him and his most cherished books and researches, and then he remembered with pain that his youth was all gone, and he had only the tall, lean, grizzled remnants of a man to offer to this bright girl, beaming with youth and life; and the knowledge well-nigh proved overwhelming. During the lesson hours, he was calm and undemonstrative enough; but when they were over, and she was gone, there ensued a strange feeling of desolation.

Soon the weather shewed signs of relenting. About a week later, Helen remarked, looking at the snow: 'You will soon get rid of me now.'

'You will be better pleased to go than we to lose you,' he returned dolefully.

'I don't know. I shall be sorry to leave the German lessons behind. What a happy thought that was of mine!' she exclaimed.

'I am not so sure of that.'

'Why? You mean they have interrupted you so dreadfully!'

'Yes;' and he left the room.

She was purposely late at dinner that day, having gone into the library to fetch the book that lay open on his table, which she brought, and placed open, without a word, at his side.

'There! I am not going to open my lips to you all dinner-time. I know I have been a dreadful interruption.'

He looked at her reproachfully—tenderly, as he closed the book without a word.

She read the look, and grew embarrassed. The dinner passed off in silence.

That evening a note came from the Mount Farm which ran as follows:

DEAREST HELEN—Have your miseries equalled or surpassed ours? We can only liken ours to what the king must have felt when he called next morning to know if Daniel had been devoured or not. Was anything ever so unfortunate as this fall of snow? Do tell us how you have preserved your senses throughout this fearful blockade, for we are positively concerned, knowing how and with-whom we left you; our cruel laugh at parting has often risen up in judgment against us, making us remorseful; but we are coming early, the day after to-morrow, to fetch you home. Papa says we may venture in the carriage then, not before.

We hope you have kept a journal detailing your observations of the ways and customs of living

fossils. Have you discovered to what species of defunct animal Mr Hilton belongs—Megatherium or Dinotherium? But from the portraits of those worthies, they are far too comfortable-looking to claim relations with such a starved specimen as Mr Hilton, who resembles the Pterodactyle more, in the skeleton formation, which leaves a generally uncomfortable and disagreeable impression.

We are anticipating glorious fun from your description, to make up for past sorrows, and our taste of Siberia.

Until the day after to-morrow, then (Annie begs I will write in the plural, and she will append her name), we remain, your affectionate friends,

CLARA and ANNIE NARCOT.

'Even snow-storms have an end!' sighed Helen, as she sat down to reply to her friends' letter in no cheerful mood.

She said nothing to Mr and Mrs Hilton that day, but the next morning at breakfast she remarked to the former: 'I am coming to you for one more German lesson, if you will be troubled to give it me.'

His hand trembled. Fatal sign in a man! He may be confidently given up for lost when that symptom appears. His hand trembled, and Helen saw it.

As he made no reply, she said: 'May I come?'

'You know your way,' he answered impatiently, sighing, and soon after left the room, his face having grown many shades paler since her first question.

Half an hour later, she found him in the library, looking utterly miserable.

'What is the matter?' she inquired, as she stood beside him.

His heart was in his eyes as he looked up, with no gaze as if searching into the dead past, but a broad, open, earnest look into the future, as he said: 'I think I am almost sorry the time has come for you to go. I have grown fond of teaching. I wish you would stay a little longer, and let me try to teach you one thing more; and here one arm stole timidly, oh, so tremblingly, round Helen, who forgot to resent the liberty!

'What is that?'

'To love me a little,' he whispered, in a voice choked with emotion, which betrayed how hopeless he felt the request, but which now meant everything to him.

'Impossible!' she murmured, shaking her head.

'I feared so!' he said despondingly.

'Do you know why?' she asked, looking up in his face.

'Why?'

'Because I have learned that lesson already, and know it quite by heart!'

The German fared badly that day, as they sat together and conned over another lesson, the same in all languages, the truest and the most blessed they or any one could learn.

'Oh, what will the Narcots say?' she exclaimed. 'How they will tease me!' and she gave him their letter to read, over which he laughed heartily.

'Tell them, *nous avons changé tout cela*, and that you have dug up the old fossil, and placed him in the best museum any man can have—a woman's loving heart, where he hopes to remain for ever!'

'But, then, I don't think, after all, you could

have been a proper, decent kind of fossil, you know,' she said archly.

'Why?'

'Because I found you so near the surface; and it was not such very hard work digging you out,' she added with a bright, provoking laugh, 'for you were only buried under a fall of snow!'

## THE MONTH:

### SCIENCE AND ARTS.

CLEVER things in industry and invention are at times put on record. Thus, cockchafers are now made useful to artists, for a Frenchman has found that the insects, after feeding, yield a few drops of a liquid which answers the purpose of Indian ink. Different tints can be obtained by feeding with different kinds of leaves.—Near Königsberg there are turf-bogs of large extent; a clever experimentalist converts the turf into millboard and paper. This paper is said to resemble straw-paper in brittleness.—Clever manufacturers make and sell meat-flour, and recommend it as nutritious. This flour is made from the beef used in the manufacture of 'Liebig's Extract; all the juices, all the goodness, are squeezed out, and then the worthless beef is ground up for sale. The buyers are, of course, cheated, for the meat-flour thus produced contains no nutriment. It would be better to eat sawdust.—A Belgian boils beef-bones in water for some hours, with addition of rock-salt and a little alum, and thereby obtains a size which can be used with advantage in the preparation of cotton and silk goods.—Two Frenchmen have proved that sawdust and wheat-bran, and old rotten oak wood, will each yield a gray dye—one yellowish, the other bluish; and others announce that skins can be tanned by soaking them twenty-four hours in a solution of chloride of zinc; and that the very best gelatine for photographic purposes is that prepared with addition of a small quantity of chloride of zinc.

Any one who has ridden in a cab, or in an old third-class carriage, knows that on letting down the window, it falls with a clatter. In modern railway carriages, the clatter and risk to the glass are prevented by placing at the bottom of the hollow an arched piece of india-rubber. The window falls on this without noise. India-rubber is used in the best kind of buffers; tramway cars rest on cushions of india-rubber, instead of metal springs. The wear and tear of roads in mines and quarries, and indeed on roads generally, would be lessened if the bearings of trucks and carriages were fitted with a layer of india-rubber.

The leathern 'hose' or pipe through which water is pumped by a fire-engine is heavy, and is liable to crack. An inventor at Brussels makes a hollow pipe of hemp, which he tans, and thereby renders waterproof. This pipe is then lined with a thin coat of india-rubber; and thus is formed a 'hose' which is flexible, and so light that one man can carry it a considerable length. Its strength, too, is so great, that a pipe of less than two inches' internal diameter will resist a pressure of fifteen atmospheres; and a three-quarter-inch pipe will

resist thirty atmospheres. For fire-engine hose, for conveyance of water, use in breweries, and manufactories, these tanned hemp pipes are very serviceable.

The Duke of Sutherland, as we lately mentioned, is reclaiming wild wastes, by the aid of steam and machinery, on a very grand scale in his territory in Scotland. He has recently introduced a new engine on his mining estates in Staffordshire which is worth a passing notice. This engine, of fifty horse-power, is covered by its boiler as a house by its roof, and looks like a locomotive without wheels standing on a heavy cast-iron base. It does the work usually done by a mining engine—hauling up and sending down—with great facility and economy, for it burns 'slack,' and consumes not more than one ton in twenty-four hours. Moreover, it can be set to work wherever there is standing-room, for the heavy cast-iron base takes the place of the solid brick foundations usually constructed for a mining engine.

In New York, the cost of clearing away a heavy fall of snow with carts amounts to eleven thousand dollars for one mile of street. A machine has been invented which produces superheated steam, and distributes it in any direction as required. This machine travels three miles an hour, and clears a mile of street by melting the snow with the hot steam, at a cost of seventeen hundred dollars a mile.

To prevent the fouling and formation of scale in steam-boilers, Mr W. T. Bate, of Conshohocken, Pennsylvania, has invented a 'feed-water heater and filter,' through which all the water passes on its way to the boiler. The heater is a vertical cylinder: at each side of it, a smaller cylinder, divided into horizontal compartments, and provided with taps and connection pipes, is fixed. These two are the filters, one for hot, the other for cold water. The horizontal plates are perforated, and the compartments are loosely filled with cotton-wool. Cold water is forced upwards through the filter, leaves behind most of its impurities, and passes into the heater. From this, when hot, it is forced upwards through the second filter, and flows thence comparatively pure into the boiler. By this means the fouling of boilers may be very much retarded, if not altogether prevented.

That hard steel can be cut by soft iron, is an old story; but the fact has recently been turned to good account, for a firm at Sheffield have set up a disc three feet in diameter, which makes three thousand revolutions in a minute. This is equal to three hundred miles an hour. Whirling at this tremendous speed, the disc cuts off the ends of heavy steel railway bars in from three to four minutes, leaving them smooth and clean. Cutting off the ends used to be an expensive and laborious process; henceforth, it will be comparatively easy.

The advantageous use which may be made of a wire-screen in protecting a rain-gauge is the subject of a paper, in the *Journal of the Scottish Meteorological Society*, by Mr Alexander Buchan. A curious and interesting fact, which may be full of instruction for some readers, is mentioned in that paper. In a nursery garden near Edinburgh, one chilly evening, an old net was stretched over beds of seedling ash-trees, by way of protection. The next morning, it was seen that the uncovered beds had not suffered from frost; while the beds covered

by the net had suffered. The explanation, says Mr Buchan, is this: 'The plot where the plants grew is quite flat, and open to the horizon all round, there being no trees, walls, or other obstructions that could impede in any appreciable degree the cooling of the earth by nocturnal radiation. Consequently, the cooling of the surface and of the air in immediate contact with it went on unchecked, and against this cooling process the thin covering afforded by the meshes of the net was too slight and flimsy to be of any avail. Over the beds uncovered by the net the slight wind which was blowing had free access, and the lowest layers of air being thereby mixed, the air, cooled by contact with the ground, was not suffered to rest on it, but was mixed up with the air above it; consequently, the temperature did not fall so low as it otherwise would have done. On the other hand, to the beds covered by the net the wind had no access, owing to the intervention of the net; and the air strata not mixing, the cold air settled on the surface, and the temperature fell so much lower than it did over the uncovered beds adjoining, as to destroy the seedling plants, which happened to be just at that stage of their growth when they are most susceptible of injury.'

From these facts, it is easy to see what a powerful obstruction is offered to wind by the intervention of such an apparently slight object as a fishing-net, or a wire-screen with meshes an inch or an inch and a half wide; and it is evident that when the net or screen is spread horizontally over the surface, the obstruction thus presented to the access of the wind to objects beneath will be very complete.

The herring-fishery, and atmospheric and other circumstances connected with it, have been made the subject of inquiry by the same Society, and they have thereby ascertained that thunder-storms and the temperature of the water have a marked influence. The 'take' of herrings is diminished by a storm and by a chill. Before final conclusions can be arrived at, it will be necessary to make observations on the temperature of the water farther from shore.

Within the past few years, observers in Europe have come to the conclusion, that the years of most rainfall are the years of most sun-spots. There are exceptions, but that is the general law. The theory has been tested by investigators in America, and Professor Brocklesby of Harvard College states the result very cautiously: 'I think,' he says, 'we may venture to infer, that so far as trustworthy observations have been made throughout the United States, they point to a connection existing between the variations in the sun-spot area and those of the annual rainfall; the rainfall tending to rise above the mean when the sun-spot area is in excess, and to fall below when there is a deficiency of solar activity.' Another noteworthy fact is, that the water of the great American lakes is highest in the years of most sun-spots. It was mentioned at the last meeting of the British Association, that when there are most sun-spots, then there is most ozone in the atmosphere.

At a recent meeting of the Odontological Society, a paper on Dentifrices was read, in which it was shewn that the mouth, if not frequently and carefully cleaned, becomes infested with vegetable and animal parasites. The action of these on the teeth

is hurtful, and decay can only be prevented or retarded by frequent cleansing. The object of tooth-powders is stated to be 'to keep the teeth perfectly clean; to neutralise the acids, and to counteract the fermentation which takes place in the mouth; to preserve the mucous membrane free from that whitish, slimy coating which forms there; and to correct all unpleasant odour, whether proceeding from the teeth, the tongue, or tonsils.' The author continues: 'We may advise as useful for the purpose, the employment of soap, which, by imparting a slightly alkaline quality to the water, neutralises the acids, and prevents the development of fungi.' In some cases, precipitated chalk mixed with the soap assists the cleansing action; and a solution of permanganate of potassa is recommended 'as an excellent mouth-wash,' inasmuch as it is an antiseptic, prevents fermentation, and 'exercises a beneficial action upon the mucous membrane of the mouth.' Under the authority of the Society, these statements may be safely accepted.

The fluid part of the blood, as some readers know, is almost as colourless as water. The red colour is produced by red corpuscles, which float in the fluid in such quantities that it appears to be red throughout. These corpuscles, or little bodies, which owe their colour to the presence of iron, are in shape something like a silkworm's egg, but are so small that they can be distinguished only with the aid of a microscope. Their number varies with the state of health, and sometimes they are so few that great paleness of the skin is the result, and the health is weakened. Some observers are of opinion that the number of corpuscles varies with the rise and fall of the barometer; but of this there is no sufficient proof. But it is a fact that a French physiologist has devised a method by which the corpuscles can be counted. Hence regular daily observations on the condition of the blood, and, consequently, of the health, can be carried on under different circumstances. M. Malassez, the physiologist referred to, has made his observations, after repose, after exercise, after food, after baths, and in town and in country. Exercise increases the number of red corpuscles, and at the same time the fluids of the body are diminished by perspiration. In country air, the number is much larger than in town air, and is larger also in winter than in summer. The effect of baths has not yet been satisfactorily ascertained; but taking the general result, it is clear that this method of diagnosis may become of importance in the hands of medical practitioners.

These researches connect themselves with others intended to ascertain the amount of iron in the blood, and its variations. The health varies with the increase and decrease of iron, as it does with the rise and fall of the corpuscles; and on the proportion of iron in the blood depends the proportion of oxygen. It is believed that by prosecution of these researches, means may be discovered for mitigating or preventing diseases of the spleen.

One of the reasons assigned against the practicability of working in very deep coal-mines is, that at a depth of about three thousand feet, the temperature of the earth is that of the blood—ninety-eight degrees, and under such conditions, labour is thought to be exceedingly difficult. The deepest mines in England are less than two thousand five hundred feet. These are exceeded by three in Belgium, where the deepest is three

thousand five hundred and eleven feet, and does not require any extraordinary means of ventilation. With these facts in view, Professor Boyd Dawkins said, in his inaugural address to the Manchester Geological Society: 'It seems, therefore, very probable that the difficulties offered to the sinking of mines at a greater depth even than four thousand feet can be overcome by the genius of our engineers, and that, by means of increased ventilation, and the widening of the shafts, the temperature may be reduced, so as to allow coal being worked considerably below the limit chosen by the government commissioners in their estimate of the amount of coal available in this country.'

Eldon Hole is a cavern in a high hill of the Peak country of Derbyshire. The entrance is a well-like opening one hundred and eighty feet in depth, and, of course, wonderful stories have been told of so deep a hole: that it had no bottom; that a man and a cat were once let down and drawn up dead; that a goose once flew down and came out at the Peak Cavern, some four miles distant. But a hundred years ago, a Fellow of the Royal Society went down, and his account of what he saw is published in the *Philosophical Transactions*. In 1874, a party of four men repeated the experiment, aided by a windlass. The bottom at one hundred and eighty feet proved to be a steep slope of lumps of limestone. Down this slope they scrambled, until the tunnel-like passage expanded suddenly into a magnificent hall about one hundred feet across and seventy feet high, with a floor sloping steeply, as in the passage above. The lowest part of this floor and of the great hall is two hundred and forty feet beneath the surface. The only opening discoverable was the entrance. The hall or cavern is beautified by 'splendid stalagmitic deposits'— 'from the roof hang fine stalactites, and the sides are covered with almost every conceivable form of deposited carbonate of lime; in some places smooth and white as marble, in others like frosted silver.' When viewed by the light of a Bengal fire, the effect must have been almost enchanting, as we are led to believe from an account of the descent communicated by one of the party to the Philosophical Society of Manchester. Beautiful though it be, Eldon Hole is not likely to attract many visitors, owing to the difficulty of entrance; but they may gratify their curiosity by a walk into Ingleborough Cave, Yorkshire, where the phenomena, extending half a mile underground, are on a much grander scale than in the Derbyshire Hole.

The *Thunderer*, one of the turret ships of the royal navy, is about to be fitted with guns which will be loaded by machinery, namely, the hydraulic apparatus invented by Sir William Armstrong. 'The gun,' we are told, 'is allowed to recoil after firing until it is entirely within the turret, by which time the muzzle is depressed almost to the level of the deck. The turret is then wheeled round away from the enemy's fire, the charge is raised to the muzzle of the gun, and is rammed home by a piston which comes up through the deck.' In this way the ponderous mass, with all its tremendous potentiality, is manipulated at pleasure.

The Macomber gun, so named after an American inventor, recently tried at Portsmouth, is said to have a range of nine miles. It is made of discs of soft tough iron, well hammered and 'jump-welded,' and is coated outside with rigid steel; a



combination which insures great strength. This gun is a breech-loader, and in the account of the experiments made therewith, it is stated that the initial velocity of the shot was more than two thousand feet a second.

Experiments have been made at Woolwich to discover the best sound-signal for foggy weather. Ordinary service guns, guns with trumpet-mouths, and gun-cotton hung in front of a large reflector, were fired alternately, while the committee appointed to judge of the result rode farther and farther away, until they were miles distant. The different sounds could be discriminated, and it is hoped that a practical application of gun-fire signals may be made in dangerous places around our coast.

#### A PROFESSOR OF CONVERSATION.

We learn by a paragraph in the *Globe* newspaper that a new trade has been struck out—the teaching of people to converse in a pleasant way on various subjects, or what might more properly be called cramming to take a part in ordinary conversation. Not a bad idea, if elocution and the art of getting over bashfulness are at the same time attended to! The following is the paragraph in question:

‘Boswell relates that Johnson used to say the happiest conversation is that of which nothing is distinctly remembered but a general effect of pleasing impression. It is almost universally admitted nowadays that even that humble effect has passed away, and that the guests of drawing or dining rooms are, as a rule, dull and stupid. It is no use stopping to inquire why it is so, although there is a very good reason for the melancholy fact. There are, however, bright prospects for us in the future. We have only to take a trip to Paris, and there is a gentleman there—nay, more, a Baron—whose pupils, after a short intercourse with him, and the deposition of a small fee, will be able, after future successes, to address him: “We are now able,

Formed by thy converse, happily to steer  
From grave to gay, from lively to severe.”

For the Baron II—has the honour to announce, through the French papers, that he is now in Paris, and that, being endowed with a remarkable talent for conversation, which has been nurtured by the profoundest study—a rare combination in these days—and having amassed, in his frequent and varied travels, a fund of instructive and interesting observations, he is enabled to place his talents at the disposal of those masters and mistresses of houses who are much exercised at being unable to converse fluently. The Baron will either impart his instruction abroad or at home. His drawing-room is open to subscribers twice a day, and is the rendezvous of a select circle, the subscription being only a sovereign a month. Three hours of his day are consecrated to an instructive but amiable chat on the news of the day, literary and artistic subjects, observations on manners, over which an archness, unmingled with malignity, will preside; and a few discussions on various subjects, from which politics will be strictly excluded, will make up an agreeable evening's *séance*. The evenings abroad are more expensive. In the first place, the Baron declines

to dine out more than three nights a week. He charges twenty francs for dinner, but the evening party afterwards is not included in that sum, which lets in a fierce light on the Baron's sagacity. Separate arrangements must be made for puns and *jeux de mots*. The Baron will also supply guests, suitably attired, who will sustain and vary the conversation, when those who employ them do not care to take the trouble to make replies or observations. Can these be the ancient “Adelphi guests” who have so mysteriously disappeared? And these guests may in the daytime be hired as friends by foreigners, or persons not in society. How willingly would the late Mr Thackeray have paid his subscription to the amiable Baron, and how much the world has lost by his not living to do so.’

#### AN ANNIVERSARY.

In a chamber old and oaken,  
In a faint and faltering way,  
Half-a-dozen words were spoken,  
Just eleven years to-day.  
What was bound and what was broken,  
Let a woman's conscience say.

Half-a-dozen words excited,  
Whispered by a lover's side;  
Half delighted, half affrighted,  
Half in pleasure, half in pride:  
And a maiden's troth is plighted,  
And a false love-knot is tied.

Has a maiden not a feeling  
That can swell, and sing, and soar?  
Came not o'er her spirit stealing  
Thoughts of things that were before?  
In her heart did no revealing  
Tell her love was something more?

Barely half-a-dozen glances,  
Half in earnest, half in mirth—  
Five, or six, or seven dances—  
What is such a wooing worth?  
Courtship in which no romance is,  
Cannot give a true love birth.

Passion is a pain and power  
Slowly growing unto might,  
By long vigils, not the hour;  
Real love is not at sight:  
’Tis a weed; ’tis not a flower  
That arises in a night.

Lightly is the promise spoken,  
Lightly is the love-knot tied;  
And the maid redeems the token,  
Living at her husband's side;  
And her heart—it is not broken,  
But it is not in its pride.

With the years shall come a feeling,  
Never, may be, felt before;  
She shall find her heart concealing  
Wants it did not know of yore:  
Silently the truth revealing,  
Real love is something more.

Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, 47 Paternoster Row, LONDON, and 339 High Street, EDINBURGH.  
Also sold by all Booksellers.

# CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

OF  
POPULAR

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

*Fourth Series*

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS.

No. 588.

SATURDAY, APRIL 3, 1875.

PRICE 1½d.

## STORY OF KITTY, DUCHESS OF QUEENSBERRY.

THE long-distinguished Queensberry family traced its descent from no mean source—Sir William Douglas, son of James, Earl of Douglas and Mar, killed at the battle of Otterburn, a noted Border fight with the Percies, in 1388, commemorated in the ballad of *Chevy Chase*. History records how this branch of the House of Douglas rose to the peerage through the gradations of Baron, Viscount, Earl, Marquis, and finally Duke of Queensberry in the reign of Charles II.

William, first Duke of Queensberry, was a saving, painstaking personage, and a prodigious land-buyer, in which he shewed his sagacity, for, in the progress of affairs in a limited territory, nothing is so sure to rise in value as land. He added greatly to the family domain in Dumfriesshire, and made a splendid bargain by purchasing, from the Earl of Tweeddale, the extensive Neidpath estates in Peeblesshire for little more than twenty-three thousand pounds, which now yield to his heirs about twelve thousand pounds a year. He left a son, James, who became second duke; another son, William, first Earl of March; a third son, George, who died unmarried; a daughter, Lady Jean, who married Francis, Earl of Dalkeith, afterwards Duke of Buccleuch; Lady Anne, who was married to David Lord Elcho, afterwards third Earl of Wemyss. We mention these facts for their special bearing on the history of the family. An apparently trifling thing in the history of the peerage disperses titles and estates in different directions.

Duke William, the first duke, with his famous bargaining in lands, we willingly pass over. The greatest man of the family, as we conceive him to have been, was James, second Duke of Queensberry, an adherent of King William, and afterwards of Queen Anne, who, for his prudence and good business qualities, was constituted High Commissioner to the last Scottish parliament in 1706, with a view to carry out that

important undertaking, the Union between England and Scotland. It was a delicate and difficult affair. The English were prepared to go into any reasonable arrangement, so that they might be no longer tortured with a resolute and independent power in their rear. The Scotch, on the other hand, were by no means inclined to the alliance; and it required dexterity—as well as some cash—to overcome the scruples of the more obstreperous. The duke being duly empowered to overcome all obstacles, took up his quarters with his family in Edinburgh. Here he owned a spacious mansion built by his father, still known as Queensberry House, situated in the Canongate, at a short distance from the Palace of Holyrood, in which were the official apartments of the Royal Commissioner.

High in the esteem of the court, and generally admired for his ability, and by none more than Defoe, in his *History of the Union*—the Duke of Queensberry suffered from a painful domestic affliction. His eldest surviving son, James, known as Earl of Drumlanrig, was a rabid idiot. In the present day, the unfortunate being would have been consigned for proper treatment to an asylum for youths in his condition; but, in those times, imbeciles of all sorts were allowed to ramble about at pleasure, or, if dangerous, were put under some severe restraint by their parents. In the case of the young earl, care was taken to confine him in a ground apartment in the western wing of Queensberry House, the windows of which were boarded up, to prevent the poor inmate from looking out or being seen. Immured in this fashion, in a half-darkened apartment, the young earl was not neglected as regards animal comforts. He had servants to attend upon him, and was well fed. By want of exercise and a profuse diet, he grew to an enormous size and stature.

So stood matters on that memorable 12th October 1707, when the vote of a majority of the Scots parliament was to be given for the Treaty of Union. There were frantic yellings in the streets. The nation was going to be sold and ruined. The retainers of the Duke of Queensberry were delirious in favour of the Union. To bear

bulk in the general commotion, they resolved, one and all, to sally forth in favour of the unpopular act. The whole household, accordingly, sallied out *en masse*, and, among the rest, was the man whose special duty it was to attend and watch Lord Drumlanrig. All went off to the show but the idiot earl and a kitchen-boy who turned the spit. The house being silent, and no one on guard, the earl broke loose from confinement, and roamed wildly through the mansion. It is supposed that the savoury odour of the preparation for dinner led him to the kitchen, where he found the little turnspit quietly seated by the fire. What a frightful atrocity ensued! He seized the boy, killed him, took the meat from the fire, and spitted the body of his victim, which he had half roasted when the duke with his domestics returned from his triumph in the Parliament House. We pass over the consternation that prevailed. The idiot survived his father many years, though he did not succeed him upon his death in 1711, when the titles and estates devolved upon Charles, the younger brother.

Now comes the history of Charles, third Duke of Queensberry, somewhat in the character of a farce after a tragedy. The change is, at all events, amusing, and enlightens us as to the manners of a century and a half ago. Duke Charles, born in Queensberry House in 1698, is described as being an estimable personage, but less of a statesman than his father. He is heard of chiefly through his wife, Lady Catherine Hyde, second daughter of Henry, Earl of Clarendon, and grand-daughter of Lord-chancellor Clarendon, the eminent historian and statesman. In a worldly point of view, the marriage, which took place in 1720, was for both parties all that could be desired. It is unpleasant to say so, but we think the duke had cause to rue the bargain. Duchess Catherine, or 'Kitty,' as she was called by the wits and poets of the period, was one of those young ladies of quality who, in their unregulated and boisterous spirits, consider themselves absolved from etiquette, and can do what they like.

Of all the female eccentricities of the period, none exceeded Duchess Kitty. At an early period of her life, Prior had depicted her irrepressible temper:

Thus Kitty, beautiful and young,  
And wild as colt untamed,  
Bespoke the fair from whom she sprung,  
By little rage inflamed:

Inflamed with rage at sad restraint,  
Which wise mammas ordained;  
And sorely vexed to play the saint,  
Whilst wit and beauty reigned.

Shall I thumb holy books, confined  
With Abigails forsaken?  
Kitty's for other things designed,  
Or I am much mistaken.

Must Lady Jenny frisk about,  
And visit with her cousins?  
At balls must she make all the rout,  
And bring home hearts by dozens?

What has she better, pray, than I?  
What hidden charms to boast,  
That all mankind for her should die,  
Whilst I am scarce a toast?

Dearest mamma, for once let me,  
Unchained, my fortune try;  
I'll have my earl as well as she,  
Or know the reason why.

I'll soon with Jenny's pride quit score,  
Make all her lovers fall;  
They'll grieve I was not loosed before;  
She, I was loosed at all.

Fondness prevailed; mamma gave way:  
Kitty, at heart's desire,  
Obtained the chariot for a day,  
And set the world on fire.

With her dash and brilliance, as we see, Kitty caught Charles, Duke of Queensberry—a good thing for her, but not, as it happened, so agreeable a matter for the duke, who must have been sorely tried with her imperious temper and vagaries. Kitty was to a certain extent mad. That is the most charitable view to take of her. Her madness partook of a queer compound of good-heartedness, ridiculous whimsicality, and self-assertion. To herself, she was her own law—not at all an uncommon weakness, and more common, however, in past times than now, when society has shaken itself into regularly recognised grooves. As for Duchess Kitty, she had her flatterers and parasites. She was admired for her beauty, her agreeable freedom of carriage and vivacity of mind, and wheresoever she went, had a coterie of adherents.

Eccentric in all her ways, the duchess took a pleasure in dressing herself like a peasant-girl, and so enjoying the astonishment of those who discovered her in her plain attire. An anecdote is related of her having shewn contempt for an order that was issued, forbidding ladies to come to the Drawing-Room in aprons. Equipping herself in the forbidden garment, she went off to court. On approaching the door, she was stopped by the lord in waiting, who told her that he could not possibly give her Grace admission in that guise, when she, without a moment's hesitation, stripped off her apron, threw it in his lordship's face, and walked on in her brown gown and petticoat into the brilliant circle.

The most notable of Kitty's proceedings was her quarrelling with the king, George II.; his queen, Caroline; and the prime-minister, Sir Robert Walpole. It is amusing to look back to 1729, and see how little could then throw the court into a state of extreme perturbation—not a foreign war, not a contest about the dynasty, not a national convulsion, but the performance of Gay's *Beggars' Opera*. From its wit and drollery, its satirical allusions, and its songs, the piece, though depicting not very agreeable scenes among certain criminal classes, was amazingly successful. The author offered it first to Cibber of Drury Lane Theatre, and it was rejected. It was then presented to Rich, who had it acted at his theatre in Lincoln's Inn Fields, and with such marked success as to give rise to the saying, that it made Gay rich, and Rich gay. Swift, Pope, and the whole of the association of wits of that day, took care to be present at its first performance. It had a run of sixty-three nights without intermission, and was immediately acted at all the principal theatres in England, Scotland, and Ireland. For a time, it created quite a mania. Ladies carried about with them the favourite songs of Macheath and Polly in their fans, and houses were decorated with pictures from its scenes. Miss Fenton, who first acted Polly, till then obscure, rose to distinction, and became Duchess of Bolton. For a season, the play drove the Italian opera out of England.

Opinions differed as to the moral tendency of

the piece. Swift commended it for its excellent morality, as shewing vice in its strongest and most odious light. By other divines, it was strenuously censured and objected to. The saving qualities in Gay's production consisted in the lyrics with which it is profusely interlarded. The music of the *Beggars' Opera* is unsurpassed for touching tenderness. Why the court should have taken mortal offence at the popularity of Gay's drama, is not clearly understood. Perhaps it was thought that the profligacy of manners in high quarters was too truly figured. Sir Robert Walpole, to whom is imputed the saying, that 'every man has his price,' felt that his political dealings bore an unpleasantly close resemblance to Macheath, when he sings:

Since laws were made for every degree,  
To curb vice in others as well as in me,  
I wonder we haven't better company  
Upon Tyburn Tree.

It is one of the greatest manifestations of wisdom, never, on frivolous grounds, to complain of ill-usage. It is best to allow jests and ill-natured squibs to pass into oblivion; taking notice of them only does mischief. If Sir Robert Walpole imagined that he was satirised in the character of Macheath, a dashing highwayman, he should have laughed at the joke, and thought no more about it. Instead of doing so, he broke into a rage at being held up, as he thought, for public derision, appealed to the Lord Chamberlain, as guardian of the stage, and caused the performance of the piece to be stopped. Kitty, Duchess of Queensberry, was now in her element. A mean advantage had been taken of Gay, a poet, and a man of good reputation. He was martyred by the court, and ought to be sympathised with and supported. She accordingly became the patron of the unfortunate dramatist. She went about soliciting subscriptions of a guinea each for printing copies of his play. In her eagerness, she carried her subscription-paper around the Queen's Drawing-Room, and even, with her matchless audacity, asked the king to be a subscriber to a work, the performance of which his own officer had suppressed! An outrage so flagrant could not be passed over. The duchess was officially forbid to come to court, a message which gave her no concern. She characteristically replied, that 'the command was very agreeable to her, as she had never gone to court for her own diversion, but to bestow civility on the king and queen.' As a result of this miserable fracas, the Duke of Queensberry resigned his post as High Admiral of Scotland, although requested to remain in office.

Exiled from court, the Queensberry family paid a visit to Scotland, and were accompanied by Gay. A new scene now opens in the whimsical career of Duchess Kitty. We might as well try to follow a butterfly as to track her in her devious course. For a time, she and the duke resided in Edinburgh, in that huge square mansion at the foot of the Canongate, environed by a boundary-wall like a fortification; and for a time they were at the family palace of Drumlanrig in Dumfriesshire. The author of the *Traditions of Edinburgh* mentions that there used to be an attic in an old house opposite Queensberry House, where, as an appropriate abode for a poet, Gay was stowed by his patrons. 'It is known, however, that while in

Edinburgh, he haunted the shop of Allan Ramsay, in the Luckenbooths—the flat above that well-remembered and classical shop, so long kept by Creech, from which issued the *Mirror, Lounger*, and other works of name; and where, for a long course of years, the *literati* of Edinburgh used to assemble every day like merchants at an Exchange. Here Ramsay amused Gay, by pointing out to him the chief public characters of the city, as they met in the forenoon at the Cross. Here, too, Gay read the *Gentle Shepherd*, and studied the Scottish language, so that on his return to England he was enabled to make Pope appreciate the beauties of that delightful pastoral. 'We can conceive that altogether Gay spent a pleasant time in the Scottish capital. At Drumlanrig, there was less of literary solacement, and he had to fall back on the natural scenery of Nithsdale, simple, wild, and beautiful. In a mausoleum at the parish church of Durisdeer there was one artistic object, which he was doubtless shewn, a representation in statuary, by Ronbilliac, of James, Duke of Queensberry, the hero of the Union, and his Duchess. The noble pair are represented lying in a bed in their state dresses; but though in some respects fantastic, the figures are true to life, and are viewed with a sense of relief in the present day, when the realisation of baldness is the predominant ideal. Ronbilliac, now apt to be scouted, was a great artist. His figure in white marble of Lord President Forbes, in the Parliament House at Edinburgh, transcends anything we have seen in modern sculpture. We do not know what Gay thought of the figures at Durisdeer, but learn that he was pleased with wanderings in Nithsdale, and often derived pleasure for poetical meditation in a cave away from busied concourse, such as would assail him on a return to Fleet Street.

While in Scotland, the duchess continued to dress herself as a peasant-girl; her object here, as elsewhere, being to ridicule the stately feminine costumes of the period. One evening, some country ladies paid her a visit, dressed in their best brocades, as for some state occasion. Her Grace proposed a walk, and they were of course under the necessity of trooping off, to the utter discomfiture of their frills and flounces. After dragging the poor ladies about, she at last pretended to feel tired, and sat down upon the dirtiest dunghill she could find at the end of a farm-house; saying to her companions: 'Pray, ladies, be seated;' inviting them to plant themselves round about her. They stood so much in awe of her, that they durst not refuse; and of course the duchess had the satisfaction of afterwards laughing at the destruction of their silks.

One of Kitty's freaks was an affected horror of seeing people at table eat from the point of their knife—a practice now exploded, but then common, for the forks were of steel, and mostly with two prongs. When she saw her guests lift the food to their mouth on their knife, she screamed out, and begged them not to cut their throats. Gay, who was grateful to the duchess for her kindness, begged Swift to think of her with respect, notwithstanding this weakness.

There was no end to Her Grace's caprices, which sometimes took a turn more cruel than destroying the silk dresses of her obsequious neighbours. When she went to an evening entertainment, and found a tea-equipage paraded which she thought

too fine for the rank of the owner, she would contrive to overset the table and break the china. The forced politeness of her hosts on such occasions, and the assurances which they made that no harm was done, delighted her exceedingly. At one time when a ball had been announced at Drumlairig, after the company were all assembled, Her Grace took a headache, declared that she could bear no noise, and sat down in a chair in the dancing-room, uttering a thousand peevish complaints. Her son, Lord Drumlairig, who understood her humour, said: 'Madam, I know how to cure you;' and taking hold of her immense elbow-chair, which moved on casters, rolled her several times backwards and forwards across the saloon, till she began to laugh heartily—after which the festivities were allowed to commence.

On this occasion, Kitty did not remain above a month or two in Scotland. Along with the duke and her retinue, she returned to London, where there was a much better chance of setting 'the world on fire,' than in the quiet society of either Edinburgh or Dumfriesshire. With all her eccentricities and resentment, she in time found her way back to court.

The duke and duchess had only two children, sons, Henry Lord Drumlairig, and Charles. It is alleged that Henry inherited from his mother a certain capriciousness of character. Whether arising from natural infirmity or from the devices practised upon him, his career was sadly unfortunate. It has been alleged that Kitty, by her inconsiderate freaks, was the real cause of the catastrophe which ensued. Lord Drumlairig is said to have fixed his affections on a Miss Mackay, a lady of respectable but not elevated station, and of great beauty and accomplishments. She returned with an equal ardour the passion of the young nobleman, and a correspondence was carried on between them of a very affectionate nature. When Lord Drumlairig informed his parents of his attachment, and intention to marry Miss Mackay, the duke offered no objection; but Her Grace would not hear of the alliance. She had already settled decisively in her own mind that he should marry Lady Elizabeth Hope, eldest daughter of John, second Earl of Hopetoun. This result she effected by intercepting the correspondence between Lord Drumlairig and Miss Mackay, and even causing a letter to be forged representing that Miss Mackay was married. So runs the tradition; but we greatly doubt its accuracy. Kitty was frivolous, but not deliberately wicked. We shall be glad to learn, if, in the exploration of the Queensberry papers, any document has cast up to relieve her memory from the scandalous imputation. Be it as it may, the marriage of Lord Drumlairig with Lady Elizabeth Hope took place at Hopetoun House, 24th July 1754. After passing some weeks in Scotland, Lord Drumlairig proceeded with his bride to England, accompanied by his father, mother, and brother. Riding before the carriages, Lord Drumlairig 'was killed by the going off of one of his own pistols, near Bawtry, in Yorkshire, 19th October 1754.' Such is the account of the affair in the *Peerage* of Sir Robert Douglas. Others, ascribing the broken-hearted and deranged state of the young nobleman to a discovery of the cruel trick that had been played upon him, say that he shot himself on the journey. His wife, the poor countess, who is allowed to

have had no hand in any manoeuvre to effect the marriage, never recovered the shock. She died childless, 7th April 1756, in her twenty-first year, and was buried with her husband at Durisdeer.

Misfortune had still something in reserve for the Duchess Kitty. She was destined to lose her second son, Charles, who succeeded to the honorary title of Lord Drumlairig on the death of his brother. Not being of a robust constitution, he went to Lisbon for the benefit of his health in 1755. It was an unfortunate selection. On the 1st of November of that year, the disastrous earthquake took place which laid all Lisbon in ruins. Drumlairig escaped with his life. His fatigue and exposure on the occasion proved most injurious. He was able to return to England, but died in 1756. What effect these desolating events had on the light-hearted Kitty, must be left to conjecture. Until late in life, she retained her beauty and vivacity. At the funeral of the Princess-Dowager of Wales, in 1772, Her Grace, with all the buoyancy of thirty years previously, walked as one of the assistants to the chief mourner; a circumstance which occasioned the verses of Horace Walpole, Earl of Orford:

To many a Kitty, Love his car  
Would for a day engage;  
But Prior's Kitty, ever fair,  
Obtained it for an age.

Kitty, however, was now near the close of her brilliant and eccentric career. She died in 1777; and the duke, her husband, passed away a year afterwards. At his demise, the dukedom, with very large estates, devolved on William, third Earl of March, who now, as fourth Duke of Queensberry, united in his own person the proprietorship of the extensive estates of the Douglas family.

In the annals of the peerage, we know of nothing to be so lamented and reprobated as the career of the fourth Duke of Queensberry. A noble inheritance, an historic name, high station, immense opportunities of well-being, were thrown away on a worthless profligate, who cannot be said to have possessed a single redeeming quality. Known as the beau, the courtier, the patron of horse-racing, and every variety of folly as whim directed, he drew out life as a species of social scandal. In his latter years, the duke's eccentricities were a source of amusement—if not censure—in London. When no longer able to make his appearance on the turf, he occupied himself, sitting daily, during fine weather, on the balcony of his house, watching the passing crowd, and hence became known as 'Old Q., the Star of Piccadilly.' As a confirmed bachelor, and at enmity with the heirs of entail of his estates, he did all in his power to make the most of his property, irrespective of future consequences. On Neidpath he inflicted a terrible blow. In 1795, he sold the fine old timber which had been the pride of the neighbourhood, leaving the banks of the Tweed a shelterless wilderness. A well-known sonnet of Wordsworth refers to this shameless spoliation:

Degenerate Douglas! oh, the unworthy Lord!  
Whom mere despoite of heart could so far please,  
And love of havoc (for with such disease  
Fame taxes him), that he could send forth word  
To level with the dust a noble horde,  
A brotherhood of venerable trees;  
Leaving an ancient dome, and towers like these,

Beggared and outraged!—Many hearts deplore  
The fate of these old trees; and oft with pain  
The traveller, at this day, will stop and gaze  
On wrongs, which Nature scarcely seems to heed:  
For sheltered places, bosoms, rocks, and bays,  
And the pure mountains, and the gentle Tweed,  
And the green silent pastures yet remain.

Towards the concluding period of his life, 'Old Q.' contrived to maintain a certain youthfulness of aspect, by bathing every morning in warm milk, and other expedients. Scandal alleges that he slept with raw veal cutlets on his face, in order to preserve a freshness of complexion. He certainly drew out life beyond what any one could have expected. In 1810, he died, unmarried; and there immediately ensued a dispersion of his titles and estates according to the respective patents of nobility and deeds of entail. The earldom of March, with his Peeblesshire estates, was inherited by the Earl of Wemyss, as descendant of Lady Anne Douglas, daughter of the first Duke of Queensberry. The title of Duke of Queensberry, with the barony of Drumlanrig, devolved on the Duke of Buccleuch, who was thenceforth designed Duke of Buccleuch and Queensberry. The title of Marquis of Queensberry, with some estates, fell to the share of Sir Charles Douglas of Kellhead. Besides his vast estates, 'Old Q.' left a personal fortune, amounting to about a million sterling, devised in legacies to various persons. So sunk and disappeared the 'Star of Piccadilly,' and ended in its independent and unimpaired form the ducal family of Queensberry.

W. C.

### AN ADVENTURE IN A COAL-PIT.

TRIFLES often lead to great disasters, and it seemed but a trifle to me when, one November morning, a telegram was put into my friend Willis's hands as we were preparing for a day's shooting. His presence was demanded in London on some trust business, and he had immediately to give up all idea of sport. He begged me, however, to take Rover and the keeper, and pursue my recreation as if he were with me. I was not eager to make a large bag; so I determined to discard the man, and take a long ramble on the lonely hills behind Bradford, in the hope of picking up a stray woodcock, as well as a brace or two of grouse. Perhaps I was a little tired of partridges amongst the turnips, and wanted an excuse for a walk as much as anything. The day was somewhat gloomy. Torn wisps of dark cloud hurried over the hills at the back of my friend's house, but I did not mind a wetting; so started with Rover, my pointer, who frisked about in as exhilarated a state as his master. Soon I gained Baddon Fell, the highest point in the district, and turned to look on the tall chimneys and smoky pall of Bradford. Thence my course lay over hill and valley, succeeding one another in gentle acclivities. Neither grouse, which were very wild, nor woodcock, fell to my gun. At noon, I rested, and ate a couple of biscuits, by way of lunch. Then on again; and on rising a slope, I beheld a small scrub of brambles, spruce firs, and larch, with a holly or two intermingled, surrounded by a dilapidated fence. It was about a hundred yards across, and none of the trees was more than ten feet high; but it was in a sheltered spot, and was just the place in which a woodcock would

rest, a short time after his flight. Rover divined my intention, and pushed on a few yards before me. No one was in sight. A few sheep dotted the face of the opposite hill. Rain had begun to fall, and the whole landscape was cheerless to a degree. I climbed the slight fence, and followed Rover into the brushwood. A dozen steps, and I suddenly felt myself slip forward. I caught the stem of a larch, and, to my horror, glided down, with a crashing of sticks and a howl from the terrified dog—glided down as it might be for a moment or two, through bush and brake, then, with an awful plunge, we all disappeared into darkness, while bushes and earth rattled over me for another few seconds. To this succeeded a crash and a stunning blow, and I knew no more.

After what seemed an age, I came to myself, weak and sorely numbed; every limb aching, and my head splitting with agony, but without any broken bones, as I discovered when able to stand up again. The fact of my having slid down on the mass of debris, had providentially saved my life, but the disentangling myself from the bushes and briars which had almost smothered me, took of itself some little time. Slowly recollection returned with the glow of blood in its old channels, after having been frozen, as it were, by the shock. It was pitch dark, and awful silence reigned around. High up, I could discern a patch of gray sky, but it was evidently the hour of twilight, and soon it too faded out. At length, I gathered my senses, and the conviction then flashed upon me that I had fallen down the shaft of a disused coal-mine, and that, too, one situated in such an out-of-the-way valley over the bleak hillsides, that rescue was extremely improbable. Willis, I now remembered, had mentioned these old shafts to me a few days ago, and had told me that scrub and brushwood were usually planted over the site of them, on some rough planks and hurdles loosely thrown over the yawning mouth of the pit. Alas, his cautions had been thrown away!

Striking a light with a fusee, I found it was six o'clock; so that I must have been unconscious for some hours. A few drops from my brandy flask greatly restored me, and I began to move about, for, though much oppressed with the horror of my situation, I wanted to circulate my blood, and attain my full powers of thought. I settled at once that it was no use to give in and lie on the heap which had fallen with me, till death came by inches. Perhaps, if I fired a shot, it might attract notice, and enable me at the same time to see for a moment where I was. Accordingly, I took aim in the direction I conceived the shaft was, and drew the trigger. I shall never forget the result. For an instant the vast caverns that seemed to yawn on every side around me were lit up, and I could catch a glimpse of huge buttresses reaching up on high, like the arms of Atlas. The roof I could not see, owing to the momentariness of the flash, but the noise was appalling. The explosion echoed and re-echoed round the dark vault, and then fled away in muttering thunders into the unknown darkness, seeming to be caught up, and buffeted between the buttresses, and, for several moments after these repercussions of sound had ceased, to linger like the recurring undertones of some monstrous passing-bell. I am not superstitious, but it seemed just as well not to be ringing my own knell; so I determined to waste no more

powder in utterly futile attempts to make somebody hear.

A low moan of pain at my side now made me start; but on calling to Rover, I found it proceeded from him. He had fallen with me, but, less fortunate—as I found on scrambling to where the moans proceeded from—had broken his back in the descent. It was piteous to feel the poor animal licking my hand, and to know that he was powerless to drag himself a yard. Even in the upper world, there would have been no cure for him, and sorry as I was to lose his companionship in the utter darkness which enveloped us, I knew it was more humane to put an end to his sufferings. There was agony in the thought, but what could be done? Immediately, the faithful creature was no more, and now I was left absolutely without a friend in the bowels of the earth. I in a measure encouraged myself, however, by thinking that after dinner had waited an hour, Mrs Willis would probably become alarmed, and send out to scour the neighbourhood. But who would dream of looking for me in a deserted coal-pit? and who could track my steps over the barren moors, to the point where the earth subsided under me? And then once more hope awoke strong and irrepressible within me.

Being greatly exhausted, I could no longer resist sleep, and when I woke and struck a fusee, I found it was again six o'clock; six A.M., I supposed, of the day after my accident. Shortly after, the watch stopped, and I was for the future obliged to guess at the lapse of time, as the watch-key had been left on my dressing-table at home.

Energy returned after my slumber, and together with a burning thirst, drove me to leave the mouth of the pit, and search for water. I left my gun and pocket-book behind me, having first scrawled a few words on a page of it, in case rescuers should descend in my absence. I walked on boldly from the mouth, where, high above, the circular patch of sky was once more appearing with dawn, and affording me a ray of hope. When fairly in the darkness, I stopped to listen, and the silence was awful. Again I pressed on through what seemed light sand, but which I well knew was dry coal-dust, which invariably carpets a pit, and extends up to the ankles of any one walking in it. At length, I heard the pleasant sound of water trickling down, and immediately I was on the edge of a rill, at which I had a delicious and refreshing draught. I lay for some time by the rill, and left it invigorated, and once more, strange to say, hopeful.

How to find my way back, was now my difficulty. Hunger admits of no parleying, and I was now resolved to appease my appetite on what had before seemed so revolting, the flesh of poor Rover. Staggering back to the spot where he lay, there was a hurried rush past me of an army of small animals. The truth flashed upon me. Poor Rover's body was being gnawed to pieces and devoured by rats.

Strength of mind again almost forsook me. These frightful creatures, I thought, were waiting in the gloom to pick my bones as well. Though this were a disused working, the presence of rats, I felt assured, pointed out that there were worked portions of the mine at no great distance. If they did not muster up courage enough to overwhelm me by numbers, I might yet be saved.

Now I took my gun as a protection, and resolving to give up what I had previously regarded as a treasure of inestimable value, the rill of running water, prepared to strike boldly into an opposite working, and take my chance. My flask was full of water, and with it I might support life for a couple of days, if the worst came to the worst. I tightened my waistband—a plan to appease the cravings of hunger, which I had learned also from the Red Indians—and dipping a finger of my kid glove in the flask, by dint of chewing it, made a sorry meal, but yet one that greatly relieved my pangs, and opened the salivary glands to my wonderful refreshment. My new track led to a floor of very uneven nature, and over which the roof could be felt. I concluded that this was rather a forsaken working than a thoroughfare, so to speak, of the mine, and turned to one side, where the roof again rose. This I supposed to be the passage leading to the abandoned working from the main adit of the mine. On the more level and dusty floor, I here kicked something which sounded metallic, and picked up what I made out by feeling to be an old safety-lamp. The padlock was still on its side, and the ring at the top was not eaten away or rendered less easy in its play by rust. Clearly, the pit had not been many years abandoned. And then a brilliant thought struck me. With hands trembling from excitement, I opened my pocket-knife, and forced off the little padlock with some little trouble. Then I drew out my fusee-box, scarcely daring to allow to myself that there might be sufficient oil left in the lamp to admit of my obtaining a light, if it were but for a short time. There was but one fusee left. All my hopes, almost my existence, seemed centred on it. At length I plucked up courage enough to try to strike it. It fizzed for a moment, and then went irrecoverably out, dashing all my expectations to the ground, and leaving me once more in utter darkness, both outwardly and in my heart. Worse still, as I turned the lamp, I felt the precious drops of oil pouring over my fingers. I would then have willingly given all I possessed for another match.

After this disappointment, I once more began to despair; and yet, determining not to give in without another great struggle, I went on, blindly hoping to light upon some clue which might perchance lead me to a working still actively prosecuted, for I knew that much of the district underlying the hills over which I had wandered was honeycombed by the operations of the colliers. At all events, this was my only chance, and it seemed well to keep up hope to the last. All at once, I fell over a hard projection, and on stooping down, found it was an iron chair yet *in situ*. Though the rails and transoms had been removed, here was a discovery (though I would not build too much on it) which kindled hope, and I felt in front of it till I kicked another, and then another. These successive chairs shewed that I was on a track, at all events, along which I could hasten without constant fear of running against the walls of the pit, and which, so long as I was careful to keep touching these chairs, might lead me to a frequented part of the pit. The most intense listening disclosed no sound. It was quite possible, I thought, if I pursued this track, that it might bring me to a level entrance into the pit. I must have rambled on for an hour, pursuing my monotonous task of



kicking these iron chairs, which regularly succeeded each other at intervals of four yards, till, to my great joy, I reached a rail fixed on the chairs; and a few yards further, finding the rail continuous, I began to feel certain that I was on the right mode of escape. Taking the last draught of water which remained, I made a mental vow not to lie down, for I felt I should never rise again if I did. Fortunately, the end was at hand.

Was I dreaming, or out of the body in Hades? Did a dull knocking strike upon my ears, or was it the laboured thud of my heart's slow beating that I heard? I shook off fancies for a moment, and realised as I stood there, leaning against the wall, that repeated blows, smothered by distance, were being struck before me. The knocking continued; two or three blows being given, and then a momentary halt. I recognised the sound of colliers' picks, and thankfully strove to penetrate to them, but my knees would no longer support me; I staggered on, and fell prostrate. Still it seemed so awful a death to die within reach of succour, that I shouted as loud as I could, and was entranced when the knocking ceased, as though the colliers were listening. The revulsion of hope was too much: my faculties all became dim and hazy; I fired off in succession the two barrels of my gun.

My next recollection is that of a knot of colliers, in semi-nudity, who had just left their workings, and come through the brattice which divided their portion of the pit from the disused part, and were standing round me with their safety-lamps. They had fled, they afterwards told me, at first, thinking an explosion had taken place in the abandoned workings; and it was long before the 'butty' could persuade any of them to follow him. But when they once saw my deplorable condition, agonised with hunger and thirst, grimy from head to foot with coal-dust, thin and cadaverous with anxiety, no Sisters of Charity could have been more tender in their ministrations. Warm tea and bread in spare morsels were given me; and then I was raised, and carried to the working, put in a wagon, and drawn by one of the pit horses to the pit-head. Never shall I forget the delight of being brought up to 'bank,' and once more feeling the blessed air of heaven blow on my haggard cheeks. And if any day my resolution not to shoot again on a Yorkshire moor were in danger of being shaken by the hospitable invitations of Willis, my nightly dreams would soon force me to abide by my vow.

#### FREE LIBRARIES.

WITH all its tokens of advancement, Great Britain is, in comparison with some continental countries, not remarkable for public libraries. Private libraries are numerous among the wealthy classes; but there are not many collections open to all. At the head of all our public libraries is, of course, that of the British Museum, situated near Bloomsbury in London. It is entitled to be called the most magnificent library in the world, and is supported by munificent grants of money by parliament. But, after all, it is not quite a public library. It is open only to readers for the sake of study; the tickets being given only when the reader professes to have some literary, artistic, or scientific purpose in view. To the bulk of the

people in the metropolis it is of no use whatever; and, supposing it to be otherwise, it is at best only a local institution. Persons living in distant cities, and who, through national taxation, pay something for its support, derive no sort of benefit from its prodigious literary stores. Yet, we do not undervalue the library of the British Museum. Its service to a host of literary students, and preparers of books for the press, is very conspicuous.

Thirty years ago, or less, the city of London had a library at Guildhall; but at that time it was a small affair, open only to citizens, or to persons introduced by them. In the present day, it is a really free library, of a most excellent character. Twelve large library-tables are provided for readers, amply supplied with the requisite accommodation. Printed catalogues, kept nearly up to date by annual printed supplements, contain entries of the books on a fairly good system of classification—a matter more difficult to manage than most persons would suppose. The collection is especially rich in all that concerns the history, antiquities, topography, and institutions of London. A smaller room is well supplied with maps, directories, and commercial journals, kept up week by week. There is no lending library, but the rooms are freely open to all. What a splendid institution is this for the promotion of intellectual improvement in London! We need hardly say that the metropolis has now several important libraries connected with learned societies and museums, such as the Royal Society, and the London Institution, open to members; the libraries of the Inns of Court, for the use of the law bodies; the South Kensington Museum Library of artistic and scientific works, available on 'students' days;' and the East India Library, rich in oriental books and manuscripts, but open only to a limited class of readers. All the cathedrals of England and Wales have libraries, scarcely known to any but ecclesiastics. The universities and colleges possess libraries more or less extensive for the use of students. Oxford, as is well known, is rich in its Bodleian, Radcliffe, and Ashmolean libraries, devoted to the use of academical men. The Scotch universities possess good libraries, and Ireland has reason to be proud of its Trinity College Library. Neither Scotland nor Ireland has any library of a public nature resembling that of the British Museum; so that author-craft in these sections of the United Kingdom is left to look after itself.

Edinburgh has hitherto had some compensation by literary men being permitted to examine the very extensive collection of books belonging to the Faculty of Advocates, who have always acted munificently in this respect. Of late years, from the deficient accommodation in this remarkably fine library, the freedom accorded to literary students has unfortunately, as a matter of necessity, been much restricted—government, often appealed to on public grounds, doing nothing in the way of remedy.

Private liberality has in several instances supplied collections of books for public use. The Chetham Library at Manchester is a fine example of the liberality of the donor whose name it bears. In various country towns, good libraries have thus been established. As regards their acceptability by the classes of individuals for whom they were designed, we may afterwards have something to say.

To Mr Ewart is due the merit of bringing a bill into parliament, in 1850, for the establishment of public libraries in towns. It enabled town-councils to establish public libraries and museums, and to levy for that purpose a rate not exceeding one half-penny in the pound on the rated property in the town or municipality. After much discussion, the bill passed through all its stages, and became law. Though not quite strong enough for the purpose in view, the statute was sound in principle, and has been the forerunner of good work during the quarter of a century which has since elapsed. It was to apply to municipal boroughs having not less than ten thousand inhabitants, in pursuance of the vote of a majority of two-thirds of the townsmen qualified to vote. The councils, with the sanction thus obtained, were empowered to raise money on the security of the halfpenny rate, and to lay it out in the purchase of land, and the construction of buildings suitable for libraries or museums of science and art, or both; together with fixtures, furniture, &c.; while the annual expenses of maintenance were to be defrayed out of the annual rate. If the enrolled burgesses did not vote in favour of the scheme, it might again be brought forward after the lapse of two years. Whatever other regulations the town-councils might make, the admission to the libraries and museums must be free. The wording of the act was rather obscure in regard to the purchase of books; and in effect, the first free libraries formed under its provisions were mainly dependent on donations of the books themselves; well-to-do townsmen being willing to bear this cost, when they knew that the books would be well cared for in buildings constructed and maintained for the purpose. The subsequent statutes, to give better effect to the act of 1850, need not occupy us long. In 1855, the operations were extended to all municipal or corporate towns, parliamentary parishes, towns under local government acts, and parishes or unions of parishes having not less than five thousand inhabitants. Two-thirds of the voters present at a public meeting would suffice, instead of two-thirds of the entire number of voters on the roll; the subject might be brought forward again (if unsuccessful at first) after an interval of one year; and the money devoted to the purpose might be as much as one penny in the pound. The managers, empowered to buy the books as well as to conduct all the other regulations, were to be the *councils* in towns, the *boards* in local government districts, and the *commissioners* in parishes. The library accounts to be kept free from all others. By an act passed in 1866, an ordinary majority (just over one-half) is sufficient to sanction the formation of a free library; and there is no longer a minimum limit to the population armed with these permissive powers. In 1871, further facilities were given by a fourth statute; and the provisions have gradually been made applicable to Scotland and Ireland as well as to England and Wales.

With every facility that has been given by statute, the establishment of a free library for a large town is not easily effected. How, in a satisfactory manner, are the requisite number of votes to be secured? In few places is there a hall for a meeting of ratepayers which will accommodate twelve hundred people, and these poorly represent a population of two or three hundred thousand. When a meeting, even under these disadvantages, takes

place, the chances are that it will consist almost wholly of small traders, who, already overburdened with local taxation, energetically object to being loaded with a fresh rate, for what seems so whimsical as the providing an immense lending library for persons who are able enough to procure books for themselves; nor do they fail to allege that the vast majority of the humbler and less affluent classes have no ability or desire to read anything; and they naturally decline to be at the expense of trying to cultivate in them a taste for literary recreation. With these and other arguments, it is not strange that the assembly votes down the proposal. A great initiatory difficulty is got over when, by a munificent gift or bequest, money is found to save the ratepayers from setting a-going the concern. Glasgow, as we understand, is about to establish a free library, chiefly through means of this kind.

The establishment of free libraries has, in fact, been an uphill struggle. According to last accounts, the town free libraries had increased to about fifty in number by the year 1872, since which time the list has been steadily augmented. Some of them are extensive establishments; the Manchester Library now consists of a reference library, six lending departments, and six news-rooms. Mr Axon, who has written much on this subject, draws attention to the points of difference between various free libraries in regard to the kinds of books contained, and to the kinds which the readers apply for in greatest number. In 1871, the Manchester Library contained the noble number of one hundred and five thousand volumes, of which forty-four thousand came under the class of general literature, and thirty thousand under history, biography, and travels. The Liverpool Free Library contained in the same year ninety-three thousand volumes; while that at Birmingham possessed fifty-eight thousand. 'The class of works read in free libraries,' says Mr Axon, 'is a point of considerable interest. A large percentage of the issue are works of fiction; at Liverpool, it is thirty-three per cent. in the reference library, and seventy-three per cent. in the lending department; at Birmingham, only forty per cent. (lending?). In some reference libraries, as at Manchester and Birmingham, fiction is almost entirely excluded. Curiously enough, it is found that the demand for this very light literature is greater among middle-class borrowers than amongst the artisans. The taste for novel-reading is indeed one of the most marked characteristics of the age; and all libraries are influenced by it.' There can, we think, be no question that the gradual spread of education, both in extent and in depth, will increase the desire to read the master-pieces of literature, both poetry and prose, and those solid works of information which are veritable intellectual capital for all. All this, however, must be matter of time.

The professed object of all free libraries is to benefit the working-classes, or, say, the wage-receiving classes generally. Where you fall upon a large and saliently minded class of mechanics who are eager for intellectual culture, the free library system is pretty sure to do well, whether originating in private donation, or depending on rates. On the contrary, where there is an absence of this energetic principle, the chances of success are very doubtful. In small and apathetic country towns, libraries of any kind are pretty nearly

thrown away. There stand the shelves laden with the most choice literature; a reading-room, abounding in newspapers, as comfortable as what you see in a club-house. The attraction is in vain. In 'clouded majesty' dullness reigns. The people for whom all this is intended, prefer to spend their leisure hours in idle vacuity in the streets, perhaps gossiping about some local topic, perhaps making critical remarks on neighbours, perhaps searching in the depths of their pockets to find a coin sufficient to procure a dram. We do not present this picture with a view to prevent the establishment of libraries and reading-rooms, but to suggest caution. 'First, catch your hare,' is an important preliminary to the cooking of the animal. Intending benefactors ought not to be led away by sentiment. Several questions demand their consideration. Are the people disposed to read—is there any spirit in them which can be advantageously acted on—will they in the slightest degree care about your efforts for their welfare? Thanks, of course, no one cares for. But it is rather hard to find that a good few thousand pounds expended on some plan of local improvement might as well have been sent down the gutter. On this subject, therefore, we earnestly counsel private individuals, as well as public authorities, to consider well, in the first place, whether the town they propose to operate on is likely to reap any general or permanent benefit.

## WALTER'S WORD.

## CHAPTER XXVII.—DANGER.

AMONG many things—but all connected with one tender topic—that troubled Walter's mind, as his boat followed the English yacht that evening into Palermo harbour, and then lay at a prudent distance from her moorings, to mark who should leave her for the shore, was the question of conscience: 'Have I a right thus to play the spy?' Here were an English gentleman and his family, come abroad for health or pleasure, and was it fitting that they should be dogged and watched by one who, if not a stranger, had (though certainly through no fault of his own) forfeited the right to be considered as a friend of the family. Did not this very necessity for concealment on his part itself imply a certain meanness? What would be the judgment of any disinterested person upon such underhand proceedings? What must Francisco, for example, think? to whom he had given his orders to keep the boat in the shadow of an Italian steamer that happened to be anchored near the station which the *Sylphide* had taken up, and consequently afforded a convenient place of espial. Probably, Francisco, engaged at that moment upon what was very literally a supper of herbs, which, with some blackish bread, he had just taken out of his pocket, did not think much about it; yet, even in the presence of Francisco, Walter felt ashamed. He remembered a certain argument he had once held with Jack Pelter upon the subject of anonymous letters, in which he (Walter) had contended that under no possible circumstances could a right-minded, honest man—far less a gentleman—be justified in writing one. 'What! though no other means of redressing wrong, or warning an innocent person of some peril, should suggest itself?' Jack had inquired; and he had answered: 'No; not even in that case.'

The surprise he had experienced at hearing his friend express a contrary opinion—for Pelter's nature was, he knew, ingenuous to a fault—had impressed the circumstance upon him, and it now recurred to him with particularity. 'Your argument, if pushed to extremity,' Jack had replied, 'would imply that nothing but straightforward conduct should be used, no matter against whom we may be contending; that in savage warfare, for example, we should employ no subtleties, nor even take advantage of the cover of a tree; and that, against criminals, we should scorn to call to our assistance the arts of the detective.'

'The profession of the detective is one authorised by law; but what is called an amateur detective,' he had replied, 'is one in love with deception for its own sake, and therefore hateful to every honourable mind.'

'But if one is persuaded that a crime is about to be committed, it is surely the duty of every man to avert it by such means as lie at his disposal. It is easy, indeed, to imagine a case—no personal advantage, of course, of our own being involved in the matter—where almost any means would be justifiable.'

It was curious enough that an aimless talk carried on in Beech Street, over pipes and beer, should thus recur to him with such force and vividness; but perhaps it may be that no idle word, even spoken in jest, but bears some fruit in this world, as we are told it will do in the other. At all events, Jack's opinions, which, when they were uttered, had failed to convince his opponent, now gave Walter comfort in affording him arguments of self-justification. True, in this case, he had no cause to suspect that any wrong, far less any crime, was about to be committed; yet Lillian's expressed apprehensions, combined with his own estimate of Sir Reginald's character, did give him considerable, though vague anxiety on her account, and did afford him at least a colourable pretence for playing this clandestine part of guardian angel. And, at all events, he could honestly affirm that self-interest in nowise moved him in the matter. It was not to win her for himself that he was acting thus; she seemed as far out of his reach—and as adorable—as any saint seems to her worshipper; and if sacrilege was threatening her, it was his duty to avert it. It was perhaps fanatical in him to imagine that any such was being meditated; but if so, there was no harm done in his keeping watch over her, thus unknown and afar.

As soon as the yacht had come to anchor, he saw Sir Reginald go below, and presently reappear in company with a lady, veiled and cloaked, whom he concluded to be Lady Selwyn. They got into a boat with some luggage, and were rowed ashore, not to the Dogana, as he expected—Sir Reginald was not a man to submit to the inconvenience of a custom-house, if money could ransom him—but at Porta Felice, whence they drove in the direction of the Marina. After their departure, Mr Christopher Brown came upon deck, and walked slowly up and down with his cigar, enjoying, doubtless, that first opportunity of a level promenade; but Lillian did not make her appearance. Walter did not wonder that she had not gone ashore with her sister, shrewdly guessing that, after so long a companionship with Sir Reginald, she found his absence more enjoyable than the land; but it did surprise him that on a night so mild and tranquil,

she did not come on deck to enjoy the glorious panorama that for the first time offered itself to her Saxon eyes. A light in the windows of the stern-cabin served to mark her shrine. It was still so early, that it was unlikely she was weary; so, therefore, she must needs be ill. Yet, in that case, Sir Reginald would surely have procured medical advice; and he did not return.

There seemed nothing to be gained by watching longer, yet Walter remained for hours, long after the owner of the *Sylphide* had retired below, till the sky grew black, and the stars came out above the mountain-peaks. Then the patient Francisco, duly guarded for his long vigil, put him on shore. As he walked towards the Marina, he saw a tall figure standing under the porch of the *Hôtel de France*, which he once more recognised for the ex-captain of dragoons. Sir Reginald and his wife had established themselves, it seemed, within a few doors of his own lodging.

That night, Walter slept but little; his brain was busy with guesses at the cause of Lillian's non-appearance on board the yacht. In so fair and strange a clime, it seemed so inexplicable that curiosity should not have induced her to come up on deck, unless she was really too unwell to do so. When he fell asleep, it was only to have his apprehensions embodied in grotesque and hideous dreams, in which Lillian was always the victim, and the captain her destroyer. In the morning, his first movement was to the window, from whence he could command but little of the harbour, yet that little comprising something of what his eyes most yearned for—the delicate spars of 'the Inglesse yat' standing out against the background of a purple hill. For many an hour yet, it was in the highest degree improbable that Sir Reginald would be stirring; still, he resolved to keep within doors, and thereby avoid the risk of recognition. He had somehow persuaded himself that his usefulness—if it was fated that he should be of use—to Lillian would be invalidated, should his presence at Palermo become known. As to the fact of his being resident in the town transpiring by other means, it was not likely that any one should mention the name of so unimportant an individual as himself; who did not even patronise an hotel. At the same time, he thought it as well to secure Signor Baccari's silence upon this point, whose tongue was apt to be eloquent upon all subjects, from the least to the greatest; while his son, Francisco, on the other hand, never opened his mouth but to admit a cigarette or a strip of macaroni. As it happened, the master of the house did not put in his usual appearance that morning at Walter's breakfast-table, some business having taken him into the town betimes. Late in the afternoon, however, when the Marina was beginning to fill with equipages, he returned, even more radiant than usual.

'I have news for you,' said he to his lodger. 'A great Milord has arrived from England, richer than any that has appeared this season. The hotels, it seems, are not good enough for him, for he remains—he, at least, and his daughter—on board of his own ship, which is fitted up like a palace. He is something tremendous; the whole town is talking of him.'

'His name?' inquired Walter, amused by this magnificent description of the self-made merchant.

'His name is Brown: yes; Milord and Milady

Brown. Their ship is called the *Sylphide*. You can see a portion of it from the window. It is, I don't know how many tons—perhaps a thousand.'

'Scarcely so many as that, Mr Baccari,' said Walter, laughing. 'We have seen the whole of it—Francisco and I—last night. We met it coming into harbour. Did he not tell you?'

'He tell? Not he. He is a good son, but he does not talk. I sometimes think that the brigands frightened his voice away, when they got hold of him a year or two ago. What a prize Milord Brown would be for those rascals! How they would coin his blood, if they got hold of him! He is wise to remain on board ship.'

'But they could not hurt him in Palermo, I suppose?'

'No, no; not in the town. But if he should take a fancy for pleasure-trips, were it only to ascend Monte Pellegrino, let him have soldiers with him, and plenty of them.'

'It seems to me to be a most discreditable thing that you good folks in Palermo should be kept prisoners within your own walls.'

'Doubtless it is discreditable; but it is better to be a prisoner than to lose your skin. It is safe enough on the Marina here, driving up and down.'

'You are easily satisfied,' answered Walter, laughing.

'Yes; contentment is a blessing, signor. I look out' (he was standing at the window), 'and see these carriages, and though they are very fine—probably the finest in the world—I say to myself: "Do not be envious, Baccari. For fivepence, you can hire something to carry you up and down, which, though not so highly decorated, serves your purpose equally well." Ah! there are some new faces—your compatriots, signor—a handsome man, though not so good-natured-looking as a husband should be; and a charming wife. They form part of the suite of Milord Brown, and are staying at the *Hôtel de France*. Do you know them?'

'Yes; I know them,' answered Walter, who, standing behind his host, could watch the passing carriages, secure from the observation of their inmates; 'but I do not wish to be recognised. You can keep a secret, Signor Baccari?'

'For a friend's friend, yes,' replied the little lodging-house keeper theatrically. 'The signor does not wish it to be known that he is in the town?'

'Just so. It is important that that gentleman should not know it.'

'The gentleman?' answered the other, with a comical look. 'I see!'

'I don't want either of them to know it,' returned Litton, with a stiffness that was utterly thrown away upon his mercurial companion. 'They are not the suite of Milord Brown, as you call him, but members of his family.'

Sir Reginald did not certainly resemble a valet—even the best specimen of a gentleman's gentleman would have suffered by contrast with his haughty and supercilious mien, as he leaned back in the carriage, and stared about him. It was strange how he had lost his once genial smile since the sun of prosperity had risen upon him; perhaps he no longer thought it worth while to wear it, now he had gained his object—the pale and timid-looking girl that sat beside him, and to whom he seldom vouchsafed a word. The carriage, which had been driven towards the town, did not

return up the Marina, and Walter concluded that it was bound for the harbour, and might perhaps return with Lilian and her father. And so it proved. In less than half an hour, the same equipage came slowly up the Marina with two more occupants. Lilian, with her sister, now occupied the front seat; her appearance was greatly altered since he had seen her last; she was not less beautiful than of yore, but her beauty was of another type—that of the hot-house flower; a cushion was placed behind her head, and her large eyes, as they turned languidly at her father's voice, looked very weary. Would they have lit up, thought Walter, if she could have known that at that moment she was passing beneath his window; and that his gaze was furtively devouring her? Was it possible that the sea-voyage alone could have worked thus harmfully with her? Or was this change not rather owing to irksome companionship, to the knowledge of the tyranny that was exercised over Lotty, and to the absence of any one who could sympathise and make common cause with her? Nay, might not even the consideration, that a certain true-hearted friend (as she, at least, knew him to be), one Walter Litton, was separated from her by wide seas, and probably for ever, have helped to pale that fair cheek, and dull those bright eyes! As the carriage rolled away, his gaze dared not follow it, for it must needs have met that of Sir Reginald, whose glance shot hither and thither with contemptuous swiftness, unless when spoken to by his father-in-law, when his face at once assumed the air of respectful attention. Walter knew him well enough to feel, not only that he had not schooled himself to such unwonted humility without an object, but that he must also deem the object attainable. Sir Reginald had hated exertion even in his college days, and still more self-denial; but when the prize had seemed of sufficient value, he had gone in for as severe training as any devotee of the oar. He was one of those men who are always saying to themselves (instead of 'Is it right?'), 'Is it worth my while?' and who act accordingly. Undoubtedly, however, Walter was thinking hardly of him. It is not to be supposed, even though his looks might shew ill-concealed disfavour towards his sister-in-law, that he was speculating upon her indisposition, or general delicacy, as likely to end in her death, and therefore in his own aggrandisement; it is more probable that he simply disliked her because he knew that she had found him out, and resented his influence with her father. Again, and still again, did the carriage of Milord Brown and family pass Signor Baccari's house, amid an ever-increasing throng of similar vehicles; the crowd of sightseers on foot was also larger than was customary, and among these Walter could see that the new arrivals caused no little excitement. It was not unusual for an English yacht to put into Palermo harbour, but it was evident that some especial interest attached to the proprietor of the *Sylphide*; whether on account of that report of his vast wealth, which had already reached the ever-open ears of Baccari, or from the beauty of his two daughters. Since this was so, since even in a foreign town, and as an utter stranger, Mr Christopher Brown and his belongings were of sufficient importance to make such a sensation, was it not the very height of folly in one like himself—an unknown and penniless painter, thought Walter, with a sudden pang—to nourish

hopes in connection with Lilian? He acknowledged to himself that it was so: hope—that is, a lover's hope—was out of the question for him; but that he might be of some service to her, he knew not how, against some danger he knew not what, of that he had still some hope. As if to make up for his absence at his lodger's morning meal, Signor Baccari spread Walter's supper-table that evening with his own hands.

'Well,' said he, 'you saw all your friends. How beautiful are the young ladies! How prosperous looks Milord! How bold and gallant the young gentleman his son-in-law! He is a soldier, I suppose?'

'Yes, he is a soldier,' answered Walter—'a man who has served with great distinction in the war.'

'But yet not a favourite of yours, signor?'

'How do you know that?' inquired Walter quickly.

'I merely judged from your countenance—which is Italian in its frankness, rather than English—as he drove by. You would not be discontented, I was about to ask, if ill luck should happen to these compatriots of yours?'

'Ill luck? I don't understand you. Most certainly I wish none of them harm; while, as to some of them, the ladies, for example, I would rather—infinitely rather—that the ill luck, as you call it, no matter how ill it may be, should happen to myself rather than to either of them.'

'The signor is very gallant,' answered the Sicilian, shaking his head. 'But no man is prepared to die for more than one woman—at least one woman at a time.'

'To die?'

'Yes, signor, even to die—for it may come to that. Listen to me a little.' The lodging-house keeper's tones had suddenly become very grave. 'You are Signor Pelter's friend, and therefore mine; nay, you are my friend and my son's friend on your own account. Well, you asked me this morning, could I keep a secret. Let me on my part ask you the same question: Can you?'

'Certainly I can,' answered Walter, more astonished by the gravity with which the other put the question, than even by the question itself.

'That is well, since, otherwise, what I am about to say, would, if repeated, cost me dear. On the Marina this morning, beside the carriage-people and the good company, there were some queer folks, dressed as fine, mayhap, as the rest; but—brigands!'

'Brigands on the Marina; impossible!' The idea appeared to Walter about as incongruous as highwaymen in Rotten Row, or on the West Cliff at Brighton.

'It is nevertheless true, signor. They scent the carcass afar off like vultures, but they are more audacious. They have spies also everywhere. The arrival of Milord Brown reached their ears, no doubt, almost as soon as mine; and they have already identified him.'

'Identified him?'

'Well, yes; in a case like this, where so much is involved, it would not do to make mistakes, you see. Such things do occasionally happen. They have caught the wrong Milord before now. An encounter with the king's troops is not to be hazarded for nothing. These gentry like to be sure of their ground.'

'But what have the king's troops to do with Mr Brown?'

'Well, he would hardly be so rash, I conclude, as to move without an escort. On board his ship he is safe, of course, but in no other place. If you are his friend, you had better let him know as much, that is all.'

'But the whole story will appear to him an absurdity. He will ask for the proofs of his danger—for the authority that it exists.'

'And that, signor, you have given your honour not to reveal. In confidence, however, the case is this. My Francisco, as I told you, was once taken prisoner by these scoundrels. During his captivity, he learned not a little of their private ways. There is a certain freemasonry among them, by means of which, for example, they recognise each other to be gentlemen of the same profession—the eyes to the left, and a tap of the head, like this. Well, my Francisco was on the Marina yesterday. He is not a great talker, but he has quick eyes—and he saw something.'

'I should like to hear what he saw from his own lips,' said Walter quietly, beginning for the first time to believe that the thing was serious. Baccari was not only a gossip, but had a capacious swallow for the marvellous; whereas Francisco's information—the little, that is, he had ever condescended to impart—had always proved to be correct.

'No, signor; I cannot permit that,' was the Sicilian's unexpected reply. 'I have already gone for your sake and that of friendship's as far as I dare go. My boy must be able to swear by the Virgin that he never breathed to you one syllable of all this. It is he who will be suspected, you understand—not I—if you should think it well to give Milord Brown a warning.'

'I see,' said Walter thoughtfully. 'Then I am to take it in real earnest, that it is your opinion and Francisco's that the brigands are plotting to seize my friends, with the view of exacting ransom?'

'By Santa Rosalia, so it is. If Captain Corrali catches them, they will have to pay him handsomely for their lodging.'

'Corrali? Then you know the very man, it seems?'

'Not I,' answered the other hastily. 'I know nothing. Even what I did know is mine no longer; it is yours.'

'You have no advice to offer in addition to this meagre information?'

'Advice against the brigands! Heaven forbid. I have said more than I ought to have done already, in the bare fact. You must act as it pleases you.'

#### CHAPTER XXVIII.—THE CHASE IN THE CALM.

The information—if such a hint of danger could be called such—that had thus been given by his host to Walter was indeed astounding, but it was not incredible. Short as was the time he had himself been in Palermo, so many and so extraordinary had been the stories he had heard narrated of the vigour and audacity, as well as of the crimes of the brigands who haunted its very gates, that he was constrained to admit at least the possibility of this new scheme of outrage. His informant, however timid and credulous, had undoubtedly—through his son Francisco—exceptional opportunities of information upon the matter in question; and, moreover, it was pretty evident that he

had not told all he knew. The fact that brigands had been even interchanging signs with one another, as the occupants of Mr Brown's carriage passed by, was itself alarming; but in all likelihood there had been much more of particularity in the affair than Baccari had stated. No captive worth the trouble of taking had as yet fallen into brigand hands that season; and no doubt, like the wolves after long famine, these wretches were emboldened by necessity, and more apt even than usual for any daring deed. The wealth of the English merchant had probably been much exaggerated to them, and would afford a tempting bait. The time in which they had acquired even that much of information respecting him was, however, so extremely short, that, notwithstanding their employment of spies—which was well known to be the case, and who were suspected to exist even in the very hotels at which the proposed victims lodged—it seemed to Walter inexplicable; in his perplexity, he found himself inventing the wildest theories to account for it; among them, even the notion that Sir Reginald himself had had a hand in the matter crossed his troubled brain. On reflection, however, he admitted this idea to be as monstrous as it was unjust; for how could Lotty's husband, even if it could be shewn that it was to his advantage to get his relative kidnapped—which it clearly was not, seeing the ransom must evidently come out of his own pocket—have been able himself, an utter stranger in Palermo, to enter into a nefarious treaty with the brigands of the mountains? The fact of Walter entertaining such a thought even for an instant was, however, a curious proof of the hostility with which he now regarded his quondam friend—of the profound contempt which he entertained for his character; the reason of which was not so much what he knew of him—though he knew much that was evil—as that mistrust of the baronet with which Lilian's instinct had inspired her, and which she had communicated to him. Of Lilian, however, at present, and in connection with the brigand question, Walter was not thinking; it was rare, indeed, to find the banditti encumbering themselves with female captives, the possession of whom must needs hinder them from making the rapid marches which pursuit so often compelled. Nor did he greatly concern himself with the personal safety of Sir Reginald: his anxiety was solely upon Mr Brown's account; partly because any outrage such as was contemplated would fall on the worthy merchant, being what he was, with especial severity (Walter had not forgotten the hospitality and kindness he had manifested towards him in old days), but principally because of the distress with which such an event must needs afflict his daughters.

What course, however, to adopt, in order to put him on his guard without permitting him or his to guess from whom the friendly warning came, was a difficult problem. Any hint directly from himself was out of the question; Walter was firmly resolved—unless an opportunity of doing some great personal service should be vouchsafed him—to keep his proximity to them unknown to any of the party; and, moreover, any interference on his part was certain to have a base motive assigned to it, by at least one member—and he the most influential—of the family. In a word, either his warning would be disregarded as a mere pretence for regaining lost favour, or it would be credited at the

expense of his own character. It might have been fortunate that he was able to afford them the information, but how should he explain his presence at Palermo, his pursuit of Lillian across the seas! Under the circumstances, he decided to do nothing for the moment, but to keep, through Baccari, a strict watch upon the movements of Sir Reginald at the hotel. It would be by that means easy to find out if the party contemplated any expedition without the town, and in that case he would send them warning of its peril.

It seemed, however, as though Milord Brown and his belongings were well content with such objects of interest as Palermo itself afforded. He and his two daughters were generally to be seen during the fashionable hours driving up and down the Marina, and at other times, when the weather was comparatively cool, visiting the picturesque and ancient churches, or making purchases at the quaint old shops. The two girls were both greatly altered from the day on which the young painter had seen them first, and altered for the worse; but the change was of a different kind. In Lotty's case, the beauty of youth was dimmed by sorrow and disappointment; her illusions had been rudely destroyed; in her secret heart, she doubtless knew that she had risked, and almost lost, her place at her father's hearth, for an unworthy object; the man that had once been in her eyes a hero, nay, a demi-god, had shrunk down to mean dimensions; her impassioned lover had become a faithless husband, a tyrant, too, of whom she stood in fear. Perhaps her happiest moments were those thus passed in the society of those who had once been all in all to her; while he who had usurped their place in her heart--and lost it by his own harshness and infidelity--strolled about the town in his own fashion, and followed his own devices. Lillian, too, it was plain, was a sufferer, whether from mental or physical causes, but her beauty seemed enhanced rather than diminished by the sad experience. Languid and listless she might be, but the listlessness and languor were not those of a fine lady; it was the idea of the public that she had come to Palermo as a last chance for strength and life; and pity and admiration were the tributes paid to her wherever she moved. In reality, though far from well, she was by no means so ill as these good folks supposed her to be; and what ailed her she kept to herself. Lotty's eyes were often red with irrepressible tears; but Lillian shed none, though she mourned in secret the unhappy condition of her sister, and the influence which Sir Reginald exercised over her father. It appeared to Walter, however, who watched the proceedings of the little party with the utmost interest, and as closely as the necessity of keeping himself out of their sight permitted him, that this influence was on the wane. Not only, as we have said, did Sir Reginald take his pleasure for the most part independently of the rest of the party, but when in company with them, the behaviour of the old merchant towards him was far less cordial than of yore; he generally addressed himself to his daughters, rather than to his son-in-law, and received the conciliatory speeches of the latter with less outward signs of satisfaction than were due (as one would have thought) to a baronet of the United Kingdom. The cause of this, as Walter shrewdly suspected, was, that during the close companionship inseparable from life on shipboard, Sir Reginald had

revealed more of his true character to the old merchant than he had intended to do, and perhaps than he himself was aware of. Nothing is more agreeable in society, it is said, than 'a natural manner;' but then we must make quite sure that our nature is itself agreeable before cultivating it.

Since Walter's host had been so mysteriously communicative to him respecting the designs of Il Capitano Corrali—as the 'principal robber' in those parts was familiarly yet respectfully called—he had been singularly reserved and reticent. Upon that subject, indeed, he was resolute not to speak at all, and perhaps was secretly repentant of having said so much. His manner, though always respectful, was no longer effusive; it seemed to say: 'Whatever obligations I may have once been under, Signor Litton, to our common friend, it has now been repaid to you by the risk I have incurred.' Walter, taking into consideration the natural timidity of the man, appreciated the sacrifice that had evidently been made of his peace of mind, but thought the risk ridiculously exaggerated. To an Englishman and a Londoner, like himself, it was hard to believe that the apprehensions of this Sicilian were founded on sober fact. That brigandage existed in the neighbourhood must probably be the case, since every one acknowledged it; the natives even spoke of it with a certain bated breath, and with a tempered indignation which shewed that they stood in personal fear. But he had begun to assume that such outrages were no more common than the eruptions of Etna or Vesuvius. He had heard of none taking place, but only legends of its occurrence last year at latest. He himself had occasionally been beyond the confines of the city, without meeting with annoyance; and had climbed a hill or two, without coming on anyone more lawless or ferocious-looking than a shepherd in sheepskin. Other visitors, better worth kidnapping than a penniless artist like himself, had been equally enterprising—for a certain sense of danger had, he was compelled to confess, been experienced in these expeditions—and had likewise returned to their hotels without molestation.

A fortnight had passed away since his host's warning, and he began to congratulate himself that he had not unnecessarily alarmed the merchant and his family, by communicating it to them in any way, when a circumstance occurred which seemed to put their safety beyond all question. On going to the window one morning to take his usual feast of sky, and sea, and mountain before sitting down to breakfast, the light spars of the *Sylphide* had vanished from their usual position.

'Yes, signor,' said the voice of Baccari, as Walter stood staring at the vacant place, while a certain void that seemed to answer to it made itself felt in his quick-beating heart, 'I am glad to say your friends are saved, and not at my expense; they have saved themselves—which is always the best way of doing it—by leaving Palermo.'

'Do you mean to say that the yacht has sailed?'

'Thanks to the Virgin, yes—for Messina. You don't know what I have suffered for the sake of Milord Brown, or you would, I hope, look better pleased. Ah, I breathe again. I feel as when I first came on shore after little Francisco fell overboard. You will not catch me meddling with the affairs of other people again, I promise you.'



'It does not appear to me that any evil has happened to you—or, indeed, to anybody else—from your communication,' remarked Walter dryly.

'Happened? No; but it might have happened. Ah, signor, if we could only see the dangers we have escaped, we should have more thankful hearts! Even now, I dare not tell you all. Let it suffice—still between ourselves—that Milord Brown has been dogged day and night; they have been so hungry after him, that I almost wonder they did not pounce upon him on the Marina. Half Palermo has been in Captain Corrali's pay for the last fortnight. They would have seized him at the very shrine of Santa Rosalia, if he had but ventured up Pelegrino. But as it is, he has disappointed everybody—that is, I mean, all the wicked people. Milord is not only very rich, but very wise; he has taken himself off by sea to Messina. Look! yonder is his fine ship.'

And truly at that moment the white sails of the English yacht, set to catch every breath of the light Mediterranean breeze, could be seen rounding the harbour point.

'And have all his family gone with him?' inquired Walter, by no means in the tone of triumph with which his companion spoke. A sickening feeling of desertion, of loneliness, as well as hopelessness, had taken possession of him. His labour had been in vain; he had crossed the seas without being of any service to Lillian, nor had she even been aware of his faithful presence. He required no acknowledgment of his devotion, yet that what he had done should not be known—might never be known—to its object, seemed a hard fate.

'No, signor, not all the family; his son-in-law and married daughter are still at the hotel, intending, I believe, to follow Milord to-morrow by the steamer. But what does that signify to Corrali—even if he caught him, since the big fish has got through the meshes—since he has lost Milord!'

This reference to Captain Corrali's disappointment was thrown away upon Walter; his mind had disengaged itself from all his Sicilian surroundings, and was busy with Lillian only and her affairs. Since she and her father had sailed alone, it was clear that their relations with the captain had not grown more cordial; but could she be happier on that account, when she must needs picture to herself poor Lotty bearing the brunt of Sir Reginald's ill-temper, increased by the sense of his having thus mismanaged matters! It was a satisfaction, of course, to reflect that the worthy merchant had escaped all danger from the brigands, but now that he had done so, that danger appeared even less to Walter than before. He even confessed to himself that he would have preferred Mr Brown to run what little risk there might have been by remaining at Palermo. As for him (Walter), there he must stay, his solitude made more irksome than before by Lillian's flying visit, for it was impossible that he could follow her to Messina by the steamer which was to convey Sir Reginald and his wife; and of public conveyances by land—thanks to the fear of Captain Corrali & Co.—there were none.

For weeks, Walter's art had been in abeyance; the pre-occupation of his mind, in spite of the novelty and splendour of the scenes that presented themselves to his gaze, had kept it so; and now it seemed utterly impossible that he could take

up either brush or pencil. He envied the Sicilian nature which permitted those about him to find happiness in listless ease, to loiter in the sunshine, to dream away an aimless existence. It was not the climate that enervated him, and made him disinclined even for the labour which had once been his delight, but sheer despondency; hope, the lamp of life, that shines with so bright a flame in youth, with so feeble a flicker in old age, was burning low within him; and in that land of light and colour all seemed dark. All day he sat unoccupied at the window, from which he had watched the *Sylphide* slowly glide to eastward, gazing on the burning empty street, on the gay Marina, with its glittering throng of carriages, and then on the calm evening sea.

'Why, the signor has never touched his dinner!' expostulated Baccari, coming in to see his lodger, as his custom was upon his return from his favourite café.

'I was not hungry,' answered Walter quietly.

'How unfortunate, upon the very day when there was so fine a fish!' Francisco caught it himself this morning.'

'Is your son within doors?'

'Yes, indeed; he fancies he has earned a holiday because of that mere stroke of good luck; and has been doing nothing—positively nothing—throughout the day.' The good man, who never stirred a finger in the way of work himself, beyond bringing in Walter's meals, denounced this idleness with amazing energy.

'Send the lad to me,' said Walter; and accordingly Francisco presented himself, rubbing his fine almond eyes, and looking listless and languid from head to heel.

'Could we go for a sail, my boy?' inquired Walter wistfully.

'We can go on the water, if the signor wishes it,' replied the other, with a glance at the glassy sea; 'but there is not a breath of wind.'

'Has there been no wind all day?'

'None since the morning; Milord's yat' (he had learned a little English, and was very proud of that word, and his pronunciation of it) 'had a little with her, but it soon came to nothing.'

'The *Sylphide* has not got far, you think, then?'

'Not ten miles away, if so much.'

'Could we overtake her?' exclaimed Walter suddenly.

'Well, that depends; there is a little breeze from the shore, though none out yonder; and by hugging the land, it would be possible for so small a boat as ours to make some way, perhaps.'

'But we could use the oars.'

Francisco shook his head. 'The signor would find that very toilsome,' he answered; the idea of taking an oar himself not even so much as occurring to his imagination.

'At all events, let us go,' said Walter. The poor young fellow was seized with an uncontrollable desire to have a last farewell look—not at Lillian, for that would be impossible, but—at the yacht that was bearing her away from him. In twenty minutes, the two were on board their boat. It was a tiny craft, that would have succumbed to a Levanter—or even half a one—in five minutes, but its lightness was now of advantage to them. The gentle breath that sighed from the great island-garden, swelled its small sail, though, as Francisco had prognosticated, it failed them when even a little

way from land. They therefore coasted along the shore, following its myriad indentations, and coming face to face with a thousand unexpected beauties, which, under any other circumstances, would have ravished the young painter's eye. Presently the moon arose, and touched all these objects with an unearthly splendour.

'It is late,' observed Francisco sententially.

'Where?' asked Walter eagerly.

'I said it was late, signor.'

'I thought you said: "There is the yacht."'

'No; she may have got half-way to Messina by this time. The wind may have held with her, though it dropped with us; and let me tell you, it will be harder work getting home than coming.'

'Let us round the next headland, and if nothing is to be seen of her, then we will put back.'

Francisco, at the tiller, raises his shoulders half an inch, his eyebrows a whole one, and lights another cigarette. This Englishman, who seems to be in love with a 'yat,' is incomprehensible to him, but he is generous, and deserves to be humoured. As they round the promontory he has indicated, an immense reach of sea comes into view, but not a sail is to be seen upon it.

'The "yat" must be five-and-twenty miles to eastward of us, signor, if she'—

'There she is!' interrupted Walter eagerly. His quick eyes had detected her to the right of them, almost close in shore.

'What can this mean?' muttered Francisco, a gleam of interest crossing his dark features. 'There must be something wrong here.'

'Wrong? Why so? She looks safe enough.'

'Ships do not ride at anchor with all their sails set, signor. See! she is drifting this way and that; she has no steersman!'

'The man must have gone to sleep; let us make haste to warn them,' cried Walter, nervously seizing the light oars.

A few minutes brought the boat within hailing distance of the *Sylphide*, for such she undoubtedly was. Not a soul was to be seen upon her deck, but a light was gleaming in the stern-cabin. Though she carried a crowd of canvas—every stitch she had, indeed, was set—her progress was very slow; but what there was of it was erratic: she seemed like a ship in a dream.

'In ten minutes she would have been on shore,' observed Francisco.

'But in such a night as this, there could have been no danger?' urged Walter, alarmed even at the supposititious peril from which their opportune arrival was about to preserve his Lillian.

'Perhaps not,' said Francisco sententially, steering straight for the vessel. As they neared her, he stood up and scrutinised her narrowly from stem to stern. The unaccustomed excitement in his face aroused in Walter an indefinite anxiety.

'What is it that you fear, Francisco? Nothing can surely have happened to the crew—to the passengers?'

'I know not what to think, signor. Shall we go on board?'

Walter hesitated: the occasion was certainly sufficiently momentous to excuse such a step; but he shrank from thrusting his presence on those to whom it would be so utterly unexpected, so unexplainable, and—in the case of Mr Brown, at all events—so unwelcome.

'Let us row round her first,' said he; and they

did so. Not a sound was heard save the dip of their own oars: not a living being was to be seen. The *Sylphide's* boat was fastened at her stern, so it was plain that the crew could not have left the vessel by that means. They pushed between it and the yacht, so that Walter, as he stood up, could look right into the window of the stern-cabin. A lighted lamp swung from the roof of it, and made all things visible within it, but it had no tenant. From no other window or port-hole was there sight or sound of life: the exterior of the hull above the water-line exhibited no trace of damage; no appearance of any collision with ship or rock made itself apparent anywhere.

The yacht was empty.

## HONOURED HEARTS.

THE romantic incidents connected with the heart of Robert Bruce, and also that of the gallant Marquis of Montrose, are pretty well known. Such incidents, however remarkable, are by no means singular, as the few following facts will shew.

Paul Whitehead, sometime secretary to the Medmenham Club, and a dabbler in rhyme, dying in 1774, left his heart to his noble friend and patron, Lord le Despencer, to be deposited in his mausoleum at West Wycombe. Lord le Despencer accepting the bequest, had the heart wrapped in lead, and placed in a marble urn, and on the 16th of May 1775, it was carried to its resting-place with much ceremony. Preceding the bier bearing the urn, marched a grenadier officer in full uniform; nine grenadiers two deep, the odd one last; two German-flute players, two surpliced choristers 'with notes pinned to their backs,' two more flute-players, eleven singing men in surplices, two French-horn players, two bassoon players, six fifiers, and four drummers with muffled drums. Lord le Despencer, as chief mourner, followed the bier, in his uniform as colonel of the Bucks militia, and was succeeded by nine officers of the same corps, two fifiers, two drummers, and twenty soldiers with their firelocks reversed. The musicians played the Dead March in *Saul*: Dr Arnold, Mr Atterbury, and another gentleman beating time with scrolls of paper. The church bell tolled, and cannon were discharged every three and a half minutes. Upon reaching the mausoleum, another hour was spent in going round and round it, singing funeral glees; then the urn was carried inside, and placed upon a pedestal bearing the name of the whilom owner of the heart, and the lines—

Unhallowed hands, this urn forbear;

No gems, no orient spoil,

Lie here concealed; but what's more rare,

A heart that knew no guile!

Spite of the injunction, some unhallowed hand stole the urn in 1829, and the whereabouts of Whitehead's heart remains a mystery to the present day.

We are not sure that Byron's should be reckoned among lost hearts, but we have somewhere read, that when it was resolved to send his body

from Missolonghi to England, the Greeks entreated that the heart of the poet, who dreamed Greece might still be free, and wrought his best to make the dream a reality, might be left to them. Their claim was allowed, and they inclosed the precious relic in a silver casket. When the fall of Missolonghi could no longer be averted, a party of its defenders sallied out, bearing the heart with them, to cut their way through the Turkish army. The attempt was a successful one, but the heart of the famous Englishman was left with many a brave Greek in the marshes the desperate band had passed. Napoleon's heart came nigh to suffer a more ignoble fate. It had been removed from the great captain's body to be put in a separate case; and fearing Madame Bertrand might steal it, since she had declared her determination to become its possessor, the doctor in charge placed the heart in a glass upon his bedroom table. In the middle of the night, the sound of breaking glass startled him out of a doze, just in time to enable him to detect a brown rat dragging the emperor's heart towards his hole. The doctor rescued it, fastened it in a silver urn, and placed it in the coffin with the body; but had he slept a little more soundly, the heart of 'imperial Cæsar dead' would have served as a titbit for a rat's supper. Shelley's heart defied cremation, and after his body was consumed, was snatched from the subsiding flames by Captain Trelawny, and found to be entire; a circumstance commemorated by the words 'Cor Cordium' inscribed on the marble slab, marking where the poet's ashes and heart lie in the Protestant burial-place at Rome.

When Richard the Lion-hearted knew he should never don armour or draw sword again, he willed that his body should be laid at his dead father's feet at Fontevrault, in token of his sorrow for the many uneasinesses he had caused him in his lifetime; but bequeathed his heart to Rouen, in acknowledgment of the great truth and constancy of his Norman subjects. The bequest was gratefully accepted, and duly honoured with a beautiful shrine in the cathedral; but its beauty did not save it from being destroyed in 1738, with other Plantagenet memorials. In 1838, the mutilated effigy of the famous crusader was discovered under the cathedral pavement, and near it a leaden casket that had inclosed his heart, which the finders replaced. Before long, however, it was taken up again, and removed to the Museum of Antiquities, where it remained until 1869, when it found a more fitting resting-place in the choir of the cathedral; nevermore, let us hope, to be disturbed.

The relict of John Baliol, father of Bruce's rival, shewed her affection for her dead lord in a peculiar way—she embalmed his heart, placed it in an ivory casket 'bunden with sylver brycht,' and, during her twenty years of widowhood, never sat down to a meal without this silent remembrancer of happier days. Upon her death, at the age of eighty, in 1289, she was buried in her own abbey on the banks of the Nith; Baliol's heart, in obedience to her instructions, being laid on her dead bosom. From that day, the whilom 'New Abbey' was known as Sweet-Heart Abbey; and never did abbey walls shelter a sweeter, truer heart than that of the lady of Barnard Castle.

Robert, Earl of Mellent and Leicester, as famous among the crusaders of the twelfth century for his

sagacity, eloquence, and valour, as he was infamous at home for his unscrupulous rapacity, violence, and cruelty, finding life slipping away from him, assumed the monastic habit, and died in the odour of sanctity at the Abbey of Preaux. There he was buried; but in fulfilment of his dying wish, the heart of the Infidel-hater was sent to the hospital he had founded at Brackley, to be there preserved in salt. Perhaps the old warrior thought, like Lord Windsor, that the heart of an Englishman ought to rest on his own land. That nobleman died at Spa in 1574, and directed that his body should be buried in the cathedral church of the noble city of Liege, and his heart, inclosed in lead, laid under his father's tomb, in the chapel at Bradenham, Bucks, 'in token of a true Englishman.' So, too, Sir Robert Peckham ordered his heart to be conveyed to Denham, in the same county, to be placed in the family vault; but his relatives do not seem to have been in any hurry to execute his behest. The worthy knight died in 1569; and the register of burials at Denham contains this entry: 'Edmundus Peckham, Esq., sonne of Sir George Peckham, July 18, 1586. On the same day was the harte of Sir Robert Peckham, knight, buried in the vault under the chapel; so that it had been kept above-ground for seventeen years. When George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, fell a victim to Felton's knife, King James commanded that his dear Steenie should be interred in Westminster Abbey, where his tomb may be seen; but a sumptuous monument to the duke also exists in St Thomas's Church, Portsmouth; and as this boasts an urn, it is probable that it boasts also the possession of the heart of the once all-powerful favourite.

In Chichester Cathedral may be seen a slab of Purbeck marble, bearing a sculptured trefoil inclosing hands holding a heart, with the legend: 'Ici gist le cœur Maude de.' Time has spared, no more, and we are left to vainly speculate as to the personality of the fair lady thus commemorated. Still less communicative was the plain leaden case, discovered by a workman, in a niche in one of the pillars of Christ Church, Cork, and found to contain a heart preserved in salt, weighing seven and a half ounces; while another find at Gareley church, Huntingdonshire, only brought to light an empty box, that had evidently once held a heart—whose, none can tell.

Many examples of hearts honoured with separate sepulture might be cited; but, having purposely limited ourselves to native instances, we have but to mention two more, and we have done. In 1700, Sir William Temple, by his last will and testament, decreed that his heart should be inclosed in a silver box or a china basin, and buried under a sun-dial in his garden at Moor Park, over against a window from whence he used to contemplate and admire the works of God, after he had retired from worldly business. The most famous of Irish agitators might have been expected to have left his heart to the care of his countrymen: O'Connell, however, desired that it should be sent to Rome; implying thereby, unless we mis-read the meaning of heart-bequests, that he was a Catholic first, and an Irishman afterwards.

Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, 47 Paternoster Row, LONDON, and 339 High Street, EDINBURGH. Also sold by all Booksellers.

# CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

OF  
POPULAR

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

*Fourth Series*

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS.

No. 589.

SATURDAY, APRIL 10, 1875.

PRICE 1½d.

## RECOLLECTIONS OF THE OLD COACHING-DAYS.

PEOPLE of middle age are privileged with recollecting the old coaching-system, just when it came to perfection, and was suddenly superseded by the introduction of railways. In a national point of view, the change has been advantageous beyond all calculation. In some other respects, it is matter for regret; for, by the old way of travelling, there was more cheerfulness in driving along the highways, as well as more safety, than in being dragged on the rails at a speed sometimes fearful, and often disastrous. It is needless, however, to moralise on this point. The change was inevitable, and has been effected. All we can do as a matter of sentiment, and for the sake of young persons, is to call up passing memories of a system of road-travelling now gone for ever.

A hundred years ago, stage-coaches drawn by four horses had established themselves on all the great routes. They were an improvement on the more ancient stage-wagons, but were still very defective. What with frequent stoppages, and the execrable state of the roads, a journey by them was tedious and expensive. In contrast with what had gone before them, they were called flying-coaches, but their flight was by no means excessive. At the utmost, they did not on an average make out more than eight miles an hour. In going from Manchester to London, two nights were spent on the road. Yet, these flying-coaches were not to be despised. They were the precursors of a great reform in transit, effected, by a man of singularly energetic nature, in 1784. This was John Palmer, a person of substance, who established and conducted a theatre at Bath. Palmer had often occasion to desire the assistance of actors of the transit of post-letters and the slow method of travelling. For example, a letter sent from London on Monday did not reach Bath till Wednesday. Business could not be carried on with any degree of satisfaction with such intolerable delays.

Smarting under these difficulties, Palmer travelled all over the country, and found everywhere the same insufficiency. He memorialised the government; he took means to spread information; and clearly shewed how easy it would be to effect vast improvements. For a time, his efforts were vain. He was set down as a half-crazed enthusiast. The post-office authorities were against him to a man. It was only through the enlightened judgment of Pitt that he was able to commence that system of rapid mail-coaches which lasted up to the days of railways. The first mail-coach in accordance with Palmer's plan was one from London to Bristol, which started at eight o'clock in the morning of the 8th August 1784, and reached its destination at eleven at night. This was thought marvellous. In a few years, Palmer's mail-coaches, as they were at first called, were established on all the great roads; the mails being carried with an economy, precision, and despatch hitherto unknown. The benefits to the public became quickly too manifest to be denied; but mark how Palmer was treated! The government had entered into a regular contract with him, engaging to give him two-and-a-half per cent. upon the saving effected in the transmission of letters. It was speedily shewn that this saving amounted to twenty thousand pounds a year. Parliament, however, would not vote for the fulfilment of the bargain, and arbitrarily extinguished Palmer's claim with a grant of fifty thousand pounds.

In the early years of the present century, the mail-coaches originated by Palmer had superseded nearly all the old conveyances; their success being considerably promoted by the great improvements effected on the roads by Telford and Macadam. As the mail-coaches began, so they ended. They had a peculiar compactness and neatness. Each vehicle, drawn by four well-matched horses, was painted a sober brownish-red colour, bearing the royal arms and the words 'Royal Mail.' Inside, there were seats for four persons; outside, in front, was the box-seat for the driver, and space for one passenger beside him. Beneath their feet, was the front boot, for holding the passengers' luggage, the

amount of which was very limited—thirty pounds to each—also any small parcels carried for hire. Behind the box-seat, on the front of the roof, was a seat for three outside passengers. Such was the whole accommodation—four in and four out sides. Behind, was seen the single seat for the guard, fixed on iron supports over the hind boot, which held the mails. The guard, who might be called the main-spring and director, sat with his face towards the horses, commanding a view of the whole equipage. Usually imposing in appearance, with a jolly red weather-beaten face, he was a man of trust and importance. His duty as guard was by no means nominal. When the passengers had arranged themselves in the seats booked for them, it might be days previously, and when the driver had taken his seat on the box, out came the guard from the office, placing the way-bill carefully in his breast-pocket, with the gravity of a soldier going to battle. He is dressed in the royal uniform—a capacious scarlet surtout, trimmed with gold lace, hat with a gold band, a pair of pistols hung in a belt round his neck, and a blunderbuss in his hand. His horn, a long tin trumpet, is already stuck on the coach near his seat. Mounting up, he arranges the pistols and blunderbuss in a longish box with a sloping lid on the hind part of the roof, so as to be ready for action in case of an attempted attack by highwaymen. With a blast of the horn, off goes His Majesty's mail—yet not off altogether, for as a last thing it drives to the post-office, to get the bags stowed into the hind boot; and this being but the work of half a minute, the machine is at length fairly off, everything giving way before it on the street or road.

Such is our recollection of the starting of a mail-coach on its journey in 1814, when the system was in all its glory. The coaches were the property of the government, which accordingly regulated the hours of departure according to the exigencies of the mail-service; from all the large towns there being ordinarily a morning and evening departure. The horses were hired by contract. His Majesty's mails had one grand show-off day in the year. It was the 4th of June, the king's birth-day—we speak of the reign of George III.—when the coaches, renewed or furnished up, the horses with fresh trappings, and the guards and drivers in their new scarlet coats, were paraded through the streets of London, and drove off in style from St Martin's-le-Grand on their several ways, amidst a concourse of spectators. On a lesser scale, there were similar exhibitions in the larger provincial towns. With what delight did the youngsters regard these splendid cavalcades!

Altogether, the mail-coach system was a creditable national effort. It was the utmost that could be done, according to the means at disposal. Unfortunately, it depended on animal exertion. The horses required to be changed at a posting-house every ten miles at most, and although the process of changing was latterly effected with remarkable celerity, time was lost, and the rate of speed did not ordinarily get above ten miles an hour, including stoppages, if so much. In a few cases, where the roads were smooth and level, or with very slight ups-and-downs, to vary the pull of the horses, a speed of ten and a half miles was effected. When the journey to be performed could be managed in about four hours, there was nothing serious to complain of. Very different was the

case of a journey of four hundred miles between Edinburgh and London, which, by the greatest effort, could not be effected in less than fifty-two hours, involving two nights in succession on the road. In a ride like this, the cold suffered by the outsides in winter was, of course, dreadful; the insides at the same time being worn out by sitting in a cramped position, and enduring a variety of privations.

Charming was the drive outside in a fine day through a new and interesting country, and if not too protracted, it left many pleasant remembrances. Night-travelling on the long journeys was the crucial test, as, for example, in crossing Shap Fell at midnight. A continued snow-storm was awful—outsides, driver, and guard muffled up in huge greatcoats and comforters, doing their best to keep warmth in them, amidst the pitiless storm; the poor toiling horses plunging in the snow; the lamps in the vehicle half-battered up, throwing a feeble light over the wild desolate heath. Sometimes the coach stuck in the drifts; and there were cases in which the guard, with a noble fidelity to duty, fought his way forward on foot, with the mail-bag on his shoulders, to the nearest town, leaving the coach and passengers to be rescued by such assistance as he was able to procure.

Viewed in their best aspect, the mail-coaches were insufficient for the traffic. For a time, they absorbed the business of the older-fashioned stage-coaches, but these rallied under better management, and at length they formed the principal reliance. How could it be otherwise? The limited passenger accommodation offered by His Majesty's mail was wholly inadequate for the growing traffic of the country. There were six times more travelling than the mails could accommodate. The mails in themselves got through their work with difficulty. Such was the increase of letter-bags, that the hind boot no longer sufficed. Large bags were piled on the roof under tarpaulings, destructive of all symmetry, and forming an obstacle to transit in the event of snow-storms. Still keeping their ground, and to the last reckoned the gentlest thing by which to travel, His Majesty's mails could make no head against the crowd of spirited interlopers, whose sole object was to carry large numbers of passengers at an accommodating scale of charges.

With this growing accession to vehicular conveyance, recollections now assume a new phase. All over the country there are flying stage-coaches, pretentious in their name and character—the Regent, the Blucher, the High Flyer, the Rob Roy, the Wellington, and so on, each warranted by advertisement to be more expeditious than anything ever heard of. These coaches went far beyond the mail in point of accommodation. Each carried six inside, and as many as twelve outside passengers. Luggage was more freely taken; and at certain seasons, such as at Christmas, there was an immense addition to the packages and baskets, which clung all around like clusters of bees. Where there was so much trade, something like a guard or supercargo was necessary. Each stage-coach of an affectedly high class was therefore provided with a guard, so called, who wore a scarlet tunic—usually a smart fellow, who sat among the hind outsiders, and on entering or leaving the town was so gracious as to play popular airs on a keyed bugle. Very gay affairs were some of these

stage-coaches, as they drove off from the White Horse Cellar in Piccadilly, the Saracen's Head, Snowhill, the Belle Sauvage in Ludgate Hill, or some other crack office in London. In every town there must be lingering traditions of their sprightly doings.

As will be seen, there was a dash of fun and romance in the old mail and stage coach system. It had, however, independently of what was sometimes suffered from cold and fatigue, two drawbacks—the hurried way in which meals had to be taken; and the incessant demand for fees by coachmen and guards. Twenty minutes were allowed for dinner; but often the articles produced were ill-cooked, or not ready on arrival, and the meal was little better than a means of extorting money for nothing. Sometimes, under a sense of being cheated, when the horn blew, and all had to take the road before the dinner was half eaten, the enraged passengers did themselves justice in a rude way, by carrying off roast-fowls and other articles from the table, to be eaten at leisure on the journey. Of an incident of this kind we were on one occasion a witness. Whether the meals were well or ill served, waiters or waitresses did not fail to ask for the customary fees. On several routes there were grand-looking inns where the coaches stopped, but no provision at any of them was made for the pressing discomfort of the much tired passengers. The whole process of accommodation at these stopping-places was simply organised plunder. Landladies of a knowing turn had a knack of turning the penny by selling articles for which the locality happened to be reputed. The hostess of the inn at Stilton, for example, was an adept at palming off Stilton cheeses, in which, from the number of coaches that stopped at her house, she may be said to have carried on a considerable trade.

The outrageous thing, on which passengers expended no small degree of temper, was the taxing by coachmen and guards. At certain stages, on resigning the reins, the coachman came round, touching his hat with his finger, hinting as to his fee. Most of the passengers got off by giving him sixpence, others gave a shilling. The guards went farther on the journey, and expected half-a-crown. Of the wrangling and grumbling about these fees, which certainly were not included in the contract, there was literally no end. And no wonder. After paying several pounds for your seat from one place to another, it was very hard to have to pay perhaps half as much more in the course of the journey to coachmen and guards, whose services ought to have been directly compensated by employers. This beggarly custom of exacting sixpences, shillings, and half-crowns all along the road was an infamy of which the railways have happily rid the process of modern travelling. If, against all remonstrance, the public recur to the reprehensible practice of giving *backsheesh* to guards, they will have themselves to blame for the consequences.

One of the effects of distribution of money among the drivers and guards of coaches was to make them obsequious and overbearing, as well as extravagant in their expenditure. The coachman was often a very pompous personage, priding himself on his waistcoats, his cravats, and his jewellery. We remember seeing one of these puffed-up gentry who wore a greatcoat with buttons of half-crowns, and every button on his waist-

coat was a sixpence—a piece of vulgar wastefulness, designed to add to his dignity. Coachmen of this order were pampered by young gentlemen who took a fancy for the box-seat, and the pleasure of 'handling the ribbons,' for which indulgence they of course imparted 'a consideration.' It is not a very high aim in life to be a coach-driver; but in these times, a seat on the box, with reins and whip in hand, and gossip about horses, formed an object of supreme ambition. Some of these amateurs gained proficiency in driving the stage-coaches, but the practice was hazardous for passengers, and it occasionally led to an overturn. Cambridge scholars, as we learn, attained celebrity for their skill in driving. A book has lately been written by one of these gentlemen coach-drivers, Mr Reynardson, giving a lively account of his experiences on the box in old times.

Where is now all that wide-spread and highly appreciated system of travelling?—annihilated, gone, only lingering fragmentarily in small patches of country, to which the rail has scarcely ventured to intrude. Its abolition laid low a great 'interest,' for which no one ever expressed any particular pity. Nor was any pity deserved. The systematic sanctioning of pillage by coachmen and guards, contrary to all decency, was an outrage which deprived the coaching proprietary of any commiseration. The ruin which overtook the roadside inns by the withdrawal of the coaches, was not unregretted; for extortionate as many of these establishments had been, they were useful as resting-places for ordinary travellers, and their general extinction is, doubtless, a public loss. Having had its day, coach-travelling has been superseded by a system infinitely more stupendous, and through the agency of which—with all its faulty management, arising from human infirmity—the country in the space of forty years has advanced centuries. The mail and stage coaches of our young days were picturesque, with many points of interest and convenience, but in the background there was much that was rude and offensive, not the least odious detail being the infliction of frightful cruelty on animals. With the improved travelling of our own day, there can be no comparison. The railway train is science, wealth, progress, civilisation. W. G.

## WALTER'S WORD.

### CHAPTER XXIX. - TO THE RESCUE.

No longer discomposed by any apprehensions of the nature of his reception, since it was clear the vessel was tenantless, Walter yet hesitated to set foot on her deck. Some spectacle he knew not what—might be awaiting him in that silent ship, which it was better for him to die than see. He had read, in history or romance, of Saltee rovers—pirates of the Mediterranean—and the wild fancy struck him, and chilled his blood, that some catastrophe might have happened to—to those on board (he did not dare say, even to himself, to Lilian), such as had been common half a century ago, though even then not close to the shores of Sicily. The idea was monstrous; but the fact before them—a ship in full sail, but empty, with her boat towing at her stern—was monstrous too, and not to be explained on reasonable grounds. While he still stood sick at heart, half resolved, half

disinclined to know the worst, Francisco settled the matter for him. 'She will be ashore in five minutes, signor,' he cried, 'if we do not drop her anchor.' And with that, he sprang on board, and Walter followed, to assist him. The lad's gestures were eloquence itself, and, besides, by this time Walter had acquired some considerable knowledge of the island tongue.

Having succeeded in bringing the yacht to a stand-still, the two young men proceeded to make a thorough investigation of her. The deck was clean, and the neat coils of rope were in their proper places, shewing no traces of any struggle. The brass-bound steps that led to the little saloon, and the brass rails beside them, shone bright in the pale moonlight, and bespoke the latest and most scrupulous care. On the table were the remains of a luxurious dessert, with wine and glasses—one of the latter of which was broken. A knife was lying beside the fragments of it on the floor. Of the three chairs that had been so lately occupied, one was also overturned. Besides these, there were no traces of disorder. The door, however, at the extremity of this apartment shewed traces of having been battered in. It opened into the stern-cabin which they had already examined through the window, and which had evidently been used as the ladies' boudoir. An harmonium stood open with a music-book upon it; and on a sewing-machine was a small phial containing oil, and standing in an upright position. Here, then, Lillian had sat, and worked, and played but, at most, a few hours ago, and until the moment when some mysterious fate befell herself and all the other occupants of the little vessel. The broken panels of the door were an indisputable proof of violence, but from whose hands? was a question as unanswerable as ever. On board an English yacht upon a pleasure-cruise, the idea of mutiny was not to be entertained for a moment; moreover, the ship's boat would have been used by the mutineers to get to land. The attack, then, if attack there had been, must needs have come from without. Judging from what they saw, the resistance must have been small, which, considering that the crew consisted of four British sailors beside the captain, was unlikely to have been the case, unless the thing had been effected by surprise. No other cabin shewed any signs of hurry of departure on the part of its inmates; but in Lillian's own little bower—Walter entered it with a sensation of sacrilege—the door of a species of wardrobe stood wide open, as though some article—probably a shawl or cloak, of which there were several on its shelves—had been snatched from it in haste. Save the above indications, all below-stairs was just as it might have been in Palermo harbour. Upon deck, however, a second examination revealed some blood-stains close to the tiller, which marked the place, perhaps, where the steersman had been struck down by some unseen or unexpected foe.

'Great Heaven! there has been murder done!' murmured Walter hoarsely. Was it possible that the butchery had been wholesale, and that the bodies of the victims had been cast into the sea? His knees trembled, and a sharp spasm shot across his heart at this frightful thought, which was, however, dismissed almost as soon as entertained. Strong men fighting for their lives, even though unarmed and taken by surprise, would have left more evidences of their cruel fate than this. In-

deed, save for that one bloody token, it was difficult to believe that any act of violence could have been committed, so neat and orderly was the ship, so peaceful the fair scene in which it lay. The dark-blue sea was without a ripple, save where the broad silver pathway of the moon made inequalities on its surface visible; the shore, close to which they were, was fringed with orchards, and the mountain sides beyond were richly cultivated.

'Francisco,' exclaimed Walter, 'for Heaven's sake, speak a word to me, or I shall go mad! What has happened? What can have happened? This is your own land—not mine. I feel like one in a hideous dream, where all is unreal and monstrous. Have you any explanation of this frightful thing to offer? Have you any hope to give me; if not, at least tell me your fears.'

Francisco looked furtively towards the shore, and laid a finger on his lips. 'Yes, signor, I think I know what has happened,' answered he in his soft musical tones. 'Come down here into the cabin; there is no knowing who may be watching us up here, or whose sharp ears may be listening.'

'Well, well, what is it?' inquired Walter impatiently, when they had descended the stairs. 'You would never look like that, if my friends had been murdered, surely.'

'O no, signor; there has been no murder,' answered Francisco quietly—'that is, unless there was some absolute necessity for it. Milord and the signora in any case are safe; I will stake my life on that. Look you, the "yat" was becalmed and close in shore; and these gentlemen of the mountains—'

'What! the brigands?'

'Hush! Yes; they doubtless came out in boats, and captured her by surprise.'

'But who ever heard of brigands turning pirates?'

'No one, signor, up to this moment; but the circumstances, you must allow, were very uncommon. Milord's departure was a most serious disappointment for them. They took it—it is no wonder—much to heart, and clung to hope to the last. They had scouts all along the shore, or, perhaps, they watched the vessel from their own woods up yonder, and descended when the opportunity offered. I don't know that it was so, but to me, who am acquainted with the captain, it seems probable.'

'The captain! What captain?'

'Corralli.'

'Great Heaven! Do you think, then, that my countrymen have become his captives?'

Head, eyes, and fingers all combined in giving a most unmistakable 'I do.'

'But the signora?'

'She is doubtless in his hands, but only for the present. He will send her back, since the troops will be called out, and she would impede his flight. But he will keep milord.'

'They will not injure the young lady in any way?' asked Walter imploringly, as though it had been in Francisco's power to prevent them.

'Certainly not. There are women in the band: the captain's sister, Joanna, is always with him, and has power; the signora will doubtless be placed under her protection.'

Walter shuddered. How horrible was the idea of Lillian needing such a chaperon! How horrible, and how incongruous! Could he be really



talking about the same girl whom he had seen surrounded with the conventional attributes of wealth in London; serene and quiet, in her garden at Willowbank; gracious at her father's table; and whom he had last met among that commonplace crowd in the garden of Regent's Park! And now it was more than probable that she was held captive by a lawless bandit among yonder hills! The very means by which he had become acquainted with the fact—the little Sicilian dictionary he held in his hand, and without which, half of Francisco's communication would have been lost upon him—was an element in this incongruity, and helped to give a grotesqueness, which, however, was very far from being laughable, to this mysterious drama.

Walter had listened to his companion's words with enforced attention, but now that the information had been obtained—now that he had something to go upon—he became all impatience for action. Every moment in which he was not engaged in promoting Lillian's release seemed a waste of time, and a reproach to his loving heart. 'Our best plan, I conclude,' said he hastily, 'is at once to return to Palermo, and give notice of what has occurred to the police.'

'To the police? O no, signor.'

'To the soldiers, then?'

'Nay; that would be worse still. Your best hope to see milord again is to communicate with—his banker.'

Walter was astounded; it seemed to him that Francisco was humouring British prejudices, in making a commercial transaction out of this abominable outrage.

'Indeed, signor,' continued the other quietly, 'that is your best chance. If you can get the ransom before the government stirs in the matter, your friends may be released at once; but, otherwise, the transaction will be forbidden; the soldiers will be sent out, and there will be danger. Not to the signora,' he added hastily, perceiving Walter to change colour, 'I cannot but think that she will be sent home in safety. But, to her father—— If Corrali is now disappointed of a plot he has so long calculated upon, he will be capable—it is idle to deny it—of any atrocity.'

'But how shall I know what is the sum demanded?'

'There is no fear upon that point,' answered Francisco, smiling. 'To-morrow, or the next day—so soon as he considers himself in safety, Corrali will send in his terms.'

'But, in the meanwhile, we are losing precious time,' broke in Walter impatiently. 'If we were in Palermo now, for example, a pursuit might be organised, and these brigands forced to give up their prey.'

'It would be the height of imprudence, even then, signor,' replied Francisco confidently; 'but we are not in Palermo, nor could we sail there in this calm under six hours at quickest.'

'But we could go by land in half that time.'

'The signor can go, if he wishes it,' was the stolid reply. 'For myself, I have seen Captain Corrali face to face already; I do not desire another interview. It is true he may be in the mountains by this time; but his people are everywhere, and on the road to Palermo to-night, above all places—you may be sure of it—to intercept this very news.'

A look of contempt came into Walter's face, but instantly died away. This lad had good reason to shun the brigands, whether his fears on this occasion were well grounded or not. He was not in love with Lillian, nor interested in saving the money of Mr Christopher Brown. It was unreasonable, therefore, to despise him—who, moreover, had a father who loved him as the apple of his eye—for refusing to risk life and liberty on such an errand.

'Francisco,' said Walter gently, 'take you the boat at once back to Palermo, and give information of what has occurred, if I have not already done so. Should you not find me at home, go straight to Sir Reginald Selwyn, at the *Hôtel de France*, and tell him what has happened. And now, put me ashore.'

Unmistakable compassion looked softly out of Francisco's eyes. 'The way is long,' he said—'twelve miles at the very least; and it is doubtful whether at any village the signor will find a conveyance.'

'No matter; I can run the distance in three hours. The road goes by the coast, does it not, and cannot be mistaken?'

'The road is straight enough, but—— Is the signor quite determined?'

They had reached the deck by this time, and Walter's only answer was to step into the boat which was fastened alongside the yacht. The muffled dip of the oars alone broke the silence of sea and shore; the hills, the woods, seemed steeped in slumber; through the orchard trees the white road could be seen empty and silent.

'Keep in the centre,' whispered Francisco, pointing towards it, 'and do not stop for a shot or two. They do not shoot well, flying, these gentlemen. But if they once capture you, make no attempt to escape, or they will kill you to a certainty—that is a point of honour with them.'

Here the boat touched land, and Walter leaped lightly upon the shore.

'Good-bye, Francisco, till to-morrow morning,' said he cheerfully. 'I shall beat you by three hours, for a ducat.'

'Good-bye, signor; and may the blessed saints protect you from all harm!'

The next moment, the boat had shot into the bay, and Walter was pushing his way through the little orchard that lay between the sea and the high-road.

#### CHAPTER XXX.—ON THE ROAD.

Rapid motion of any sort is detrimental to human thought, and especially that of one's own legs. As Walter's feet beat quickly on the hard road, something seemed also to beat within his brain; the ideas in it were jostled together, and if one of them got uppermost for a brief space, it was soon usurped by another. At first, fear was dominant—fear, not upon his own account at all; when a man is hopeless, he feels no fear. If Lillian had ever been within his reach, or even if she had promised herself to him in the case, however improbable, of her father giving consent to their union, life would have been inexpressibly dear to Walter, and he would have shrunk from losing it. As it was, Captain Corrali, or any other gentleman of his calling, was welcome to it, or seemed to be so. So far as he was personally concerned, it was a pleasure to be thus risking it for her sweet sake; it was but a

poor thing, and scarcely to be counted as a sacrifice; but it might be valuable just now to *her*, and therefore it behoved him to preserve it. He looked, therefore, sharply to right and left, and kept the middle of the road, as Francisco had advised him to do.

On the left was always rising ground, which by degrees reached mountain height, with its summit but rarely visible; on the right, were sometimes orchards, or cultivated plots of ground, and sometimes only the sea-beach. There was no sign of life on any hand. There is nothing so wearisome as indolence, and hence the Sicilian retires early; still, the evidence of man's labour convinced him that he could not be very far from some village, or at least a human habitation. When one is running, one's aspirations are limited, and to find an inn with a horse in its stable was the summit of Walter's ambition for the present; that would enable him the more quickly to reach Selwyn, whom for the last fortnight it had been his constant endeavour to avoid. Everything in the world is by comparison—which accounts, perhaps, for so much of it being odious—and what had been his bane, he now longed for. The embarrassment, the humiliation, which such a meeting would cost him, the imputations which it would necessarily lay him under—all these had sunk out of sight, and left Lillian's deliverance alone visible. He was not much moved by Francisco's arguments against employing force in the matter; the lad had doubtless inherited some timidity from his father, and his own captivity by the brigands, when he was, but a boy, had given him, probably, an undue impression of their courage and tenacity of purpose. He thought that if the government would only send out troops enough, the scoundrels must soon be surrounded, and compelled to deliver up their prisoners. In the meantime, it was their interest to treat them well; and, thank Heaven, the night was warm and dry, and Lillian, delicate though she was, might take no harm from her temporary captivity. It was impossible, at the rate he was going—though he took care not to press the pace too much, since it might be necessary at any moment to 'put on a spurt'—to look below the surface of things; moreover, it was above all things essential to keep a sharp eye on the road. Though using as much caution as he could, his footsteps rang out in the silence, and must needs give notice of his approach to any one on the watch. Presently, he heard another sound from the hilly ground which was in that part covered with scrub—low trees with a thick undergrowth; a sharp hissing or kissing noise. He stopped a moment to listen, and it was repeated farther on, and therefore less clearly. It might very well proceed from some bird, or even insect, with the nature of which he was unacquainted; yet it startled him, and he mechanically increased his speed, keeping more to the orchard side of the road. In this he erred, for at that moment a man clothed in sheepskin, and with a gun in his hand, sprang out from it, exclaiming something, which was probably an equivalent for the old British 'Stand, sir!'

Walter had been an idle man at college, but had learned something from an outside professor, who taught Self-defence, and especially the useful art of hitting out quickly from the shoulder. No sooner had this wolf in sheep's clothing thus addressed him, than seizing the barrel of the gun

with one hand, he knocked him down with the other. At the same moment, the low wall on the other side of the road became a parapet for gun-barrels—one, two, three, four; he could count them, as they shone dull and cold in the moonlight; and again the warning cry, 'Stand, sir!' rang out, as it seemed, from half-a-dozen mouths. Walter's reply was to bound forward like an antelope. 'They do not shoot well, flying, these gentlemen,' were the words that rang in his ears, with a storm of bullets. One of them stung his cheek, and he could feel the hot blood running down it; but it only acted like a spur. Never, even when he carried off 'the Pewter' in the university flat-race, two years (it seemed two centuries) ago, had he ever laid foot to ground so nimbly. Perhaps the guns came from Birmingham, but, in any case, they were not breech-loaders, nor double-barrelled; they had advanced all the leaden arguments they had to urge, and he had got clean away for that time, at all events; only, what troubled him was, that that soft sibilant noise—even at that supreme moment it struck him how like it was to kissing—was repeated, and repeated again, far, far in front of him, as though the whole hillside had been tenanted by ardent lovers. He guessed rightly—though the fact was not revealed to him just then—that it was the system of telegraphy used by the brigands.

This attempt to intercept him had been made within a few hundred yards of a large village, which a turn of the road now revealed to him. The houses were of tolerable size, and mostly built of stone; and since in every case the shutters were closed, and the absence of glass in the windows was not observable, the place looked as well to do as any petty provincial town in England. Walter took it as a matter of course that herein he would find succour and sympathy, even if he should be unable to procure a vehicle to carry him the remainder of his journey. But either the inhabitants were unanimous in their habits of early retirement, or what, after a few applications with his fist at a door or two, he began to think the likelier, the noise of the brigands' guns had induced them to shrink into their shells and simulate slumber. Not a single reply did he extract in answer to his repeated summons, till he reached the principal inn, where, in an up-stairs window, a light was still burning. Here the master of the establishment was so good as to come out to him in person, appearing in a large white cap, in which he might either have been cooking or sleeping, and but little else in the way of garments. There was no meat in the house, he observed with great volubility, and without giving Walter time to name his wants; nothing, indeed, to eat but macaroni. If the signor did not require food, so much the better; but seeing him to be an Englishman, his mind had naturally flown to meat.

'Have you no eyes?' interrupted Walter impatiently. 'Can you not see that my cheek is bleeding? I have just been waylaid by brigands.'

'Heavens! Is it possible? Brigands?'

'It is quite possible, as one would have thought you could believe, since it happened just outside your town. However, I want nothing from you but the means of getting away from it. I must have a carriage of some kind, in which to get to Palermo. These scoundrels have captured an

English lady and her father, and every moment is precious. Just give me a basin and some water, while the horses are being harnessed.'

Walter would not even enter the house, but stood at the door while he washed his wound, which turned out to be little more than a scratch.

'Now, when is that carriage coming round?'

He had seen one in the yard that adjoined the inn.

'You are welcome to the carriage, signor; but, alas! we have no horses, nor do I believe that there is one in the place. Two gentlemen have just stopped here with a tired pair from Termini, which we were unable to replace.'

'From Termini? Why, that is the way I have come! Did they not meet any molestation?'

'No, indeed, signor,' answered the innkeeper with a smile of incredulity, that seemed to say: 'Young gentlemen get scratches from other things beside musket-balls.' 'They certainly did not mention that they had been shot at.'

'Well, I have been shot at,' observed Walter with irritation; 'and I must get on to Palermo—those two things are certain.'

That his host was indisposed to offer him any assistance, and anxious to get rid of him, there was no doubt; and what Baccari had told him of the fear inspired in the villages by the brigands, convinced Walter of the reason.

'You do not seem very hospitable, my friend,' said he severely; 'and I shall make it my business, when I reach my journey's end, to let the police know how you have treated me. Where there is a carriage for hire, there are mostly horses'—

'There are none here,' interrupted the landlord sullenly; 'but if the signor can make good use of his legs, he cannot fail to catch the vehicle of which I have spoken, since the road is hilly, and it can scarcely move out of a foot-pace.'

The suggestion was not inviting; but as there seemed no alternative, Walter turned upon his heel, with an exclamation, which, being in pure Saxon, let us hope the innkeeper imagined to be a farewell blessing, and recommenced his journey. He had recovered his breath, and felt altogether 'like running.' If any Sicilian eyes were watching him through the closed shutters, as he moved lightly up the street, they would have seen what was probably a rarity to them—an English athlete in 'good form.' For boxing, though he could, as we have seen, give a well-delivered blow enough, Walter's frame was too slightly made; but for speed and endurance, few amateurs could touch him. He ran 'clean,' without that 'loppety' motion from which even professional runners are seldom free; and he knew how to husband his resources, while appearing to be putting forth his utmost powers. If the village landlord had told him the truth—a very improbable 'if,' it must be confessed, in any case, and, moreover, his words had had to Walter's ear a tone not only of sarcasm, but of malignity—he had little doubt of getting a lift on his way—of overtaking this carriage with two tired horses upon a hilly road; and even if there was no carriage, he was game to keep up his present pace to the gates of Palermo. The road, though it turned inland, was now much more open; he could see not only around him but before him; and presently he beheld, just disappearing at the top of a steep hill, some slow-moving vehicle.

What description of conveyance it was, he had not time to make out; but the sight of it gave wings to his feet. Even if it was but a laden cart, he might bribe the driver to let him take the horse out of it, and thereby reach the city half an hour earlier. At the top of the hill, a most splendid spectacle awaited him: the whole Bay of Palermo, even to Cape di Gallo, lay stretched beneath his gaze; the full height of Mount Pellegrino stood up black, except where the moonlight crowned it with silver; while before him was a defile winding between woods of spruce fir, through which, crossed by a stone bridge, leaped down white water to the sea. What delighted him most, however, was the sight of a wagonette and pair, with two men in it, which had just passed the bridge, and was making its way up the opposite hill. As he ran down towards it at the top of his speed, he fancied he heard once again the sibilant kissing noise run, like some light substance that rapidly catches fire, along the firs upon the left hand; but it might well have been the noise in his ears produced by his rapid progress; and, at all events, with help so near, there was no occasion for giving attention to it. The occupants of the carriage seemed to have heard it too, for, to his great joy, he saw it stop, and one man stood up in it, as if to look behind. Walter had no breath to waste in calling, but he drew out his white handkerchief as he ran on, to attract attention; and in this it seemed he had succeeded, for he saw the man making gestures to him; and in a few minutes more, he found himself panting and exhausted by the door of the wagonette.

Two Sicilians, not of the upper ranks, as it seemed to him, though they were somewhat profusely decorated with chains and jewellery, were its occupants, and he who had been standing up addressed him in courteous tones.

'Do you want a lift, signor?' inquired he.

'Indeed, I do,' said Walter, not waiting for a more formal invitation, but at once climbing up into the nearest seat. 'I am pursued and in trouble. Pray, tell your coachman to drive on, and I will tell you all as we go along.'

At a word from the man who had addressed him, the driver touched the horses with his whip, and off they went, though at a rate so slow, that a London cabman taken by the hour would have been ashamed of it.

While Walter was recovering his breath, he took an observation of his companions. The general impression which his first hurried glance had given him of their 'dressy' appearance was more than confirmed; if they had been Londoners, he would have set them down as belonging to the swell mob, or, rather, they were more like the representatives of that class in farces. They wore billy-cock hats, rather taller in the crown than those commonly seen in England; shooting-jackets of a burnt sienna colour—so it seemed by the moonlight—with enormous pockets both inside and out, such as poachers and gamekeepers use. So far, their dress was 'quiet' enough; but their waistcoats, which were of blue cloth, were covered with gilt buttons, sewn on like those of pages, not for use, but shew, and positively festooned with gold (or gilt) chains. To the shooting-jackets were attached a sort of hood, to throw over the head in case of rain; and round each man's waist was a broad belt, with a shot or cartridge pouch depending from it.

Under the seat opposite to Walter was a long gun, and he conjectured rightly that its fellow lay beneath him. Upon the whole, he came to the conclusion that these men were small tradespeople, who had gone out for a holiday in which sport or what they thought to be so—had formed a principal feature. They had probably been shooting tom-tits.

'If you could get your coachman to drive a little quicker,' said Walter, 'I should feel more comfortable while telling you my story; first, because it is of the utmost importance to me to get to Palermo as soon as possible; secondly, because, as I believe, we are upon dangerous ground.'

'Dangerous ground!' laughed he who seemed to take the lead as a superior mind. 'When did that come into your head, Signor Inglese?'

'I am perfectly serious, gentlemen,' said Walter gravely; 'and not only did the circumstance happen which I have described, but a whole band of these rascals have boarded an English gentleman's boat in the bay over yonder, and carried both himself and his daughter into captivity. My object is to give the alarm as soon as possible, that measures may be taken for their release.'

'Naturally,' answered he who sat on the same seat with Walter, 'if the Englishman is a person of consequence, they will probably send the troops after him immediately.'

'Just so: that is the plan I hope will be adopted. But, in the meantime, I repeat, I wish we could move a little faster. I would gladly bear the whole expense of the wagonette, if I might be allowed to have my way in this particular.'

'That is impossible, Signor Inglese,' answered the other with a courteous inclination of his head. 'We are proud to be able to do you this small service. And as for brigands, there are none so near Palermo as this—I do assure you.'

'And yet I could almost swear I heard them signalling to one another not five minutes ago, down there,' argued Walter, pointing towards the bridge. 'It was a cry like this;' and he proceeded to imitate it, not, it must be confessed, with great success. The attempt, however, excited the boisterous mirth of his companions.

'The signor must have heard the nightingales,' said one.

'Or the echo of his last parting from his mistress must have been still ringing in his ears,' observed the other. 'As for the brigands, what have we to fear, who carry guns. Would the signor like to take one for himself?' and he motioned to that which lay under the opposite seat.

Nothing loath to be armed in case of the worst, Walter stooped down to pick up the gun, when a heavy weight fell violently upon his shoulders, and he found himself face foremost upon the floor of the vehicle. He struggled violently to free himself; but the space was too confined for him to throw off the man who had leaped upon him; and in less than a minute, his confederate had attached a rope to his outstretched wrists, and fastened them firmly behind his back. When he was suffered to rise, the carriage had stopped, and the steps were already let down behind.

'Scende,' said one of his captors sententiously.

'Coachman,' cried Walter, 'you will bear witness what these men have done, and where they did it; they are brigands'—

Here something cold touched the tip of Walter's

ear: it was the muzzle of a pistol. 'If the signor speaks again, he dies,' said the voice that had addressed him so often. It was still quiet, and even courteous, but very firm.

Walter called to mind Francisco's advice about submission, should he fall into brigands' hands, and was silent. It was not likely where deeds were impossible, that words should avail him. The driver, too, it was now plain, was either in league with these men, or was afraid to oppose their wishes in any respect; he had never once turned round, so as to shew his face, and now he drove away, leaving his three fares in the road, with the same precaution. Walter had seen no more of him from first to last than Geoffrey Crayon, Gent., saw of the fat traveller. Ere the noise of the departing vehicle had died away, one of his late companions put his thumb and forefinger to his lips, and, whistling shrilly, produced the identical sound which had that night so often created his suspicions. It was at once replied to from the adjoining spruce woods, in half-a-dozen places, and as many men sprang out, each with a gun in his hand, and approached Walter and his captors.

'Your name?' inquired the man who had taken the lead in the wagonette, while the others stood round in an attitude of respectful attention.

'My name is Walter Litton; my profession, that of a painter; I am an English subject. To what money I have about me, you are welcome; and I swear that I will never give evidence against you, if you will only let me go free. Otherwise, this outrage will not pass unpunished.'

'The young cock crows loudly,' observed the other, laughing.

'Well, signor, you have told me your name, and now I will tell you mine. If you have heard it before, it will teach you what to expect, and how idle are all these ridiculous menaces. If you have not heard it, you will soon come to know me—I am *Il Capitano Corrali*.'

### SOME BROKEN LIVES.

THERE is always a peculiar fascination about stories of literary struggle; and that fascination was seldom, if ever, more powerful than it is in the six biographical sketches which Mr Henry Curwen not long ago composed.\* The subjects of his sketches may well be called examples of 'broken lives.'

On Wednesday, January 31, 1861, a notable funeral took place in Paris. Behind that lamented celebrity who was being carried to his last home, followed three thousand persons, bareheaded, and one hundred carriages; and amongst the mourners, or rather attendants, the Ministers of State and Public Instruction were all represented, as well as the Academy and the other learned bodies. No wonder a fair stranger from the provinces turned wonderingly to her neighbour, and inquired: 'Is it the funeral of a millionaire?' 'No, madam,' was the reply: 'it is the funeral of a pauper poet.' It was the funeral of Henry Murger, 'a poet whose poems were published for the first time upon the day of his death, and who died, just as his talents were becoming duly recognised, at the age of thirty-nine, from the effects of the want and misery of the unaided struggles of his youth.'

\* *Norow and Song: Studies of Literary Struggle.* By Henry Curwen. Henry S. King & Co.

Next day, they opened a subscription to erect a handsome monument to Murger's memory. Long ago, he had asked for bread ; now they gave him a stone of the costliest ! ' No doubt, it is very sad ; but it is a question whether indignation, on that account, can be righteously vented against society, or any particular portion or individual of it. When a young man, listening to the promptings of genius (which, so far as material prosperity is concerned, is so often an evil genius), forsakes his own sphere, rejects his natural labour, defies the world, and becomes a law unto himself, the principal consideration, if he have really genius, is, whether he be strong enough to bide his time. There is no sort of doubt about this : that, if Henry Murger had been constitutionally strong enough to bide his time, he would have had his due reward ; fame, honour, and riches, or, at anyrate, competence, were ready for him. Such men as he deserve just the sympathy we feel for the young soldier who succumbs to the hardships of a campaign, and cannot last until the time has come to gather the fruits of victory.

Henry Murger was born in Paris on the 24th of March 1822 ; and his father was *concierger*, or porter, of the house, in Rue St George, where the birth took place. How much the boy was indebted to his mother for his future misery and his future fame, cannot be accurately measured ; but, inasmuch as she, with a quick motherly instinct, not unmingled with personal pride, was bold enough to declare that 'her darling was no common child,' but 'destined to become a *monsieur* (gentleman), not a mere tradesman,' it is probable that he owed to her a great deal of both. And when we consider how many mothers have the same notion concerning their darling boys, of whom very few come so near to justifying the prediction as Murger did, there is reason to wonder that the world—which already abounds with literary aspirants as needy and miserable and pretentious as Murger, but devoid of any particle of his genius—does not positively swarm with them. Murger's father, on the other hand, would, apparently, have liked to bring up the boy in such wise that he might ultimately have earned an honest, but not at all luxurious livelihood, by combining, after the paternal manner, the dignity of a door-porter with the utility of a tailor. The maternal flatteries are said to have been seconded by a 'voice that whispered : "Son of a tailor, thou shalt be a poet ! The Parisians shall sing thy verses, as the fishers of Sorrento those of Tasso. Thou shalt be one of the chosen whom women crown with roses, and men with laurels. Thou shalt be loved and applauded. Go onward, child, to glory ; onward towards love !"' The owner of the voice, however, either forgot to whisper anything about misery and starvation, and neglect and sickness, or thought that, the whole history of literature bristling with such warnings, it would be quite superfluous. And so Murger became one of the Bohemian brotherhood, who adopted for their motto, 'The Academy, the hospital, or the Morgue !' He was one also of a small society of young men, who called themselves *Buveurs d'Eau*, or 'Water-drinkers,' not by any means because they were teetotalers, but from the glass of water that each member drank when he took the pledges of the society. And at the moment when Murger began to be known, what had been the fate of the rest of the fraternity ?

Two 'had died in the hospital ; a third had gone to his native town, to beg the bread he could not find in Paris. Karol, the kindest of all, had expired in Constantinople, without a friend or franc to aid him in his extremity, after months of starvation in his futile endeavours to get pupils for French ; Jules de la Madelcon was dead ; Gérard de Nerval had, like Chatterton, grown weary of the struggle, and, seeking a like escape, had perished in his pride.' There is not much here to encourage young knights of the quill to throw up steady employment, and rush headlong into the lists of literature with a shout of 'Vive la Bohème !'

Of Novalis, it is almost certain, the ordinary English reader knows little or nothing. There is a vague echo of the name, perhaps, pervading many memories, and that is all. Not every one of those to whom the name has a sort of familiar sound, is aware that it was assumed for purposes of concealment, until, by force of fame, it completely absorbed the real name of Friedrich von Hardenberg, son of Baron von Hardenberg, director of the Saxonian salt-works. Nor, though Novalis may assuredly take his place in a category of broken lives, is there in the story of his short career anything of that terribly real and universally appreciable misery which startles and impresses one in the case of the literary Bohemian, and which goes straight home to the heart of whoever is liable to sordid wants, and whoever has a dread of starvation and the dead-house. Novalis 'passed away on the 26th of March 1801, in the twenty-ninth year of his age, leaving to us all a reputation full of promise and fragmentary-works, that in their ruined splendour say something of what he might have become to Germany, and to the world of students that bow to German thought.' It was early for the golden bowl to be broken, and for the silver cord to be cut ; but the drama of his life offers none of those appalling scenes which can rivet the attention, and enlist the sympathies of the least as well as the most refined combatants in the battle of life. Novalis was at one time assessor and law-adviser to the salt-mines of Thuringia, at another a chief-engineer ; and, 'poet-prophet' though he was, he was 'very industrious in the duties of his office, attending to all things with willingness, and regarding nothing, of however little importance, as insignificant.' He did not go forth to fight the world, taking for his battle-cry, 'The Academy, the hospital, or the Morgue.' He was content to snatch what time he might from the ordinary work of men for his literary labours ; and soft as well as sad are the incidents which, in his case, exercise over us a fascinating influence. There was no fierce struggle for daily bread, no half-tragic and half-comic experiences ; he loved and lost, and he was cut off in the early flower of his age ; we mourn *with* him at the grave of Sophie Kulher, and we mourn *for* him, as he wastes away with consumption before his futile brain has been matured ; we acknowledge the fascination of his story, but it affects us with only a gentle melancholy.

An extraordinary career, a veritable struggle, was the life of Alexander Petöfi, 'for his first twenty years a wandering vagabond—runaway schoolboy, idle student, common soldier, strolling player—often near starvation ; outcast and very wretched, yet full still of vast ambitions and of an indomitable courage ; then, in the five following

years, the idol of his country, and its greatest poet; . . . the popular orator; the party leader; the almost mythical hero of the battle-field.' Alexander Petöfi (or Petrovics) was a Hungarian, born near Pesth, on the first day of the year 1823. His family, in 1838, were completely ruined by the overflowing of the Danube; the father was compelled to fall back entirely upon his manual skill as a butcher, and the son was sent to the Lyceum at Schennnitz. But the boy, as is not unusual with poetical boys, found the discipline of school intolerable; ran away, and almost died of sheer hunger in the streets of Pesth, which he managed to reach; was inspired by some strolling players with a longing for a grand histrionic career, which he commenced in the unpromising capacity of a *super*, and which was prematurely closed by the arrival of his father, who captured him, took him home, and kept him for a while in bondage. Young Petöfi, in a short time, however, was offered a chance of going through the usual course at the university of Ödenburg; but no sooner had he arrived and 'walked round and round the building,' than with more than the alacrity shewn by S. T. Coleridge under somewhat different circumstances at Cambridge, and by E. A. Poe under stress of hunger, he inquired the way to the military depot, enlisted as a trooper, and, nobody will be surprised to learn, found that, if school-life was a purgatory, yet military discipline was truly infernal. He, like Coleridge and Poe, relieved the tedium of soldiering by literary composition; 'many of his popular songs were written with a piece of burnt stick upon the white-washed guard-house walls . . . and were recovered by him from the lips of his rough comrades, and written down on paper long after they had been effaced—as he thought, forgotten.' He was rescued from his military misery by a kindly surgeon attached to the staff, who, thoroughly understanding his case, procured his dismissal. Once more, a course at a university was proposed to him, and accepted; and, once more (after a short trial, this time), he fled from the abode of academical learning, and entered upon that 'grand histrionic career,' as a *super*, which had been so ignominiously cut short some years before. But his histrionic success did not reach quite to the level of grandeur; indeed, unpretentious as were the parts assigned to him by the 'common rogues and vagabonds' who made up the companies to which he attached himself, he was invariably jeered by the gaping rustics, who gathered in booth or barn; he was dismissed from company after company, though his wage was hardly bread enough to keep him from starvation, the laughing-stock of actors and public alike; and so, thinking that literature could not well prove a more unkindly calling, he halted at the outlandish town of Kecskemet, and, hiring the orthodox garret, at once set up in business as full-fledged man of letters. Then came the period, usual with the true children of 'sorrow and song,' of cold and hunger and every sort of privation. The bitter storm was weathered in the ordinary way—by sheer endurance, by the scanty aid of friends, by the pitiful wages of a literary hack. But his hour was to come; and one day 'he awoke to find himself the most popular of Hungarian poets. He went nowhere but he heard his songs; when he retired to rest, they were the last voices of the

evening; when he left his bed, they were the first strains of the morning.' And he was still only twenty-three. Before long, he became a politician, nay, a leader of politicians, and a man of war—not exactly a soldier, for even Bem had no power to make him wear the regulation stock; and at last, in July 1849, or it may have been in August, he lay sleeping his last sleep amongst a heap of Hungarian patriots, whose bodies had been huddled unrecognised and unknown, into one enormous trench, upon some green heights, far from the Puszta that he loved so well. He had fallen in a charge against the Russians; but 'for years the peasantry refused to believe that their hero could be actually dead . . . and, while they sang his songs, they talked of his return, as the old Welsh harpers of the coming back of Arthur, as the Portuguese of King Sebastian.' His was truly a broken life, for he was but twenty-seven when he fell on the field of honour. His fame raises him to the regions of the sublime, his vanity sinks him to those of the ridiculous. It is almost incredible that he should have done the things he did. On board of a steamboat he encountered a nobleman who either did not or would not see him. Petöfi, after vainly endeavouring to attract his attention, halted dead in front of him, and exclaimed: 'Sir, I cannot possibly be unknown to you! You should have saluted me at once. I am Petöfi the poet!' What an instance of morbid vanity! There is a possibility of being great poets without common-sense.

The life of Honoré de Balzac was broken at the somewhat advanced age, for a child of 'sorrow and song,' of fifty; for he was born at Tours, on the 16th of May 1799, and he died on the 18th of August 1850. Still, he went through many a hard scene, and, as Victor Hugo said in his funeral oration at Père la Chaise, 'his life was short' (when we consider what he might have accomplished, had he reached the span of seventy), 'but full—fuller of work than days. This powerful and unwearyed toiler, this philosopher, this thinker, this poet, this genius, has lived amongst us that life of storm and struggle, that life of quarrels and combats, common in all times to all our greatest men!' According to Mr Curwen, 'few men have been written about so much' as Balzac, and 'fewer still to poorer purpose,' for 'some score of so-called biographers' have told us 'of little but his vanity, his schemes, his extravagances, his debts, his hair, his cane, and his trinkets.' But, at anyrate, he belonged to the *suffering* brotherhood of literature. He, having made some small success, rather nominal than substantial, became a mark for what are called the vampire publishers, one of whom is sketched in bitterly lively fashion by one of Balzac's friends. We will not repeat the scandalous imputations that a publisher pays a writer not according to his ability, but the depth of his poverty. Balzac commenced his career obscurely. He became famous in the literary arena. When he died, it was thought an honour to bear his pall by Victor Hugo, Sainte-Beuve, Alexandre Dumas, and M. Baroche, Minister of the Interior.

In the case of Edgar Allan Poe, a truly broken life in every sense, Mr Curwen seems to have been actuated by a desire to whitewash, as far as possible, a character which, in its blackened condition, is by no means unfamiliar. The possibility, however, was, apparently, very small. Edgar

Allan Poe will most likely be always regarded as an instance of genius in its most admirable and most hideous form, the strangest intermixture of good and evil. Two reasons there were why he could not rise superior to the ills of life: he had no moral ballast, and he indulged in alcohol. It is all very well to say that one glass of wine would 'upset' him; he would not have come to much harm, if he had stopped at that amount of upsetting. If his life do not offer much that is worthy of imitation, his death is full of warning. In the early morning of the 5th of October 1849, in or near Baltimore, a policeman stumbled over something lying by the roadside. It was 'merely the body of a drunken man.' There were no papers, there was nothing to tell its name; and it was taken to the hospital. 'A drunkard suffering from *delirium tremens*,' said the students. On the 7th of October, 'the drunkard' was dead; and he turned out to be Edgar Allan Poe, who might have made fortune as well as fame, if he had not had 'a screw loose.'

Very violently broken was the life of André Chénier, a poet and a political martyr. He had published but two short poems up to the time of his death; nevertheless, he was acknowledged by all who knew him to be possessed of the rarest genius. And, a quarter of a century after his death, the judgment of those who knew him, including the most fervent of his admirers, Châteaubriand, was justified; for his works, then published, achieved a sudden, widespread, and lasting reputation. André Chénier was the victim of political vengeance; he had thrown himself, at the time of the terrible French Revolution, into the vortex of political life with a reckless daring; and, in the thirty-second year of his age, on the 25th of July 1794, he mounted the scaffold at the command of Robespierre. Three days after this, at this same *Placo de la Révolution*, perished his murderer, Robespierre. But three days only, and André Chénier would have been saved! As Chénier walked up the wagon-steps, he 'gave one last regret to his broken life. "To die, to die! and yet I had something there!" he cried, striking his forehead with his hand. "It was the Muse," says Châteaubriand, "who in this supreme hour revealed to him his genius."

And what moral, if any, is to be drawn from these few broken portions of broken lives? The 'practical' will, no doubt, draw an easy moral from each; but, fortunately, or unfortunately, the young literary aspirant, whatever may be his peculiar bent, is eminently unpractical, and to him, the romance of a certain career will, until he tries it, seem to make up for everything else. Besides, there is the posthumous fame, about which everybody does not think as Falstaff thought; there are, probably, still amongst us men who would willingly die on the scaffold, if it would insure the publication and appreciation of their poems a quarter of a century afterwards. How much the manner of Chénier's death had to do with the attention ultimately bestowed upon his works, it is, of course, impossible to say, but it is pretty certain, that to have been a 'political martyr' would be calculated rather to attract than to repel the public. Political martyrdom is, in its tragical form, scarcely possible nowadays, at any rate in this country; but social martyrdom, notwithstanding what has been written and said

about the disappearance of the miseries of Grub Street, is still open to the 'free lance' of literature. It should be remembered, however, by youthful genius, that social martyrdom, in our times, meets with very little respect or sympathy, and that a publisher prefers to deal with talent which is not in absolute want of ready money.

## ABOUT SPIDERS.

NATURE rewards with a bountiful hand all who earnestly worship at her shrine. Even to her humbler votaries, who leave the great highways of knowledge to wander along one of her secluded by-paths, she dispenses liberal favours, unfolding to their view many hitherto hidden beauties, in her endless variety of animal and vegetable life. Suppose we take a quiet stroll down one of these unfrequented by-ways, and see how much entertainment may be derived by studying the habits of that familiar but unappreciated little animal, the spider. This may be done without continually using scientific technicalities.

Rendering important services to man, and combining in her character many of those attributes reckoned admirable in others—patience, industry, courage, and a wonderful architectural skill—she is too often the victim of a prejudice as unreasonable as it is ignorant and unjust.

Perhaps none of the numerous spider family offers so many facilities for the accurate observation of her life and habits as the common garden-spider (*Epeira diadema*). Fixing her dwelling between the branches of the smaller bushes and shrubs, or between the railings of the garden, or, better still, in a sly corner in front of some convenient window, she affords easier opportunities for daily observation than any other variety. She is not at all particular which side of the window is selected, as she seems to thrive equally well whether inside or out, only losing, when inside, that brightness of colour which distinguishes the open-air dweller. Constructing a beautifully formed circular, or, as it is sometimes called, geometric net across a pane of glass, her every movement can be studied with advantage. From the centre of the work run radiating lines like the spokes of a wheel, attached at the outside end to long and much stronger lines, usually of a triangular shape, stretching from one side of the woodwork of the pane to the other. These radiating lines are again crossed by another set of concentric circular threads, at gradually widening intervals; making altogether, when finished, a piece of work of a more delicate texture than any dainty lady's embroidery. So wonderfully fine, indeed, are the materials of which it is made, that a thread only just visible to the naked eye has been proved, by some of the best entomologists, to have been spun out of a thousand different strands issuing together from the spider's spinnerets and tubes; the comparatively coarse threads of the house-spider containing about four hundred united strands. From the centre of the



web of the garden-spider, to her hiding-place in one of the upper corners of the window-pane, runs a strong cord-like gangway or passage, only connected with the main work in the middle. With her feet resting on one end of this connecting rope, she feels the slightest vibration of the net when a fly is caught, rushes to the centre, feels with her feet on which of the strands the fly is entangled, darts at once to the place, and soon finishes her victim. This spider is evidently guided to her prey more by touch than sight :

The spider's touch, how exquisitely fine !  
Feels at each thread, and lives along the line.

Unlike the common house-spider (*Aranea domestica*), which rushes straight at her prey, and drags it at once in her mouth into her den, to be killed and eaten in darkness, the geometric-spider, even if a fly be caught near her hiding-place, runs first to the centre, to discover the whereabouts of her prey. Unlike the house-spider, too, she kills the fly on the web where it is caught ; the rapid death of the victim shewing the virulence of the spider's poison, which is distilled into the wound through hollow fangs like those of a serpent. If the fly be a small one—say a midge—and lies perfectly still when caught, the spider will feel all the strands in the centre round and round two or three times, before finding on which part of the net the little tit-bit lies. When a wasp is caught, if the spider cannot see her way to a safe blow, she will either weave her enemy in a stronger mesh, and wait till the wasp is almost dead by exhaustion, or, if her network be in danger of being all broken up by such a strong intruder, she will cut the threads that hold it, and let her dangerous customer go. There is a little black fly, shaped like an ant, but smaller, often caught in one of these circular nets, which frequently escapes by wriggling itself clear. Whether it is furnished with some sharp weapon of defence, or has the power, some beetles are well known to possess, of emitting a pungent essence against its enemies, would be difficult to determine ; but the spider soon beats a retreat when she finds she has caught a Tartar, and either allows it to wriggle itself free, or waits at a convenient distance until the fly is completely exhausted by its struggles.

Unless the fly killed on the open web be a very small one, the garden-spider does not carry her prey to her den in her mouth, but wraps it up in a bundle in a kind of sling, and runs to her lair with her victim hanging down behind her—cleverly preventing the loosely hung bundle from getting entangled on the way. Depositing the booty at the entrance of her tunnel-shaped home, she quietly enjoys her meal, sucks the body dry, usually removing all traces of her recent slaughter. When another spider appears upon the scene, however, her demeanour is very different. Gathering as many strands of her web as possible in her saw-like claws—which, when magnified, look proportionately much more formidable than those of a lion—she gives them a violent shake, when the intruder generally 'cuts' and runs. If the invader declines to move on when thus warned, but shews fight instead, it is curious to mark the cautious way they approach each other, evidently conscious

the encounter means death to one or both. Spreading out their legs on each side, as if to guard against a side-attack, and reaching as far as possible with their fore-legs, they open wide their jaws, and look very formidable indeed, each presenting to the other a 'horrid front.' It is a duel in which the one that can plant the first well-directed blow conquers. Once let the fangs of the one be planted in the other's body, and the one seized will curl itself up and quietly yield to an inevitable doom.

It is a question if, in their personal encounters with each other, these cunning creatures do not fight with a full knowledge of how to use poisoned weapons independently of their fangs. When approaching one another for that final gripe both seem to dread, they will stop, and place in their mouths first one, and then the other claw of the long fore-legs, with which it is part of their strategy to overreach each other. For what purpose ? Is it to dip the claws in their poison-bags or glands, knowing that a single scratch inflicted on the body of an adversary by a poison-tipped weapon will eventually prove fatal ?

The spider is surely the very Ishmael of insects ; from the time, in early spring, when, bursting the strong yellow bag or cocoon in which the parent spider had deposited her eggs, the young ones take their solitary way through life, with their hands, as it were, against every one, and every one's hand against them. Even their matrimonial alliances, requisite for the propagation of their species, are formed with unusual precautions, not altogether unnecessary, when the bride, the larger of the two, not unfrequently finishes the honeymoon by devouring her luckless husband. The patience he shews in hanging about the residence of his intended, sometimes on the outskirts of the web, at others, on a few lines of his own, just outside, often for days together, without a bite to eat, is as exemplary, as the method he adopts to lure her from her cell, when she is in an amatory mood, is singular and amusing.

The circular web is perhaps better adapted to the fly-catching business than any other, as the proprietors drive a roaring trade, and soon wax fat, especially after the apparently painful process of casting the skin has been successfully accomplished, a process that leaves them for two or three days very weak, and devoid of their usual animation. After peeling off the skin, the legs are clear, and almost transparent, not unlike a piece of amber.

Towards evening, the garden-spider leaves her lair, and takes up her station in the middle of the web, with her feet resting on the radiating threads, ready on the slightest vibration to pounce upon her prey. Evening, too, is the time usually selected for gathering up her broken strands ; though Kirby and Spence, in their admirable *Introduction to Entomology*, evidently go too far when they assert that the concentric circles of the geometric nets are all renewed every twenty-four hours ; the patchy appearance of the structure, after being some time in use, being in strong contrast to its beautiful regularity when first constructed, which a total renewal would naturally restore.

The spider is never, apparently, off her guard, and is always either 'fishing or mending the net'—the proverb about catching a weasel asleep, being equally applicable to this wide-awake featherless fly-catcher. She is not a bad barometer either, for when rain is threatened—especially those warm,

summer showers that fill the earth with fragrance, and set the blackbird's rich contralto carolling through the air—this spider may be seen busily engaged arranging her 'parlour' for her welcome guests, the flies, whom she invites to 'walk in,' knowing that the coming rain will drive them for shelter to the nearest bush or building.

In striking contrast to the jolly open-air life of the garden-spider, is the dismal existence, that can hardly be called life, passed by many common house-spiders. Constructing a web of strong cloth-like texture, slung like a hammock, in some out-of-the-way corner, her life is spent in a state of chronic semi-destitution, waiting for the infatuated fly that may accidentally drop in. Her powers of endurance must be something wonderful. When hunger can be borne no longer, this spider—a determined cannibal, when nothing better can be had—will start on a hunting expedition after other spiders of a smaller kind, exercising in the nefarious quest a good deal of cunning.

The house-spider passes the winter in both the egg and perfect form. The writer, on the 10th of February, roused a large torpid house-spider from its sleep, which slowly, and with much difficulty, made its way up the wall to a crevice in the ceiling, evidently thinking with the sluggard, 'You have waked me too soon; I must slumber again.' On the same date, February 10th—a cold frosty day—a cocoon that was observed to be turning darker-coloured than others, was opened, and found to be full of perfectly formed young spiders, nearly black. Some of them began to move, and one fell out of the nest on to some paper beneath, when, on moving the paper, the young straggler was found hanging to it, four or five inches below; proving, that, as soon as spiders are hatched, they have the power of attaching themselves to any object they touch, by a line of their own making, strong enough to bear them. They evidently knew it was too early to separate, for, on being left to themselves, they were soon after found huddled together in a round heap, each in the shape the old ones assume when simulating death.

One of the prettiest, as it is certainly one of the most entertaining of our native spiders, is a small jumping species, called by naturalists *Salticus scenicus*, which, almost any sunny day in summer, may be seen dodging about on the window-sill, to get within leaping distance of some unconscious fly, on which it will spring, like a diminutive tiger, with fatal precision. Beautifully marked with black and white or black and brown stripes, this active little hunter manages to pick up a living without the trouble of manufacturing a web. The extraordinary manœuvres practised by it are extremely amusing, and, to any sportsman fond of stalking his game, a quiet study of this little creature's method of getting near its prey without being seen, might repay itself.

Perhaps the smallest of our native spiders, as it is also the most handsomely shaped, is the active, ever on the move gossamer (*Aranea obtextrix*). As the principle of the diving-bell was known to and utilised by an aquatic species of spider ages before its adoption by man, so the art of flying through the air without wings was regularly practised by the tiny gossamer-spider long before Montgolfier and the earliest aeronauts constructed their first balloons. Running to the topmost point

of a garden gate or railing, it will elevate its abdomen, and shoot out a streaming line until it is long enough to bear the weight of its small body; when it will spring into the air, and go floating on the current, with the gauzy thread gleaming in the autumn sun. Some entomologists affirm that this mysterious little animal, that has so long been a puzzle to them, has the power of shooting out its thread towards any object it pleases. It is hardly possible, however, that such an impalpable filmy substance, so exceedingly fine as to be quite invisible except when flashing in the sunshine, can do otherwise than go with the prevalent current of air.

Though they are occasionally met with during the summer, it is only towards the end of autumn that they appear at all numerous. Whence come they in such immense numbers some years, compared with others, covering our fields and lawns at dewy eve with an invisible network, which the morning sun transforms into a brilliant veil, clothing the earth as with a garment of silvery gauze, studded with liquid gems, until the dew evaporates, and leaves them again at liberty to resume their aerial flights?

Besides the varieties already noticed, there are other wanderers that might be studied with both pleasure and profit. There is, for instance, the long-legged shepherd-spider, that may be seen any time in summer, particularly in the hay-field, always apparently in a desperate hurry to be in time either for a feast or a fray. When that blessed millennium arrives when the lion shall lie down with the lamb, the shepherd-spider and our old friend, daddy-long-legs, will, no doubt, make a capital pair, and, forgetting their previous mortal feud, will live long together, and be as the story-books say, 'happy ever after.' All our native spiders are comparatively harmless to man, except one found occasionally in cellars, which causes a painful swelling by its bite, though this has been doubted by some careful observers. In some tropical countries, however, the bites of certain large spiders are considered very painful, if not dangerous; and Madame Merian's pathetic picture of a large spider killing a humming-bird, dragged from its nest, often doubted, has been confirmed by later travellers. Alas, poor humming-bird! In danger of extermination not from bird or beast of prey, but from the dictates of a heartless fashion, by which thy joyous life is sacrificed, that thy bright little body may adorn my lady's headgear!

Perhaps enough has been written about spiders to induce some of our readers to shew a little more consideration towards these useful, but often persecuted creatures. If some of their characteristics are calculated to inspire aversion, they, at any rate, fill their allotted part in the economy of nature. They assist materially—along with other destroyers—in keeping down hosts of flies, that would soon become intolerable. The fecundity of some species of flies is so prodigious, it has been computed that three and their progeny would eat the carcass of a horse sooner than a lion would! Cobwebs, as they are called, may be offensive to people of a tidy turn, but, as Southey quaintly remarks, 'the more spiders there were in the stables, the less would the horses suffer from flies.' As the almsgiver is commanded to 'go to the ant, consider her ways, and be wise;' so, in considering the ways of

other tiny beings, equally interesting, if not so popular, may we have wisdom enough to profit by their lessons of patience, vigilance, and industry.

### THE LITTLE OLD GENTLEMAN.

'TALKING of that,' said Mr Wilson, getting up and poking the fire vigorously, 'reminds me of a little incident that occurred to me in my young days.'

The scene is the best parlour of the *Wallsend Arms*, at Cossop on the Sore, where there is a snug meeting of the Commissioners of Public Sewers for the district. The small silver-headed old gentleman who is poking the fire is a retired surgeon of the town; his colleague is Colonel Bowster of Cossop Priory, a tall, grizzled, ex-cavalry officer; and the red-faced, merry-looking man in the corner is a local lawyer, the clerk to the Board. Wine and biscuits are on the table. There is nothing particular to be done, but they are bound by act of parliament to sit till two o'clock, and it is now barely one.

'It wouldn't do to smoke, I suppose?' says the colonel, looking dolefully out of the window; a wet dripping day, a High Street deserted of passengers, depression prevailing everywhere. 'It wouldn't do to smoke, eh?'

'Well,' replies the lawyer doubtfully, 'perhaps it wouldn't be quite regular, eh?—What do you say, Mr Wilson?'

'Personally, I haven't the slightest objection,' replies Wilson; 'but whether public opinion would quite sanction the members of a public Board—on public business—What do you think, colonel?'

'No, no; I see that— I quite see that,' said the colonel, relinquishing his hold of his cigar-case, and yawning dolefully.

'Try a pinch of snuff, colonel,' said Wilson, producing a little horn snuff-box, and tapping the lid with his knuckle. 'Public opinion can't object to snuff!'

The colonel stretched out his hand for the snuff-box, took a pinch, and then examined the box in a listless way.

'That box,' went on Wilson, 'is connected with a curious incident in my early life.'

'Well, let's hear it, Wilson,' said the colonel, good-naturedly; 'anything's better than sitting here doing nothing.'

'Well, when I first joined the medical school of St Joseph's,' began Mr Wilson, seating himself by the fire with a glass of sherry in his hand, which he sipped now and then in the pauses of his narrative—'when I first joined the medical school, and made my acquaintance with the dissecting-table, there was a person in the habit of frequenting the dissecting-room whose position and calling were for a long time a puzzle to me. He was a fine tall man, well dressed, generally in a blue swallow-tailed coat with brass buttons, a canary-coloured waistcoat, white kerseymere trousers, and Hessian boots; quite a buck, in fact; and he would walk up and down the room dandling a great bunch of seals that hung at his fob, and gave himself as many airs as a Queen's physician. The professors seemed to know him well, and treated him with a sort of sarcastic deference; he would often be called out, and closeted with the authorities of the school. Altogether, he held an important, although unrecognised position at St Joseph's. The elder students,

when I asked them about him, only mystified me; and at last my curiosity became so strong, that I determined to satisfy it at the fountain-head. So, one day, when I happened to be alone with him in the dissecting-room, I said to him: "Mr Blackstock" (that was the gentleman's name), "I see you here a great deal; pray, excuse me for asking you what is the exact position you occupy in the medical profession?" He turned rather red, and looked down upon me in a haughty kind of way. "Sir," he said, "I am Purveyor-general to the Faculty!"'

'Purveyor—exactly,' said the colonel, as Wilson paused to sip his wine. 'Had 'em in the Crimea, I recollect—provided medical stores, and so on. Ah, your friend was a purveyor, then, Wilson?'

'Aha! not that sort of a purveyor, colonel. Perhaps you might make a guess at his particular line. Give it up, eh? Well, sir, they were subjects—subjects, as we called them; in plain terms—bodies.'

'Body-snatcher, eh?' cried the lawyer. 'Ought to have been hanged.'

'Well, I don't know whether that wasn't his eventual fate; but there were many worse fellows than Blackstock. I'll tell you a little incident that illustrates his kindness of heart. I think I may almost say that he saved my life.'

'I must tell you that Blackstock had a little dog, called Bingo, the most extraordinary dog you ever saw. He was a yellow dog, of a sickly, unwholesome yellow, without a particle of hair on his body but a tuft at the tip of his tail. He was always with his master.'

'I mention Bingo,' said Wilson, with a low chuckle, 'because he's necessary to my story; and I may remark, that notwithstanding his repulsive appearance, there was something very intelligent—I might almost say human—in his expression. And yet, he was morose in disposition, attached to medical students, whom he recognised with marvellous instinct, but to the rest of the world, sullen and defiant. But to proceed. One evening, or, rather, I should say one morning, at a very early hour—between two and three—I happened to be returning with a friend, one Jackson, from some scene of gaiety, to my rooms in Marylebone. On our way we passed the church of Saint Giles Overreach. Perhaps it wasn't Saint Giles, for my memory is not always accurate on these minor points, but, anyhow, a church with a large churchyard about it, that was surrounded by a high wall, on the top of which was a very spiky *chevaux de frise*. The public footway ran close beside this wall, hardly a foot in width; and the road was very bad just then; in fact, at that season of the year—mid-winter—an impassable slough or quagmire. It is not yesterday I am talking about, mind you; in fact, it was before the time of street gas-lamps. The road was dimly lighted with an oil-lamp that swung in a bracket from the churchyard wall, and the next light was round the corner, quite out of sight. Well, my friend and I were pushing along at full speed, in a very cheerful mood, laughing and singing; but when we came to the foot of the church wall, all looked so gloomy and ghost-like, the black dank wall, the sullen lamp throwing a sort of sickly gleam on the sea of mud below, that involuntarily we grew silent and came to a stand. "Here goes, Jack!" cried my friend, and scampered hastily along the footpath, whilst I followed

him at full speed. It was narrow enough, and some of the stones were loose, and if you lost your balance, you were up to your knees in black mud ; so that I had enough to do to see where I put my feet without looking aloft. All of a sudden, rap-bang I struck my head against something—something that gave way, and swung backward and forward, hitting me at each swing, and bringing me to a complete stand-still. Well, I cast my eyes aloft, and saw, perched on the top of the church wall, sitting on the *chevaux de frise* as comfortably as you, colonel, would sit a saddle, a little man in black, who was holding a rope in his hand, and from this rope hung a long narrow package, wrapped up in black tarpaulin—the package, in fact, against which I had knocked my head.

‘A body, probably?’ suggested the colonel.

‘A very fair inference,’ said Wilson. ‘Well, I must tell you that it was an understood thing in the profession that none of us should take any notice of anything of that kind. Public feeling was very high on the point, and I wouldn’t have given sixpence for the life of anybody caught in the act ; whilst the true interests of humanity demanded that the medical schools should have the means of teaching practical anatomy. So I should have scampered on, and taken no more notice, but, as ill-luck would have it, a dog began to bark from inside the churchyard. It was impossible to mistake that bark—it was Bingo’s. Some spirit of mischief entered into me, and I cried out, in a gruff, disguised voice : “What ! Blackstock, are you busy, then, to-night ?” and ran on. For a moment, my voice seemed to have struck terror into the hearts of the resurrectionists. The body came down to the ground with a crash, and turning round, I saw the little man sitting astride the wall, like one stupefied. But the next moment he dropped softly down, and pursued us. Well, we ran on like the wind—we were both good runners—and yet we could not shake off these pursuing footsteps. The faster we went, the faster they seemed to follow ; and I assure you my blood ran cold in my veins, till, turning the corner of the street, we met a party of the watch with staves and lanterns, at whose appearance our follower hastily decamped ; and having explained to the watchmen that our flight was a mere youthful frolic, we reached my friend’s lodgings in safety. I sat for some time within, talking over the adventure, and then made my way to my own rooms, which were at the end of the next street, looking over my shoulder at every corner to make sure that I was not being watched.

‘Well, gentlemen, when I reached my own door, imagine my chagrin to find that I had lost the key. It was a large street-door key—latch-keys were little in use in those days—and I could not think how I had managed to lose it ; but there was the fact ; it was gone, and I was locked out in the street this cold, dreary, winter’s night. I knocked and knocked in vain ; my landlady slept at the top of the house, and was as deaf as a post. I roused the neighbourhood, but made no impression upon her. Then I returned to my friend’s lodging ; but had no better fortune there ; and, tired and cold, I was obliged to patrol the neighbourhood for three or four hours before I could gain admittance. I was not without fear that my friend of the churchyard might be dogging my footsteps ; but I saw nothing to excite further alarm. Apparently, we had thrown him off the trail altogether.

‘As soon as I got back to my own rooms, I went to bed, and did not get up till nightfall. The cold seemed to have got into my very bones. In the meantime, my landlady was loud in her complaints against me for the loss of her key ; and as soon as I rose and had dressed, I was obliged to go to a neighbouring locksmith to try and replace it. But the locksmith had no key that would fit ; and I found that it would cost as little to have the lock replaced as to have a key made on purpose. I ordered a lock, therefore, very unwillingly, for it would cost four or five shillings, a sum that I could ill spare. I was sitting in a meditative mood, depressed by rheum, and chagrined at the waste of so much money, when the locksmith, who had left the house half an hour before, having taken the measurements for the lock, returned, and asked to see me.

“I have good news for you, sir,” he said, smiling ; “the key has been found, and you will be able to get it back for nothing. Such a nice, merry, old gentleman has found it, sir ! I’ve brought him with me to see you, and I’ll bring him upstairs, if you’ll allow me.”

‘A merry old gentleman he proved to be, with tightly strapped trousers, very curly brimmed hat, and a spencer.

“Ah, merry dogs !” he cried, when he saw me. “Glad, I wish I was young again. Oh, what games, what jolly games ! Keys ! bless my heart, what do we care about keys ; fling ’em away in the street, bless my heart !” And so the old gentleman ran on. The locksmith took his leave ; but the merry old fellow remained, laughing and chatting away.

“Then you really have found my key, sir ? I am very much obliged by the trouble you have taken. Pray, how did you find me out ?”

“Ha, ha !” cried the old gentleman ; “lose a watch, go to the watchmaker ; find a key, go to the locksmith.”

“And will you kindly let me have my key ?”

“All in good time, in good time. It isn’t *here*, my boy ; I hadn’t a pocket big enough. I should have been obliged to hire a coach to carry it ; ha, ha ! You must come and fetch it, that’s the fact. Come and crack a bottle with me, you and your gay young friend ; jolly dogs ; ha, ha !”

‘I was little disposed to turn out ; but my new friend was so pressing in his invitation ; and being anxious to recover my key, I was persuaded to accompany him. We called upon my friend, who, being rather a gay young fellow, and fond of wine, made no objection to a bottle ; and so we accompanied the old gentleman home in a coach which he hired, to his house, full of life and merriment all the time.

‘The old gentleman’s house hardly corresponded in appearance with the character of its owner. It was decidedly dark and gloomy, in a low-lying neighbourhood, somewhere near the river. But the old gentleman had boasted so much of his cellar, and had given us in his conversation such glimpses of his hospitable way of life, that we did not doubt we should be well entertained, notwithstanding the unpromising look of his abode.

“Now, my boys,” he cried, pushing us in before him, “first door to the right. And I’m away to the cellar to get a bottle of my very best. In the meantime, refresh yourselves with a pinch of snuff.” He gave us a candle and his snuff-box, the identical little box I now hold in my hand, and left

us in a low-roofed, villainous-looking chamber, its walls black with the dirt of years, festooned with cobwebs, and furnished with only a few broken chairs and a table.

"An eccentric, evidently," said my friend, when the old gentleman had left us alone; "rich too, I'll be bound. Perhaps, as he seems to have taken a fancy to us, the old fellow will make us his heirs."

"He kept us waiting so long, that we began to be uneasy—late at night, in a strange place, the aspect of which was not reassuring; and yet we could not doubt the respectability of the little old gentleman. Presently, we heard his voice, as he sang and shouted merrily, and he returned, carrying in one hand a bottle, and in the other swinging on his finger my key. As he entered, we noticed, for the first time, a tremendous scar below his right eye, the result, as it seemed, of some old wound.

"Now, my lads, I won't leave you in this old lumber-room any longer; come into my own little snug, and we'll crack a bottle, and make a merry night of it. We've got the key, we've got the key—And we won't go home till morning!" shouted the old gentleman, in the most hilarious voice, snatching up the candle, and leading the way through a door at the further end of the room that opened into a dark narrow passage. Just as he entered the passage, the old gentleman, as if by accident, dropped the candle, so that everything was in profound darkness.

"Come along, come along; we shall find a light at the other end," called the old gentleman merrily. "Give me your arm, young sir, give me your arm."

"I was following him without thought or hesitation, as was my friend, when all of a sudden I heard, from what seemed the bowels of the earth just in front of me, the barking of a dog; it was Bingo's bark among a thousand. "Back, back!" I cried, recoiling with such force that I dragged the old gentleman several paces backwards: he lost his hold; I heard a cry, a splash. "Back, back!" thrusting my friend into the room we had quitted. The door behind us had not swung to, for Jackson had not passed quite through into the passage, and there was such terror and warning in my voice, that he sprang back instinctively, and regained the room we had left. The door went to with a bang; it closed with a spring-lock, and there was no means of opening it. We stood together in the darkness, our arms clasped together, not daring to move to one side or the other, lest some pitfall might open beneath us. We saw at once that we had been entrapped into this house to be made away with. We had been lured into an *oubliette*, from which we should hardly escape with life. We had been hunted down by the body-snatchers, whose safety demanded our destruction.

"At this moment, a light appeared beneath the door by which we had first entered, and presently the door itself was opened, and a face appeared, pale, ghastly, and drawn up with strong emotion. A dog ran forward, barking loudly. Next moment, the dog began to jump and fawn upon us.

"Ha, Bingo!" I cried in a voice that I tried to make calm and assured: "where's your master, Bingo? Where's the purveyor?"

"The man stepped into the room suddenly, and flashed his light upon us. It was Blackstock. "What! Mr Wilson," he cried, "Mr Jackson!

Ah! I never dreamt it was you. Pray, what are you doing here?"

"We have come here by invitation," I said unconcernedly, "to drink a bottle of wine with a little old gentleman."

"Ah!" said Blackstock, with a forced kind of laugh: "I know him. *Have you been in there with him?*"—pointing to the passage.

"No," I said; "no. He left us just now, and hasn't come back."

"Blackstock looked first at me, then at the dog, which was wriggling and fawning at my feet. "Ah," he said, "you were always kind to Bingo, sir. Step this way."

"We followed him, cautiously enough, down a flight of stairs, at the bottom of which he flung open a door, which led into the street. How delicious was the breath of the air upon our cheeks!

"Good-night, gents," said Blackstock. "You'll keep your tongues between your teeth, I know, for your own sakes and another time. Don't you mention names, sir. You've been precious near kingdom come, gents, this night. Good-bye."

"We never saw anything more of Blackstock in our dissecting-room; but a few days after the occurrences of that night we had a new subject, which turned out to be "the little old gentleman." Of course, it was no use returning his snuff-box, and I have kept it ever since, as a memento of an occurrence I should otherwise sometimes fancy was but a dream."

"Yes, he was a kind-hearted individual, your Mr Blackstock, as you remarked when you began your story," said the colonel, yawning violently. "Why, it's two o'clock! I never spent a longer hour in my life. Well, good-bye, Wilson; gentlemen, good-day! By the way, Wilson, what became of the key?"

"I've no doubt it is at the bottom of the river to this day," said Wilson, with a chuckle. "Adieu, my friends."

## HEARTSEASE:

A SONG TO MY WIFE.

Home in her heart,  
Flower all fair;  
Never depart;  
Ever bloom there;  
All thy dear balm,  
Heartsease, impart;  
All thy blest calm  
Home in her heart.

Sorrow and sighs  
Follow the sun;  
They with him rise;  
They with him run;  
Hers be thy peace,  
Till life depart;  
Till her days cease,  
Home in her heart.  
While thou art there,  
How can I mark  
How grief and care  
Day would make dark?  
Can sadness come,  
Can smiles depart,  
While thou canst home  
Deep in her heart?

Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, 47 Paternoster Row, LONDON, and 339 High Street, EDINBURGH. Also sold by all Booksellers.

# CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

OF  
POPULAR

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

*Fourth Series*

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS.

No. 590.

SATURDAY, APRIL 17, 1875.

PRICE 1½d.

## THE OLD-CHINA MANIA.

ON visiting, some years ago, at a house in a fashionable quarter near Hyde Park Corner, we were struck with the high estimation which was shewn for various articles in old china. We had noticed the appreciation for old teapots, and tiny teacups and saucers, which were stuck about on tables, in parlours and drawing-rooms, as great curiosities. This we took for a passing weakness, but were mistaken. The old teapot and teacup mania gathered force. Other objects, such as porter-jugs, dinner-plates, vases of different dimensions, and so on, were included, till, at length, dwellings which aspire to distinction partook to a certain extent of the character of crockery-shops. In the drawing-room into which I was ushered, a large round dish, set in a frame, hung on the wall like a picture; while a mantel-piece mirror was environed by a row of lesser-sized dishes, very much as you would see them set up for sale in a shop-window.

This was my introduction to exhibitional china on what is deemed a fashionable scale. Inquiries in London brought out some curious facts as to this extraordinary craze, which goes beyond what we read of regarding the tulip mania. Porcelain of genuine Chinese origin does not appear to command so much respect as old Wedgwood ware possessing certain particular marks known to the connoisseur; Dresden and Sevres ware being scarcely more appreciated. A piece of true majolica—something like a coarse brown dish with figures—which, to look at, does not seem to be worth twopence, is likewise immensely run after. We can, however, only obtain a proper idea of the sums lavished on these articles by visiting the auction-rooms at the height of the season.

A thousand pounds for a pair of small vases to stick on a chimney-piece is thought nothing of. We hear of ten thousand pounds being paid for a couple of such articles. Two or three hundred pounds for a cup and saucer are not at all out of the way. Pictures by old masters continue to be a good investment, but in point of price they

are rivalled by old china, distributed in various parts of the country. Any one who wishes to make money, has only to pick up the right kind of old china, and he will get a hundred per cent. on his outlay. Catches may here and there be made, but, after all, London is the best market, for thither the dealers in the small country towns resort for their supplies; and the writer of this article has often been amused at meeting in the country old friends in china which had been sold at a London auction-room at a moderate price, but had very largely advanced in value as they travelled northward beyond the Trent. As specimens, however, of the bargains which have been made in the good old times, we will instance the following—and they are all taken, it must be remembered, from one sale, that of the Bernal Collection, which was dispersed in London about twenty years ago. Lot 2076, 'a circular dish on a foot, with a lizard in the centre, and a rich border,' a specimen of the old Palissy ware, had been bought in Paris, in a broken state, for twelve francs. It was cleverly mended, and sold by a London dealer to Mr Bernal for four pounds; and at Mr Bernal's sale it was bought by one of the Rothschilds for one hundred and sixty-two pounds. This was at anyrate not a bad investment of money on Mr Bernal's part! Again, a pair of flower-vases enamelled on brass had been found behind the wainscoting of a house at Chelsea. They had undoubtedly belonged to Sir Thomas More, for they are represented in a portrait of him which still exists at Hampton Court. However, they came into the hands of a dealer, who sold them to Mr Bernal for twenty-five pounds; and at the sale of Mr Bernal's collection, they were purchased by the Duke of Hamilton for two hundred and thirty-two pounds. To take another instance: A broken crystal globe which, there is every reason to believe, was of the tenth century, and had belonged to Lothaire, came into Mr Bernal's hands in the following manner. He happened to be in Mr Pratt's place of business in Bond Street when a box of antiques arrived from the continent, and amongst them this crystal, which had come out of

the Abbey of Vaso on the Meuse, and had been originally bought for ten francs. Mr Bernal paid ten pounds for the treasure, and took it home, and at his sale it fetched the extraordinary sum of two hundred and sixty-seven pounds. Again, one more example, and we have done with this part of the subject. At the South Kensington Museum, in the large gallery of pottery and porcelain (and all who are interested in the ceramic art will do well to spend many careful hours in studying that magnificent collection), will be found a majolica plate, with the following unostentatious description, 'Plate: a majolica painter in his studio, painting a plate in the presence of two persons of distinction; on the reverse, a monogram.' The thing, which was from the Bernal Collection, cost one hundred and twenty pounds. Now, one hundred and twenty pounds is thought to be not an excessively large sum to pay for a genuine majolica plate; and a great interest was excited in this one by the assumption that the figures upon it were contemporary portraits of Raffaele and the Fornarina. Still, to shew how greatly the price of old china has risen of late, we may mention that at the Stowe sale, a few years before, this very plate had only fetched four pounds, and Mr Bernal had bought it subsequently for a five-pound note.

Now, we by no means give these figures as an encouragement to amateur collectors to go and speculate wildly in that fever of china-mania which prevails so extensively just now all over the country; and which brings London dealers down to run up prices at any sale within a couple of hundred miles of the metropolis where a few pieces of good old china are brought to the hammer. Amateurs would probably only burn their fingers in the attempt, and pay dearly for their whistle in the long-run. The age of great bargains, alas! is gone. There were special circumstances attendant upon the Bernal sale, which contributed to raise the prices of the china and antiquities sold there. In the first place, Mr Bernal was well known as a collector of consummate taste and knowledge. His collection was a magnificent one, and had no ballast of rubbish; for Mr Bernal would admit nothing into it that was not good of its kind. The South Kensington Museum, too, had just then begun to purchase for the nation, and was desirous of acquiring many of the finest specimens in this collection, to place under the shadow of the Brompton boilers. And lastly, the world of dealers generally were by no means unwilling that an impetus should be given to trade, by paying even imprudently large prices for good things at this notable sale.

There are certain popular fevers of taste which seem to run their course for a time, and then die out of the system of society; and the taste for old china is one of these. We do not mean that we anticipate a time when good old china will diminish in value. In a rich and cultivated society, there will always be connoisseurs who know what they are about, and who will be ready to give fair prices for good specimens. But just now, there seems to be setting in just such an enthusiastic fever of fondness for china-ware as that which prevailed in Queen Anne's days, and in the time of the early Georges, and which Hogarth and Pope both ridiculed, the one with slashing pencil, and the other with caustic pen.

The 'mistress of herself, though china fall,' and the caricature of the inflated belle, who has just returned from the Christie's of that day, with her spoils of 'crackle' and Japan lacquer-ware, which her black page carries in a basket, while he grins delightedly, is just as applicable to the fashionable young lady of our own day, who fantastically hangs the walls of her boudoir with china plates for pictures.

But when such a fancy as this prevails amongst wealthy people for old-fashioned things, and when there is, necessarily, a limit to the number of old-fashioned things in existence, it follows, that there are unprincipled people in the world who will be always ready to supply the market with modern antiques, manufactured for the purpose. Given your rich and somewhat ignorant purchaser, why, of course, in a manufacturing and commercial country, you have your needy and clever producer, who will supply what that purchaser wants. And china-ware forms no exception to the general rule. We will undertake to say, that one-half of the so-called 'old china' which is sold in London and elsewhere has been manufactured within the last dozen years, to meet the demand of the London market for such things. According to taste, the manufacturer moulds his clay and paints his porcelain; he turns out either a Chelsea shepherdess, or a square-marked Worcester teacup, or a lustre-ware majolica dish, as the public taste inclines in either direction.

There has lately been a run in popular favour upon old Worcester china; china that has a beautiful dark-blue ground, and is painted with exotic birds, and which bears the square mark of the middle of the last century. Undoubtedly, this is a very charming production of the ceramic art; and dishes and cups of this ware are well worth the ten or twenty or thirty guineas which they cost in the auction-room. But the price has tempted modern imitators, who turn out an article (square mark and all) not very inferior to the original, for two or three guineas. In fact, we believe that the Worcester manufacturers themselves are now producing very beautiful cups and saucers of this ware at a guinea apiece; though, to their credit be it said, they refuse to put the old square mark upon these cups, which would make their wares exceedingly more valuable. But there are potteries, nevertheless, both in England and France, which are not so scrupulous. And we may inform the wealthy amateur that many a case of very beautiful square-marked Worcester has been of late transmitted to England, which, filtered through auction-rooms and the shops of dealers, will, some day or other, adorn his shelves, and be admired by his family, and envied by his friends, until the inevitable day comes that these specimens go to the hammer—the property of a gentleman parting with his collection—and then their real value or worthlessness will be only too disappointingly evident.

It may be taken as an axiom, that there are excellent forgeries extant of all valuable china. Inimitable lustre majolica is being at the present time, we believe, manufactured largely at the potteries of Doccia, near Florence. Blue delf, of which you will see an auction-room full at one time, is now made in great quantities, and sent over from Holland. Colebrookdale has a bad pre-eminence for the uttering of most beautiful



Sèvres, Chelsea, and Worcester ware, all properly marked and well painted; although the paste and gilding may be a little inferior to the original. Nay, shall we venture to say that we have heard it whispered that there is more old English china made at Sévres than of 'Sévres' itself! Is there, then, no safety for us? asks the anxious amateur, desirous to invest in some pretty china, wherewith to adorn his rooms, and finding the ware even more 'frail' than it has been proverbially held to be. If you buy china, we reply, and are mistrustful of your ignorance, purchase specimens of some ware that does not happen to be fashionable at the present moment. You will pay less for it, in the first instance; it will probably be equally pleasing to the eye, and there is a much greater likelihood of your getting it genuine; and then it may, as likely as not, grow into favour in the course of years, when your venture will be really a profitable one.

Let us impress this advice on the would-be old-china maniac. At present, there is a little very pretty old Derby china, painted with flowers—and the Derby flower-painters were very skilful men—still to be had in the market at prices which are not prohibitory; and the old Derby blue, we may remark, of the Japan pattern, is almost as beautiful as old Worcester. But if you wish to be a really successful china-buyer, as a mere speculation, you must by all means choose a speciality, and stick to it. This is, in fact, the great secret of success in all modern English business-life; that is, you must not only choose a certain kind of ware as your speciality, but you must select a certain portion of that ware which shall be your hobby-horse, on which you may trot or canter to eminence in matters ceramic. A friend of ours, for instance, buys nothing but old Wedgwood medallions, when he can get them; whilst another buys up all the old Staffordshire busts he can lay his hands on. Some of these days, their collections will be famous and valuable. But that the general reader may not be quite ignorant in these matters, when he finds himself in the auction-room, or goes into the dealer's shop, we will, in another paper, enter more fully and explicitly into the esoteric mysteries of old pottery and porcelain.

## WALTER'S WORD.

### CHAPTER XXXI.—OUTDOOR LODGINGS.

WALTER LITTON had great courage; but a cold chill swept for an instant across his heart when he heard into whose power he had fallen. A hundred stories of the cruelty of the brigand chief, which he had heard while in Palermo, not only from Baccari, but many others—for among the poorer class this man's crimes were the favourite topic of talk—and which he had disbelieved and laughed at, now returned to him with terrible force. There was a house in the town where the chin and gray beard of an old man were shewn, which Corralli had sent in to his family as a token that he would 'not be trifled with,' which was his phrase when a victim either could not or would not pay the price that had been fixed upon as his ransom. Up to this moment, Walter had discredited that ghastly trophy—which was on exhibition for money—but he did not feel so sceptical now. A rich man was

comparatively safe from death and torture; it was the poor whom Corralli persisted in believing rich, who suffered, and Walter himself was poor. Those upon whose account he had fallen into this trap, were sure to be released (as he concluded), as soon as the extent of their captor's demands was known; but for him, there was no such surety. All the money—at all events, all the available money—he had in the world was some seventy or eighty pounds, which was in his lodgings at Palermo. He had no credit at any banker's, nor was he known to a single influential person. The precautions he had taken to conceal himself were like to bear bitter fruit indeed. It was only too probable that he would be butchered up in yonder mountains, without so much as a single fellow-countryman being aware of his sad fate. Even if Sir Reginald—the only man who could at present help him—were informed of his danger, it was doubtful if he would stir in the matter; doubtful even whether he would ever let Lilian know that, for her sake, he had suffered captivity and death. Once again Walter gazed—but with what infinitely greater interest than before—upon his late companion in the wagonette, upon his present master, and disposer of his life and fortunes. He was a man of middle size, and quite young, perhaps thirty at the most; fair for a Sicilian, and by no means ill-looking; he had blue eyes, not soft, as eyes of that colour mostly are, but stern and steel-like; he had a long and curling beard, which he was now stroking irresolutely with his dirty but jewelled hand.

'Your wrists will be unbound, Signor Inglese,' said he, in courteous tones, 'because we have to make a rapid march, but you will be none the more free on that account. On the first symptom of an attempt to escape, or to speak with any whom we may chance to meet, you will be shot through the head. I never speak twice upon this point, so lay my words to heart. You can run, I know, but not so fast as a bullet flies.—Santoro, Colletta!' At these words, two of the tallest of the band came forward. 'You have heard what I say, and are answerable for this gentleman's safety.' The two men ranged themselves one upon each side of Walter, and at the same time the rope was cut that bound his wrists. Then Corralli pointed to the mountain before them, and said 'Forward!'

Bonds to the free man are what dependence is to the noble mind; other outrages—a blow or an insult—rouse indignation, audacity; but not these: they render their victim apathetic, hopeless. No sooner did Walter find himself master of his own wrists, than he felt another man again—himself; and therefore he at once began to think of others. Perhaps he was going to be taken to Lilian—to share her captivity; it might be even, to shew himself of use to her, notwithstanding his apparent forlorn condition. This put new blood in his veins. A broad ditch intervened between the copse into which they were about to enter and the road; the brigands began to scramble through it; but Walter took it in a bound, then, fortunately for himself, halted on the other side. A couple of sharp clicks informed him that his guard had cocked their guns.

'Do not waste your energies, young man,' exclaimed Corralli in a cynical tone; 'you will require all your strength before you reach home to-night.'

At the time, Walter did not attach much meaning to these words; the ease with which he had outstripped his pursuers, after leaving the boat, and the inability of his present companions to leap the ditch, gave him no very high idea of brigand agility; but what they wanted in spring and swiftness, he soon found out was more than compensated for by their powers of endurance. Their rate of progress, though not very rapid, had something of 'that long gallop, which can tire the hound's deep hate, and hunter's fire,' which is the attribute of the wolf; they never halted, nor seemed to require rest or breath. On and on they pushed, through woods, through fields, and presently up the sides of the mountain; and though they often looked behind them and about them, it was without any abatement of their speed. Walter was, to begin with, at a great disadvantage as to physical exertion, since he had had no sleep, whereas, the brigands rest in the day, and only move, unless closely pursued, at night-time. He was too proud, however, especially after what the captain had said, to own himself fatigued, and he hurried on with the rest without a word. But how, thought he, had it been possible for these men—or rather their confederates, for, if belonging to the same band, they could hardly have been the same individuals—to carry off Christopher Brown and his delicate daughter? It was torture to him to think what hardships she must have undergone, if the circumstances of her capture had been in any way similar to his own. Had Corrali himself been present at it? he wondered; for that well might be, since his carriage had been coming from the direction of the yacht; and if so, to whose guardianship had she been now deputed? Upon such a matter, it was idle to ask any questions, and it might also be injudicious. His best plan seemed to be to remain silent, and to acquire all the information he could by observation.

Throughout that rapid march he beheld but two individuals, shepherds in sheepskin, but each with a species of greatcoat furnished with a *capote*, like those worn by the brigands. He was hurried rapidly by them; nor did they so much as look up as he passed, being, probably, as anxious to avoid recognition from him as his captors were to keep him from their sight. The whole circumstances of the case were evidently as well understood on one side as on the other. This incident took place when they had almost reached the top of the mountain, by which time Walter was quite exhausted, as much by famine as fatigue, for he had eaten nothing since he left Palermo, in the early evening.

At last the spot was arrived at which Corrali had intimated from the road three hours ago. It was in many respects admirably fitted for a brigand camp, for not only was it the highest ground in those parts, so that the whole country lay like a map around it, but it sloped down steeply into woods on all sides, so that retreat and concealment were made easy. There was a level plateau of turf upon the summit, with just enough trees to screen its tenants from the observation of those below. The panorama was magnificent, and ranged from the snow-capped top of Etna on the one hand, to Palermo and the sea upon the other. Santoro, a man with thoughtful features, that would have been handsome but for a deep scar

that ploughed one side of his face, pointed out the view to his prisoner with great politeness, just as an English host might draw a guest's attention to his home landscape.

'It is beautiful, is it not?' said he. 'As the signor is a painter, he will appreciate it.'

'There are three things, my friend, that interfere with my admiration of it,' replied Walter: 'I am cold, I am hungry, and I want to go to sleep.'

Santoro checked off these wants upon his fingers, then exclaimed: 'Canelli.'

The youngest brigand of the band answered to this name: he had, as afterwards appeared, joined it but a few days ago, having killed a man in a quarrel, and was employed for the present as their lag and errand-boy. He was not sixteen, but as tall as the tallest of his companions, and his sharp olive face had a fierce hunted look, like that of a wild beast at bay.

'Food and a capote,' said Santoro, and pointed to the forest from which they had just emerged. It seemed to Walter as though he might just as well have demanded a carriage-and-four, so far as any likelihood of his wishes being fulfilled was concerned; but without a word of question, the lad darted like an arrow down the steep, and in a few minutes returned with a complete sheepskin, in the hood of which, as in a basket, were a huge hunch of brown bread and a piece of clotted cream (called *raccolla*). The bread was bitter, and the cream sour, but Walter enjoyed both amazingly, rather to the disapproval, as it seemed to him, of his two attendants. The fact was, as he subsequently discovered, they argued from his relish of this sort of food, which even they were aware was far from choicer, that he had not been accustomed to dainties, and was probably, therefore, by no means rich; and the conclusion they drew, as it turned out, was not without its advantage to him. As a general rule, it took thirty-six hours of life in the mountains (which means semi-starvation) to bring a rich prisoner down to *raccolla*. The capote was very grateful to Walter, to whose limbs the night-breeze upon the hill-top came piercingly cold; but at the same time, to one who is not born a brigand, a stolen greatcoat is not so acceptable as stolen kisses are said to be.

'I am afraid,' said he, 'Santoro, that this coat was taken from one of those poor shepherds whom we met as we came through the wood.'

'It was bought, signor, at a just price,' answered the other with some haughtiness. 'It is not brigand custom to rob the poor. There are few shepherds who are not willing to sell their capotes for thirty ducats.'

'Thirty ducats!' exclaimed Walter, thinking five pounds for a sheepskin rather dear. 'Do you mean to say you gave all that money?'

'Certainly; that is, upon *your account*, signor. It is merely an item added to the ransom you will have to pay. The captain will settle that little matter with you to-morrow. The bread and cream cost only a ducat.'

'It seems to me that your hotel bills on the mountain are a little extravagant,' remarked Walter.

'That is true, signor, as to the provisions,' answered the other naively; 'but, then, consider you pay nothing for your sleeping accommodation. Here is a dry place out of the wind.'

Walter threw himself down, and the two brigands followed his example, lying so close to him that he could not move a limb without their observing it. At first, this was far from displeasing to him, since their proximity helped to warm him; but presently he became aware that brigands do not use Eau-de-Cologne—nor even common water. The keen air was, in fact, powerless to purify the atmosphere of that al-fresco dormitory, in which some twenty men were his companions. The four sentinels, two at each end of the little avenue of trees that fringed the hill-top, who kept watchful guard over all, seemed to have had their orders to admit not even the ventilation.

Corralli, with two or three of the band, had withdrawn elsewhere, but a perfect discipline was maintained in his absence. Every two hours, these sentries were relieved by others, who, in addition to their guns and knives, were furnished with field-glasses, with which they swept the distant roads and fields. Not a movement of theirs was lost on Walter, who in vain endeavoured to sleep. Those about him seemed to sink into slumber as soon as their limbs touched the ground. The watchful sentinel became an inanimate lump before the man who had succeeded to his post had paced three times his narrow beat. Conscience might make cowards of these men, but it certainly did not interfere with their repose: the young homicide, who lay on the other side of Colletta, breathed as softly as a child. Not only were all Walter's conventional notions of morality outraged and upset, but the strange and unexpected circumstances of his position rendered his mind a tumultuous sea of thought; retrospect, reflection, and expectation were all jumbled together. Now he was with Jack Pelter, speculating upon the fate of a new picture; now with Lotty, an unwilling witness to her husband's tyranny and coldness; now at Mr Brown's table, listening to his early struggles after fourpenny-pieces; now watching the yacht as it yawed and drifted without its helmsman; now praying the brigand chief upon his knees to release Lilian, and now clutching him by the throat in fierce revenge because she was dying on his hands. Of all the scenes that floated before his mind, plucked from the past or present, or suggested by the future, she was either the central figure, or they gradually dispersed, and left her in the frameless space. Where was she? How was she being treated? Was she ailing? Was she gone? were questions he asked himself a thousand times, but to which there could be no reply. Nothing was clear to him but the tree-tops against the moonlit sky, and the slow-pacing forms of the brigand sentinels. The astounding change that had befallen him—the sense that he was no longer a free agent, but that his very life was at the mercy of a reckless robber—confused his judgment. Above all, since nothing was within his own control, he could make no plans to succour either himself or others; he was not even a portion of a machine, like a soldier in warfare; not even a waif upon the sea, which, at least, has tides, and the winds, whose direction can to some extent be calculated. He could not make even a guess at the thoughts that lay beneath the broad hat of Captain Corralli, who had obtained the sole dominion over him, and by whose gracious forbearance he was, for the present,

permitted to draw breath. And so he lay unrestful, till the stilly dawn began to glow upon the mountain's peaks, and birds and beasts and creeping things began to awake to the liberty that was denied to him.

## CHAPTER XXXII.—THE CAPTAIN AND HIS CAPTIVE.

Unless brigands are pursued, they are not apt to be in a hurry, any more than other fine gentlemen who have time to spare, and no wretched mechanical profession; and the morning was far advanced before the camp on the hill-top began to bestir itself, and think of breakfast. This was a great advantage to Walter, who had fallen asleep at last under the warm rays of the sun, and was dreaming that Mr Christopher Brown was his father-in-law, a relationship which involved even still more satisfactory conditions of existence. When he awoke, he found Il Capitano Corralli sitting on the ground at his feet, with pens, ink, and paper placed on the turf before him, and with quite a business-like expression of countenance.

'I have a little matter to arrange with you, signor,' said the captain affably: 'it will only demand a scratch of your pen.'

'What! before breakfast?' inquired Walter jocosely, for he had already discovered that it was well to fall in with brigand humour.

'As you please,' replied the other.—'Boy!' He made some gesture signifying food, and the youthful homicide was beside them in an instant with a cabbage—apparently frost-bitten—some garlic, and a sausage, black, and of an intense hardness. There did not happen to be any bread in the encampment, and the coffee was represented by some melted snow, which had been found in a sort of natural ice-house on the hill-top. Walter's teeth were excellent, his appetite keen, and, moreover, he wished to appear much at his ease and without apprehension. The captain watched the sausage disappear with a gloomy brow.

'You take matters easy, signor,' said he softly; 'doubtless, you are pretty confident of soon returning to your friends.'

'I have no friends to return to, in this country, Captain Corralli,' answered Walter frankly; 'but, as to my cheerfulness, there is a proverb that a man with empty pockets is not cast down by falling among thieves.'

'That may be so in England, signor,' returned the captain gravely; 'but with us brigands it is different: when we cannot take a man's purse, we take his skin. Now, listen, and be sure you do not tell me a lie. At what hotel are you staying in Palermo?'

'At no hotel; I cannot afford their charges. I have been residing for the last few weeks at Signor Baccari's, on the Marina.'

'A very good house,' remarked the captain.

'That is as people think.'

'Oh! doubtless, you are accustomed to much better lodgings in England, where they give large sums to artists for pictures. You live on the fat of the land, and sleep on down—there is no doubt of that.'

'I am sorry to say, you are mistaken, captain. It is possible that some day I may win a name, and command good prices for my handiwork, but at present I am ill off enough; I have not even, what every Englishman of property possesses when

he comes abroad—a banker. You may find out that for yourself. All the available cash I have in the world is in a table-drawer of my bedroom at Signor Baccari's. It is about eighty pounds—not five hundred ducats.'

'Bah!' answered the captain incredulously. 'You are down here'—he pointed to the paper—'for three thousand; and I seldom make a mistake in my valuations. This is the place for your signature.' 'I cannot sign what I have not read,' said Walter quietly.

A very ugly look indeed crossed the captain's face, a look that gave an insight into the nature of the man, between which and his prisoner's eyes had hitherto been kept up a screen of courtesy and affected good-humour. 'Do you know,' he began, in a harsh grating voice, 'that you are just the sort of person one sometimes burns alive?—Well, read it.'

Walter took the paper, on which was written, in a sprawling hand, a few words of Sicilian, so ill spelled that he found it very difficult to discover in his pocket dictionary for what they were intended:

'I am in the hands of Corrali; he requires three thousand ducats for my ransom, which, if not sent within a few days, I shall be in danger. The sum must be paid in gold, and in such a manner as you shall be informed of. If my life is dear to you, hasten this.'

'I have no objection to sign the paper,' observed Walter calmly; 'but I give you my word that I have not this money, nor any means of procuring it.'

The captain smiled incredulously as he put the pen in his hand, and Walter wrote his signature in the place indicated.

'You told me you had no friends among your fellow-countrymen here, signor; had you not better reconsider that statement? Do not lie to me twice—it is sometimes for the second lie that I shoot a man.'

'I am not in the habit of lying, Captain Corrali,' answered Walter firmly. 'I told you I had no friends "to return to," and that is true. There are four English persons in Sicily with whom I am acquainted; but, as it happens, they are not even aware of my having left London. You can verify this for yourself, if you have a mind; for two of them are, I believe, in your custody. When I was taken up by your carriage on the road yonder, I told you as much.'

'I thought you might have forgotten it,' said the other coldly. 'It is not every one who has so good a memory about trifles. It is unfortunate that half your acquaintances should be in the same boat as yourself. Now for the other half. Who are they?'

'I am acquainted with Sir Reginald Selwyn and his wife, who are at present stopping at the *Hôtel de France*, on the Marina, but who go to-day by the steamer to Messina.'

'Not they,' said the captain, smiling. 'However, this looks like truth. I should have been sorry to have had to kill a lad like you. It was touch-and-go, though, let me tell you; for my temper is but short, and I was getting angry. Well, then, instead of addressing this little note to your landlord, it will go to Sir Reginald Selwyn; he is rich, and will never let a fellow-countryman be put under

ground before his time, for the sake of three thousand ducats.'

'Captain Corrali,' cried Walter earnestly, as the brigand stooped down to write, 'I adjure you not to do that. This gentleman, although he is acquainted with me, is not my friend; nay, worse—he is my enemy. I would rather die—if death must be the alternative—than make appeal to such a man.'

'How droll!' exclaimed the brigand coldly, finishing the address. 'You would rather be shot than ask a favour, would you? Well, I have nothing to do with these fine feelings, you see; though, at the same time, I admire them. This English milord will perhaps pay for you, out of spite, and in order to put you under a humiliating obligation. I am sorry, but I have only to look to my own interests and that of my comrades.'

'He will not pay one ducat for me,' said Walter confidently.

'Then I shall be still more sorry for myself, and also for you. This is no child's play, signor, that I am proposing,' added he, with sudden ferocity. 'I will have your gold, or your blood. I mean it. This letter will reach Palermo before sunset; and if within ten days'—

'Look yonder, captain; the soldiers!'

It was the sentinel who spoke, and at the same time handed his field-glass to Corrali.

The high-road on which Walter had been captured on the previous night, could be seen winding like a narrow ribbon at their feet, though at a great distance; in one part of it could now be seen, with the naked eye, like ants upon the march, certain small dark masses moving.

The next instant, Walter was thrown violently to the ground, face foremost.

'Do not stir, or you are a dead man,' whispered a stern voice, that of his guard Colletta, in his ear. All the other tenants of the encampment had prostrated themselves; those who were near the edge of the hill were talking rapidly to their companions, probably giving them notice of what was passing; but they spoke in some sort of *argot*, which, for Walter, had no meaning. The others answered with oaths and curses. No one seemed alarmed, but every one transported with fury. Even Santoro—the mildest of the gang—looked towards his captive menacingly.

'If your Englishman has done this, sir,' cried Corrali, white with passion, and pointing to the troops, 'you are right, indeed, to deem him your enemy; for if harm should come of it, he has signed your death-warrant and that of others also. I have never yet shot a woman, but there is no knowing to what one may not be forced.'

Walter knew that this wretch was referring to Lillian, and his heart sank low within him. Was it possible that Heaven could permit such a deed? But, alas, were there not martyrdoms in the world now as of old; tyrannies, oppressions of the gentle by the strong; sufferings of the innocent, inexplicable to the believers in dominant Good! If such a horror should take place, Walter felt that he should have but one thing to pray for—to be one minute alone with her murderer, that he might pluck him limb from limb with his hands. At the very thought, the rage of a wild beast possessed him, his teeth met together, and stuck fast, his eyes became too large for their sockets, his fingers crooked themselves like the talons of a bird.

'If your gentleman moves, Santoro,' observed the captain grimly, to whom such indications of passion were probably not unfamiliar, 'blow his brains out.'

These ebullitions of bad feeling on the part of the brigands manifested themselves, for the most part, within a very short space of time, and lasted only so long as the cause of them—namely, the soldiers—remained visible. As these latter pursued their eastward march, and disappeared along the road, the general excitement became allayed. The troops were obviously not in sufficient force to surround the mountain (even if they had known the position of their enemies), and to cut off the band from their supplies, and this was the only danger the brigands really dreaded. Those who were not on guard proceeded with their morning meal, or, having finished it, began to gamble. What the game was, Walter could not quite determine; it seemed a sort of 'odd and even' of the simplest kind, but the stakes were considerable—indeed, there was nothing played for under gold coin—and the voices and temper of the players were at least as high as their stakes. Every moment, Walter expected to see knives out and blood drawn, but the dispute never went beyond big words and black looks. Corralli alone—though, as he afterwards shewed himself, a most desperate gambler—took no part in their amusements, nor gave any signs of returning good-humour. He was for ever turning his field-glass in the direction which the troops had taken, although it was scarcely possible, by reason of the configuration of the country, that they should again come into view. Walter acquitted him of any apprehensions upon his own account, and rightly concluded that his anxiety was excited for the safety of the other portion of the band, in whose custody were his more valuable prisoners. Impeded by Lilian's company, it was probable, notwithstanding some hours of 'start,' that they had not attained a position so safe and advantageous as the camp upon the hill, which, indeed, had not been reached without great toil and trouble.

Presently, after long and apparently deep cogitation, the captain shut his glass, and joined the throng of revellers. His brown face, if no longer smiling, had at least lost its scowl; and the voice that could be so short and fierce, was once more courteous in its tone as he addressed his prisoner: 'You know this English milord and his daughter, it seems?' he said.

'I am acquainted with them, although, as I told you, they are not even aware of my presence in this country.'

'You must have a deep regard for them, however, to run twelve miles of road, in order (as you foolishly imagined) to bring them succour by calling out the troops.'

'I have a deep regard for them, Captain Corralli,' which involves your knowing their private circumstances,' observed the captain quickly.

'Not so. I know, of course, that Mr Brown—he is no milord at all, but a plain merchant—is a wealthy man; but as to the actual extent of his means, I can say nothing.'

'Or will not, eh?' replied the other incredulously. 'You are an obstinate lad; but I have known others equally determined, whose mouths I have found means to open. Otherwise,' he added

with a terrible look, 'when a man will not speak, I cut out his tongue.'

'I am quite aware I am in your power,' said Walter calmly; 'but I can only tell what I know.'

After a long pause: 'What is a ship such as the *Sylphide* worth?' asked Corralli abruptly.

'I am a landsman, and can give you no information on that head for certain,' replied Walter. 'Perhaps twelve thousand ducats.'

'The income of a man who keeps such a vessel for his amusement must therefore be very large—ten times that sum at least.'

'It is very unlikely. There are not many men, even in England, who possess such a fortune as that.'

'If a man gives that sum for a pleasure-boat, what would he give, think you, for a ransom for his daughter?' asked Corralli slowly.

'He would give all he had to spare, no doubt, so long as she was alive; but if you kill her—it is no matter whether by accident or design; so delicate a creature might perish of one night's exposure to the cold'—A shadow flitted across Corralli's face; and Walter felt that the arrow he had aimed at a venture had gone home. 'I say, if she died upon your hands, not only would such an atrocity raise every man's hand against you, mine for one—yes, I say, in that case, you had better kill me also, Captain Corralli, for should any evil happen to her' (the picture thus drawn by his own imagination of Lilian's possible fate was too much for Walter's patience; rage had got the better of diplomacy), 'I swear to Heaven I would never rest till I had avenged it.'

'Let us confine ourselves to business, Signor Litton,' answered the captain coolly. 'Emotions are out of place here; and as for the luxury of revenge, that is not for captives, but for him who holds them at his mercy. We were speaking of Milord Brown and the ransom.'

'Yes; I was about to say that if his daughter's health should give way, by reason of this rough mode of life, you would miss your mark, besides raising the whole country against you. Existence would not be worth purchasing to the old man, if you once deprived him of his child.'

'You think it would be killing the goose with the golden egg, do you?' said Corralli thoughtfully. 'Perhaps you are right. It is better to look at these matters from all sides. I suppose this young lady, being so rich, has had a first-rate education; knows foreign languages—Italian, for example?'

'I believe so. She told me on one occasion that she had studied it.'

'And her father?' This question was put with an indifferent air, but Walter noticed that the captain's eyes here regarded him with particular intensity.

'I should think Mr Brown knew little of Italian—much less of Sicilian. Indeed, I may positively state that he is unacquainted with any tongue beside his own.'

The captain frowned, and looked perplexed. 'Corbara!' cried he, after a minute's thought, and beckoned to the man who acted as his lieutenant. This was an ill-looking, stunted fellow, with a bull neck, and arms as long as those of an ape. He had been unlucky at his 'odd and even,' and, as he rose sullenly to his feet, cast a look at Walter, as though he would like to make his prisoner's skin pay for his own ill-fortune. The captain and

this worthy conferred for several minutes in low tones, the former pointing once or twice to eastward, in the direction of the sea, and then Corrali, taking his gun from the place where the arms were stacked, went down the hill alone. Whither he was gone, or on what errand, Walter, of course, could only guess, but he felt pretty certain that his departure was connected with Lilian and her father. The questioning to which he had just been subjected gave him extreme anxiety, for why should the captain have inquired as to Lilian's knowledge of Italian (since he had certainly been in her company), unless she were too ill to speak? Would he have been so moved, too, by Walter's hint at the delicacy of her constitution, unless she had already shewn some signs of its giving way? As to his inquiries about the old merchant, it was probable that Corrali had suspected him of pretending ignorance of the language, in order to avoid debate upon his ransom. Upon the whole, was it not likely that he (Walter) should be employed as an interpreter between the brigands and his captives? Even in the evil case in which he stood, he felt his heart beat high at the thought of his seeing these companions in misfortune. If he could only be of use to Lilian—if his late advice should in the end obtain her freedom—it would not seem so hard to die.

#### A VISIT TO THE SANDWICH ISLANDS.

SAILING in a south-west direction from San Francisco, we, at a distance of two thousand and eighty-one miles, arrive at a group of islands, reckoned to be the most beautiful in the whole Pacific Ocean. The Sandwich Islands, as these are called, lie in latitude twenty degrees north of the equator, and are, therefore, tropical in character, with a climate so charming, that in our northern regions we can hardly form an idea of the enjoyment which it confers. These singularly interesting islands, as is well known, were discovered and visited by Captain Cook not quite a hundred years ago. In one of the islands, Hawaii, he met his death at the hands of savages, 14th February 1779. Since that time, the aborigines have been, in a way, civilised and Christianised, and changed considerably in a social point of view. For this change, they are, we believe, principally indebted to Americans from the United States, with which country, though at a good way off, the islands may be said to claim a connection.

Lying apart from general traffic, few travellers think of visiting the Sandwich Islands. Only for some special purpose are they sought out and explored; and hence not much is known about them, further than that they maintain an independent existence under a native king, who reigns in a kind of constitutional manner, and form an agreeable place of residence. No doubt, there have been several books written about these islands, but they are mostly old, and treat mainly of a condition of things that no longer exists. On this account, we propose calling attention to a recent work on the subject, by Isabella L. Bird, entitled *Six Months among the Palm Groves, Coral Reefs, and Volcanoes of the Sandwich Islands*. Miss Bird did not make a hurried or perfunctory visit. She was six months in the islands, and deliberately travelled about, walking, boating, or on horse-

back, making herself acquainted with the varied scenery, the people, and their habits.

Miss Bird, as we learn, landed first at Honolulu, the capital, situated on the island of Oahu, one of the more northern of the group, and considerably less in size than Hawaii, which lies on the extreme south. Honolulu is an enterprising little town, and from its natural beauty has been called 'the Paradise of the Pacific.' It is built literally in the midst of a garden. Every house has its piece of ground attached, and so luxuriant are the plants amid which each dwelling is embowered, that it is often difficult to distinguish what is house and what is vegetation. The houses are built of frame, of cream-coloured coral conglomerate, of *adobe* or sun-baked bricks, or of grass or lamboo. The last are chiefly occupied by the natives, are very neatly constructed, and mingle in picturesque contrast with the more imposing dwellings of the white residents. Every house has its deep veranda, hidden beneath a marvellous profusion of trailing plants, glossy-leaved, bright-blossomed, and ever-fragrant, passion-flower, hibiscus, and the gorgeous flame-coloured bougainvilliers, mingled with familiar fuchsia, jessamine, and geranium. The town nestles amid a grove of tropical trees, coco and date palms, bread-fruit, bamboo, caoutchouc, orange, candle-nut, fan-palms, bananas, and the beautiful papaya; and in the shade of this perennial greenery, the people live. Through the breaks in the dense leafage, glimpses are caught of the white coral reefs that girdle the islands on every side, with the wavy line of surf breaking upon them; and beyond that, of the wide blue Pacific, sleeping still and dream-like, or ruffled white by the brisk trade-winds. All day long is heard the low, rhythmic beat of the surf washing on the coral barrier. The people of Honolulu, as of Hawaii, generally are kind, friendly, and hospitable in the extreme. Americans predominate among the foreign residents, and give the prevailing tone to society. On this account, English visitors, finding the social customs of the white population in Hawaii somewhat strange, and not staying long enough to become accustomed to them, sometimes leave the islands with an impression less favourable than would have been the case after a more intimate acquaintance. Miss Bird, being already familiar with American customs, and appreciating many of them, at once found herself at home in Hawaiian society, and was everywhere received with the kindest welcome.

The home-life of the foreigners is at once simple, genial, and refined. Female domestic servants are rare, and the ladies do much of their house-work themselves, one consequence of which is that they enjoy excellent health, their household duties affording them sufficient exercise during the mornings, while leaving the after-part of the day free for recreation and the interchange of hospitalities. There is nothing of the stiffness, constraint, and formality which seem inseparable from life in older and colder lands. There are no such things as door-bells, no announcements of visitors by servants, no 'not-at-homes.' After six o'clock supper, people take their lanterns, and visit their neighbours, and are met by them either in the verandas or in the cheerful parlours that open upon them. Miss Bird deems the gentlemen happy in that they possess no 'evening dress,' and we are not sure but that she is right. The hours

of work being necessarily much shorter in Hawaii than in colder climes, there is greatly more leisure for recreation, and the foreign residents use their advantages in this respect to the full. An air of graceful ease and refinement pervades the household arrangements and the general tone of society. The people give much time and attention to amusement and the entertainment of each other, but underlying this there is a real friendliness, a sincere cordiality, and the most considerate and sympathetic kindness to strangers. The blennish in Hawaiian society seems to be an intense love of gossip.

From Honolulu, Miss Bird went to Hilo, in the island of Hawaii. For natural beauty, Hilo surpasses Honolulu, and our author seems to have preferred it as a place of residence to any spot in the islands which she visited, and there were many which she found most congenial. The object of most absorbing interest in Hawaii is, as many are aware, the burning mountain of Mauna Loa, the largest active volcano in the world. Miss Bird went through some not altogether pleasant experiences in order to see this extraordinary phenomenon, but was rewarded by witnessing the Kilauea crater under especially favourable conditions. While confessing her utter inability to reproduce what she saw, she nevertheless attempts it, and her description is exceedingly vivid, perhaps the most graphic piece of writing in her book. But it must be read in its entirety, for it suffers by abridgment. The crater, we are told, is one huge pit in the flank of the Mauna Loa mountain, five hundred feet wide at its narrowest part, nearly half a mile at its broadest. Within this abyss, boils and seethes, and throbs and roars, a vast sea of lava, surging against the rocky barrier which surrounds it with a sound like an angry ocean breaking upon an iron-bound coast. From the centre of the lake, ever and anon leap up crimson fountains of angry flame, whose fiery effulgence dyes the heavens blood-red. The whole spectacle is one of indescribable force, commotion, terror, glory, and mystery, not unmingled with an awful and imposing beauty. Once again, during her stay in the islands, Miss Bird visited the crater of Kilauea, on which occasion its appearance had entirely changed. The crater was now greatly more active; all beauty had gone from it, and the only impression left upon the mind of the onlooker was one of awe and horror. To stand for a moment on the brink of the pit, and catch a hurried glimpse of the terrible abyss, wallowing in frightful confusion, with a roar as of thunder, and volleying forth stifling clouds of sulphurous gases, was in truth 'to snatch a fearful joy.' Miss Bird ascended from the crater 'sore, stiff, bruised, cut, singed, grimy, with my thick gloves shrivelled off by the touch of the sulphurous acid, and my boots nearly burned off.' These unpleasant experiences notwithstanding, she would not have willingly missed the awful sublimities she had witnessed; and a day or two after, she was able to accomplish the ascent to the summit of Mauna Loa, three miles above the sea-level. Only once before had the ascent of Mauna Loa been made by a lady, and the journey proved one of extreme fatigue and difficulty. But the adventurous traveller and her male companions were sufficiently rewarded by the view which they obtained on the summit of the crater of Mokuaweweo, the circum-

ference of which measures six miles. Unlike that of Kilauea, the crater of Mokuaweweo presents a spectacle of supreme beauty only; a symmetrical fountain of clear golden fire playing up from its midst to a height of two hundred, three hundred, and sometimes six hundred feet, the reflection of which may be seen at a distance of a hundred miles.

Miss Bird wandered freely through the beautiful island of Hawaii, and its neighbours, Maui, Kani, and Oahu, exploring their remotest recesses, and traversing their most secluded cañons. The cañons or glens form a marked feature in the scenery of the Sandwich Islands; deep ravines or gulches leading from the mountains to the ocean, and widening as they approach the sea. It is here that the tropical vegetation is seen in its greatest luxuriance, here that nature puts forth her supreme efforts. Miss Bird's descriptions of these cañons, with their cool dark depths, their trees of matchless grace and beauty, feathery palms of every variety, draped and stem-hidden by trailing ferns and mosses, and brilliant-tinted, fragrant-blossomed creepers, through whose leafy screens the sunlight penetrates only in trickling rays, are very vivid and skilful. Through all these gulches water flows, sometimes in still clear streams, sometimes in broad rushing rivers, a mile and more wide as they near the sea. Their secret recesses are silent worlds of beauty, where nothing breaks the hush of the noontide, save the whirr of some scarlet bird as it flashes for a moment through the darkling greenery. But again and again our author despairs of ever being able to convey an adequate idea of the varied loveliness of Hawaiian scenery.

While in the island of Maui, Miss Bird visited the crater of Haleakala, the largest extinct crater yet discovered. The whole of the top of the mountain of Makawao has in some bygone age, and by some volcanic agency of inconceivable power, been actually blown off, and the huge cavity thus formed has a circumference of nineteen miles. New York might be easily contained within it; Edinburgh, four or five times over; the rocky peaks interspersed throughout its area, singly or in groups, are many of them equal in bulk and height to Arthur's Seat, near Edinburgh. The whole extent of the crater can be taken in from the same point of observation in the space of a few moments.

Miss Bird's book is by no means confined to descriptions of the natural sights of Hawaii, nor to the kind of life led by the white population. She saw quite as much of the native life as of that of the foreign residents, held frequent intercourse with the people, and sometimes passed days among them alone. She seems to have taken pains to make herself thoroughly acquainted with their character, and her statements regarding them may, we think, be received with confidence in their smallest details. It is satisfactory to get such accurate and carefully acquired information as this author supplies us with, for the reports brought back by passing visitors regarding the natives of the various Pacific islands have sometimes been of a very conflicting and perplexing kind. The natives of the Sandwich Islands are on the whole a quiet, orderly, kind-natured, unsuspicious people. A sufficient proof of this is, that a lady may travel alone through the length and breadth of the islands, and never meet with a



discourteous act. More than once Miss Bird found herself the only white woman amid a score of natives of both sexes, but though her dark companions would watch her motions with intent curiosity, they were invariably obliging, kind, and good-natured. The natives have few vicious traits of character, but among many amiable ones some that are not so satisfactory. Devoted to mirth and pleasure, they are, in certain ways, careless and volatile. They read the injunction of being not 'careful for many things' most literally. Even the shrewd and intelligent among them regard the trouble which white people give themselves about what they consider little matters, with astonishment, that sometimes verges upon scorn. For all mishaps, crosses, and difficulties they have one unvarying antidote, which is embodied in a single phrase, corresponding to our 'What's the odds?' This species of philosophy they adjust to every contingency of daily life. If to be communistic is to have as much affection for our species at large as for our own immediate connections, the natives of Hawaii are thoroughly communistic. Their social ties are strong, their family ones weak. Kind, helpful, and generous to each other and to strangers, they are careless and indifferent in their domestic relations. A mother will part with her children with perfect equanimity, and a child will sometimes pass through so many hands that its real parentage at last becomes forgotten. The droll thing is, that a woman who has given away her own baby is quite willing to receive somebody else's if desired, and will treat it with kindness and attention.

The Hawaiians live in a land where little toil is needed to produce in abundance the necessities of life, and these are all they desire. They have no ambition beyond the day, no wish but that of perpetual holiday-making. Though the men are capable of extraordinary efforts in the way of horse-riding, lassoing, and surf-riding, it is only under occasional circumstances that they indulge in such vigorous exercises. Generally speaking, they are exceedingly indolent, and this, we think, more than anything else, is proving fatal to them as a people. The Hawaiians are a vanishing race, and have been such ever since the introduction of civilisation among them. It is the old story, which we have seen so often reproduced. The white man comes, and the dark man vanishes. In the case of the Hawaiians, however, there has been no struggle of races. The white population have always mingled on the friendliest terms with the natives, and treated them with sympathy and consideration. The king of the islands is still a native. All the efforts of the white man have, during recent years at least, been for the social and moral improvement of the native inhabitants. Still, the fact remains that, since the introduction of civilisation and Christianity, the native population has rapidly diminished. It was estimated by Captain Cook at four hundred thousand; when the last census was taken in 1872, it was forty-nine thousand. At the present rate of diminution, it will not be very long before there is not a single native Hawaiian in the islands. A sad physical blight has fallen upon the people in the shape of leprosy. Strict government measures are being taken to check this fell disease, but whether these will succeed in eradicating it is still doubtful. And this is only one of several causes that are in opera-

tion to diminish the race. Would it have been better, therefore, had civilisation and Christianity never come to Hawaii? Few, we fancy, who know all the facts of the case, will be disposed to answer in the affirmative. Fifty years ago, the Hawaiians were half-naked savages, living in a gross and sensual heathenism, worshipping gods who demanded frequent human sacrifices, and whose altars reeked with human blood, engaged in continual civil strife, and bondsmen to their feudal chiefs. Now, they are a gentle and law-abiding people, fairly educated and equitably governed, the more elevated of them taking part in conducting the affairs of the constitutional monarchy under which they live. If it is destined that the Hawaiians are to become an extinct race, better, surely, that they should pass away having attained to their present measure of civilisation, than that they should have lived on in a condition of the darkest barbarism. That they should have reached a high tone of morality, according to our standards, was hardly to be expected in a nation so lately emerged from heathenism; but it is much to say that, in the space of little more than a generation, they have really advanced from barbarism to civilisation and Christianity. Many are disposed to attribute the decay of the Hawaiians mainly to the immorality which still prevails among them, the inherent taint which in heathen peoples longest resists the influence of teaching and example. This is no doubt one chief cause; and another is, we are inclined to think, the increasing indolence of the Hawaiian natives.

This account of matters is exceedingly suggestive. Here are islands of matchless beauty, with an unsurpassable climate. All around is a perpetual summer. The land, favoured by sunshine, is so fertile as scarcely to require culture. Nature yields a spontaneous bounty. What more, out of paradise, could be desired? Happy land! Happy people! Yet with all this happiness, and nothing to embarrass politically, the native population are dying out, and will ere long be gone for ever. Herein consists a biological problem: An abundance of food, an agreeable and healthy climate, no necessity for hard work, nor even for thinking, an abundance of time for amusement—and yet the people die out, as if they were ground by the bitterest slavery. How is all this, so contrary to ordinary conceptions, to be accounted for? Simply by the very circumstances which are considered so favourable. Employment such as we are accustomed to in England secures mental and bodily health, long life, and a due increase of population. Idleness, usually represented under the fascinating guise of recreation, is substantially vacuity of thought and abasement; we might almost say national extinction. Nothing could more widely mark the danger of indifference to industrial occupation, and the want of any obligation to think as regards ways and means, than the present and prospective condition of the too happy Sandwich Islanders.

Gradually dying out, the natives will at no distant day disappear, and leave the management of affairs to American settlers; but will even an Anglo-American race maintain its ground in this seeming paradise, where the obvious tendency is to give no thought to one thing or another? Apart from this problem, it is doubtful if annexation would in any way be beneficial to the United States. Miss Bird does not go into the philosophy

of these questions. She dwells on the salubrity and pleasurable quality in the climate, about which there can be no mistake. The difficulty she eludes is how, all things considered, an intelligent community is to be perpetuated. Already, the finances of the little kingdom are in an unsatisfactory condition. There is an increasing expenditure, and a yearly augmenting national debt. In short, the political state of affairs is rotten, and things cannot go on long as they are. We may join Miss Bird in the wish that the islanders may enjoy peace and prosperity under King Kalakaua. But good wishes, it is to be feared, will not alter the destiny of Nature!

### HISTORICAL MANUSCRIPTS.

It is difficult to over-estimate the importance of the labours of the Historical Manuscripts Commission, which, for a period of five years, has been investigating the public and private collections, with a view to the discovery of papers of historical or literary interest. Rich has been the reward. It was, of course, known that many families had ancient correspondence and documents among their papers; but the most enthusiastic advocate for the appointment of the Commission could never have dreamed that such a mine of manuscript-wealth remained to be worked. Hidden away in muniment-rooms, charter-chests, and other receptacles for family papers, thousands of deeds and autograph letters—many of them throwing considerable light upon disputed points of history—have been found, and described in the four bulky Reports issued by the Commission; and, as far as we can judge, as many more will be required to describe other collections. The last of these—the most recently issued, and most bulky of the series—containing no less than eight hundred and fifty folio pages, we shall notice in the present paper.

It would, of course, be impossible, in the space at our disposal, to do more than indicate the contents of this Report; and we think the best plan will be briefly to allude to the documents of the medieval period—to the end of fifteenth century—and notice at greater length those of a later date.

The miscellaneous documents at Westminster Abbey contain interesting references to disputes between the Abbot and Archbishop of Canterbury and suffragans respecting the jurisdiction of the latter, between the monks and heralds about perquisites at royal and other funerals, indulgences for visiting shrines and relics, management of the monastic estates, the pecuniary difficulties of the monastery, and also those of the king. The staves, bells, and manuscripts of early Scotch and Irish missionary bishops were at a subsequent period incased in bronze or silver caskets, for their better preservation; and such relics were given to certain families, who became their hereditary keepers. A manuscript in the Breadalbane collection relates to the *quigrich*, or staff of St Fillan (who founded a monastery at Glendochart in the eighth century), to which cer-

tain rights were attached. Mr Gilbert, in the Report, describes a Latin Psalter on vellum—said to be written by St Columba—in a curious metal casket belonging to Sir R. O'Donnell, Bart., his ancestors being its custodians. The Trinity College Library is rich in early Irish manuscripts—such as the Books of Kells and Durrow, and the Garland of Howth—which are described by Mr Gilbert, together with other manuscript treasures in that celebrated library. The muniments described in the English universities are exceedingly curious.

A document among the manuscripts of the Countess of Rothes shews the importance attached to seals in the middle ages. It appears that the first Earl of Rothes, in 1460, lost his seal for a night and a day, and fearing that it might have got into the hands of some person who would take the opportunity of executing documents therewith, he went to the market cross at Edinburgh, and gave notice that all such writs should be produced on a certain day in the church of St Katherine's, in Cupar of Fife, and be either ratified or condemned. He also said he should have an alteration made in the seal from that time.

Mr Knowles has discovered in a manuscript in the possession of Colonel Towneley the interesting fact, that Edmund Spenser, the author of the *Faerie Queene*, was educated at Merchant Taylors' School. The Report is very rich in notices of historical documents of the seventeenth century, and also in those which throw light upon the social life of the period. Of the section of the manuscripts of the House of Lords relating to the reign of Charles I., the discovery of the long-sought papers relating to 'the Incident' is the most important. The alleged attempt, in October 1641, to seize the persons of the Marquis of Hamilton and the Earls of Lanark and Argyll, is known in history under that title. Charles I., who was then in Scotland, was believed to be privy to this; and in consequence of the disappearance of the original depositions of persons examined before a committee of the parliament of Scotland, his connection with it had never been known. These depositions have now been found, and the monarch's character in relation to this transaction completely cleared. Archbishop Laud's 'Visitations' also appear in the Report, and shew the trouble he took to enforce what we now call ritualism upon the cathedrals. The authorities at Salisbury, 1634, reported that they had no copes—rich vestments like cloaks—and that the money collected formerly for them was now appropriated to the repair of the building. Laud—who, through his secretary, annotated the replies—writes: 'I think the fabrick was repayed before y'; and the coape money may returne to the proper use, and supply them in tyme.' In the same church it is stated: 'The seates in the nave granted not long since to the maior and corporation for their convenience to heare sermons, are now lately forsaken by a great parte of the company, who are of the faction agest the church, and now the seates doe rather pester than adorne the assembly.' In lieu of deacon and subdeacon, the Dean and Chapter of Canterbury substituted 'two corniters and two sackbutters.' In Bristol Cathedral, it seems to have been the practice, if the mayor arrived before divine service was ended, to break it off; and if he did not arrive at its termination, the congregation remained, and all waited his coming before the sermon commenced.

The letters of the Marquis of Hamilton to Lord Fielding, 1636-41, shew that Charles I. took every opportunity of securing works of art on the continent. In this he was sometimes forestalled by the Earl of Arundel, who, we learn from one of these letters, by means of an agent heard of pictures and statues to be sold. If any one else wished to purchase them, the earl directed so large an offer to be made, that the monarch should be driven out of the field; and then, knowing that Englishmen did not stay long in Italy, the probability was that, by waiting, he afterwards secured them at a lower price.

Lady Denbigh's letters to her son, Basil, Lord Fielding (afterwards second earl), are extremely interesting, as they shew the divisions in families caused by the civil war. Her husband remained loyal; but her son, to her great grief, declared for the Parliament. At Edgehill, father and son appeared on opposite sides, the one in the king's guard of horse, the other fighting under Essex!

A letter from E. Newburgh to the Earl of Middlesex, gives, under date August 29, 1637, an early version of a well-known fact: 'The Bishop and Dean of Edinburgh attempted to bring in the discipline of the Ch. of England in the Cath. Ch. there, putting on the surplis, and beginning to read the prayers as they were directed in the church books; but, as I heare, they were by the women beaten out of the church with their little stooles (which it seems their custom is to sit upon), and in their return home in the streets saluted with so many stones as endangered their lives; but what resolution will follow upon this is not yet known.'

The Breadalbane manuscripts are described as 'full of authentic and graphic illustrations of Highland history, modes of life, lines of thought, feuds and sports,' containing glimpses of the old Celtic tenures, and the customs of adoption and fosterage. It will be remembered that Sir Duncan Campbell of Lochaw (created Lord Campbell by James II.), the head of the house of Argyll, in 1432 gave the barony of Glenurquhy to his third son Colin, the ancestor of the Campbells whose scion in this century was created Baron and then Marquis of Breadalbane. The household books shew the hospitality of the laird, and the inventories of 'graith' or furniture in the mansion are extremely interesting. One of the latter shews the 'geir left by Sir Colin not to be dispoit upon,' and made up by Sir R. Campbell in 1640. The jewels include 'ane targett of gold sett with three diamondis, four topaces or jacinets, ane rubie, and ane saphire, enamblid, given be King James the Fyft of worthie memorie to ane of the Laird of Glenurquhay his predicesouris; item, ane round jewell of gold sett with precious stones, containing twenty-nine diamonds, and four great rubbies, quhilk Queen Anna of worthie memorie, Queen of Great Britaine, gave to unquihile Sir Duncan Campbell of Glenurquhy; and uther four small diamonds quhilk the said Queene Anna of worthie memorie gave to the said Sir Duncane; item, ane fair silver brotch sett with precious stones; item, ane stone of the quantitie of half an hen's eg, sett in silver, being flatt at the ane end and round at the uther end lyke a pair, quhilk Sir Coline Campbell, first Laird of Glenurquhy, woir quhen he fought in battell at the Rhodes agaynst the Turks, he being one of the knychts of the Rhodes; of

great gold buttons, sixty-six.' In the same collection are about *three thousand letters*, which, at present, appear to have been imperfectly examined.

Among the papers of the Erskines, Earls of Mar, is the original will (1602) of Annabella Murray, Dowager Countess of John, Earl of Mar (died 1572), who, among other bequests, leaves her grandson, John Erskine, 'my oy ane tablet with the piktur of ane agget inammallit with reid, green, and quhyt, with four tablle diamontis, and ane knoip of seven perllis, left be my gude doghter his mother to him. Sic lyk I lave to him ane tablet representing ane adamant, and twa hammeris pressand (bot in vaine) to bræk the same, desyring him to keip this jowell as ane pledge of my love and earnest cair quhilk I have to his honour and weillfair bayth in saul and body, exhorting him maist lovinglie at all tymes to remaine ane constant servand to God, continewing in the trew religione, presentlie professit within this realme. And last, to declair and expres his reverent obedience to his father and parent, laving heirwith to him this my motherlie counsell, that gif evir any pres to withdraw him thairfra, he nevir zeild thairto for na occasione earthlie can occur, bot evir remembring this my advyse, that *lyk as the pressing hammeris can nocht bræk the adamant*, na mair he suffir his oblist affectione and dentie to his God, his prince, and parent to be battirit or ouercoum, and that for na feir, plesur, proffeit, or preferment that is abill to provoik him thairto; and this, my deir hairt, fail nocht to do, as evir ye will luik for God his blessing and myne.' The passage we print in italics refers, doubtless, to the absurd idea that a true diamond could not be broken by a blow. Many a fine stone has been ruined by attempting to prove it by this ordeal.

In the same collection is a document signed by the Duke of Lennox (afterwards Duke of Richmond in England), the Earl of Mar, and other noblemen—a bond by which they agree not to wear clothes decorated with 'pasements,' or embroidery; which indicates a wish to alter the fashions to more plain attire at the beginning of the seventeenth century.

We have an amusing instance of the way James I. attempted to check criticisms on sermons. He says, in a letter dated Theobalds, April 19, 1624, among the Rattray manuscripts, that he 'is crediblie informed of the presumptuous carriage of certayne of the burgh of Edinburgh in presuming to censure the doctrine of som of their ministers. We have given direction to certain of our counsel, exactlie to try the business with the circumstances, and to inform us punctuallie of the same; and because we wold be loth that by the misbehaviour of ane indiscreet multitude, such worthie pastors should be discouraged, we have thought good by these presents to require you in our name to certify them that we will not in any wise suffer such a presumptuous abuse to escape unpunished, but will cause such exact order be taken therewith as shall terrifie others to attempt the like in any time coming; as, likewise, ye may assure them that an assistance shall not be lacking to them, in anything which may encourage them to go forward in that good cause wherein they now are.'

We observe, from a manuscript in the collection of the Marquis of Bath, that Pepys, the

diarist, nearly got into trouble because Lord Shaftesbury was believed to have seen an altar and crucifix in his house. The House of Commons, February 10, 1673, ordered two members to ask his lordship if such were the case. He replied, that he had never seen an altar in Pepys' house, but that he believed he had seen a crucifix. It was probably some work of art the old gossip had purchased, and we hear no more of the matter.

Among a number of papers at St Catherine's College, Cambridge, are three bills for Dr Eachard's funeral, the items of which may be noted for illustrations of prices; he died July 7, 1697: 'Fine crape burying suit, 16s.; 3 yards broad allomed [*à la mode*], 6s. a yard; for a scarf, 18s.; one yard ribbon for a byer [bier], 4d.; 4 dozen 3 pairs mens best whit kidd, 22s. dozen, L.1, 7s. 6d.; forty rings, weight 3 oz. 16 dwt. 14 grs., at L.4 per oz., L.15, 6s. 4d.; fation [fashion] at 2s. per ring, L.4; for the coffin, L.2, 5s.'

The manuscripts of Lord Hailes, in the possession of C. Dalrymple, Esq., contain some very interesting letters of Boswell referring to Dr Johnson. We quote three of these, written to his lordship: 'July 2, 1763—I am now upon a very good footing with Mr Johnson. His conversation is instructive and entertaining. He has a most extensive fund of knowledge, a very clear expression, and much strong humour. I am often with him. Some nights ago we suppt by ourselves at the *Mitre* Tavern, and sat over a sober bottle till between one and two in the morning. We talked a good deal of you. We drank your health, and he desired me to tell you so. When I am in his company, I am rationally happy. I am attentive and eager to learn, and I would hope that I may receive advantage from such society.'

A fortnight later, he says: 'On Wednesday evening Mr Johnson and I had another *tête-à-tête* at the *Mitre*. Would you believe that we sat from half an hour after eight till between two and three. He took me cordially by the hand, and said, *My dear Boswell! I love you very much*. Can I help being somewhat vain. He advises me to combat idleness as a distemper, to read five hours every day, but to let inclination direct me what to read. He is a great enemy to a stated plan of study. He advises me when abroad to go to places where there is most to be seen and learnt. He would have me to *perambulate* (a word quite in his own stile) Spain. He says a man might see a good deal by visiting their inland towns and universities.'

July 23, 1763—'Mr Johnson did me the honour to sup with me at my chambers some nights ago. *Entre nous*, he said that Dempster, who was also with me, gave him more general displeasure than any man he has met with of a long time. He saw a pupil of Hume and Rousseau totally unsettled as to principles, and endeavouring to puzzle and shake other people with childish sophistry. I had infinite satisfaction in hearing solid truth confuting vain subtilty. I thank God that I have got acquainted with Mr Johnson. He has done me infinite service. He has assisted me to obtain peace of mind, he has assisted me to become a rational Christian. I could give you pages of strong sense and humour which I have heard from that great man, and which are treasured up in my journal. And here I must inform you that he desired me to keep just the journal that I do, and when I told him that it was already my practice,

he said he was glad I was upon so good a plan. Last night, he and I suppt in a room at the *Turk's Head* coffee house. He was happy that I had such a friend as you, and he said, an hour's conversation with such a man may be of use to you through the whole of life.'

Horace Walpole writes, January 1772, to Lord Hailes: 'My reading has been very desultory and accidental, and though I have searched into a few points, which may have given me an air of learning, what I have acquired is extremely superficial; which I had rather confess than impose upon anybody, especially on you, sir, who have distinguished me much more than I deserve. I grow old and very idle, and have scarce any literary ardour left. As the time advances for my leaving the world, I find my attachments to it loosen, and I rejoice they do. At all events, it is too late for me to lay plans for anything in futurity, and having finished the last volume of my *Anecdotes of Painting*, which only wait for the plates, I have not the least thought of undertaking any new work. Voltaire alone has courage to engage in volumes of *Encyclopedies* on the step of his tomb. I am not, however, grown so indifferent, sir, but I shall see with pleasure even Law and Statutes when enlivened by you. You may plant briars, but they produce roses, and though I have none of Anacreon's joviality, I shall be very glad to crown my head with them.' The great *virtuoso* was then fifty-five years of age; he died twenty-five years after.

We select the following from a letter of Lord Monboddo (born 1714, died 1799) to Mr Harris, author of *Hermes*, preserved at Monboddo: 'I am meditating great things in the literary way, but I am not sure that I shall ever execute anything. I have one work in view, which I think would not make a bad second part, if it were well executed, to your *Hermes*; I mean a work shewing the origin and progress of this most wonderful of all the arts of man—the art of speech. What sett me upon this train of thinking was the study of some most barbarous and imperfect languages spoken in America, from grammars and dictionaries which I got out of the King's library when I was last in Paris. Besides the curiosity of seeing the progress of so wonderfull an art in tracing the progress of language, you at the same time trace the progress of the understanding; and I think I have already collected material from which a very good history of the human mind might be formed, better, at least, than that which Mr Locke has given us. This, if I had leisure, I would make part of a much greater work which I project—viz. a History of Man, in which I would propose to trace him thro' the several stages of his existence; for there is a progression of our species from a state little better than mere brutality, to that most perfect state you describe in ancient Greece, which is really amazing, and is peculiar to our species. But the business of a laborious profession will, I'm afraid, prevent me from executing this and several other projects which I have in my head.'

Mr Horwood, in his notice of the manuscripts of Colonel Macaulay—which consist of the correspondence and papers of John Wilkes—supplies a hint to those interested in that vexed question, the handwriting of Junius's letters. He says, from the letters from Junius to Wilkes compared with those of his other correspondents at the

same period, he concludes that the general character of the writing of the Junius letters was common at that period; and from the uniform nature of the writing, it is probable that Junius employed an amanuensis.

### LANCASHIRE RECREATIONS.

THERE is much of what we call character in Lancashire—energy, independent thought, self-reliance, diligent industry, but also an untiring love of amusement, fun, and joking. While the more affluent classes take to billiards, cricket, horse-racing, betting, and field-sports at the appropriate season, the humbler members of society, the roughs, as they are called, have generally a taste for dog-racing, rabbit-coursing, feats of pedestrianism, wrestling, pigeon-flying, and clog-fighting. There was a time when bull-baiting was a favourite recreation; that is now over, for it is a branch of sport no longer tolerated. When it was in vogue, young dogs were specially trained in the art of catching and holding on to a bull's nose, or, indeed, to the nose of anybody. On one occasion, a father and son set out on a ramble with a young dog, in quest of such sport as might cast up. The father having crept on hands and knees into a drain in search of vermin, was followed by the dog, which unceremoniously caught him by the nose. 'Call him off,' shouted the old man; 'he has got my nose in his teeth.' 'Never mind, feyther,' gleefully responded the son; 'let him hold on; it will be the making of the dog.'

Excluded from enjoying the pleasures of bull-baiting, the Lancashire rough falls back on dog-racing or some similar sport which admits of betting; and to acquire suitable dogs, large sums, equal in amount to several weeks' earnings, will be expended, only too probably at the expense of wife and family. The staple of the rough's amusement is to a certain extent localised; Manchester and its environs being the headquarters of the rabbit-courser; Oldham, Wigan, and the colliery districts generally, of the dog-racer, pigeon-flyer, and wrestler. Foot-racing is common to all parts. In the outskirts of nearly all large Lancashire towns are to be seen inclosed grounds, devoted solely to those recreations of the lower classes in which the rough delights. A public-house is almost invariably attached to an inclosure of this kind.

Perhaps the most exciting sport within these popular arenas is that of rabbit-coursing. The ostensible object in view is to ascertain which, of two dogs, can catch the most out of a given number of rabbits, under certain conditions; but, as in all the rough's sporting enterprises, the real end of all parties concerned is pecuniary gain, to be derived from wagering on the result. We will suppose, by way of illustration of the sport, that Bill Brown of Chowbent has matched his black bitch, Bess, against Jack Bragg's brown dog, Nimble, of Royton, to run the best of twenty-one courses at rabbits, sixty yards law, for twenty-five pounds a side, and that the affair has to be decided at the Royal Retreat Grounds, Cottonopolis, on such a date.

Articles have been duly signed by the contracting parties, setting forth the terms of the match, stipulating who shall be stakeholder, who referee, in what instalments the fifty pounds at issue shall be put down, and the hour at which the match

shall begin, with various other items unnecessary to particularise.

Messrs Brown and Bragg are colliers, and each has a select circle of acquaintances, interested—pecuniarily—in his well-doing, by whom he will be accompanied to the scene of action, the Royal Retreat Grounds, Cottonopolis, on the appointed day. We will enter with them. Paying our sixpence at the entrance, we make our way into the Royal Retreat, and immediately find ourselves in very low company. Several hundred coarse-featured, roughly attired fellows are congregated within the rails, not necessarily as spectators of our coursing-match, for the afternoon's programme includes several other events, but to 'assist' at whatever sport may be provided for their delectation.

Most of them are accompanied by dogs, and if not occupied by holding a leash, each man has his hands deeply buried within the recesses of his trousers pockets. There is a similarity in the attire of the majority of these men. Most of them wear close-fitting gray cloth caps, gray overcoats—for it is winter-time, and the day is chilly—drab or pale yellow woollen cord trousers seem to be fashionable amongst them; and the feet of nearly all are incased in the murderous clog, in the use, or rather the abuse of which, as an offensive weapon, the majority of them are, it is to be feared, but too skillful.

Beneath the stand is a refreshment bar, the counter of which is thronged by many applicants for strong drink, and at the door of this an itinerant purveyor of sandwiches has stationed himself. Outside, close to the palings, in the thickest of the crowd, is a row of stools, and on every stool, note-book and pencil in hand, stands a fellow of evil aspect, with face of brass, and lungs of leather. These are the bookmakers, or professional betting-men, who, despite recent legislation, still continue to pursue their disreputable calling without let or hindrance from the law. Just now, the bookmakers are roaring out the odds on the coming coursing-match, and if we observe narrowly, we may see money handed to them by the gray-capped colliers, and printed tickets, in acknowledgment of the bets, passed in return. But now there is a stir among the crowd, and two men, carrying a long shallow hamper, containing rabbits, pass through a wicket-gate in the palings, cross the running-track, and deposit their burden on the green. The sport is about to begin.

Presently, Messrs Brown and Bragg appear at the wicket, each leading his dog, and attended by a couple of satellites, whose services will be required, and the party stations itself on the margin of the green. With the exception of representatives of the press, none else is allowed to enter the inclosure.

The referee, a pleasant, good-humoured looking young fellow, son of the proprietor, is already at his post. Over his Cardigan jacket he wears loose sleeves, one white, the other red. We shall know the meaning of this peculiarity presently. He is talking to the owners of the dogs. 'This,' says he, raising his red-sleeved arm, 'is for Bess; t'other's for Nimble.' And now the dogs—miniature greyhounds in appearance—are stripped of their clothing; the 'slipper' takes his post, holding each by the neck; while the referee, plunging his hand into the hamper, brings out a rabbit,

trembling and shrinking, poor little creature, with some ill-defined apprehension of coming woe.

Holding the rabbit carefully, lest in its struggles it should escape, the referee runs into the green, until he reaches a certain indicated spot, sixty yards out. Here he drops his scared and bewildered burden. On the instant, the straining, impatient dogs are slipped, and the course begins. A moment's hesitation, and the frightened rabbit strikes off to the right, across the green, with the dogs, swift as arrows, in pursuit to intercept it. Bess, with the pace of the other dog, leads the way, and amid shouts from the assembled spectators of 'Th' black un has it! th' black un has it!' a dozen rapid, lengthy strides bring her alongside the quarry. For a moment the result seems a foregone conclusion for Bess. Not so, however, for, in a vain attempt to avoid its impending fate, the rabbit, with a sudden double, eludes its pursuer, who, unable to check herself, shoots blindly past. Now is Nimble's opportunity. The rabbit has swerved towards him; in an instant he is upon it; a snap of the eager jaws, a crunch, and its struggles are ended. Shouts and yells of 'Th' brown un! th' brown un!' mingled with wild execrations, arise from the excited crowd without the palings; the referee throws up his white-sleeved arm, in token of Nimble's success, and the first course has been run and won.

After considerable running about, and the use of much strong language, the dogs at length permit themselves to be caught; and after five minutes for rest, the second course is run. This results in favour of Bess, who, going straight for the rabbit, runs it down and kills in even less time than was occupied in the first course. The third rabbit turned out, being bigger and stronger than his predecessors, shews more sport, and by dint of much active twisting and doubling, at length finds himself close to the palings, through which he bolts. Not that this avails him. He is still within the boundary-walls of the grounds; the dogs follow, and he is run into and killed in less time than it takes to write or read the story of his death.

The course, however, does not score towards the match, being what is styled a 'no go,' or undecided, as the capture was not made within the limits of the circumscribing palings. And thus the game goes on, with varying fortunes to one or the other party. Much money is won and lost on the several courses, much bad language is used, and many angry passions are roused in the breasts of those interested in the result. At length, Bess, having caught the required eleven out of twenty-one, is declared winner of the match. Her owner thus becomes entitled to the stakes, such bets as he may have made, and the dead rabbits, for which Mr Bragg will have the pleasure of paying, in addition to the loss of his money. And so ends our match. Such matches, varied by an occasional leger or sweepstakes, are of almost daily occurrence throughout the year. As to the stakes contended for, these range from five to fifty pounds a side; and in this way thousands of pounds change hands in the course of each year. In defence of the sport, nothing can be said—it is horrible; and we only describe it to shew what goes on and is tolerated in England. Of course, it ought to be put down by the strong hand of the law, but it is not. Recently, indeed, attempts have been made by the

Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, to obtain convictions against the proprietors of certain grounds where rabbit-coursing is practised; but, hitherto, these attempts have failed, owing to the apparent difficulty of bringing the sport under the head of either betting or baiting. Clearly, it is as cruel and demoralising as cock-fighting, which has long since been declared illegal. We earnestly hope that the law, which interferes to prevent the slaughter of rats in a pit by dogs, will, ere long, interpose on behalf of the rabbit, and effectually put a stop to the disgusting scenes which may now be witnessed, almost daily, in the outskirts of nearly every town throughout Lancashire.

The rabbit-coursing being over, we turn to the next amusement, the great match between Bill Shuttle and Dick Spriggs, alias the Flying Cobbler of Oldham, who are to run a 'level quarter' (that is, a quarter of a mile on equal terms) for twenty-five pounds a side. This is indeed an important event, for is not Shuttle champion of the world—that is, of the British Isles—at this distance; and do not men stand aghast at the temerity of the Cobbler, in thus daring to encounter the redoubtable Bill upon level terms, without the advantage of a start, which he might probably have had for the asking? The affair has caused quite a furor of excitement among the denizens of that lower sporting world in which we, for the nonce, are moving; and a glance around us shews a vast increase in the numbers of the crowd behind the palings. The gray-capped men are now decidedly in the minority; and although the bulk of those present bear the visible imprint of the rough in their faces and persons, it is the rough of the town, not of the colliery village, who now predominates.

Here and there in the throng may be seen a fashionably dressed individual, who, with doubtless a strong hankering after sport of any kind, has found his way to the Royal Retreat, attracted hither by the fame of Shuttle, and the growing repute of his daring rival, Spriggs. With the crowd mingle a number of young fellows, whose jaunty bearing, closely cropped heads, and highly polished clogs, bespeak the crack professional runner. Sporting publicans, fast-looking tradesmen, racing-men, bookmakers, all are here, for, though the rough proper affects pedestrianism hugely, he has by no means a monopoly of the sport, which, in its higher branches, is patronised by men much weightier in the social scale than he.

A slight bustle among the crowd, a murmur of many voices, 'That's him! that's Shuttle!' and two men pass through the wicket gate to enter the inclosure. There is no mistaking their identity. The shaven face, short hair, and springy gait, all mark the trained athlete, to say nothing of the heavy wraps and the inevitable clogs. His companion is a flashily attired man, whose heavy watch-guard, showy rings, and horse-shoe breast-pin, seem to indicate comfortable, if not wealthy circumstances. This is the champion's 'master,' a well-known sporting publican, by whom, as is the custom in the pedestrian world, he is maintained without working, who finds the money for his matches, who backs him, and according to whose orders he wins or loses his races, as may be most profitable.

Another stir among the people, another murmur of voices, and the Cobbler, with the individual



who, in his case, unites the double offices of trainer and chief backer, passes into the inclosure, to go through the never-to-be-omitted ceremony of pacing over the course. Like his antagonist, the Cobbler is carefully muffled up, and, though a smaller man, the salient features in his *personnel* are closely akin to those of the great runner. He too has been under the hands of both barber and tonsor, and he too wears the well-blackened clogs, without which the equipment of the north-country pedestrian would be incomplete. His mentor, though sufficiently well dressed in a suit of dark tweed, lacks the ornaments and appendages that adorn the outward man of Shuttle's patron, and, indeed, is altogether of another stamp—quiet and unpretending of aspect, yet with a keen professional air, nevertheless, as is but seeming, for, although now a licensed victualler, was he not in his day a champion among champions, and does not his fame survive and flourish in the annals of the fleet of foot?

To make the circuit of the course—over one-third of a mile—requires some time, and, meanwhile, the leathern-lunged bookmakers are loudly proclaiming a desire to do business on the pending race. Shuttle is favourite in the betting; and the shouts of 'Six to four on Shuttle! Does anybody want to back the Cobbler? I'll lay six to four against this Spriggs—six to four! six to four!' are positively deafening. It seems, however, that nobody does want to back the Cobbler—at any rate, not at so short a price as six to four; so, in despair of finding customers on these terms, the men on the stools, making a virtue of necessity, concede a point, and 'Seven to four!' is now the cry. This is better; and Spriggs now finds supporters, who think seven to four against his chance worth taking, as, after all, he *may* win, and there is always the chapter of accidents to trust to. By this, the runners have accomplished their march round, and now retire to the disrobing-rooms, to prepare for action. Half an hour (profitably employed by the bettors) elapses before they reappear at the wicket, stepping gingerly on their toes, for spiked shoes are not pleasant to walk in. Each is enveloped in a long greatcoat, is attended by his backer and a professional friend, and proceeds forthwith to the starting-post, on the far side of the ground. Here the ceremony of tossing for choice of position is gone through. The Cobbler wins, and takes the inside of the track, which will give him an advantage at each bend in the course, provided he can get the lead and keep it so far. The race will end opposite the stand, and here, breast high, a worsted thread is stretched across the track. This is the 'tape' to be breasted by the winner; and here the referee, a shrewd, sharp-looking man, proprietor of the Royal Retreat, will presently take his post. Just now, he is at the starting-point with the competitors. And now, all preliminaries completed, the men removing coats, and stripping off flannels, stand revealed in racing trim—nude save for a pair of scanty drawers about the loins. The finishing touches, in the shape of a brisk rubbing of the legs and bodies, are administered by the attendants, and the athletes step forward on to the 'mark' (the leathern-lunged ones are now bawling, 'Two to one on Shuttle!'), while the starter, pistol in hand, places himself in the rear. Each with arm outstretched and leg advanced, the runners poise themselves, steady as

rocks, on the mark. A moment's breathless pause—a tiny puff of smoke—a sharp crack—a hoarse roar of many voices, 'They're off!'—the white motionless forms spring forward simultaneously into life, and the race has begun. Twenty pair of keen eyes have been straining for a glimpse of the puff of bluish smoke from the pistol, and with its appearance a score of stop-watches have been started by practised hands, to 'time' the duration of the struggle just begun.

The Cobbler, on the inside of the track, makes the running at a tremendous pace, and dashing at once to the front, leads by three or four yards round the first corner. At the next bend, he is yet farther in advance, and as he enters the 'straight' five yards ahead of his opponent, his supporters wax loud and jubilant, and a storm of shouts, cheers, and yells bursts from the excited multitude. 'Th' Cobbler wins! th' Cobbler wins! It's all over! Shuttle's licked!' &c. &c. The friends of that wary veteran, however, nod confidently one to another, knowing well that their man is running to orders, and is merely biding his time. And so it proves, for, a hundred and fifty yards from the goal, the hero of a hundred contests, for the first time letting himself fairly out, races up to the doomed Cobbler, already faltering in his stride, shoots past him like a flash, and, easing slightly towards the finish, dashes through the tape, a winner by half-a-dozen yards. The yelling mob, wild with excitement, surges over the palings, and disperses over the green and running-path; hats are thrown up by gleeful owners; pigeons are released, to carry the news into remote villages; the victorious Shuttle is borne to the dressing-room on the shoulders of his triumphant partisans, while the exhausted Cobbler—whose 'vaulting ambition hath overleaped itself'—with his coat hastily flung upon his back, is led away, to swallow the bitter pill of disappointed aspirations, and to reflect at his leisure upon the vanity of human wishes.

'What ha' they dun?' says a fellow at our elbow, with a glance at the stop-watch which a companion is about to return to his pocket.

'Fifty-one and a half' is the reply; from which we learn that the conquering Shuttle has run the four hundred and forty yards in fifty-one and a half seconds—fast time, but by no means the 'fastest on record' for the distance. And now, the race over, bets paid and received, the majority of the spectators are departing; so, not being greatly interested in what are to be the next doings, we depart, making some reflections on the phase of human life that has come under our notice.

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# CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

OF

POPULAR

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

*Fourth Series*

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS.

No. 591.

SATURDAY, APRIL 24, 1875.

PRICE 1½d.

## ANIMAL VOLUNTEERS.

IN the course of duty, I have several times a day to pass a cavalry barrack gates, with an entrance to the hospital on the opposite side of the road. Not long since, I observed a rather handsome-looking shaggy terrier standing beside the sentry who was posted at the gate of the latter. At the first glance, one might have concluded that the animal belonged to the soldier on guard, but as he is relieved every two hours, it could not be the property of them all. Still, he remained for several days together, except at brief intervals, when, I suppose, it was needful to seek refreshment. At last, I inquired of the sentry if he knew whether the dog had a master in the regiment.

'No, sir,' replied he; 'but I'm thinking he wants to enlist. Dogs often come to us in this way.'

Whether that particular candidate for a military course of life had his wish gratified, I cannot say, for I lost sight of him. There are also instances of dogs which quit the service of a private owner, and enter that of the public, of their own free-will and accord.

A soldier's wife once appealed to an officer for the price of a shoulder of mutton, which she said his dog had stolen from her. 'I assure you, my good woman,' replied he, 'that dog has never once been in my quarters for the last six months, nor has he taken the least notice of me. He was well fed, and comfortably lodged; but as he prefers to be on his own hook, I really cannot be answerable for such a vagabond's doings.' This was literally true. For the sake of liberty, the animal chose rather to put up with a precarious kind of living among the children, or the chance of a feast, now and then, by predatory means, than submit to the restraint of confinement, to which it would have been to a certain extent subjected by its owner. By way of extenuation, however, let me say, it was currently reported, that instead of claiming the value of a shoulder of mutton, it should have been the 'remains' of one, and no great loss either, it was generally believed.

When the 'Spankers' were in the Crimea—they were light dragoons in those days, and not hussars, as at present—a large dog, I don't exactly know of what breed, but universally admired for beauty and intelligence, attached himself to that particular corps. Wherever the regiment marched, he invariably accompanied the troopers. Several times he went into action, and was once seriously wounded with the point of a lance. It would have been universally regretted had poor Luffin's wound proved fatal. One of the farriers undertook to dress it, so that, with a little care, he soon got well again. Where the dog came from, or who was his original owner, nobody knew. He would never follow an individual soldier beyond the barrack gates, however kindly he might be invited; but when the men were in full dress, whether mounted or on foot, provided they went out in a body, Luffin insisted on taking up his proper position. One thing was very remarkable—he had sufficient discernment to enable him to distinguish a 'church parade' from any other. He never shewed any desire to attend public worship.

At the beginning of his military career, he had to pick up his living as best he could. He was accustomed at meal-times to go from hut to hut, or amongst the tents, when the men were under canvas. In some of these habitations he met with good treatment, and a supply of food; but from others he was not unfrequently summarily and ignominiously ejected. However, Luffin in course of time was allowed regular rations at the regimental expense, towards which all the members of a corps contributed a share, from the colonel to the drummer. The noble animal must have been aware of his promotion, for it was observed that he never went 'a-begging' after. One of Luffin's marks of high intelligence I cannot personally vouch for, but I have been assured of its truth. It was said, and generally believed, that he was in the constant habit of visiting the sentries during the night, especially in the Crimea, to see if the men were at their post, and on the alert. The reader must be told that, during a campaign, the troops are often so

much harassed and fatigued that sentries will occasionally fall asleep as they stand—an act, however, which is looked upon as one of the gravest of military offences. If Luffin found a man asleep, he sat before him in silence; but the slightest sound of approaching footsteps was sufficient to make him apprise the sleeper of the danger to which he was exposed. He would then trot off to the next post, where he scarcely halted if convinced that all was well. I am glad to be able to record the fact, that his faithful services, in due time, obtained for Luffin the respect of every member of the corps. It would have been a high misdemeanour to offer him any indignity.

Much that I have said in praise of Luffin may be properly applied to another Crimean hero called Jerry, belonging to the King's Royal Irish Hussars, whose services were estimated so highly, that a medal was bestowed upon him as a just reward, and invested with which, he afterwards ordinarily appeared in front of the regiment. When that gallant corps, on its return to Ireland, was publicly entertained by the citizens of Dublin, some doubt was expressed as to whether Jerry was eligible to become a guest; upon which the men declared, that unless their canine comrade made one of the party, they themselves would not put in an appearance. So, in the end, he shared the honour of a public banquet. Subsequently, this faithful animal went out to India, and accompanied the regiment through all the dangers of the great mutiny; but, during one of their marches, the poor fellow strayed into a jungle, and was never heard of afterwards.

Princess Charlotte of Wales's regiment had once a poodle whose hind-quarters were shaved once a week, and its whole body submitted to the process of being pipe-clayed, which gave the animal a clean and smart appearance. It seems, however, that the dog's particular attachment was to the band, with which it always marched, and was at all times on terms of amity with the white coats, especially the drummers, who were privileged to take all sorts of liberty in their treatment of him; at the same time, he would countenance no liberty whatever on the part of the red jackets, whether officers or men.

Many years since, the Princess of Wales's (Yorkshire) Hussars possessed a regimental dog which joined them at Ripon, and regularly marched to York for eight days' training, during which time he attended every drill and went daily to the field, where he charged in front of the squadrons with as much smartness as could be exhibited on the part of the best yeoman in that famous corps.

The gallant Welsh Fusiliers, as was noticed by us twelve months ago, are noted for a white goat which accompanies the regiment. The goat that was with the corps in Ashantee having there died, Her Majesty made a present of another animal of the same description. We may be sure the gift will be highly prized, and popularly appreciated in its military capacity.

The Queen's Own Hussars have a goat—or at least they had very recently—which curiously enough seemed to prefer the vicinity of the hospital to the barrack-yard. Billy, though a general favourite, was occasionally troublesome. For instance, in hot weather it is necessary that the doors of the barrack church should be left open for the benefit of ventilation. At such times he had a decided opinion that he should be allowed to join the congregation. Now, had he been quiet, there would have been no strong objection to his being indulged so far; instead, however, of behaving with decorum suited to the occasion, he would walk about on the wooden floor, which caused a considerable clatter. If by chance he came in the way of a trooper against whom he might have had a grievance, he would butt at him, causing thereby such disturbance as made it necessary for him to be forcibly ejected. Instead of taking such a rebuke, which was usually accompanied with sundry cuffs and blows, in a proper spirit, he would deliberately walk round to the officers' entrance, and go into the church again as coolly as if his previous manners had been most praiseworthy.

'Orderly,' said the adjutant at the close of the service, 'see that the goat is shut up on a Sunday morning for the future.'

'Yes, sir,' was the reply.

'It's my opinion,' said one of the men, when the parade was dismissed, 'that Billy attracted more attention than the chaplain.'

'I could hardly keep my countenance,' observed another.

On one occasion, Billy attended the funeral of a soldier belonging to the regiment, with the band, who played the *Dead March*, and a firing-party, to discharge three volleys over the grave of the deceased at the close of the burial service. There, in strong contrast with his behaviour at church, it was quite affecting to observe how serious he was in manner and deportment. He seemed to take an intense interest in the whole proceeding, and walked to the edge of the grave, into which he peered for some time, as if pondering on the common end of mortality. Billy was a genuine volunteer. He followed the regiment of his own accord whilst on the march through an Indian village, and continued on the route for some hundreds of miles. Embarking with the troops when they left for home, he has never deserted the regiment from that hour to this.

During the Crimean war, a goat was sent to the 8th Hussars, for the purpose of being slaughtered, and served out as rations to the men. They however preferred to be on short commons for the day, in order that the animal's life might be spared; and under the circumstances we can readily conceive that, as it was a gentle, playful creature, great care and good treatment were bestowed upon it by all hands. It came with the troops to England, and remained with the depot during the absence of the regiment in India, lived to witness its return, and is with it, I believe, to the present hour.

A battalion of the Rifle Brigade had formerly a pair of beautiful gazelles, which I have frequently seen at Windsor marching in front of the band with perfect military precision of step. They looked quite proud of their position, for they carried their heads as erect as any smart young

subaltern could do, and affected, like him, to be unobservant of any passing admiration. The ready manner in which they went through their duty, in the absence of the slightest restraint, shews how kindly they must have taken to the service.

The 7th Hussars, on their last return from India, brought with them a fine antelope, which, though faithfully attached to military life, I am sorry to say did not manifest a very amiable disposition towards society in general. Whilst he never molested a soldier in uniform, he would sometimes make attacks on civilians and even officers belonging to the regiment, when in plain clothes. I never heard that he committed any serious injury. The climate of England was unfavourable to his constitution. When last I saw him he frequented the ante-room of the mess-quarters, in order to bask in front of the fire. Our winters were too cold for our Indian-bred friend, and so, to the sorrow of the regiment, he fell a victim to consumption.

Elephants have a decided liking for military life. Various regiments whilst serving in the East have had such an animal, which often rendered good service to corps to which he might be attached. The King's Rangers at one time were in possession of a fine male of enormous size, which for many years was never once absent from parade. As soon as the bugles sounded he would walk majestically to the place of muster, and take up his position at the right of the column. If the mahout or driver presented himself, the elephant would lift him on to his shoulders by means of his trunk, and evidently without the slightest effort to himself; but, if left to his own unaided intelligence, he obeyed the ordinary words of command without ever making a mistake, such as: 'Right face,' 'March,' 'Mark time,' 'Halt.' He insisted at all times on giving help to the men whenever they were engaged in loading or unloading baggage, and was evidently pleased to be allowed to make himself generally useful. When the wagons were impeded on the march, as it not unfrequently happened, Jock was duly sensible of his own importance, for by his enormous strength he would push a heavy load up a steep declivity, which six or eight oxen failed to do without his assistance.

It happened that the Rangers were suddenly ordered to embark for China, and there was no accommodation for taking Jock on shipboard. To the great disappointment of the men, the authorities decided that he should be left in India. He was however permitted to accompany the regiment as far as the quay, to watch the troops as they went on board, many of whom had a parting word of kindness for their old comrade. 'Good-bye, old man'—'Poor old Jock'—were repeated with many variations, both by officers and men. Meanwhile the animal watched the proceedings with great apparent interest, as if wondering when his own turn would come to go on board. But when the vessel steamed off and left him ashore, he became frantic with rage and disappointment. It had been proposed that he should be transferred to another corps, but he most persistently refused to have anything to do with it. Neither the coaxing nor the threats of his mahout were of any avail. Though he had previously manifested the gentlest disposition, he now threateningly withstood all kindly advances on the part of his would-be comrades, and at length, so savage did he become, that it was deemed expedient to place him in con-

finement. Even the mahout himself was several times placed in a very awkward predicament, and on one occasion barely escaped with his life. No means could be found to assuage the grief or to calm the anger of this faithful creature, who so constantly mourned the loss of his friends. But in little less than two years the Rangers came back to their old quarters, and were informed of the melancholy change which had come over their old comrade.

'No go near—no touch, sahib; he strike hard,' said the mahout; 'he kill.'

'Why, Jock, my boy,' said a young officer, formerly one of his special friends, 'why, what's the matter?'

The animal pricked up his ears, and instantly recognised the voice, which was proved by his manifesting unmistakable signs and sounds of joy. It was quite affecting to see, when once more he was permitted freely to repair to the parade-ground, with what kindly recognition he embraced many of his companions, placing his trunk tenderly on their neck and shoulders. I need hardly say he was at once reinstated in his old regimental post, the duties of which he recommenced to discharge, as if no interruption had taken place.

The most singular creature I ever knew was a bear, a special pet amongst the 'Jolly Birds.' It was excellent fun to see him at play with the band boys, who would often get into his kennel, and keep him outside by means of a shutter, which slid up and down, whilst some of their companions would dodge about, as if joining with him in the game of 'hide-and-seek.' With some of the men, he would stand on his hinder feet, and pretend to box or wrestle, but all in good part, for, considering that he was really a bear, he was remarkably good-tempered. One night after watch-setting he managed to slip the staple from the post which held him fast, and wandered at large about the square, dragging his chain after him.

It happened at the same time that some recruiting sergeants were quartered in the same barracks. One of these came in with a pass at half-past eleven o'clock, that is to say, he had permission to stay out until that hour. He had been 'beating up' recruits for the service, so no one took any notice of his being slightly intoxicated. He was admitted at the gate, surrendered his pass to the sergeant of the guard, bade the sentry good-night, and proceeded towards his quarters. Being an Irishman, he had as rich a brogue as could be desired. He had not gone far before he came to an instant halt, and cried: 'Who goes there?' A dark figure was seen, like that of a man crawling on all-fours in the distance. 'Spake!' shouted the sergeant, 'or—I wouldn't mind if I'd my rifle and a ball cartridge in it. Spake, I tell ye, or I'll fire!'

Suddenly, the figure stood erect but a few yards from him, and displayed an appearance which, to his imagination, seemed like that of a mysterious personage from another sphere.

'That,' said he afterwards, 'was a fresher for me. It put out the fire of drink in my brain jist all at once. But sorra, sorra! I thought it was my end that was a-coming. If, sis I, I took Pat O'Conlin's baccey, I'll restore it to 'im in the mornin' wid an ounce more for the use of it.'

During this time, he had been dodging 'the foul fiend,' as he called it, along the piazzas, and

cutting round the columns, to elude pursuit from the enemy.

The animal at length seized him, and gave him some ugly grips, at which he shouted 'Murder!' at the pitch of his voice.

Fortunately, a sentry, who had been accustomed to the animal, came at that moment to the rescue, to the great relief of his Irish comrade. He was not so much hurt as one might expect. His sides by his own account were very sore, but he went about his work the next day, when there was a good deal of amusement at his expense.

'Have you returned O'Conlin his baccy?' demanded a comrade.

'Indeed, I haven't, sir; for, when I came to think of it, I remembered I never took it at all!'

### WALTER'S WORD.

#### CHAPTER XXXIII.—BRIGAND DISCIPLINE.

It is only the old to whom 'the clouds return after the rain,' to whom misfortune is but the prelude to misfortune, and no sunshine illumines the interval; with the young, the sun is always shining, ready to take advantage of the passing cloud, or to pierce through its less heavy folds, even as it intervenes. Within one hour of Corrali's departure, Walter Litton had his sketch-book out, and was pencilling the picturesque surroundings of his prison, not without some sense of pleasure in the employment. Curiously enough, the brigands had robbed him of nothing, but only convinced themselves that he carried no weapons of offence. He knew that this forbearance was not usual with them, that, in ordinary cases, his watch and chain would have at once been added to the profuse adornments of his captors' persons; and that this had not been done, gave him additional disquiet, for it shewed that Corrali & Co. were bent upon some great coup, in which all minor considerations were merged, as of no account. That this project could not be connected with himself alone, was certain; for even if the amount which the chief had set his ransom at could be forthcoming, it was but a small sum, as ransoms went; and, indeed, that would have been only another reason why they would have taken all they could. He had an idea, too, that, considering their slender expectations from his capture, he had been treated with unusual tenderness and consideration. However, now that he was at work with his pencil, all these reflections were in abeyance; he was only thinking what a fine model Colletta would have made in Beech Street, where he could not have shifted his position three times a minute, as he was now doing, as he leaned up against a pine tree and watched the gamblers. He was a magnificent fellow, with a long pointed beard, and, except for an expression of interest now lighting up his soft black eyes, as the gold clinked, might have been elder brother to Francisco. He was by far the tallest of the band, and probably, except Corbara, the most physically powerful; but he had a delicate skin, and that was why he kept rubbing himself, as cattle do, and I believe for a similar reason, against the pine. It would have been a satisfaction to Walter, had he not been in their immediate neighbourhood, to reflect that all these scoundrels were overrun with fleas, and worse.

'It is wonderful!' said a musical voice (redolent of garlic) beside him; 'I have seen nothing like it since I beheld the altar-piece at Termini.'

The speaker was Santoro, who, peering over his shoulder, was regarding his little sketch with a look of intense admiration. Walter did not think very much of provincial altar-pieces in Sicily (judging from what he had seen of those in its metropolis), but this natural incense was acceptable, nevertheless.

'It would be better worth your attention if your friend would stand still,' said Walter, smiling.

'Why does he not join the game, like the others?' 'We are forbidden—he and I—to do so.'

'Oh, I see; for fear I should give you the slip.'

'Yes, signor; you see' (this apologetically) 'one is obliged to obey orders. Would it be asking too much, when you have done with Colletta, if you would do a picture of me?'

'By all means,' answered Walter good-naturedly.

'Never mind Colletta; if you will stand quiet, or, better still, sit down, I will do it at once.'

'I must trouble the signor to sit down also,' replied the other hesitatingly. 'You see, one is obliged'—

His sense of duty, struggling with the desire to conciliate, was most amusing to behold; nor did it escape Walter's quick eye, that, in taking up his position, the brigand took care to present his face in profile, so that the scar which disfigured one half of it was scarcely to be discerned.

'This portrait is for your lady-love, I presume?' said Walter.

'Yes, signor; for Lavocca,' answered the other, in grave low tones, and with an uneasy glance over his shoulder at his companions.

'And who is Lavocca?' asked Walter, not so much from curiosity, as to secure a good sitting; he had now guessed the reason of Santoro's exceptional reserve and silence—for when they were not absolutely menaced with danger, the brigands, as a rule, were as noisy as boys just let loose from school; this gentleman was consumed by the tender passion.

'Lavocca is the attendant of Joanna, signor, and her dearest friend.'

'And who—' Hold your head a little less stiffly, my good fellow.' Here the thought struck Walter, that the last person whom his pencil had sketched—alas, how different, and under what different circumstances!—was Lilian, and somehow the reflection made him feel a kindness for this poor sufferer, charged with the task of shooting him, if he ran a yard, and yet, who had tender hopes of his own, with perhaps as slender chances of their fulfilment as himself. 'And who is Joanna?'

Santoro opened his dark eyes to their full stretch. The question was evidently as extraordinary to him as though some benighted being, on hearing mention of the pope, had inquired: 'And who is the pope?'

'Joanna—surely the signor must have heard—is the captain's sister: the handsomest woman I ever saw—save one; but'— Here he threw his hands up, instead of finishing the sentence.

'Ah, with a devil of a temper, I suppose?' said Walter. 'Some handsome women are troubled in that way.'

His tone was careless, but in reality he had become greatly interested; for, from what Francisco had told him about this woman, it was probable

that Lilian herself might at this moment be in her custody.

'Temper, yes. Why, the captain himself is at times afraid of her. How Lavocca can put up with it, astonishes me; but she says her mistress has a good heart; indeed, she is both kind and generous; and there is no doubt that she has been cruelly tried. When one is young, and things go hard with one, that makes the blood run wrong for the rest of one's life, you see.'

'It is too likely, Santoro. But would you mind telling me her story?'

'Lavocca's story, signor?' inquired the other with simplicity, and a blush upon his dishonest cheek.

'No, no; I would not venture to be so inquisitive. I wish to hear about Joanna, and this captain of yours, of whom everybody knows the history, it seems, but myself.'

'Well, the captain—though you would never imagine it from his grand airs—was at one time but a poor farm-servant. Much intercourse with gentlemen such as yourself, and even great milords, who have been his guests from time to time, as well as his own high position—here the brigand drew himself up, as though he too, if not the rose (which, in the literal sense, he was most certainly not), was near the rose—'have made him what he is; but at nineteen he was just a farmer's boy, such as one may meet any day in the fields down yonder, except that he had a noble soul.'

'That is a fine thing to have,' observed Walter dryly.

'True, signor; it makes one independent of everything: a man who possesses it is a king, and knows himself equal to kings. Whereupon, it came about that Rocco Corrali fell in love with his master's daughter. He was not to blame for that, you will allow; if he had been of the same rank, nobody would have blamed him; but as it was, complexities arose. The brothers of the girl fell upon him with their knives, and left him for dead.

'What! merely for being smitten by their sister's charms? Is it not possible that they may have led him into some imprudence?'

'Perhaps,' returned Santoro, with a judicial air; 'it must be confessed that that has been said. His body was taken into the church, to be left till morning; but in the night he revived, and dragged himself to the mountains, where there were some fine fellows like ourselves, who received him gladly. Among us, there is a field for merit, and the best man is nearly certain to come uppermost.'

'Corbara, for example,' said Walter slyly. 'Do you think yourself a worse man than Corbara, or less fit to govern? I am quite sure Lavocca does not.'

'Well, well; of course, everything is not perfect even up in the mountains! Please Heaven, Corbara will be shot some day, and it will be better for such as you, signor, when it happens.'

'Corbara is a brute, I suppose?' observed Walter carelessly.

'Yes, indeed; or if he is a man, he has no heart. He would always rather have blood than ransom. As for me, I have no cause to love him, since I owe him this,' and he touched the scar that furrowed his left cheek from eye to chin. 'It was a fair fight enough—we had a duel—but then one can't forget such things.'

'And yet you must obey him, or men like him,' said Walter softly, 'and be a witness to his vile brutalities. Now; supposing it were possible that I could procure your pardon, as well as fill your pockets'—

'It is useless, signor,' interrupted the other coldly; 'such propositions have been made to me before to-day. You are about to propose some scheme of escape.'

'No, indeed; I have no such intention: I merely wished to know if the opportunity of living another sort of life—with Lavocca—should offer itself to you'—

'It never will, it never can.—Thousand devils! why should we talk of such matters?' broke in the brigand impatiently. 'We were speaking of Corrali. Well, in course of time he became captain of the band. It was not in that year, nor in the next, but however long it was, he had not forgotten upon the mountain what had happened down yonder. One Sunday morning, when the folks were all in the village church in which he had been left for dead, he descended with his men, and surrounded it. The congregation were made to file before him. Two of the brothers of Carmina (that was the girl's name) were among them; those he slew with his own hand, and three others who had crouched behind the altar were shot down. Then he went to the house of his old master, and stabbed him to the heart; and carried off the girl with him into the mountains.'

'What an infernal monster!' ejaculated Walter.

The brigand shrugged his shoulders. 'It was unfortunate that the family were so numerous, but it was necessary to be revenged. However, Carmina never took to him, in consequence of what he had done; and after a few months—it is sad to think of it, considering how fond they had once been of one another—he shot her, in a fit of exasperation.'

It was with difficulty that Walter restrained himself from expressing his abhorrence not only of this narration, but of the narrator himself, who could speak of such things with such calmness and indifference; but he made no comment beyond a gesture of disgust. 'And what is the story of Joanna?' inquired he.

'Well, Joanna's case was, as it were, the reverse of Carmina's; she, too, was in farm-service, and solicited by her master's son, whose affection she did not return. Some say she stabbed him, but Lavocca, whom I believe before anybody, denies that it was so. It was more probably the captain that did it, whom Joanna had informed of her persecutions. At all events, she joined the band, and Lavocca, who was her inseparable companion, did likewise. They did not come, you must understand, signor, as women mostly do, who take of their own free-will to our mountain life, after their lovers.'

'I see. Joanna could not well have come without Lavocca, who, to keep her company, sacrificed her own prospects "down yonder"—Walter had already fallen into the brigand habit of describing all scenes of civilised life by those two words. 'It is no wonder that she is Joanna's friend.'

'Indeed, she has a right to be so considered, signor, even though Joanna is a great lady. Talk of merit. There is a woman for you! She can shoot and swim, run like a deer, cook like an angel, and is withal so beautiful! Should anything happen

to Corrali, I, for one, should range myself under her command—not this one's,' and he jerked his finger contemptuously towards Corbara, who was still shrieking curses against his ill-luck.

'And notwithstanding all these accomplishments,' inquired Walter, 'is Joanna womanly and tender towards those persons who fall into her brother's hands?'

'Well, she has an eye for a handsome fellow, it is said, whether he be bond or free,' answered Santoro, laughing; 'but that is what men are sure to say in any case.'

Whether this man had wilfully misunderstood his question, being unwilling to give Joanna the cruel character she might deserve, or whether any other sort of tenderness than that he referred to was altogether out of Santoro's consideration, Walter could not determine. The information he had received was indeed but vague and general, but with that, for the present, he thought it prudent to be content. To exhibit curiosity was, in brigands' eyes, Francisco had once told him, to be plotting, and though Santoro seemed friendly disposed he had a stolid sense of professional duty, and it would be dangerous to excite his suspicions. 'If Joanna likes handsome men, Santoro, you give her this,' said Walter gravely, handing his companion the little portrait which he had now finished.

The delight of Santoro at this counterfeit presentment of himself, as he probably considered it, though it must be confessed Walter had taken care to flatter him, was extreme, and could only be likened to that of a savage who first sees himself in a mirror: his expressions of admiration were so loud that they attracted not only his mate Colletta, but the gamblers themselves, who came crowding about him, like children at a peep-show.

'Wonderful!' 'Fine!' 'Excellent!' One would have thought that no one had sketched the human figure since Michael Angelo's time.

'What is all this about?' broke in the rough tones of Corbara. He plucked the portrait from the hand of its original, and made as though he would have torn it in pieces.

'Stop!' cried Santoro in a voice shrill with passion; his musket, fortunately for his foe, was not within reach, but his hand sought the knife in his girdle. The next minute, a blow from the lieutenant's pistol-stock levelled him, stunned and bleeding, to the ground. If the onslaught had been less violent, and Santoro had been able to take his own part in the matter, it is possible that he might have gained the victory over his superior, for the feelings of the great majority of the band were clearly with him. They had even supplemented, as it were, his 'Stop!' with several cries expressive of disapprobation at Corbara's meditated act of vandalism. But now that the man was down who might have proved their ringleader, authority was paramount, and neither tongue nor finger stirred in rebellion against it. Only Colletta quietly brought a handful of half-melted snow, and, kneeling down beside his fallen comrade, proceeded to wipe the blood from his unconscious face. Nevertheless, it seemed to strike the bull-necked lieutenant that discipline had been sufficiently vindicated, and that even some sort of apology might be expected of him.

'This rubbish here,' said he, still holding the sketch in his left hand, 'is either worthless or

dangerous. If it resembles the man, it is clear that it may be used to identify him, should this English dog ever gain his liberty. Would it be for your advantage if he took a portrait of every one of you, and stuck them up in Palermo, so that the soldiers should know you wherever you moved? If, on the other hand, it is not like him, it is of no value to any one.'

The logic might have been incontrovertible, but it waked no sound of approbation; for the fact was, that every one of the party had been privately bent on getting his own portrait done in the same style.

'What you suggest might have had some sense, Corbara,' observed Walter boldly, 'had I intended to keep the sketch for myself; but I had given it to Santoro, and am willing to do the same for any one else who has a fancy for having his portrait taken, and a mistress to whom to send it.'

He rightly guessed that it was a point of honour with these gentry that each should suppose himself, or at least have it supposed, that he was the object of some young woman's devotion; but in this case he had unconsciously hit a particular nail on the head, and sent it home. It was well known among the band that the lieutenant was an unsuccessful suitor for Lavocca's affections; and Walter's speech at once suggested to them that Corbara's wish to destroy the picture, as well as his subsequent arguments, had arisen from jealousy; a passion in regard to which they themselves were as tinder to flame, but which amused them, when manifested in another, beyond everything.

'Come, come, lieutenant,' said one, 'what the signor says is reasonable enough; we need only shew the pictures to whom we like—and who like us.'

'Yes, and when shall we have such another chance?' pleaded another. 'It is not as though we could go into the towns, and get our pictures taken by the sun for half a ducat, like those who live down yonder.'

Walter did not trouble himself to listen to these arguments, or to the lieutenant's reply to them; he had found it hard enough to give the man the few civil words which he had bestowed upon him, with that spectacle of his brutality—the prostrate form of the unlucky Santoro—before his eyes. Now, he had knelt down by the side of Colletta, and was assisting him in his simple ministrations to the wounded man. His impulse had been to spring at Corbara's throat, and do him such mischief as a moment's fury could effect; but he had mastered it, and wisely. It would have been a Quixotic act indeed to bring death upon himself (for Corbara would to a certainty have killed him), and perhaps fail in saving others, because one rogue was brutal and unjust to another. Still, Santoro had been friendly towards him, and he was not going to withhold the hand of sympathy from him, for fear of this insolent bully. As it happened, therefore, it was upon Walter's pitying face that the eyes of the poor brigand first opened upon his regaining consciousness.

'The picture!' murmured he. 'Where is the picture for Lavocca?'

'You shall have it, or another,' said Walter comfortingly. '—Have you brandy?' inquired he of Canelli, whom the condition of the wounded man appeared to interest, not from tenderness of heart, but because blood had a natural attraction for him. 'It will be the best medicine for your friend.'

'I have a little,' returned the juvenile homicide stolidly—'about as much as I want for myself. He shall have a drain of it, however, if you will draw my picture.'

So it seemed that Lieutenant Corbara had taken off his embargo upon art, and had graciously permitted his men to sit to Walter.

This permission was of no slight advantage to the prisoner, both immediate and remote, for not only did it put him on amiable terms with his patrons, but when the hour for the mid-day meal arrived, and with it only loaves of black bread, without even the *raccolta* of the previous evening, he found *his* loaf had been filled by some grateful hand with pieces of broiled kid. It was a contribution, Colletta whispered to him, from his sitters generally, but of which he was to say nothing, because of Corbara, who would otherwise have deprived him of it; and he enjoyed it hugely, and none the less because he gave a share of it to Santoro. The poor fellow was little the worse for his maltreatment—the blow had fortunately fallen upon his skull—and seemed in no way to resent it. Punishment under authority, as Walter had more than one occasion to observe, was not looked upon as an indignity among brigands, though they were quick enough to avenge an insult.

After dinner, the disadvantages of open-air life became very perceptible, in the shape of a driving rain, from which, in their elevated situation, there was but little shelter. It was intensely cold, and yet the brigands dared light no fire, for fear of announcing the position of the camp to the soldiers. Nothing was to be done but for all (save the sentinels) to wrap themselves up in their capotes, and huddle together as close as sheep frightened by a dog. His companions, accustomed to sleep in the daytime, and move at night, soon forgot their discomforts in slumber; but Walter was not so fortunate. He lay for hours listening to the sough of the wind, the swish of the rain, and had, as it seemed to him, only just fallen asleep, when a kick on the leg awoke him, accompanied by a rough order to 'get up.' It was fine overhead, though by no means clear, and the moon was rising, by the light of which—though the manner of his summons would have sufficiently established the man's identity—he perceived Corbara, his musket sloped over his shoulder, and evidently prepared for departure.

'Santoro,' said this worthy, in tones that he endeavoured to make conciliatory, 'you are still an invalid, it seems' (and indeed the poor fellow, with his broken head, bandaged with a napkin, through which much blood had flowed, looked by no means able-bodied); 'so you will be excused from your attendance on the prisoner, and command in camp in my absence. Canelli will take your place upon the march.'

'Pardon me, lieutenant,' answered he firmly; 'I am quite well now, and have received my orders direct from the captain; and I mean to obey them. Strike me again'—for Corbara was already feeling for his pistol, the barrel of which seemed as familiar to his fingers as the trigger doubtless was—'and you will have to settle with him the Who-shall-be-Master question a second time.'

Even by that dim light, Walter could see the lieutenant turn yellow with rage: the allusion was evidently a very bitter one, and yet one which he dared not resent.

'I shall have a word or two to say to the captain about you, my fine fellow,' was his sole rejoinder.

'Just so; that is one of the reasons why I intend to accompany you, lieutenant. It is only right he should hear both sides.'

'I believe you to be half a traitor,' answered Corbara fiercely. 'You are quite unfit to be trusted with the care of a prisoner, you who receive gifts at his hands, and make yourself his friend. You require some one to look after *you*, and Canelli shall do it.'

At these words, the young recruit stepped up, gun in hand, with a malevolent grin, and stationed himself on Santoro's left. It was an indignity, as Walter could perceive, which touched his old body-guard to the quick, who, next to Corbara, was the senior member of the band; but he said nothing. About a dozen brigands had been selected for the expedition, the rest remaining in camp. At the word 'March!' given in quite a military style, they set out; but there was not much marching, in the ordinary sense. The ground did not even permit of a foot-pace; it was so steep that they had to run, except where the brushwood was so thick that they could make way through it with difficulty. Their course was eastward, but also, as Walter fancied, towards the sea. Under the circumstances, some straggling was absolutely necessary, and but that Canelli kept always close behind, and within striking distance of him, it would have been easy, with Santoro's connivance, to have made his escape. In any case, however, as he judged, this connivance he would not have obtained. That Santoro detested his present leader, and was burning with indignation against him, was probable enough; nay, even that he was favourably disposed towards his prisoner; but, nevertheless, Walter felt that, had he made an effort to flee, this man would have drawn trigger on him as quickly as any of his fellows, nay, perhaps all the quicker, because his fidelity had been called in question. That he was correct in this opinion, was shewn by a trifling circumstance. After they had gone a mile or two, they crossed a small stream, at which every one stooped to drink, for streams are rare in Sicily, and they had had nothing hitherto to quench their thirst, save melted snow. Walter took the opportunity to wash his hands and face, which he had not done for twenty-four hours: his delay was not of half a minute's duration, yet the purpose of it being misconstrued (and perhaps unintelligible, for brigands never wash), it almost cost him his life. 'Get on, or I shoot!' cried Santoro, in a voice from which all friendliness had given way to a certain fierce ring of duty; and this was accompanied by the ominous click of three guns. Walter made some laughing remonstrance, and though the incident dashed certain vague hopes he had begun to cherish, did not permit it to interrupt his amiable relations with Santoro. Nor did the latter appear to treat it otherwise than as a matter of official routine, such as no person holding a commission from *Il Capitano Corrali* could have dispensed with.

'Can you guess, signor,' said he, in a low voice, when they chanced to be crossing what was, by contrast, a piece of level ground, 'why the lieutenant was so civil just now as to make me his deputy in his absence, if I would have accepted the honour?'



'To make up, I suppose, for his brutal attack upon you yesterday.'

'No, no, signor; he is not one to eat his words nor to repent his deeds. He wished to keep me from seeing Lavocca. He wanted to have her all to himself.'

'So we are going to join the ladies, are we?' inquired Walter, with a carelessness that he could ill assume. The thought that he was about to behold Lillian, filled him with a wild delight, in spite of the sad circumstances under which their meeting must needs take place.

'Yea, I am sure of it. I saw that Corbara had put his rings on.'

This statement was quite unintelligible to Walter, and an accession of speed on the part of his companions—for they used level ground as though it were a race-course—prevented any explanation. Presently, however, a halt was made for refreshment, and then he saw Santoro produce from his pockets a number of little tin boxes, containing various articles of jewellery, with which he proceeded with much gravity to adorn his person; just as a serious young man with us puts on his go-to-meeting coat, and makes his face to shine with yellow soap, before he goes a-courting. Walter guessed, from these preparations, that they were near the termination of their journey; but, for the rest of the way, the party moved much more slowly, and with exceeding vigilance. They had now got 'down yonder,' where honest people were to be found (in moderate numbers), and even people whose mission it was to put down brigands: a large and fertile valley, through which ran a high-road, that they crossed with the most elaborate precautions, sending scouts to left and right, and then flitting athwart it with the swiftness and silence of a shadow. Here was another mountain to be climbed, not so steep as that whose summit they had lately occupied, but much more wooded and difficult; and ever and anon they stopped, as if in doubt, and as though the place was new to them. At these times, it seemed to Walter that he could hear the soft murmur of the tideless Mediterranean; but when he expressed that belief, Colletta jeered at it, and told him the coast was not within five leagues of them. Walter had by this time discovered, however, that, notwithstanding Captain Corrali was so exacting from his captives in the way of truth, this was the very last commodity to be expected from the members of his band: they lied to their prisoners, they lied to one another, and if they gave themselves any trouble to prove to their own minds that they had any justification for their mode of life, they most unquestionably lied to themselves; therefore, Walter stuck to his opinion as respected his proximity to the sea. It somehow pleased him to think that it was so. To be taken inland, was to be removed farther from the hope of escape, and, as it seemed to him, from the neighbourhood of Lillian. He conjectured that it would have been impossible for the brigands to have carried her very far from the coast, and the course of the present expedition had corroborated that conviction. The dawn had now broken, fair and calm, yet so woody was the mountain on whose slope they were, that it seemed still dusk. Again and again, Corbara put his fingers to his lips, and whistled the brigand note, and waited for a reply in vain. But at last he was answered. Sweet and

low, the kissing call stole down from the summit of the mountain, so mellowed by distance, and rendered so harmonious by time and place, that Walter hardly recognised it for what it was.

#### VISIT TO GARIBALDI.

IN the course of last summer, when GARIBALDI was living in his home at Caprera, a small island lying off the northern part of Sardinia, he was visited by a Scottish lady, accompanied by her husband, Rev. Robert Wallace, in the course of a tour through Italy. The lady having given an account of her visit in a letter to her father, we have been favoured with a copy, which will be perused with a certain degree of interest. The letter is dated from Rome, 11th May 1874.

'Our visit to Caprera was the great event in our Italian tour. Last Wednesday, we started from Rome for Civita Vecchia, whence we sailed the same day at 2 P.M. by the mail steamer for Madalena, where we arrived on Thursday at half-past 4 A.M., after a pleasant voyage. At Madalena Hotel we breakfasted, and at eight we hired a small boat to Caprera, where we arrived at nine. There was a slight rain, but the sea was fortunately calm. We sent one of the boatmen with the three letters of introduction first, and waited his return from the house, which was about a quarter of an hour's walk from the coast. When the man came back with the message of welcome, we all set off for the house, which is seen at a great distance from the steamer. General Garibaldi's secretary, Signor Basso, a good-looking intelligent man, received us cordially, and shewed us into the dining-room. He conversed with me in French, and informed me that the general was in bed, suffering acutely from rheumatism, and had been confined thus for some time, but that he would see us. You may imagine how grieved I was. Meantime I learned that his son Minotti and his wife were in Rome, Ricciotti in London, and his daughter Teresa with her husband, Signor Canzio, at Palermo.

'Signor Basso said he had lived with the general for thirty years, and had accompanied him in all his campaigns, and was one of those who bore him on his shoulders from the battle-heights of Aspromonte, opposite Messina, when he was unfortunately wounded, as also Minotti. During the general's visit to London, he resided with him at Stafford House (the Duke of Sutherland's), and spoke of his enthusiastic reception there, which quite turned his own head, as well as that of the Londoners. The general himself, he said, felt it keenly, and his love and admiration for the English and Scotch are unbounded. After sitting nearly half an hour, the secretary signified we could now see the general, and shewed us into his bedroom, which was across the entrance-hall, vis-à-vis to the dining-room. My feelings can be better imagined than described when I entered the presence of the great liberator and hero—the Wallace of Italy. He lay to the left on entering, close by the door, his head slightly propped up with pillows, and looking ill and pale. Notwithstanding the simple and unostentatious surroundings, there was a dignity in his very simplicity most touching; and his countenance is the handsomest I ever saw, especially in the beauty of his eyes, which are very striking, with a kindness of

expression most attractive, evincing great benevolence, and an intense love of the human race, for the freedom of whom he has truly sacrificed his all. There was also a fascination in his very voice, which was soft and pleasing. My heart was at my mouth when I approached him, and on his holding out his hand, which was doubled up with rheumatism, I kissed it, which his deep humility would scarcely permit. He then introduced me to his wife, who appeared to be a very amiable and agreeable lady; and indeed such was the case, for during our visit she did all in her power to make us comfortable. I never experienced anywhere such kindness and attention.

"After some conversation, the general remarked to me: "You are English." I said Scotch. "Oh," he replied, "I am very fond of the Scotch, of whom I have many warm friends, especially in Glasgow; and you must remember me kindly to your father, Mr M'Adam, and Mr M'Tear, and all my friends in Glasgow, and in Scotland, who remember me." I said we regretted he had not gone to Scotland when he was in London. He replied it was also a great disappointment to himself; but various circumstances had prevented it. I said I trusted he would yet honour us with his presence, and should he visit Glasgow, he was to make your house his home. "That is indeed kind," he added, "and I shall certainly see your father if there." He then spoke kindly again of Mr M'Adam and Mr M'Tear.

"General Garibaldi's house is the only one on the island. Around it are olive, fig, and orange trees, and outside the window of the general's bedroom are lemon-trees thick with fruit, which, on remarking, he sent his little girl to bring me some. She brought in three lemons, which I shall keep as a memento. Mr Wallace, on the spur of the moment, gave her a five-franc note, but her father decidedly told her not to take it. Turning to Mr Wallace, he said: "You see I have got your namesake, Sir William Wallace, above my head." It was a simple engraving of the Scottish hero in his helmet. In the course of conversation, Mr Wallace said he looked as if he was in the prime of life, and were it not for the rheumatism, he might be going about active and vigorous. "I am sixty-seven," he replied, "and as it is, I am obliged, when out of doors, to be wheeled about in a perambulator." There was a very neat one in the entrance-hall. Mr Wallace then remarked that he saw occasionally notes from him in the newspapers, and trusted soon to learn from some of them of his perfect recovery. "Oh!" he said, "I am like an old ship, obliged to go in for repairs occasionally, to prop it up, and inform the journals accordingly." I alluded to what he had done for Italy and liberty, and though not recompensed here, a far higher reward than aught earthly awaited him above. I then spoke of being acquainted with some of his faithful adherents whom I had met both in Italy and Sicily, who had shared his toils and battles; he replied: "I have known so many in my career I cannot recall them individually. I am a cosmopolite, devoted to liberty everywhere." The general then spoke of Caprera and how much he liked it. The island is the wildest-looking place I ever beheld. It is of considerable size, but one mass of rugged rocks and huge boulders, with wild shrubs, just now covered with a most beautiful white blossom,

issuing from almost every crevice. A few patches of ground near the house serve as pasture for his cattle, about eight or ten in all. There is also a fine white horse, probably one of his favourite chargers, two donkeys, a few goats, two pointer dogs, and a great number of hens. All the animals are well fed and carefully attended to. Although Caprera is wild, there is a grandeur about its rocky heights, and it commands a fine view of the islands surrounding it, especially from the terrace of the room we had the privilege of occupying.

"The general lost a very lovely girl when he was in France at the late war. Her name was Rosa, and her death caused him great grief. She is interred in the olive garden, on a little rising ground, and a very handsome monument in pure white marble is erected to her memory. In front of the tombstone, which is high, is an exquisite marble sarcophagus of large size, where, I could not help thinking, the general would one day lie. The rest is paved with tiles, very chaste; and flowers adorn the whole, which is inclosed by an iron railing. The whole was sent from Nice; no doubt a present from a friend.

"Many a pilgrimage may yet be made to it, as the resting-place of the hero, which I trust may be far distant. Fearing to fatigue the invalid, we made this interview as short as possible, which was kept up in French and English; in French chiefly, as he said he knew that language better. He seemed pleased when I told him you envied my visit to him. On ascertaining that we had our carpet-bag with us, he invited us to stay, with many apologies that it was not as he would like it to be for us in point of comfort. I said the honour of being under his roof was enough for me. A very fine *liqueur*, something like *noyau*, was presented to us at his request; and after we had been shewn to our bedroom, Signora Garibaldi returned with a bottle of old cognac, a plate of fine dates, and a crystal jar of Caprera honey from the general. I then said to her that I had brought a coral scarf-pin from Naples, which, being so trifling, I had not courage to present it to the general in person. She admired it exceedingly, and hastened to give it to him; came back and told us how much pleased he was, and it was so beautiful. I begged her not to mind us, but to remain with her husband, to whom she is so devoted, as we could amuse ourselves by taking his advice and perambulating Caprera. Accordingly, we walked about for some time; and between one and two o'clock, Signora Garibaldi came and invited us to dinner. It was indeed a substantial repast. Besides the viands, there were on the dining-table two very large bottles full of the finest wine, the same on the side-table; gifts, we were told, from friends. The party consisted of Signora, her daughter, her two brothers, Signor Basso, Mr Wallace, and myself. Signor Basso remarked that this was their daily routine, and that when the Duke of Sutherland visited Garibaldi, which he did occasionally, he sat down with them in the same primitive fashion. I remarked, I would rather partake of bread and water at the board of such a man, than be at the table of luxuries where there was no heart, and where pride and ambition reigned. We again strolled to Rosa's tomb; and in the evening another entertainment awaited us, which we were unequal to after such a dinner. Signora Garibaldi asked us to accept of a little cheese of Caprera, also one of the general's

Garibaldian costumes; both of which I politely declined, when she laughingly threw it over me. Signor Basso said, much as we liked their cheese, it was not to be compared to the Cheshire cheese, which the general, as well as himself, was so fond of.

“On entering the dining-room next morning there was a large fire of wood, which made it very cheerful, especially as there was a cold east wind blowing outside, and an excellent tea-breakfast awaiting us, by the general’s orders, as the English, he said, “did not take wine in the morning.” On the table also, cold roast-beef, fowl, poached and boiled eggs—enough for a dozen; such kindness, such unbounded hospitality, as if enough could not be done for us. Wine was also pressed upon us, but declined. After breakfast, all the party, except the general and his secretary, had a walk to the olive ground and the tomb; and then the boatmen arrived from Madalena, to take us back as soon as we were ready, as the wind was so high and the sea so boisterous, that if we waited till mid-day, as the general had appointed, it would be impossible for a small boat to go across.

“The general again sent for us, and on our entering the room, what was my delight to see him so much better that he could sit up in bed. He gave us a cordial welcome, and had put on his Garibaldian costume, a kind of black and white checked woollen garment. It is like a long broad scarf, with a slit in the centre to put the head through, letting it hang loosely down round the person. A very beautiful velvet smoking-cap with rich gold embroidery adorned his head, and, to my intense pleasure, my coral pin was fastened in front; a most graceful delicate compliment to me. I pointed to it, thanking him for accepting it, and the honour he conferred on me by wearing it. He said: “It is very beautiful, and I shall remember you all my life, and wear it for your sake.” How proud and happy I felt then! Mr Wallace and I were struck with his handsome face and noble appearance. Like myself, Mr Wallace thinks it is the finest countenance he ever saw. At my request, the general presented me with his photograph and his name written on it, saying: “This is the last one I possess;” and Signora gave me one of her little girl, and one of Rosa in her bier, with herself sadly looking on her dead child. The general again repeated all his kind messages to you, to Mr M’Tear, and Mr M’Adam, and then bade adieu, I again kissing the hand of the great liberator. I once more thanked him for his great hospitalities, and Signora’s extreme kindness and attention to us, and he replied saying: “My wife desires me to say how delighted she is to have made your acquaintance.”

“The sea was so frightfully rough, that instead of going to the village of Madalena, the three boatmen rowed to the nearest point across, about a mile, and we walked to the hotel, from two to three miles. The same steamer that we went by returned from Sardinia in the afternoon, and at six p.m. we sailed, arriving in Civita Vecchia at half-past eight next morning, after a most boisterous passage.

“All our friends in Rome are surprised at our courage in visiting the abode of this greatest of men, but it has given me a pleasure and satisfaction utterly indescribable. To have touched the hand that has opened prison doors, trodden down

tyranny, made the tyrant king and his minions flee, leaving him master of the field in Naples, where he had but a handful of adherents, placing Victor Emmanuel on the throne of a united kingdom where he himself might have continued dictator, was alone sufficient to have made one proud of the honour. Added to all this, freedom of thought and religious toleration were among the grand results of his mighty deeds. He who might have possessed royal palaces and treasures, sacrificed his all for the love of liberty alone, living a life of obscurity in his humble island home, with no other reward than the homage of his nation, and of all who know his worth, his noble heroism, and self-devotion. No wonder I rejoiced at grasping the hand of such a deliverer, and listened to the voice that proclaimed liberty to a trampled-down nation, and raised it to the dignity of freedom and enlightenment! What a lesson it teaches of noble self-sacrifice and divine humility! I do hope you will yet see him and have him as a guest under your roof. \

“I may mention that in our bedroom, which formed part of the wing of the house, were many English books, Shakspeare among the rest, all of them presents. Several pictures were hanging in the various rooms, chiefly connected with his own eventful career.

“Of the photograph you may remember giving me of “Garibaldi being carried off the Field of Aspromonte,” he has two copies left, one of which Signora offered to me, but I told her I had already got one from you.

“I think I have now given you all the details of this most interesting visit, and I shall only add my apology for the length of the letter.”

## LANCASHIRE RECREATIONS.

### CONCLUDING ARTICLE.

OF all athletic displays, the collier-sportsman—for with him we are now chiefly concerned—dearly loves a wrestling-match, or, as he in his vernacular styles it, ‘a wrestle;’ and from this trait in his character, the uninitiated might perchance draw favourable inferences as to the manliness of his disposition. Such inferences would nevertheless be hasty, and altogether unwarranted by facts. True it is that the collier loves wrestling; but it is not of the manly and, we may say, scientific character that is to be witnessed in some parts of England.

As a rule, the Lancashire wrestler is a rough among roughs. With, perhaps, the exception of a dog-race, nothing attracts the collier so powerfully as a wrestling-match, which few can have any idea of. The scene is one of the inclosures already described; the situation, the outskirts of a populous town, a few miles distant from Manchester; the occasion, a match between Bob Stubbs, alias Stiffun, of Hindley, and Jem Bullock, otherwise Jumping Jem, of Glodwick, who have signed articles to wrestle the best of three back-falls, Lancashire fashion, catch as catch can, at seven score seven pounds weight (the wrestler always reckons his weight by the score), for fifty pounds a side. The Wellington Grounds—the scene of action—in their

principal features, nearly resemble the Royal Retreat we have so recently quitted, and the general description of the one may be equally applied to both. The occasion is important; for, in addition to the fifty-pound stake, the wrestlers are to contend for the middle-weights' Champion Challenge Cup, presented by the proprietor of the Wellington Grounds, and now in the keeping of the Stiffun, who thus bears the proud title of champion. The number of spectators is consequently large—upwards of two thousand—for the most part 'coalers,' with a sprinkling of factory operatives and mechanics, and—dare we write it!—a few young women, sweethearts, doubtless, of some of the colliers present. Strange as it may appear, here they are. Quite at home they seem among the roaring crowd; and very gay they look in their holiday attire, though we should fail to recognise them, were we to see them next week working at the pit mouth in semi-masculine dress of trousers and petticoats reaching only to the knee. The 'rough' element decidedly prevails in the throng, which is not of so composite a character as the crowd at the Royal Retreat, and, as already intimated, consists mostly of colliers. Dogs innumerable are here; and here, as a thing of course, are the bookmakers, in the full exercise of their unhallowed vocation.

We have arrived in the very nick of time, for, see! the wrestlers are already in the ring, and the contest will begin almost immediately. And now, while the principals are receiving the final touches at the hands of their seconds, let us say a few words ament the sport. The object of the Lancashire wrestler is to place his antagonist on his back, and in this style of contest no throw may be counted unless *both* shoulders of the fallen man fairly touch the ground. To achieve this, the desired end, almost any means and nearly any kind of rough usage are permissible; so that, to the uninitiated spectator, a display of this sort seems to be a mere pulling and hauling match, in which there is little visible science, but much gross violation of established rules of fair-play and manly forbearance.

But now all eyes are turned towards the ring, and, their preparations finished, the heroes of the hour step forward to begin the strife. As the holder of the cup, Stubbs is the favourite, and the shouts of seven to four on him are many and loud. While they come forward, divest of all attire but socks and a scanty covering for the loins, we have time for a rapid survey of the personal characteristics of the wrestlers. The men are much alike. Of sturdy build, below rather than above the middle height, with powerful limbs and swelling muscles, each has a massive neck, a bullet-head—the light hair on which is cropped as short as scissors may cut it—and features of a low intellectual type, with heavy jowl and mean forehead.

Advancing each from his corner to the middle of the ring, they cross hands slightly, in token of amity, and at once get to work, feinting and dodging for a favourable opportunity to close. The Stiffun takes the initiative, and after several ineffectual attempts to seize his antagonist by the thighs, grapples with him, when, after a brief struggle, both come to the ground.

Bullock falls undermost, but, quick as thought, rolls over on his breast, while the Stiffun, bestriding his prostrate form, strains and heaves in efforts

to turn him on his back. In vain, however, does he strive; Jumping Jem resists every attempt; and although his face is pressed forcibly into the muddy grass, and his naked body is bleeding from abrasions and scratches, inflicted by the rude hands of the energetic Stiffun, he resists successfully. Foiled in his endeavours, Stubbs now essays to drag his man bodily backwards; but no sooner has he raised the Jumper to his knees, than the latter, with a sudden twist, breaks the hold, and leaps to his feet. Again the pair close; again they come to earth with the same result as before; and again they writhe and struggle, minute after minute, in the mud, greeted with shouts, cheers, derisive yells, and execrations—for the collier is fertile in expletive. Time after time, the Stiffun, by dint of strenuous exertion, all but turns his opponent over; and time after time, the Jumper wriggles back, and again lies prone on his face. At length, gripping the thigh of the prostrate Bullock with one powerful hand, and with the other arm thrown around the neck in no gentle embrace, the Stiffun, putting forth a gigantic effort, partially raises his fallen foe, and twists him fairly over. The wrestlers now retire to their corners, pitiable objects.

'Time' is soon called, and again the men face each other in the middle of the ring. Betting is now two to one on Stubbs, whose supporters are exultant; while the partisans of the Jumper are somewhat depressed, and not quite so noisily demonstrative as heretofore. Again the wrestlers grapple, and again go down to writhe and grovel on the muddy field. Presently, Stubbs, the more skilful as well as the more powerful of the twain, seizes the luckless Jumper in a terrible gripe, known to the initiated as the Full Nelson. After nearly twenty minutes' severe exertion, the Stiffun, fixing his man in a position from which there is no possible extrication, forces him on his back, and rises the winner of the match, and holder of the Champion Challenge Cup for another term of months. With rugs thrown over their scratched, bruised, and soil-begrimed bodies, the wrestlers retire from the scene of action; the spectators straightway fall to wrangling and fighting over their losses and gains; and the great match between Bob Stubbs and Jumping Jem becomes a thing of the past.

What! more sport? Certainly, for we are now to 'assist' at a dog-race; and the colliers—having, by virtue of many oaths, much personal and abusive language, and sundry passages of arms, in which the clog plays a prominent part, at length come to amicable arrangements of their differences over the wrestling-match—are already turning their attention to speculation on the forthcoming event.

Dockum's black and white dog Cripple, of Royton, and Fogg's white dog Tippler, of Oldham, are going to run two hundred yards for twenty pounds a side; and even now, half-a-dozen rough-looking fellows are hastening up the 'sprint'-track, over which the race will come off, accompanied by the contending animals. There is the usual betting, for a dog-race offers as good a medium for speculation as any other event; and, to a thorough-paced gambler like the Lancashire rough, it is a matter of indifference whether he risks his money on a man, a horse, a dog, or the turn of a coin. Meanwhile, the party

has reached the starting-post, where the dogs are stripped of their clothing, and placed on the mark, each held by a man, who kneels on the track, grasping his charge by the neck and tail. Two hundred yards away, down the path, the referee has already placed himself at the winning-post, indicated by a line drawn across the cinder track; and in front of the dogs stand their owners, each holding a white cloth, to induce his animal to follow when the pistol is fired. All is now in readiness: the starter, watch in hand, steps to the rear, while the runners-up hurry down the course, trailing their cloths, and shouting and whistling, to attract the dogs. One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten seconds, counts the starter; bang! goes the pistol, and the straining dogs are released by the slippers. The roughs behind the palings madly shout and yell; the dogs, straining at the leashes, bark, whine, yelp, and howl, adding their quota to the infernal din that breaks forth as the contending animals flash past. The runners-up, as they near the winning-post, turn and urge on the rapidly approaching dogs with discordant cries; a chorus of voices, 'Th' white un! th' white un wins!' and Tippler shoots across the line past the referee, winner by a bare yard; and the race is over. More wrangling, abusive language, and appeals to arms, follow the referee's decision; and, in the midst of the turmoil and uproar, we leave the Wellington Grounds, disgusted with the scenes we have witnessed within its walls.

Besides his matches, the conduct of which we have endeavoured to depict, the rough has his handicaps, foot and dog, and at the latter he comes out in his strongest force. Of all this we say nothing. Enough has been told to shew the coarseness and depravity which prevail in the lower order of Lancashire recreations. The picture is so revolting, that we have ventured to speak of it, only with the view of drawing attention to a social condition which ought not to exist in England, and against which all moral agencies should be brought. Knowing that such a condition of things is tolerated—without, as far as we know, incurring reproof or obstruction—who can feel surprise at the terrible cases of kicking, wife-beating, and other deeds of personal violence which are constantly falling under the cognisance of the police in the thickly populated parts of Lancashire!

#### WHAT WE EAT.

WHEN the original grasses, which we call corn, were reclaimed from a wild state, and made to furnish daily bread to successive generations, can but be matter of conjecture. In exploring the prehistoric Lake Dwellings of Switzerland, we find that their former masters, even those of the Stone Age, possessed wheat, barley, and millet. South of Lapland, no island or mountain tract in Europe has been found of which the natives were unable to grow a meagre store of oats, rye, and the coarser varieties of barley. To give an exhaustive history of bread alone, a bulky volume would be required. Very gradually, for five centuries past, has wheat supplanted, in the west and centre of Europe, the inferior grains which, with pulse (introduced from the East during the Crusades), nourished the bulk of the population; in the middle ages, or in

what may be styled the transition times of the Tudor and Stuart reigns, the quality of the bread consumed was a fair test of social standing. The delicate manchets, made of fine flour, often bolted, and of snowy purity, were for countesses and dames of high degree. At the table of some mighty merchant or potent woolstapler were white loaves. Prentice and journeyman had to be satisfied with wholesome brown bread, into which entered an admixture of barley. The crust of rural Hodge was of rye, or of rye mixed with red wheat or barley.

Even in feudal days, local inequalities prevailed to an extent which in some districts seemed almost to level the distinctions of rank. Contrary to present practice, England south of Trent fared better than the northern counties. There was porridge in Cumberland, but there was frumenty in more fertile Somerset. The Kentish franklin could afford to feed his sturdy kins on wheaten bread and corned beef, while the family of a Derbyshire farmer were content with oat-cake and butter-milk. The fenny shires to the east derived a real benefit from the great flocks of wild-fowl, swans and cranes, ducks and geese, snared and smoked for winter provision; and the dwellers on the outskirts of the royal forests were believed not to be ignorant of the taste of venison. Fish, and eels in especial, were held in high esteem, as eking out the meagre supply of fresh animal food obtainable at a time when houses were victualled with salt meat, as ships are now, and when horned stock and sheep could not profitably be kept alive during winter.

Within recollection, there was a growing dearth of bread, which told heavily on the less affluent classes. The population was increasing beyond the capacity of the corn-growing lands. Grain and flour were imported only under heavy duties, with a view to protect the interests of native producers, on the ground that such protection would be beneficial to the nations at large—in other words, it would be an excellent thing to raise the price of bread for the benefit of a comparatively few individuals. Thanks to the energy displayed by free-traders (who have never been properly thanked), the iniquitous exclusion of foreign grain was abolished, and now bread-stuffs to the value of about seventy millions sterling are introduced free of duty annually. The plain meaning of this is, that but for free-trade in corn, the price of the four-pound loaf would, instead of sixpence or sevenpence, be at least two shillings—perhaps more, for the gold discoveries in Australia and America have greatly tended to raise the prices of all articles in general consumption. The strangest fact of all is, that the lands producing food in Great Britain, so far from being ruined by free importation, bring higher rents than ever. What a triumph for the principle of free-trade in corn! We have had nothing to match this within the memory of the living generation. Just look at the immense change that has latterly taken place in the food of the

English peasantry. Rye-bread and pease-pudding exchanged for wheat loaves. A startling change, but not greatly different from what has occurred in France, where, with the abuses of the Bourbon rule, an end was also put to the semi-starvation of French tillers of the soil. Black bread is now almost as much a rarity in France as it is on our side of the Channel; while barley in Wales, oats in Scotland, and the potato in Ireland, are no longer the food-staples that they were.

To Asia, and probably to India, where wild chickens yet abound under the designation of jungle-fowl, we owe our domestic poultry. The distribution of this useful bird is indeed strangely irregular. Throughout the negro kingdoms of West Africa, for instance, fowls are plentiful, while in more civilised Abyssinia and Arabia, they are comparatively scarce. Persia abounds in poultry; while in Turkey, few domestic birds, except the sacred pigeon, are to be seen. To Asia, too, belong the fallow-deer and the gorgeous peacock, while to her, also, we owe all our vegetables, with the brilliant exception of the potato. It is difficult to conceive the poverty, so far as vegetables were concerned, of the England that passed under the sway of Norman and Angevin kings. Some hardy varieties of the cabbage did indeed exist, and were supplemented by long-forgotten herbs, which have since been deemed only suited to the rabbit-hutch. The peas and beans brought in by returning Crusaders were presently eked out by carrots; but down to the reign of Elizabeth, the garden yielded little tribute to the kitchen. A 'corrody,' or life-pension in a convent, such as was so often purchased for superannuated gentlewomen, or quiet elderly persons of either sex, before the dissolution of the monasteries, gave the right to a diet which appears to us to have been painfully monotonous. Those platters of beef and carrots, that white loaf, those diurnal tankards of single ale, were repeated again and again, winter and summer, through long years. The Friday fast, which entailed the substitution of 'pottage,' and of fish from the river or the abbey stew-ponds, must have been a welcome change from the wearisome sameness of roast-meat and boiled roots. The great question then was, how to insure a sufficiency of food, and quantity was more considered than quality by the providers of the feast.

A free breakfast-table of Elizabeth's time, or even during the more recent reign of Charles II., would contrast oddly with our modern morning meal. There were meats, hot and cold; beef, and brawn, and bours head, the venison pasty, and the Wardon pie of west-country pears. There was hot bread, too, and sundry cates which would now be strange to our eyes. But to wash down these substantial viands, there was little save ale. The most delicate lady could procure no more suitable beverage than the blood of John Barley-corn. The most fretful invalid had to be content with a mug of small-beer, stirred up with a sprig of rosemary. Wine, hippocras, and metheglin, were potations for supper-time, not for breakfast, and beer reigned supreme. None but home productions figured on the board of our ancestors. Not for them were seas traversed, or tropical shores

visited, as for us. Yemen and Ceylon, Assam and Kathay, Cuba and Peru, did not send daily tribute to their tables, and the very names of tea and coffee, of cocoa and chocolate, were to them unknown. The dethronement of ale, subsequent on the introduction of these eastern products, is one of the most marked events which have severed the social life of the present day from that of the past.

Many dishes of old renown have long since been utterly discarded among us. It is probable, indeed, that no one ever enjoyed the leather-like flesh of the peacock, although the beauty of that royal bird's plumage rendered him a central ornament at princely banquets. But the swan was unquestionably an especial favourite, and it may be added that the supply was incomparably greater than it could possibly be in our own age. The well-watered Britain of Plantagenet times must have boasted of meres and rivers white with swans, to judge by the numbers that figured at every notable feast. The wild boar, too, is gone, and the tall deer are too few to allow venison still to be a valuable auxiliary to butcher-meat. But of game, other than wild-fowl and such aquatic birds as the snipe and woodcock, which were easy to snare, our forefathers made little use, for the simple reason, that they found it no easy matter, with bow, arblast, or the clumsy snaphaunce, to bring down the partridge or to slay the hare. Somewhat of this state of things survived until the alteration in the old laws which prohibited the sale of game. There must be many yet alive who can remember when a hare was charged in hotel bills under the quaint name of a 'lion,' and when partridges were vended as 'feathers.' Game thus illegally bought and sold was at that time artificially scarce and dear.

We have little cause to envy those who went before us the raw material of their over-plenteous banquets. Our beef is certainly far superior to any that ever smoked on a medieval board, our poultry better than the best of their capons, our fish more fresh, our fruit and vegetables finer, than theirs. It is probable, however, that their mutton, at least in an upland district, where thyme and crisp herbage were the nourishment of the mountain flock, was sweeter, if leaner, than ours can well be. But, as a rule, our markets are better supplied, and from a far wider range, than were those of our predecessors, with whom winter, despite the merry-making at Yule-tide, was but a dreary season of privation, during which the ailing or the weakly were cut off from many comforts which are now reckoned as the merest necessities of life.

In one respect, we are decidedly worse off than our remote progenitors. The rise and progress of adulteration has attained to dimensions so prodigious as almost to take rank among the industrial arts. Doubtless, at all periods, there were rogues who dipped their prehensile fingers over-deeply into their neighbours' pockets. The vintners of three centuries since were as roundly rated for their limed sack and ropy ale as are the licensed victuallers of to-day for the sophistication of their beer and strong waters. But such groceries as there were, the flat cakes of sugar from Cyprus, the saffron, the spices, bought from turbaned traders, the candles of yellowish wax, the oil squeezed from the olives of Provence or Italy, were pure enough. The wine was in nearly the same



condition as when the butt was shipped at Bordeaux or Cadiz, and if a few gallons of water had been added to the original contents of the cask, at any rate drugs, cider, and ardent spirits were not systematically mingled with the honest grape-juice. As it is, the gigantic expansion of trade has not proved an unmixed blessing. Some articles, in a state of absolute purity, cannot be procured, even by experts indifferent to cost or trouble. Others have been so habitually falsified, that the sham product has come to seem to us more genuine than the real one would do. Where health is not weakened, or life endangered, we can perhaps afford to view such practices with a tolerant disapproval; but it appears hard that not food alone, but medicines also, should be by custom largely mixed with inferior ingredients.

It has somewhat ingeniously been surmised that the national skill in the difficult art of cookery is in an inverse ratio to the excellence of the viands in any given country. Thus, the stringy mutton and lean beef of France have been held to have called forth the inventive powers of her matchless cooks; while the merits of our own meat are held responsible for the slovenly fashion in which our dinners are dressed. The theory, however, reposes on too narrow a basis of facts, since in Greece, Spain, and Southern Italy, the inferiority of the raw materials has by no means stimulated the adaptive powers of the native professors of the culinary science.

Nothing can be more laudable and natural than the desire to reap a legitimate profit from the introduction of animal food, cheaply produced on South American savannahs, or on the boundless plains of Australia, into crowded countries like ours. If ice, or the more potent aid of freezing mixtures, if antiseptics or packing *in vacuo*, will enable Buenos Ayres and Sydney to undersell the graziers of the United Kingdom, the great mass of consumers will be directly benefited by the success of the experiment. It has for some time been evident that the cheap and easy expedients by which American lobsters and salmon were tinned for the European market, would not answer for the supply of antipodean meat. To win public confidence, it is necessary that entire joints, or, perhaps, quarters of sheep and oxen, should be imported in an uncooked condition, and in a sufficiently attractive state to please the eye, often more fastidious than the palate. The difficulties which have hitherto supervened are not greater than those which have impeded the completion of nearly every novel undertaking, and the scheme itself is one which assuredly meets a great and growing want of this our epoch, when the flesh-consuming classes are so largely recruited by those who once lived on a lower diet.

One thing is certain. However the demand for preserved provisions may increase, the tinned products of America and Australasia will always be rejected by those to whom the higher cost of home-grown and fresh animal food is a matter of slight moment. No skill in packing, and no promptness of transit, would render the lean beef from the Pampas, or the wiry limbs of Australian sheep, comparable to West Highland sirloins and spare-ribs, or to mutton fed on the South-down ranges, and sold with what is technically called 'the bloom' upon its plump surface. Whoever would reform the dietary of a nation, must reckon

on coming into collision with prejudices, all the harder to conquer, doubtless, when, as in this instance, they happen to rest on a substratum of fact.

## THE MONTH:

### SCIENCE AND ARTS.

EVER since ventilation was first talked and written about, it has been a more or less obscure and uncertain subject; a subject on which it was easier to shew what ought to be than what could be. We have, therefore, the more satisfaction in calling attention to a paper by Dr François de Chaumont, of the Army Medical School, Netley, which lays down definite principles of ventilation, and will enable any observant person to decide whether a building is properly ventilated or not. The paper in question—'On the Theory of Ventilation: an attempt to establish a positive basis for the calculation of the amount of Fresh Air required for an inhabited Air-space'—was read at a meeting of the Royal Society, and has been published in their *Proceedings*, and is thus available to all who desire to make use of it.

The basis taken by Dr François de Chaumont is 'the evidence of the senses,' but with 'proper care and precautions.' The poison in impure air, he remarks, is organic matter, either suspended or in the form of vapour; and it is this poison which imparts to air that disagreeable quality commonly described as 'close.' This closeness can be remedied only by diluting the confined air with a quantity of fresh air, and to determine this quantity is one of the steps in a theory of ventilation. Observation shews that the 'amount of organic impurity bears a fairly regular proportion to the amount of carbonic acid evolved by the inhabitant in an air-space. This being accepted, and general diffusion being admitted, we can easily calculate the amount of fresh air required to bring down the carbonic acid to some fixed standard. If, now,' continues the doctor, 'we adopt as our standard the point at which there is no sensible difference between the air of an inhabited space and the external air, and agree that this shall be determined by the effects on the sense of *smell*, our next step is to ascertain from experiment what is the average amount of carbonic acid in such an air-space, from which we can then calculate the amount of air required to keep it in that condition. But as the sense of smell is very quickly dulled, each air-space to be examined ought to be entered directly from the open air.'

By observations in hospitals and barracks in different parts of the country, Dr François de Chaumont has arrived at conclusions, and obtained data on which to base his theory. Under the several heads: Fresh—fair—not close—close—very close—extremely close, he records his observations in a way which will enable any one interested in the subject to test them for himself. The conditions laid down in the paper as 'the standard of good ventilation' are, that the temperature should never be very much below sixty degrees—Vapour ought not to exceed 4·7 grains per cubic foot, at a temperature of sixty-three degrees, or 5·0 grains at a temperature of sixty-five degrees—Humidity (per cent.) ought not to exceed seventy-three to seventy-five—Carbonic acid: respiratory impurity ought not to exceed 0·0002 per foot, or 0·2000 per thousand volumes. Another point established by this



inquiry is that, where disease prevails, more fresh air is required than in health; hence, hospitals demand more pure air than barracks.

As Mr F. J. Bramwell said in his annual address to the Institution of Mechanical Engineers: Do we in our applications of power make as much use of wind, water, and waves as we ought, remembering that their power may be transmitted to a distance? 'Do we,' he asks, 'resort to any large extent to sources of power in nature other than coal? Is it not the fact that mechanical invention has gone back in these matters rather than forward? And do we utilise that primary source of power, the heat of the sun—the current heat from year to year—making the most of barren hillsides, as it seems to me we might do, by planting quick-growing trees, which, fostered and matured by the sun, would yield large quantities of wood to be used as fuel for domestic purposes? Are we estimating at their full value the deposits of peat, and are we not tempted to pass by this large store of fuel, because its use is attended with difficulties? Is it not true that we use coal in the most grossly wasteful manner? How much of the fuel goes up the chimneys of our furnaces unconsumed, in the form of visible carbon, or in the worse, because less readily detected form of invisible carbonic oxide?' In the face of such faults and errors, Mr Bramwell argues that it is the duty of mechanical engineers, 'by precept, practice, and example, to do all that lies in their power to cause all to respect and understand the value of that which they have too long lightly treated and grossly abused.'

At the Rute Docks, Cardiff, the machinery for lifting out ballast and putting in coal is so efficient, that it is now not uncommon for a steam-collier of fifteen hundred tons to enter the basin at high-water of one day, discharge her ballast, take in her cargo of coal, and leave at high-water the following day, the entire operation having lasted less than twenty-four hours.

Sir David Salomons has invented a method of signalling on railways which, as he believes, will prove effectual in preventing mistakes and accidents. Electric apparatus and bells are to be fitted on the engine and in the guard's van with inter-communications. A light continuous bar or rail, insulated through its whole length, is to be laid down between the rails, not to bear weight, but only that a light wheel connected with the engine may run upon it. This continuous bar may be connected with signalling-apparatus in all the stations; and thus while the electric wheel of the engine touches the bar, and connection is made with the electrical apparatus, signals can be sent from the engine to the stations, from stations to signal stands, and from one locomotive to another. Collisions, as Sir David states, could not happen, because when a train comes within a certain distance of another, either before or behind, a bell rings, and warns the engine-driver. From these particulars a general notion of the method may be formed; but it is difficult to understand without diagrams. A model is, however, in course of construction, which, when finished, will demonstrate the capabilities of the mechanism and of the method.

The oft-expressed wish, that glass would not break, seems about to be realised, for a manufacturer at Pont d'Ain has discovered a means by which glass can be made almost, though not quite malleable. It is to a peculiar method of annealing

that the increased strength is due, and the amount of strength may be judged of from the fact, that a pane of ordinary window-glass annealed by the new process remains unbroken when a five-franc piece falls on it from a height of six feet. Already, as we hear, a company has been formed to manufacture this new glass on a large scale.

We learn from the Utah journals that a measuring pillar, after the manner of the Nilometer, has been set up on the brink of the Great Salt Lake. This has long been wanted, for the rise and fall of the waters of that lake are extraordinary and mysterious, and physicists have often urged the erection of some means of recording the amount. The valley was first settled in 1847. During some years there were small fluctuations in the level of the lake; but from 1862 to 1868 the water rose twelve feet, and this increase, with occasional up-and-downs, it still maintains. For years the road to the salt-pans has been twelve feet under water, and an observer on the spot remarks, there seems to be 'an irrepressible determination of the waters to rise. The mountain streams are steadily enlarging. The humidity of the atmosphere annually increases as the area of cultivation in the valleys becomes greater, and, as a consequence, the evaporation less. Tens of thousands of acres of farming, meadow, and pasture lands have been submerged along the eastern and northern shores of the lake. Many square miles of valuable lands as yet available and occupied by the farmer, skirting the lake, would be completely drowned, should the rise continue.'

Is the patient really dead or not? is at times a very anxious question. A medical practitioner of Cremona proposes a simple method by which the question may be answered with certainty. It is, to inject a drop or two of ammonia beneath the skin, when, if death be present, no effect, or next to none, is produced; but if there be life, then a red spot appears at the place of the injection. A test so easily applied as this should remove all apprehension of being buried alive.

It has been remarked that certain Tartar tribes who drink freely of *koumiss*, or fermented mare's milk, are free from that distressing malady, pulmonary phthisis. This fact has led to trial of the experiment whether the disease could be cured by doses of koumiss artificially prepared; and with a satisfactory result. The artificial koumiss, composed of ass's milk and cow's milk, is a lively sparkling beverage, not very palatable; but in three or four days the patients tolerate it, 'and then unequivocal signs of amelioration set in, the appetite returns, vomiting ceases, flesh is gained, and good sleep is enjoyed.' More on this subject may be found in the *Bulletin de Théraputique*, 1874.

A conclusion important to agriculturists has been worked out on a farm in New England, U. S., by Professor Storer. It is full of instruction for those sanguine cultivators who believe that anything can be done by manure. The farm in question belongs to an Institution founded for the promotion of agriculture; and the result of some years of trial is that the land 'has a certain natural but limited capacity to profit by the application of manure'—that, 'under the conditions which now obtain, the land is totally unfit for any system of high farming'—that, 'in order to be farmed with profit, it must necessarily be given over to some system of low farming, in which the expenditure

for labour, tillage, and fertilisers shall be small, and the crops proportionally light.'

On the other hand, a German agricultural chemist shews that where all the conditions are favourable, a 'normal crop,' as he calls it, may always be reckoned on. The favourable conditions, besides food, are standing-room, plenty of light, heat, air, and moisture. By attending to all these, Professor Hellriegel 'has succeeded in growing, year after year, upon a tolerably large scale, examples of the several grain crops, much larger, healthier, and more perfect in every respect, than have ever been met with in field-practice. He has been able, moreover, to produce at will plants of determinate size and weight, by varying the conditions aforesaid, though the supply of food (that is, fertilisers) was unchanged, and to obtain repeatedly the same results when operating under like conditions.' Readers interested in Professor Hellriegel's experiments will find an account of them in the *Chemischer Ackermann*, 1868, and subsequent years.

The supply of coal in the United States is enough for the whole world, which may be regarded as a comfortable prospect for posterity. And to that great coal-supply must be added the reservoirs of petroleum, from which enterprising Americans—sometimes not very honestly—put fortune into their own pockets. The extent of the oil-bearing region has not yet been ascertained; but it appears that in some places in Pennsylvania, lakes or rivers of petroleum exist at a depth of about eleven hundred feet. Bore a hole deep enough, and the oil flows out of itself. Some of the wells, as they are called, flow without interruption; others clog up, and must be swept out once a month. Among the wells in Armstrong County (Penn.), there is one that pours out gas in quantities so prodigious that they are reckoned as equivalent to one hundred tons of coal per week. Indeed, so powerful is the outrush of gas that it will lift the boring implement in the hole some twenty or thirty feet. This implement with the rope attached weighs two thousand pounds.

The working of deep coal-mines (mentioned in last Month, March) would appear to be facilitated by a method of raising coal by atmospheric pressure, which has been tried for some time in the Creuzot mining district in France. An air-tight iron tube is fitted from top to bottom within the shaft of the mine. In this tube a piston works. To this piston a cage is attached, in which the tubs of coal to be raised are placed. Air is then admitted beneath the piston, and it rises to the top with the coal; and at the same time more than seventy thousand cubic feet of foul air are discharged from the mine. Valves and doors are made in the tube for regulating the supply of air, and running the tubs in and out; and it will be understood that the same apparatus which raises and lowers the tubs will also raise and lower the miners. And we need scarcely point out that for each discharge of foul air from the mine, there is a corresponding inrush of fresh air from the surface. The *Transactions* of the North of England Institute of Mining Engineers, vol. 23, contains full particulars of this important mechanism, with diagrams. It seems almost incredible that the long heavy ropes and the hauling machinery can be dispensed with.

The colonists on some parts of the western coast

of New Zealand have to contend with a formidable enemy—namely, drifting sand, which buries their fields, and converts fertile districts into a wild and trackless desert. Nothing stops it: fences, hedges, trees, are all alike swallowed. It was thought that the inroad might be arrested by building a fence across the sand itself; but the stream was observed to halt a few feet in front of the fence, then to pile itself slowly up, until it became higher than the fence, when the drift recommenced, and speedily buried everything in its course. Some of the settlers are now aware that endeavours to fix the sand must begin on the edge of the sea, and communications on the means to be adopted have been published in the *Transactions* of the New Zealand Institute, along with lists of plants known to be useful in preventing sand-drifts. That the drift can be staid has been abundantly proved on our own coasts, on the shores of the Netherlands, and particularly in the Gulf of Gascony, where thousands of acres of loose sand have been converted into excellent pasture.

The colonists are asking another question—how to utilise the prodigious heaps of sawdust that accumulate round all their saw-mills. They would be grateful to any one who would shew them a process by which their waste dust might be converted into fuel, as readily as the Duke of Sutherland converts his peat-bogs into fuel for his steam-engines. On a late occasion, in an article on Waste Materials in this *Journal*, we mentioned that sawdust had been successfully employed at Edinburgh in the manufacture of 'fire-lighters'—articles for which there is an extensive household demand.

During the cruise of the *Challenger*, in August last, eleven natives of Api, who had been working a three years' term in Fiji, were conveyed gratuitously to their home. They were put on shore at Api; and Professor Wyville Thomson and some of the officers landed, but did not venture far from the boats, because of the menacing look of the natives, who were almost entirely naked, and bore a very savage and forbidding aspect. 'One of them,' says Professor Thomson, 'was manifestly greatly superior to the others, and appeared to exercise a considerable influence over them. He wore trousers, and a shirt, and a felt hat, and could speak English fairly. He recognised me at once as having seen me at the sugar-plantation in Queensland, where he had been for the usual three years' engagement, and shewed me, with great pride, a note from his former employer, saying that the bearer was anxious to return to his service, and that he would willingly pay his passage-money and all expenses in case of his being given a passage to Brisbane. I had been paying some attention to the South Sea labour question, and had formed a very strong opinion of the value to the inhabitants of these islands of the opportunity given them by this demand for labour, of testing their capacity to enter into and mix with the general current of working-men, and thereby possibly avoid extermination; and I was greatly pleased to see the result in this instance.' Some of our readers may feel interested in this incident, as an example of the favourable side of the labour question.

Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, 47 Paternoster Row, LONDON, and 339 High Street, EDINBURGH. Also sold by all Booksellers.

# CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

OF

POPULAR

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

*Fourth Series*

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS.

No. 592.

SATURDAY, MAY 1, 1875.

PRICE 1½d.

## STORY OF JAMES ANNESLEY.

ARTHUR ANNESLEY, second Viscount Valentia, an Irish peer, was created a peer of England, in 1661, as Baron Annesley and Earl of Anglesey. At his decease in 1686, he left James, his successor in these titles; a second son, created Baron Altham; and a third son, Richard, Dean of Exeter. Baron Altham died in 1699, leaving an infant son, who did not long survive, and the honours of this branch of the family devolved on Dean Richard Annesley and his descendants. Dean Richard, third Lord Altham, died in 1701, leaving two sons, Arthur and Richard. Arthur, the elder son, who of course became fourth Lord Altham, was married to Mary, a natural daughter of John Sheffield, Duke of Buckingham, and died childless in 1727; when his brother Richard took possession of the title and estates, to which was subsequently added the earldom of Anglesey, on the decease of his cousins. As fifth Baron Altham, and sixth Earl of Anglesey, Richard's right of inheritance was not unchallenged. In 1743, James Annesley, a young man, appeared on the scene as a claimant of the Altham and Anglesey peerages and properties. Now begins the romance of the story, which we will try to tell in as simple a way as possible, commencing with the legend usually believed on the subject.

On making his appearance after a long exile from the country, James Annesley gave an account of his adventures, and stated the nature of his claims. He said that it was not true that Arthur, fourth Lord Altham, and his wife Mary died childless, for he was their son, and had been defrauded of his inheritance. Of his mother he had no recollection, because, while he was still an infant, the baroness, on account of maltreatment, had been compelled to leave her husband, and take refuge with her father in England. The baron was a wild spendthrift who had run through his immediately available means, and in his emergency granted certain leases of lands, to which, however, his son, if known to be alive, would have been an obstruction. There thus arose a necessity for getting rid of the boy, and spreading the intelli-

gence of his death. For this purpose, when about nine or ten years of age, he was removed from a public academy, and sent to an obscure school at a distance. Here his school-fees ceased to be paid, his fare was coarse and scanty, his clothes were worn to rags, and he was forced to perform the most menial offices. There was no one to pity him. He retained recollections of his father, and of being brought up in luxury, but he could not tell where his father was, or why he should have been so neglected. Considering that he could not be worse treated than where he was, he ran away, and wandered he knew not whither. Friendless, hungry, and wayworn, he arrived at a town, where, for the first night, he slept in a church porch. Some poor persons having noticed him, he received succour, and was employed to run errands, by which he gained a subsistence. At length, a benevolently disposed woman took him in charge, and ascertaining who he was, wrote to his father, imploring compassion on his son. The letter brought a visit from the boy's uncle, who in a rough manner represented that this unfortunate child was an illegitimate son of his brother, and that the best thing that could be done for him was to send him to be educated at St Omer's in France; and this would be attended to. There was here something like a hope of better days for the poor lad. Uncle Richard, however, had not the remotest intention of sending his nephew to St Omer's, or anywhere else in Europe for his education; but of packing him off to the plantations in America, there, on arrival, to be sold as a slave, and never more heard of. Carried off on the pretence of being sent to St Omer's, James Annesley was kept concealed till he could conveniently embark for his destination; and was in due time—being then about twelve years of age—put on board a vessel for the plantations. The boy only learned when he was at sea what was to be his unhappy fate, and some altercations on the subject took place between him and the captain, but without any prospect of advantage. On being landed in Pennsylvania, he was sold to a planter named Drummond, a hard and inexorable

master, by whom he was subjected to a painful course of outdoor labour. We have not space to follow the narrative of severities to which the youth was said to have been exposed for a series of years at the hands of Drummond and the masters to whom he was successively transferred. At length, after an exile of twelve years, he was so fortunate as to make his escape, and, undergoing various hardships, had the good-fortune to reach the British fleet, commanded by Admiral Vernon, which was lying off Puerto Bello, on the northern shore of the Isthmus of Panama. This was in 1739, when Annesley was about twenty-four years of age. Having told his strange tale, that he was the son and heir of Arthur, fourth Lord Altham, and that he had been cruelly kidnapped and sent into compulsory servitude, Admiral Vernon furnished him with the means of proceeding to England, where he arrived safely, and went to lodge at Staines, in the neighbourhood of Windsor.

Such, in a condensed form, is the legend, monstrously incorrect in various particulars, regarding the earlier part of the life of James Annesley, as was made first generally known in the thirteenth volume of *The Gentleman's Magazine*, and latterly given by Sir Bernard Burke in his *Romance of the Aristocracy*, under the title of 'Memoirs of a Young Nobleman.' As the case was one of the most extraordinary on record, we shall endeavour to unravel it, by going to the fountain-head of information—namely, Howell's *State Trials*, in which ponderous work it occupies, in its various phases, at least five hundred pages.

There can be no doubt that, whatever were the vicissitudes to which James Annesley had in his early life been exposed, he landed in England about 1740, and, as stated, went to reside at Staines. What at this time were his means of livelihood are not specified. Probably he followed the occupation of a 'labourer,' for so he is designated in an indictment brought against him for the crime of murder. Pursuing, as we imagine, a rather idle kind of life, he one morning went out with a gun to shoot small birds, and while so employing himself, he was requested by a person named Redding, a gamekeeper, to assist in capturing a net with which a man of the name of Egglestone was illegally fishing. Annesley was so imprudent as to take part in the affair; a scuffle ensued; his gun went off, and Egglestone was mortally wounded. The explosion was certainly accidental, but it was not so treated by the authorities, and at least required to be dealt with according to law. Annesley was placed in confinement, and tried for murder at the Old Bailey. As participant in the act, Redding was tried along with him. The trial took place in June 1742. On the ground that the death was accidental, or a matter of 'chance-medley,' Annesley and Redding were acquitted.\*

What strikes one as something remarkable is, that James Annesley, on landing in England, should have loitered away his time at Staines, instead of at once going to Ireland, and prosecuting his claim to the Altham and Anglesey peerages and estates, to which, in default of any direct heir, Richard Annesley had succeeded, on the death of his brother in 1727. Liberated at the conclusion of his trial, and free from any reproach

on his character, James Annesley still abstained from assuming the dignity to which he considered himself entitled. For this neglect he was perhaps excusable, from his defective education and want of intelligent friends. He, however, talked to various acquaintances of his claim, and at length went to Ireland, with a view to do something in the matter. What he did was doubtless by legal advice, but it was of a marvellously oblique character. Instead of raising an action to have his legitimacy declared, he began to grant leases of certain lands and messuages on the Altham estate to a farmer named Campbell Craig, as if his claim to the property was unchallenged. This short way of going to work naturally roused the indignation of the proprietor in possession, Richard Earl of Anglesey, who with force of arms abruptly ejected Craig from the farm on which he had settled.

Now commences the tug of war. Craig, the lessee, raises an action of damages for ejectment against the Earl of Anglesey, in the Court of Exchequer in Ireland. The trial, which was by jury, began November 11, 1743, and with adjournments lasted to the 25th of the same month. There was a great array of lawyers, and upwards of ninety witnesses were examined. In the course of proceedings, the ejectment, or ostensible ground of trial, hardly received any attention. The real question at issue was, whether Lord Altham had a legitimate son. Such being the case, there was a painful ripping-up of family affairs, and we are furnished with a far from pleasant glimpse of the manners which less or more prevailed in Ireland a hundred and sixty years ago.

The evidence given is mostly by domestic servants, and hangers-on of various qualities. There is little coherence in their statements. They so flatly contradict each other as regards matters of fact, that the trial is a maze from beginning to end. One says that 'my lady' was about to have a child, when she was driven distracted by 'my lord' breaking into a passion, and throwing down the cups and saucers, on account of there being certain figures on them which he disliked—the expected child, of course, vanishing, and my lady very ill, notwithstanding the broths and jellies prepared for her. There must, we think, have been some truth in the smashing of the cups and saucers, for other witnesses allude to this domestic uproar. However this may be, my lady was again visibly about to present the family with an heir. Dennis Redmond solemnly deposes that my lady was brought to bed at Dunmaine, and he could not be mistaken, because he was sent for the midwife, whose name was Shiels, and that the child was christened when he was three weeks old by Lord Altham's chaplain, and named James. The nurse of the infant was Joan Landy, who was preferred because she had the best milk. My lord and lady often went to see the child at Landy's cottage. At the end of a year, the child was brought home to Dunmaine, and put in charge of Joan Laffan. Unhappily, in 1717, my lady was forced to go away on account of Mr Thomas Palliser, and the lady had the child in her arms when seated in the chariot, but she had to give it up. That the child had a gold lace on his hat, and was dressed like a nobleman's child. As for Landy's child, it was born some months before my lady was brought to bed, and died at the age of three or

\* Howell's *State Trials*, vol. xvii. p. 1094.

four years, of the small-pox. Mary Doyle corroborates Dennis in some of these particulars. She deposes that she lived with Lady Altham three months before she was brought to bed, and was in the room when my lady was delivered at Dunmaine; Mrs Shiels being the midwife.

Other servants of the family give similar evidence, but none, as regards minutiae, is so notable as that given by Joan Laffan. She states that she was a chamber-maid in Lady Altham's service, and was employed to attend my lord and lady's child, who was called Master James Annesley when he came from the wet-nurse, and that he was kept like a nobleman's child. That my lord and lady were very fond of the child; and my lady used to send for him up in a morning, and take him into the bed, and generally called him 'my dear.' Then, she describes certain distressing circumstances connected with my lady and Mr Palliser, which threw my lord into a frightful rage, in which state of frenzy he cut off one of Palliser's ears, and turned off my lady, who forthwith went away; and after living some years in Dublin and elsewhere, she went back to her father.

James Cavanagh, who was acquainted with the late Lord Altham, says he has often seen him with the boy, and that he appeared particularly fond of him. 'One day, my lord, the child, and deponent were walking in my lord's garden at Carrickduff, and deponent taking notice of the young gentleman, said: "My lord, master is grown a fine sprightly boy; I hope your lordship takes good care of his education;" to which my lord said, that he had a tutor in the house to instruct him, and declared to deponent, that if that boy lived, he would one day or other be Earl of Anglesey.' James Dempsey, a schoolmaster, follows up this evidence, by giving a variety of particulars as to having, at Lord Altham's request, taught the boy when he was about seven years old; that he wore a scarlet coat on holidays, like the son of a nobleman. On being requested to look about the court, to try whether he could recognise his old pupil, whom he said to be Lord Altham's son, he pointed to Mr James Annesley. We now turn to what was said in defence.

Here, there is an overturn of nearly all that had been previously stated. Lord and Lady Altham never had a child, nor the least prospect of having one. This is deposed with a singular degree of boldness and decision by Mrs Mary Heath, who had come from England with my lady in 1713, and lived with her as a confidential attendant till her death, never being absent from her for more than a single week during a period of sixteen years. On being asked if my lady had a child at Dunmaine, she says: 'A child! never had, nor never was with child. I never had reason to think she was with child all the while I lived with her.' In answer to other questions, she says: 'She always dressed my lady, put her to bed, and attended her at her rising in the morning; that when the unfortunate separation took place, she went with her, and that Lord Altham never saw her ladyship again.' Being asked who were the servants in the house at Dunmaine, she gave their names, specifying one in particular, Joan or Juggy Landy, a kitchen-maid, a woman of loose character, who was turned off, and shortly afterwards had a child, a boy, whom she saw when he was six weeks or two months old. Asked—'Did you ever hear or

know of anything of this same boy, that you say was Joan Landy's child, from the time you left Dunmaine?'—'No, I never troubled my head after him.' Asked—'Did you ever hear he was in Dublin?'—'I had heard that my lord had took him, but I knew nothing of him.' Asked—'Was there any child brought to take leave of my lady, when she went away?'—'O, no! no child indeed.' Asked—'Was there ever a child either christened or living at Dunmaine when you was there?'—'No, never.' Then follow many other questions, all of which are answered with apparent honesty. In not one, however, does she support the idea of Lord and Lady Altham having had a child. She concludes by stating that she lives with her daughter in London, maintaining herself respectably on the interest of seven hundred pounds, and by occupying herself as a sempstress and clear-starcher. Her evidence remained unshaken by any cross-questioning.

Considering that much hinged on the possibility of James Annesley being the son of Juggy Landy, it surprises us to find that, though summoned, and at the time in Dublin, she was not examined as a witness. Towards the termination of the trial, she is often referred to; one witness stating that, by common rumour, the father of Juggy's son was my Lord Altham.

The evidence for the 'claimant' was lamentably defective, notwithstanding the host of witnesses brought forward in his behalf. It is shewn that no public notice had been taken at the time of the birth of a lawful son and heir to Lord Altham. The birth was not entered in any register. There was no record of the baptism of the child, nor of who were the sponsors. The birth was announced in no newspaper. There were no letters intimating the birth to friends and relations. There were no papers to shew that Lord and Lady Altham had been congratulated on the occasion. No persons of a good rank in society were produced to say they ever saw or heard of Lord and Lady Altham having a son. In a word, all the ordinary tokens of legitimacy were wanting. There was likewise nothing to shew that from the time Lady Altham separated from her husband she ever made any inquiry about her child; the inference to be drawn from such neglect being, that she never had a child at all. Unquestionably, Lord Altham for some years shewed a degree of fondness for a boy, whom he took with him to Dublin, there put him to school, and allowed him to use the family surname; but no satisfactory proof was advanced that this was his legitimate son and heir. Sometimes he spoke of him as being entitled to arrive at family distinction; but this seems to have been done with a view to annoy his brother, and heir-presumptive, with whom he was at feud. It is shewn that the boy was somewhat erratic and incorrigible, and occasionally received severe chastisement from Lord Altham, who, pursuing a dissolute course of life in Dublin, fell into straitened circumstances, and began to neglect and ill-use the unfortunate child. At length, under female influence, his lordship turned the poor boy, whom he had cherished and buoyed up with notions of dignity, out of doors, leaving him to wander about the streets, homeless, friendless. As Lady Altham was still living, she could hardly fail to hear of her husband's cruel behaviour to the child;

and if that child was her own, we may suppose she would have endeavoured to rescue it at this unhappy juncture. No notice was taken of it by her ladyship; nor did the child appeal to her for succour.

In his houseless state, the boy might have perished, but for some acts of kindness shewn to him by John Purcell, a butcher, who kept him for a time, but took no steps to bring his case under magisterial interference. Beyond this, we do not hear how James Annesley contrived to live for two or three years in Dublin. It is not improbable that during at least a part of the period he gained a scrambling subsistence as a 'shoe-black,' for by this epithet he is afterwards, as will be seen, contemptuously spoken of by Richard, Earl of Anglesey.

An important event in this strange drama now requires to be cleared up. It is the transportation of the youth to the plantations. The possibility of so disposing of the boy will not appear strange to those who are acquainted with the kidnapping system which prevailed in the early part of last century. It was a common practice to pick up children, and despatch them for sale as a commercial speculation to Pennsylvania. It seems, also, that lads offered themselves as apprentices to go abroad; that occasionally, from the pressure of poverty, parents would bring a boy to be enlisted for this desirable kind of employment; and that magistrates handed over all vagrant youths troublesome to the community who fell into their hands; by which various means, the exporters carried on a lively trade, which does not seem to have been held as particularly infamous; though, it is certain, they did not scruple to make up their cargoes by the felonious abduction of boys, and disposed of the whole as articles of merchandise. The case of Peter Williamson, who at nine years of age was stolen from Aberdeen in 1740, and sold as a slave in Pennsylvania, is so well known as not to need repetition. It, however, verifies the nature of the traffic.

There can be no doubt that James Annesley was transported to the plantations, and we have to explain how it took place in one of the forms above specified. What is stated in the legend as to his being smuggled out of the country on the pretext of being sent to St Omer's, is altogether imaginary. Neither do we perceive that there is any truth in the statement that Lord Altham's brother Richard was concerned in the transaction. It is distinctly shewn in the trial that James Annesley expatriated himself as a voluntary emigrant. Like many friendless beings in like circumstances, he indentured himself as an apprentice to go abroad. In plain language, he sold himself into that species of slavery in the plantations to which we have drawn attention. The indenture was formally executed before the Lord Mayor of Dublin. The person with whom the arrangement was made was Mr Stevenson, a merchant in Dublin, who carried on this kind of trade. Stevenson was part proprietor of a ship called the *James*, Thomas Hardy, master, which was to sail with a cargo of young men and women, who, in requital for immediate subsistence and a free passage, engaged to serve for a certain number of years with the planter to whom they might be respectively assigned on arrival in Pennsylvania. There was nothing clandestine in the affair. The indentures were executed in duplicate,

one being kept by the exporter, and the other being despatched with the master of the vessel. In the list of men and women composing the precious cargo on board the *James*, stands the name of James Annesley. As arranged, Annesley left the quay in a boat, and was put on board the *James*, which crossed the bar of Dublin on the 30th of April 1728. Andrew Comrie, who had acted as clerk to Stevenson, deposed that he accompanied James Annesley in the boat, and saw him go on board the ship with his free consent.\* At the time of his departure, Lord Altham had been dead several months; but during that interval no one attempted to indicate that his lordship had left a legitimate son and heir. Lady Altham, who was still alive, was equally quiescent. Consequently, the brother of Lord Altham, as a matter of course, succeeded to the title and estates.

The general bearing of the evidence in this long and perplexing trial, as it appears to us, was against the claimant; but the jury thought otherwise. In their verdict, they found for the plaintiff, with sixpence damages, and sixpence costs; the meaning of this being that James Annesley had acted rightly, as lawful heir of Lord Altham, in granting a lease of the lands to Craig. The decision may be presumed to have elated the claimant, and to have caused no little consternation to the Earl of Anglesey. Strange to say, however, James Annesley took no steps to oust his lordship from the honours and estates of which he had taken possession. On the contrary, matters settled down as if nothing had happened. The evidence that had been given by Mrs Heath was, however, resented. In February 1744, she was prosecuted for perjury at the bar of the Court of King's Bench, Ireland. In the trial, which lasted a whole day, Mrs Heath repeated her averments as to Lord and Lady Altham never having had a child, and from this testimony nothing could shake her. The jury found her 'not guilty.' The decision, so contradictory to what the jury on the previous trial had arrived at, adds confusion to the whole affair.

There was still another trial, and one which could not have been looked for. It was the trial of Richard Earl of Anglesey, Francis Annesley, Esq., and John Jans, for an assault on the Honourable James Annesley, Daniel MacKercher, and Hugh Kennedy. It took place at Athy in the county of Kildare, before the second Baron of the Exchequer in Ireland, August 3, 1744. The charge was such, as we presume, never occurred in an English court of justice. James Annesley and the two friends named went to amuse themselves at the races on a broad plain known as the Curragh of Kildare. While standing in a group on horseback, they were assailed by the Earl of Anglesey's coachman, who, driving a carriage with six horses, tried to ride them down, and hunted them wherever they moved, at the same time using the most opprobrious language, and calling out to James Annesley: 'There he is; there's the shoe-black.' MacKercher, not relishing this treatment, waited on Lord Anglesey to complain of the rudeness to himself and another gentleman, Mr James Annesley. 'Upon that, my lord observed: "A gentleman, sir! a blackguard shoe-boy! I won't turn off my coachman for any abuse either to him or you; and you are a rogue and villain; and he's

\* Howell's *State Trials*, vol. xvii. p. 1414.

a bastard, the son of Juggy Landy, by my brother." And thereupon Francis Annesley, a relative of my lord, gave Mr MacKercher a stroke over the head with his whip.\* There was much more to the same purpose, too painful to quote. The jury on this wretched trial found that Francis Annesley was guilty of the assault, but acquitted the Earl of Anglesey, whose language, however, was clearly most intemperate and unjustifiable.

Even after the public insult that had been offered to him, James Annesley remained passive. The very circumstance of having been denounced as a shoe-black or shoe-boy, and the son of Juggy Landy, was enough, one would think, to rouse him to maintain what he believed to be his rights by all the means competent to him in law. He did nothing of the sort. To the surprise of everybody, he quitted Ireland, and dropped tamely into the obscurity of private life. What could this mean? Was he conscious of the infirmity of his claim, and apprehensive of prosecuting it to a practical issue? Was he bought off from undertaking further proceedings? Did he feel incompetent to undertake the rôle of a nobleman and land proprietor, and was glad to retire on some assured competence? No one can satisfactorily answer these questions. Unless we make him out to have been an utter poltroon, the probability is that the conflicting evidence at the trial, and, more particularly, the acquittal of Mrs Heath on a charge of perjury, had shaken his confidence in the claim he had pertinaciously put forward, and that he was fain to give up the contest.

In shuffling away from the high attitude he had assumed—in deserting the battle he had ostentatiously provoked—James Annesley may be said to shrink from public notice with a certain degree of odium. All circumstances considered, the general belief will be, that he was *not* the legitimate son of Lord Altham. Such is our own opinion. We would not, however, rank him in the category of those vulgar impostors who wickedly try to impose themselves on the world for what they know they are not. The impression left on our mind is, that he was the victim of a delusion, and, from early and ill-conceived recollections, fancied himself to be the heir to an inheritance to which, as an illegitimate child, he had no valid claim. It seems, also, that, from the time of his arrival in England, and his trial at the Old Bailey, he was environed by a set of low and interested parasites, on whom he probably relied for substantiating his visionary claim—in short, that he was as much sinned against as sinning. Altogether, the tale of his sufferings and the downfall of his hopes is truly piteous. If any wrath is to be expended, it must fall on Arthur, Lord Altham, an inconsiderate and worthless personage, who was the author of all the troubles that ensued.

It would have been pleasant for us, in the ordinary fashion of novelists, to skip over difficulties, and end our story by installing James Annesley in the honours and possessions of his ancestors, amidst a blaze of rejoicings like that which welcomed Harry Bertram to the old mansion of Ellangowan. Regard for historic accuracy obliges us to conclude in a less hilarious strain. Abandoning the doubtful results of judicial conflict, and perhaps not a little disconcerted with his

experiences, Annesley took up his quarters at Blackheath. There, after passing a few years, though in what position we know not, he died on the 5th January 1760, leaving a son who died an infant, and a daughter who married, and whose children died young. His line was therefore extinct.

As far as we are aware, this is the first time that, apart from law treatises, the singular story of James Annesley has been drawn up from authentic documents. All the remarkable facts which we have been able to glean from the *State Trials*, are usually left out, possibly with a view to sustaining the sensational effect conveyed by the original and imperfect legend. The reflection occurs to us, that the teachings of truth may at times be quite as interesting as, and bear a higher moral value than, the most ingenious conceptions of romance.

W. C.

## WALTER'S WORD.

### CHAPTER XXXIV.—FIXING THE PRICE.

ON hearing the answering cry from their comrades, the party pushed up the hill, and presently came upon a level lawn, surrounded with fine trees, each a leafy tent, since their branches descended to the ground, so as to form shelter from rain or sun; a brook babbled down its centre, and by its side were tethered sheep and goats. Nor did this pastoral scene lack more romantic elements, for, beside the sheep, instead of shepherds, lay, wooing the morning sun, the main body of the brigand band, some thirty men, scarcely any of whom had yet reached middle life, and bedizened in such finery as only children or savages could elsewhere have found a pleasure in wearing. The pistols stuck in their gay scarfs, and the muskets piled in the centre of the lawn, suggested a company of amateur actors rehearsing some exquisite *tableau vivant*, after *Salvator Rosa*, rather than what they really were—a band of bloodshedders and ruffians. They jumped up with a shout of welcome, as the new-comers made their appearance, and crowded around Walter with signs of great excitement, and a continuous chatter, of which he could make nothing, but which was probably concerning his market-value in ducats. Then some one cried out, 'Il Capitano,' and these inquisitive gentry melted away from him as if by magic, and Corrali himself stood before him with outstretched hand.

'Welcome, signor, to our country-house,' said he, smiling. 'I cannot say that I hope to see you long here; but while you are with us, you shall have no cause to complain of our hospitality.'

Walter's mind and eyes were wandering from tree to tree, in speculation as to which might form the bower of Lilian; but he made shift to make some civil response to this greeting—the courtesy of which he set down at its just value. It was evident that the brigand chief required something of him beside his ransom.

'Your friends in Palermo'—

'I have no friends there,' interrupted Walter quickly.

'Well, well; those, then, who miscall themselves your friends, have been very injudicious: but for their having sent out the troops, milord and his daughter might by this time have been on

\* Howell's *State Trials*, vol. xviii. p. 202.



board their yacht again. As it is, there is no knowing when that may be—if ever.' And at these last two words, which were uttered very sternly, that ugly look came over the brigand's face, which seemed to reveal the character of the man behind it.

'Where is milord, as you persist so wrongfully in calling him?'

'You shall see him in a few moments. I have sent for you here, indeed, for that purpose. Look, sir; what you have told me of yourself and your slender purse may be true or not.' Walter was about to speak, but the other stopped him with a gesture. 'Let us suppose it true, then; it is my rule that cannot be the same as will not; and when the ransom is not forthcoming, I kill the captive. Your life is therefore forfeit. I might say much more than your life, but I do not wish to proceed to extremities with you even in the way of menace. You may save your skin, without the loss of a ducat, if you will only be guided by good sense.'

Walter bowed his head. 'What is it you require of me, Captain Corrali?'

'I want you to teach reason to this fellow-countryman of yours, whom I have in my power.'

'And his daughter, where is his daughter?'

'She is safe enough. No harm will happen to her, from us, at all events.'

'That means that she is dying,' answered Walter hoarsely. 'If the damp and cold should kill her, you are none the less her murderer than if you had slain her with your hands.'

'I will settle with my own conscience for that, signor,' returned the other contemptuously. 'What we are both concerned about at present—and you much more than I, believe me—is this ransom. The old man is a fool, and can be made to understand nothing. He does not comprehend that I shall burn him alive, skin him alive; he thinks he is in London, and has to deal with a mere pickpocket. I protest that he offered me one thousand ducats—not a week's living for the band. It made my fingers itch to shoot him down; only, that that would have been letting him off too cheaply.'

So furious was the brigand's passion, that the foam flew from his lips, his eyes glared like those of a wild beast, and his fingers roved from knife-handle to pistol-butt as though they had been the keys of a piano.

'What is it exactly you wish me to do?' inquired Walter.

'To convince him that I mean what I say, that what I threaten I will perform; and, worse, that if this money I demand is not forthcoming—all of it—that he shall die, and be days in dying; that he shall pray for death a thousand times, and in vain.'

'And what am I to gain, if I am successful in persuading him, Captain Corrali?'

'Life, liberty! His ransom shall cover yours, which is but a flea-bite. If you fail, beware, young man, for you shall share his fate. Now, follow me.' With these words, delivered in a most menacing tone, Corrali turned upon his heel, and led the way to a large beech-tree, the branches of which swept the ground, and moving them aside, revealed to Walter's eyes the recumbent form of Mr Christopher Brown, wrapped in a capote, and pillowed on one of the cushions stolen from the cabin of his yacht.

The old merchant had not been sleeping; anxiety and discomfort had banished slumber from him; but as he rose upon his elbow to regard his visitors, he rubbed his eyes, like some newly awakened man, who doubts whether he is not still in the land of dreams.

'Why, that's not Mr Litton, surely?'

His tone had no displeasure in it, such as Walter had apprehended; the danger and strangeness of his position forbade his entertaining the ideas which might naturally have occurred to him under ordinary circumstances; he did not recognise in Walter the man whom he had dismissed from his own house for deceit, whom he suspected of plotting to win his daughter, and whose presence in Sicily at the present moment he might well associate with the pursuit of the same forbidden object; he only beheld a friend and fellow-countryman, dropped out of the clouds, and, as he vaguely hoped, with power to succour him.

'Why, who would have thought of meeting you in this den of thieves!' continued Mr Brown. 'Do you bring any good news?'

'Indeed, sir, no,' answered Walter sorrowfully; 'I am only this man's prisoner, like yourself.'

'Yes, yes; all mice in my trap,' put in Corrali, understanding by Walter's manner what was meant, and gesticulating triumphantly with his fingers. 'Two were caught first, click, click! and then this one came to look after them, click!'

'What does the wretch say?' inquired Mr Brown.

'He is telling you how it happens that I am here. I had discovered you were captured, and on my road to give the alarm, I got taken prisoner myself.'

'I am sorry that we have done you such a wrong,' said the merchant with feeling.

'I shall not regret it, Mr Brown, if only I may be the means of being of advantage to you,' answered Walter. 'At present, our position is very serious. The troops have been called out, which has enraged the brigands, and—'

'But surely, then, we are certain of rescue?' interrupted the merchant eagerly. 'The soldiers must needs make short work of such scoundrels as these.'

'If they could only catch them; but that is not so easy. And if they did so, they would not find us alive. It is this man's invariable custom to kill his captives, if he cannot keep them.'

'That is what he has been trying to persuade me all along,' said Mr Brown; 'but I am not going to believe such nonsense. We are British subjects, and the thing is incredible, Mr Litton. I would have dared him to do his worst, had it not been for dear Lillian.' Here the old man's lip began to quiver, and a tear stole down his white cheek. 'She was weak and ailing, when they took her, and though I have reason to believe she is better lodged than I have been, and attended by persons of her own sex, I tremble for what may be the effects of such rude treatment. O Mr Litton, what an ass and idiot I was, to listen to Sir Reginald's advice, and leave old England for such a country as this! How long do you think it will be before we get out of it?'

'It is impossible, my dear sir, to guess at that. What I would implore you to persuade yourself is, that your position is a matter of life and death, in which no sacrifice can be considered too great a

one. I am instructed by this man to treat with you concerning your ransom.'

'Yes, yes,' cried Corrali, pricking up his ears at the familiar word; 'now, you are coming to it at last. It is well you should make milord come to reason.'

'What I would advise, Mr Brown,' said Walter, 'is, that you should be firm on one point, namely, to pay nothing whatever until your daughter is placed in safety with her sister.'

'How much does he say?' exclaimed Corrali impatiently. 'I should like to hear him come to the point. Will he pay me my six hundred thousand ducats?'

'You must be mad, Captain Corrali,' exclaimed Walter, in amazement. 'There is no man alive, unless you caught your king himself, who could pay such a sum as that.'

'You mean no Sicilian; but there are plenty Inglese. They are made of gold; I know it. Nothing is good enough for them, and nothing too dear. A man who has a pleasure-ship of his own too! My demands are too moderate: if anything is amiss with them, that is it. You tell him what I say. Six hundred thousand ducats, or he is a dead man.'

'This man says, Mr Brown, that you must pay him a hundred thousand pounds, or he will kill you.'

The old merchant started to his feet so quickly, that Corrali drew back a pace, and laid his hand upon his knife. 'A hundred thousand grandmothers! Did any one ever hear of such a sum except in the Bank cellars! If you were to sell me up to-morrow, I could not command the half of it. I will not give him a hundred thousand pence.'

'Ay, the bank,' put in Corrali cunningly, again recognising a scrap of what was said; 'now, that is like coming to business. He is talking of Gordon's bank at Palermo, is he not? That is, of course, where the money will come from.'

'Indeed, he is talking of nothing of the kind,' said Walter calmly. The excitement of the merchant, which had certainly testified to the extravagance of the demand as strongly as any words could have done, had not, as he fancied, been thrown away upon the brigand chief. 'He was saying that no private person, even in England, could command such a sum as you propose. He has not got it to give, nor yet the half of it.'

'Then, by Santa Rosalia, he shall die!' cried the brigand, 'and you along with him.'

'It may be so, Captain Corrali, for it lies within your power to kill us'—

'Ay, and to do more, look you—to roast you, to skin you!'

'Just so; you mentioned all that before. It is in your power to do anything to us that you are wicked enough to imagine; but it is not in this man's power to pay the sum you propose. We shall die sooner or later, at all events—then you will be left, as you say, with our skins—they will not be worth much, and, in the end, you will be taken, and hanged for it. If you consider such a course of conduct advantageous, you must pursue it. For my part, if I were in your place, I would be a little more reasonable.'

The brigand's face was black with rage; he looked more like a vulture than a human being, as he gazed on the unhappy merchant, as though longing to fall on him with beak and claw.

'You do not know me, Signor Inglese, or you

would not dare to speak to me thus,' said he to Walter. 'Are we lawyer and client, that you give me advice of this sort, and cross my will when I have expressed it?'

'I would not cross it, if I could help it, Captain Corrali; 'but your demands are those of a madman, of a man who wishes to have our blood, by demanding of us an impossibility.'

'It is possible that you may be speaking the truth,' answered Corrali after a long pause. 'If this man has really but three hundred thousand ducats, with that I must be content. But if he does not possess *them*, then let him prepare for death, since, for a less sum, he shall never escape alive out of my hands. And let him come to his conclusion, "Yea" or "Nay," within ten minutes, for my patience has reached its limit.' As he said these words, the brigand produced one of the various watches that adorned his person—a gold one, incrustated with jewels, the spoil, probably, of some native milord—and placed it on the ground before him, where it formed a spot of sunshine in that shady place.

Walter translated this ultimatum to the old merchant, and added an expression of his own belief that nothing less than the sum now named would suffice the brigand's greed.

'Fifty thousand pounds!' cried the old man in an agony. 'Why, that will be ruin, Mr Litton—beggary!'

Walter did not believe that this was literally true. It was quite possible that such a sum was as great as even the merchant's credit could have realised in ready money, so far from home; but it could surely not be his whole fortune; and in his heart he wondered how, for an instant, considering the position of Lilian, her father should have hesitated to give in to terms that, however hard, were yet practicable. He did not know how dear is wealth to those who have much of it, especially when it has been acquired by their own hands; how one's ducats and one's daughter, if not rated at the same value, bear yet some proportion to one another, in such a man's mind, as they had in that of the Jew of Venice. Moreover, he did not take into sufficient account the natural incapacity of the owner of Willowbank, Regent's Park, to believe in the menaces of their captor. Mr Christopher Brown had, probably, never read M. About's *King of the Mountains*, nor that matchless tale of M. Dumas, wherein he describes how the banker in the hands of brigands is charged a hundred thousand francs for an egg not particularly fresh, and at a similar rate for all other necessities of the table, till his bill for board equals the ransom he has declined to pay; and if he had read them, he would have taken them for romances, as void of foundation as a fairy tale. He was scarcely, in fact, more capable of realising his present circumstances, than he would have been of imagining them, if they had not occurred. And though he saw himself fallen among thieves, and wholly in their power, he found it hard to believe that they would venture on such extremities as Walter had foreshadowed. The London cry, 'Where are the police?' was a sentiment that he could not eradicate from his mind. In this matter, the brigand chief (who had, doubtless, had the opportunity of observing such workings of the mind in others of his captives) had gauged the merchant with considerable accuracy.

'No,' persisted Mr Brown; 'let the scoundrel do his worst; his sickle shall never reap all the harvest of my life of honest toil. I will die rather than submit to it!'

'Alas, sir, it is not a question of dying, if what we have heard of this man's cruelties is true,' urged Walter, 'but of far worse than death; and, moreover, it is not your life nor mine that is alone at stake. Consider what your daughter must be enduring, and how every moment of delay and haggling may be fraught with peril to her.'

'Consider!' echoed the merchant with irritation. 'Do you suppose, then, that she has escaped my consideration? I am only thinking whether she would thank me for saving her, since it must needs be done at such a sacrifice to her of wealth; position, comfort, and all that makes life worth having. Three hundred thousand ducats! It is monstrous, it is incredible! Two thousand pounds a year for ever, in return for two nights' involuntary lodging upon a mountain-side. I will never give it!'

The very force and passion of these protestations, however, suggested to Walter that the merchant was at least wavering in his stubborn resolve.

'The question is, Mr Brown,' observed he, with earnestness, 'Is it within your power to command so vast a sum, or not?'

'I have a good name on Change, sir!' answered the other, with an assumption of dignity that at any other time would have been amusing to note; 'and a good name there is good everywhere else.'

'Then, for Heaven's sake, use it!' exclaimed Walter passionately. 'Why, if you died, sir, under this man's tortures, and Lillian died'—for, in the stress and strain of their common misfortune, he spoke of her thus familiarly, and her father listened without reproof—'what would Lady Selwyn say? Would she thank you, because your obstinate resolve had enriched her by the sacrifice of a father and a sister?'

'True, true,' answered the old man, as if talking to himself: 'all would in that case go to Lotty, which would mean to *him*.'

By chance, Walter had hit upon an argument more convincing than any which logic or commonsense could have suggested. 'Well, well, Mr Litton, it is a hard case; but I will be guided by you.'

'The ten minutes are over,' observed the brigand, taking up his watch, and throwing away the end of the cigar with which he had been beguiling the time. 'Has milord come to his right mind?'

'Mr Brown will pay the money, Captain Corrali—that is, if so huge a sum can be raised in Palermo upon his credit—on one condition. His daughter must be set at liberty on the spot; indeed, the letter of authorisation must be delivered to the banker by her hand. It would otherwise be valueless, since he would conclude it to have been extorted by force.'

'That shall be done,' answered the brigand quietly; 'we have no wish to retain the signora. It is a pleasure to me, I assure you, to reflect that we are to remain good friends. The sooner she is away, doubtless the better for her. Here are pens, ink, and paper, for the authorisation;' and once more the chief produced from an outside pocket these business materials, which were almost as much the implements of his trade as the knife and the musket.

'My friend must see his daughter before she goes,' observed Walter quickly. There was something in the brigand's manner that had aroused his suspicions. Was it not possible that that phrase, 'The sooner she is away, doubtless the better for her,' implied that she was dying?

'That is impossible,' answered Corrali coolly, 'since milord does not speak Sicilian. No word is allowed to pass between a prisoner about to be released and one who is still retained captive, unless in our own language. The signora will take the authorisation—which will be read by a friend of ours who is acquainted with the English tongue—but we must take care that she has no secret instructions. I regret to forbid an interview so naturally agreeable, but the precaution is one which will recommend itself to milord's good sense.'

The Tartar, which had been so visible when Captain Corrali's skin had been scratched, was no longer visible; the wound was healed; he was once more, in manner, the Chesterfield of brigand chiefs.

'But for all we know, the signora may be'—Walter hesitated; he could not bring himself to speak of Death in connection with his Lillian—'unfit for travel, too ill to bear the journey; or, under that pretence, you may not let her free, after you have promised to do so.'

'The signor should remember, that without her personal presence at the banker's, as he has just observed, the ransom could not be obtained,' answered Corrali blandly. 'If the assurance of her being alive is all that is required, the signor can see her himself—since you both speak our language—but not milord.'

When this was communicated to Mr Brown, he did not make the opposition to this harsh announcement that Walter had expected; the fact was, that though he loved his daughter with all the strength of a strong nature, he was singularly free from sentiment as such; in this matter, as in professional affairs, he looked to the main facts, and provided that he could feel assured that Lillian was safe in her friends' hands, he could forego that parting caress which to some men would have been worth the ransom he was about to pay. Moreover, it must be added, that he conceived that all difficulties in the way of his own freedom would be at once removed, and that the next day, or the one after next at farthest, would see him once more on board the *Sylphide*, never to touch land again until they reached the British soil.

'Go and see her, Mr Litton,' said he. 'Give her my fondest love, and tell her how it is that I am debarred from bidding her good-bye. Bid her hasten matters with the bankers all she can. Since I must pay this money, the sooner it is done the better; and if you can do so, without being overheard, tell her that large as the sum is which has been extorted from me, she will not, nevertheless, have to beg her bread—do you understand!'

Walter understood very well, though he wondered greatly how Mr Brown could comfort himself with such reflections at such a time, much more recommend them to others.

Then the merchant drew out the authorisation—he had become quite himself again at the prospect of a business transaction—in brief and concise terms. It was unnecessary to dilate upon his necessitous position, since all the world of Palermo was by

this time acquainted with it; but he was careful, at the chief's suggestion, to add, beside the usual formula, that all the ransom must be paid in gold. His name was well known to the bankers, to whom he had been duly recommended; and there was his son-in-law, Sir Reginald, to vouch for him. The general sympathy of the commercial public and of his fellow-countrymen would doubtless also be of some advantage in such a crisis; and, upon the whole, he did not doubt that the money—which in London he could have produced in a few hours—would be forthcoming in a day or two at the farthest. He did not comprehend—nor, indeed, did Walter—that the raising of the money was only one of the difficulties that might interpose between them and freedom.

'There!' said Mr Brown, when he had signed the document, and the other two had witnessed it; 'I have chopped my arm off; I feel better.'

To sign away so huge a sum seemed, indeed, to him like the lopping away of a limb; but when once it was gone, he wiped it off the books of his mind like a bad debt, and commenced the business of life again, under new conditions.

'And now, gentlemen,' said Corrali, who had at once possessed himself of the document, 'the sooner we get on with this little business the better for all parties.—Santoro!'

At the sound of his name, Walter's body-guard at once made his appearance; he had decked himself out even more splendidly than before, having been lent some personal ornaments by his friends to go a-wooing with; just as a young lady will sometimes borrow a necklace or a bracelet for a ball from her mother's jewel-case.

'I see,' said the captain, addressing his follower, with great good-humour, 'that you have made up your mind to see Lavocca, and, as it happens, the opportunity now offers itself. The signor here is to be conducted to the cavern.'

'The cavern!' exclaimed Santoro, as though he could hardly believe his ears.

'Yes; did I not say so? Colletta and yourself will be answerable, as before, for his safety, and he will be intrusted to you two alone.—If you have any last words for milord,' added he, addressing Walter, 'you had better say them.'

'Mr Brown,' said Walter, 'I am going. Have you anything to add to what you have already said, as respects your daughter?'

'Nothing, but my love and blessing, Mr Litton. But, as respects yourself, I would wish to say, in case anything should happen to either of us ere we meet again, that I am deeply sensible of the good-will towards me and mine, which has caused you to share our misfortune. I confess that I behaved ill to you at Willowbank, and that my first impression of your character was the true one.' Walter's only answer was to hold out his hand, which the other took and pressed warmly. 'You will tell me the truth about my Lilian,' faltered the old man; 'you will conceal nothing from me. It's uncommon hard, because a man only speaks his mother-tongue, that he mayn't say good-bye to his daughter. But, after all, it will be only for a few days, will it? We shall be on board the yacht again before the week's out, eh?'

'Indeed, sir, I hope you will,' said Walter earnestly; but since it was Thursday even then, he doubted it.

'If Lilian gets to Palermo this afternoon, you

see,' argued Mr Brown, 'the money can be collected before night, and sent up here the first thing in the morning. I assure you it is not so pleasant sleeping under these beech-trees, that I should wish to try it a third time. At all events, I do trust the people at Gordon's will take care that we don't spend our Sunday in such society as this,' and he pointed to the members of the band, who, with characteristic interest in any excitement, had already gathered round to see Walter and his guards depart upon their expedition. The picture of the honest merchant, as he stood without his leafy tent bidding adieu to him in such sanguine words, and denouncing the unconscious spectators, was fated often to recur to Walter's mind, in days to come, with a sad sense of contrast.

## DEEP-SEA EXPLORATIONS.

### IN FOUR CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER I.

IN a former number of this Journal (No. 485, April 1873), in an article entitled 'Wonders of the Deep,' we drew attention to the vast strides that had then recently been made in our knowledge of the physical conditions of the ocean; and from a work then just published, *Depths of the Sea*, by Professor Wyville Thomson, we gave a sketch of the explorations of the ships *Lightning* and *Porcupine*. We now propose to take up the subject, and, in the course of a few articles, describe what has been done since, more particularly with reference to the voyage of the *Challenger*, which vessel had at that time lately left our shores; and in doing this, we shall add such other incidents connected with the voyage as we believe will interest our readers.

In our article 'Wonders of the Deep,' we casually mentioned the name of Professor Edward Forbes as having, by his perseverance and industry, made a great advance in marine discovery; he succeeded in dredging in two hundred fathoms; and in the prosecution of this, his favourite work, in the Mediterranean, this truly great naturalist was taken from us, all too soon, but not before he had established a reputation, as much for his amiability and kindness of heart, as for his deep research and knowledge as a naturalist. Forbes has had many successors, and worthy ones too. Harvey did much both in England and Australia, but his researches tended more to develop the forms and limits of vegetable, than of animal life; and it has been stated by him and others, that at the depth of fifty fathoms, vegetable life is extremely scant; whilst it entirely disappears before the depth of two hundred fathoms is reached. So that, as appears from the *Depths of the Sea*, it is a question how the animals in the deepest parts of the ocean effect their nutrition; and it is believed, that those inhabiting extreme depths have no special organs of nutrition, but absorb nourishment through the whole surface of their jelly-like bodies; and if this be so, the still more remarkable fact remains unexplained as to what kind of nourishment they imbibe, and how that nourishment is developed, for if some of the animals live on microscopic globigerina, the globigerina themselves must be fed.

The means at command of those who were the first to attempt individual measurements of great

depths, were rough in the extreme; and in sounding from a boat, the surface-drift had such effect on the boat itself, that although the line might appear perpendicular for the short distance it could be seen through the water, it could not be confidently asserted that it was so; and it was not until a resting-place for his electric telegraph cables was required, that man was compelled to ascertain the nature of the bottom, as well as the depths of the ocean. As in many other things, our American cousins were the first in the field; but it is now admitted that we have far surpassed them in all that relates to the knowledge of the physical and natural conditions of the great deep.

The necessities of the telegraph cable, then, were the first inducements to a systematic examination of the contour of the ocean-bed; but its object, it must be remembered, was more of a commercial nature than a scientific; and although the small portions of the bottom brought up by the sounding-rod were eagerly sought after by naturalists, it was but the commencement, or the introduction of the thin end of the wedge, from which time was to develop great results.

We owe to the late Captain M. F. Maury, of the United States navy, a debt of gratitude for the advantages that have been derived from his researches in connection with the physical conditions of the ocean, especially as regard its prevailing winds and currents; and we may safely say he has been the means of immensely increasing the commercial prosperity of his fellow-men. Our subject, however, treats more particularly of under-surface phenomena.

The cruise of the *Lightning* extended over a period of only six weeks, and that at the latter end of the season; the examination was therefore confined to the space between Scotland and Faroe, and four to five degrees to the westward; and although the weather at that late season of the year interfered with very successful work, the results gave great encouragement for further research. Dredging was effected at a greater depth than had ever been attempted, namely, six hundred and fifty fathoms, and a series of observations of the temperature at different depths obtained, that enabled Dr Carpenter to define the limits of the cold area or arctic water moving south, and the warm area where the stream of that arctic water is intercepted by islands. Within these areas, which differ twenty degrees in temperature, distinct races of animals were found to exist.

Next year, the *Porcupine* had a more extended voyage. The vessel left the Thames on her first cruise in the middle of May, and commenced operations between the parallels of Cape Clear and Slyne Head on the Irish coast, where she carried out a series of soundings six hundred miles from the shore, and dredged in the then unprecedented depth of one thousand five hundred fathoms, yielding curious results, and bringing animals to the surface with well-developed eyes.

In the next cruise, bolder attempts were made with the dredge, and a quantity of globigerina (the dead bodies of a species of animalcule) mud was brought from a depth of two thousand four hundred fathoms, or nearly three miles; the soundings were also carried farther out to the west and south of Ireland, and the action on the thermometers was well tested; and by comparing them with those used the year before, a scale of cor-

rection was obtained for them that enabled Dr Carpenter to utilise the numerous observations he had made.

The last cruise of the season was spent in a further examination of the Faroe Channel; and by means of a simple contrivance devised by Captain Calver, important additions were made to our knowledge of animal life at great depths: it was found that on the gravel bottom the dredge came up empty; but by teasing out some ordinary rope-yarns, forming them into tangles, and attaching them to the arms of the dredge, they came up teeming with animal life, and proved beyond a doubt that animal life was as prolific in the cold area, where the temperature was below the freezing-point, as in the warm area, where the temperature was considerably above it.

In 1870, the *Porcupine* could not be spared from her other duties until June; and on the 4th July she left Falmouth with Mr Gwyn Jeffreys, accompanied by a son of Dr Carpenter, who conducted a series of analytical observations to ascertain the amount of chlorine contained in seawater at different depths. On this cruise the *Porcupine* proceeded in a south-westerly direction, dredging in from four hundred to eight hundred fathoms; and by the help of the 'tangles,' a rich harvest was secured. In one of the casts of the dredge, seventy-one species of Mollusca were obtained, that were either entirely new to science, or never before described. Proceeding along the coast of Portugal, the vessel reached Gibraltar, where Dr Carpenter took the scientific charge, Mr Gwyn Jeffreys returning to England. The examination of the Gibraltar Strait was then commenced, and a cruise made into the Mediterranean; the results were of considerable importance in connection with those obtained in the Atlantic, and on which Dr Carpenter has founded a theory not intended to be discussed in these pages. The Mediterranean was found considerably less prolific in animal life than the Atlantic, but a fine collection of corals and shells was obtained.

The next year, Dr Carpenter further investigated the Gibraltar current, and, by means of a current-drag, observed the direction and force of the water at various depths.

Although the observations made in these four years were intermittent, and somewhat straggling, the endeavour being to collect as much information as possible in the limited time, they nevertheless proved of great value; so much so, that when collated and the results laid before Her Majesty's government, and the advantages of a systematic examination of the ocean pointed out, government at once yielded to the suggestions of what may be termed 'the scientific world,' and agreed to fit out a vessel of such size, and for such an extended voyage, as the important nature of the subject demanded.

The vessel selected for this extended voyage of exploration was the now well-known steam-ship *Challenger*, of 1460 tons, and 400 horse-power engines. From her having a main deck, she was well adapted for the purpose, as much space was required for the scientific staff, and the various stores necessary for such a voyage. The guns were removed, with the exception of two or three on the upper deck, which were retained, more for the purpose of signalling, than for warfare. Cabins were erected on both the main and lower decks,

to accommodate the savants who were to accompany the ship; cabins were also required for a chart-room, analysing and photographing rooms, a chemical laboratory, and a capacious bath-room.

The powder-magazine was converted into a spirit-room, with several hundred gallons of alcohol stowed therein, almost as dangerous a cargo as its more natural one—gunpowder. There were also stowed away thirty tons of iron sinkers, and thousands of fathoms of sounding and dredge line, made from the finest selected Italian hemp. Dredges were supplied of the most approved patterns, and every conceivable contrivance for catching everything, from whales to marine infusoria. Fortunately, no parsimonious economy stinted the supply of every article likely to be of service during the long voyage.

The command of the *Challenger* was intrusted to Captain George S. Nares (since appointed to the government arctic expedition, his successor being Captain Frank T. Thomson), an officer who had already distinguished himself in the arctic regions, and had more recently commanded a surveying vessel in the Mediterranean. The second in command, Commander J. P. Maclear, is the son of the talented astronomer of the Cape of Good Hope, Sir Thomas Maclear. Three lieutenants and a navigating lieutenant, surgeon and assistant-surgeon, paymaster, four sub-lieutenants, the usual staff of engineers and assistants, and one hundred and fifty seamen and marines, formed the complement.

The charge of the scientific staff was most judiciously given to Professor Wyville Thomson, F.R.S., who, as a man of science, is well known to be one of the highest order, and whose genial disposition well fitted him for the task, in a social point of view—a point of no mean consideration on an extended voyage such as that of the *Challenger*. Professor Thomson's staff consisted of Mr J. Y. Buchanan, M.A., of the Chemical Laboratory of Edinburgh University, as chemist; Mr H. N. Mosely, M.A., Dr Von Willenoes Suhm, and Mr John Murray, as naturalists; and Mr J. J. Wild, of Zurich, as secretary and artist. A corporal of the Royal Engineers, well skilled in photography, was also appointed.

For the purposes of dredging and sounding, donkey-engines were fitted on the upper deck, and large stages erected at the sides, for receiving the loaded dredges.

For the purposes of hydrography, a large supply of instruments was furnished, to meet all the requirements for surveying ports and harbours; but the greatest attention was naturally devoted to the most important object of the voyage, namely, deep-sea exploration; and as the ascertainment of the temperature at various depths was one of primary importance, the necessity of having a reliable self-registering thermometer was apparent. The Six's thermometer, that had previously been used in all deep-sea observations, was found by experiment to be so yielding under pressure as to make the observations taken with it unreliable; and it was also found that the error was due to the compression of the full bulb; even the strongest that could be made yielded, causing an error of ten or twelve degrees at a pressure equal to two thousand fathoms. To remedy this, Dr W. A. Miller, F.R.S., proposed covering the full bulb with an outer bulb: this was done, and it

effectually relieved the inner bulb from the pressure that caused the error.

Thirty-six of these protected thermometers, made by Mr Casalla, were supplied; and in addition, a 'differential thermometer,' devised by Mr Siemens, F.R.S., for ascertaining from the ship the temperature at various depths, was placed on board; but depending, as it did, on two insulated wires and the indication by a delicate galvanometer, it was found inapplicable for use on board ship when there was any motion; and as the protected thermometers were found to answer their purpose, the loss of the other was not so much felt.

Since the *Challenger* sailed, another form of self-registering thermometer has been devised by Mr Negretti, the optician, which has this advantage over the Six's thermometer, that whereas, if the latter passes through a warmer current of water than the surface-water to a colder, the index registers only that of the warmer current, and not the colder water, to which it has descended; the Negretti thermometer, on the contrary, registers that only at the greatest depth to which the instrument has reached. This is effected in cutting off the mercury at the bulb by a very ingenious contrivance, by the action of drawing the line up, when the instrument takes a complete turn, depositing the quantity of mercury thus cut off in the other arm of the syphon tube, on which is marked the scale for reading the temperature. This has been sent to the *Challenger*, but reports have not yet reached us of its action.

Scarcely of less importance is the apparatus used for ascertaining the depth of the sea. The term 'deep-soundings' has now an entirely different significance from that which it formerly had. No difficulty is now experienced in sounding in any depth, and bringing the sinker with a specimen of the bottom to the surface; this is effected by a lead of about a hundred weight, having a tubescrewed to the bottom. At the bottom of the tube is a 'butterfly valve,' which opens inward like the wings of a butterfly; the water passes through the tube as the sinker descends; but on piercing into the oozy bed of the ocean, and being withdrawn, the wings fall horizontally, and retain the soil contained in the tube. But when the depth is beyond a thousand fathoms, or thereabouts, the difficulties increase in proportion to the depth, and it becomes necessary to have a greater weight of sinkers; and as the increased weight and friction of sinkers and line would prove too much for the line in hauling it up, a contrivance has been devised to detach the sinkers and leave them at the bottom, at the same time obtaining a portion of the soil, as a proof that the sinkers have reached the bottom; hence the necessity for the large supply of sinkers. These sinkers are discs of iron of half a hundredweight each, having a hole through the centre, and made to fit one over the other. The sounding-tube is about five feet in length, the lower end fitted with a butterfly valve, as already described; at the upper end is a sliding-rod, having two small shoulders, which project when the tube is suspended and the rod up; but, when resting on the ground, the shoulders sink within the tube. The tube is passed through the number of sinkers required, and this is regulated by the depth, current, &c. expected; generally three to four hundredweight is used. An iron ring, with stout wire attached to either side, is passed under the

weights, and a loop of the wire placed over the shoulders. Thus, with the tube suspended, the wire and ring support the weights; but the moment the tube comes in contact with the ground, and the suspending line is slackened, the shoulders are pulled down by the weights, and becoming buried in the tube, the wire loop is thrown off, and the tube is drawn through the sinkers, leaving them on the ground. It must be mentioned that the lower nine to twelve inches of the tube is left protruding beyond the weights; this portion is driven into the ground, and secures the specimen of the soil. This instrument is called the 'Baillie Sounding-machine,' after its inventor. There have been many detaching instruments invented, but the one described is the latest, and is considered the best.

The line used is one inch in circumference, and is capable of bearing a steady strain of about fourteen or fifteen hundredweight (it is marked at every fifty fathoms); but, to prevent the loss of leads and lines by the sudden jerks and strain caused by the motion of the vessel, a number of india-rubber accumulators are furnished, each being five feet long, and capable of extension two and a half times their normal length, with a strain of about fifty pounds. About twenty of these are so arranged that when, by the rising of the ship to the sea, the strain comes suddenly, the accumulators take up the strain, lengthening out according to the strain, and contracting as the ship falls. The accumulators are also useful as a dynamometer (strength measurer).

Another mode of sounding has been devised by Sir William Thomson, by means of a drum and piano-wire, with registering dials for the measurement of the depth. One of these instruments was placed on board the *Challenger*, but we are not aware of its having been used.

#### A PAWNBROKING INCIDENT.

As a pawnbroker in a populous suburb of London, I have had occasion to see painful, and sometimes not unpleasing phases of society. Just to give an idea of what occasionally comes under the notice of persons in my profession, I shall describe a little incident and its consequences. One evening I stepped to the door for a little fresh air, and to look about me for a moment. Whilst I was gazing up and down the road, I saw a tidily dressed young person step up to our side-door. She walked like a lady—and let me tell you that in nine cases out of ten it's the walk, and not the dress, which distinguishes the lady from the servant-girl—and first she looked about, and then she seemed to make up her mind in a flurried sort of way, and in a moment more was standing at our counter, holding out a glittering something in a little trembling hand covered with a worn kid glove.

My assistant, Isaacs, was stepping forward to take the seal, when I came in and interposed. The poor young thing was so nervous and shy, and altogether so unused to this work, that I felt for her as if she had been my own daughter almost. She couldn't have been above eighteen years old: too frail and gentle a creature.

'If you please, will you tell me,' she said timidly, in a very sweet low voice, trembling with nervousness, 'what is the value of this seal?'

'Well, miss,' I said, taking the seal into my

hand and looking at it—it was an old-fashioned seal, such as country gentlemen used to wear, with a coat-of-arms cut upon it—that depends upon whether you want to pledge it, or to sell it outright.'

'I am married, sir,' and she said the words proudly, and with dignity, though still so shy, and seeming ready to burst out crying; 'and my husband is very ill—and—and'—And then the tears wouldn't be kept back any longer, and she sobbed as if her poor little heart would break.

'There, there, my dear,' I said to her; 'don't cry; it will all come right in time; and I tried to comfort her as well as I could in my own rough-and-ready way. 'I will lend you, ma'am,' I said to her at last, 'a sovereign upon this seal; and if you wish to sell it, perhaps I may be able to sell it for you to advantage.' And so I gave her a pound; it was more than the thing was worth as a pledge; and she tripped away with a lighter heart, and many thanks to me, and I thought no more of the matter at the time.

The very next day, the day before Christmas, there came into our place of business a very eccentric gentleman, who had called upon us pretty often before, not for the sake of pawning anything, though he was generally dressed shabby enough too. But he was a collector, one of those men who are mad upon old china and curiosities of all sorts.

'Anything in my way, to-day, Mr Davis?' he said, in his quick, energetic manner, with a jolly smile upon his face, and putting down the cigarette he was smoking upon the edge of the counter.

The Rev. Mr Broadman is a collector of gems, and rings and seals, and, in fact, of any stones that have heads or figures engraved upon them. And I had been in the habit of putting aside for him whatever in this way passed through our hands; for he gave us a better price than we should have got for them at the quarterly sales. 'The fact is, Davis,' he used to say to me, 'these things are invaluable: many of them are as beautiful, on a small scale, as the old Greek sculptures; and some of them even by the same artists. And they are made no longer, you see; for, in this busy nineteenth century of ours, time and brains are too precious to be spent on these laborious trifles.' Now, although I had no stones of the kind he wanted just then, it entered into my head that I would tell him about the seal which had come into my possession the evening before.

I told him the story somewhat as I have just told it to you. He listened attentively to all I said. When I had done, he looked at the seal, and said: 'I observe that it has the heraldic emblem of a baronet.' He then congratulated me upon the way in which I had acted. He asked, too, for this young lady's address, which she had given me quite correct; and then he left the shop without another word.

You must give me leave to tell the rest of the story in my own way, although it may be a very different way from that which the reverend personage employed in relating it to me afterwards.

It seemed that it was a runaway match. A country baronet's son had fallen in love with the clergyman's daughter, in the village where his father lived; and they had run away together, and got married. Then they came up to London, these two poor young things—for neither his father,



nor hers either, for the matter of that, would have anything to say to the match—he full of hopes of getting on in the literary and artistic line; and she, poor creature, full of trust in him.

The project of living by literature did not turn out what was expected. The young fellow, without experience or friends, spent much time going about from one publisher to another, and sending his writings to the editors of the various magazines—which I need not say were always ‘returned with thanks.’ And then he fell ill; typhus, I fancy, brought on by insufficient nourishment, and bad drainage, and disappointed hopes. The Registrar-general doesn’t give a return of these cases in any list that I am aware of. But we see something of them in our line of business, nevertheless.

It was just at this time that Mr Broadman found out Mrs Vincent; for that was the name of the young lady who came to my shop with the gold seal. Cambridge Terrace is not very far from the *Angel* at Islington, and there, in a little back-street of small, respectable houses, inhabited by junior clerks, with here and there a lodging-house, in one of which Mr and Mrs Vincent lived.

They were rather shy at first of a stranger, and a little proud and haughty, perhaps. People who have seen better days, and are down upon their luck, are apt to be so. But the parson, with his pleasant ways and cheery voice, soon made it all right; and, in a jiffy, he and Mr Vincent were talking about college, for they had both been to the same university. And there was soon even a smile too—a wan smile enough—upon the poor invalid’s sharp-cut, thin face, with the hollow, far-away eyes, which looked at you as if out of a cavern. He was the wreck of a fine young fellow, too; of one who had been used to his hunting and shooting, and all the fine country sports, which make broad-chested, strong-limbed country people, the envy of us poor, thin, pale townfolk.

Mr Broadman came direct to me when he left them. I did not live far off; and he thought that I might lend them a neighbour’s help. ‘Davis,’ said he, ‘that poor fellow is dying; I can see death in his eyes.’

‘What is he a-dying of?’ I replied.

He looked at me steadfastly a moment, and I could see a moisture in his eye, as he said, slowly and solemnly: ‘Of starvation, Davis—of actual want of food.’

‘A gentleman starving, in London, in Islington, a baronet’s son too! Why, it’s incredible.’

‘Not at all,’ said Mr Broadman; ‘these are the very people who do die of starvation in London, and in all great cities. Not the poor, who know where the workhouse is, and who can get at the relieving officer, if the worst comes to the worst; but the well born, who have fallen into destitute poverty, and who carry their pride with them, and dive into a back alley, like some wild animal into a hole, to die alone. Mr Vincent wants wine and jellies and all sorts of good things; if help hasn’t come too late. No, no, my friend,’ he continued, putting back my hand, for I was ready to give my money in a proper cause. ‘No, no; I have left them all they want at present, Davis. But I’ll tell you what you can do: you can, if you like to play the good Samaritan, go and see them, and cheer them up a bit. Mrs Vincent hasn’t forgotten your kindness to her, I can assure you. And I think her husband would like to thank you too, and it would

rouse him up a bit, perhaps.’ And then Mr Broadman told me, shortly, something of what these two poor things had gone through—she, loving and trusting him so; and he, half mad that he had brought her to this pass, and could do nothing for her.

Mr Broadman wrote that very day to the baronet: a proud, hard man, I’m told. But the letter he wrote back was soft enough, and melting to read; it was so full of human nature, you see—the father’s heart swelling up at the thought of getting back his son; and bursting through the thick crust of pride which had prevented him from making the first advances. And the parson says to me: ‘Well, Mr Davis,’ he said, ‘there are many people kept asunder only for want of somebody to go between them, you see, and make peace.’

And I said, partly to myself: ‘Why shouldn’t Christianity itself be such a general peacemaker as that?’

‘Ay,’ replied Mr Broadman, ‘if people only believed in it properly.’

That very day we got the baronet’s letter, I was on my way, in the afternoon, to Cambridge Terrace, to pay my respects to Mrs Vincent—and I’d had sent in a few bottles of good old port wine from my own wine-merchant—at least as good as can be got for money or love. Well, when I got near the door, I saw an old gentleman walking up and down, a little disturbed, apparently, in his mind at finding himself in such a queer locality, and as if looking for something, or somebody. A short, rosy-faced person he was, clean shaved as a pin, and very neat and old-fashioned in his dress; and with that sort of air about him which marks an English country gentleman wherever he may be. Well, we soon got into talk, for I’d spotted the baronet in a moment, and he was anxious to find out something about his son, as soon as he heard that I knew a little of the young couple.

‘And you do not think, sir, that my—that Mr Vincent is *dangerously* ill?’ said the old baronet; and there was a sob in his voice as he spoke, and his hand trembled as he laid it upon mine.

‘Here is the house, sir,’ I said; ‘and you will be able to judge for yourself.’

We went in. At least the baronet went into the room, trembling in every limb with the excitement of seeing his son. But when he set eyes on him, the poor old man was so startled, that he could scarcely speak. His son saw him, and tried to rise, but fell back feebly into his chair. ‘Dear father,’ he murmured weakly, stretching out a thin trembling hand, ‘forgive’—

But the father was on his knees, by the chair, in a moment, clasping his son’s head in his arms, and fondling him as he had done when the man was a baby.

‘What have I to forgive? You must forgive me for being so hard, my dear boy, and get better soon, Wilfred, my son, my son!’

I too had come into the room; I could not help it, I was so interested and excited. But I saw that in the young man’s face which made my heart sink in my bosom like lead.

The young wife saw it too, and gave one, two, three sharp screams, as if a knife had been thrust into her side.

Mr Broadman saw it; and quietly kneeling down, commended to God—as well as he could,

for sobbing—the soul of His servant departing this life.

And I—well, why should I be ashamed to confess it?—I knelt down too, and cried like a child; for the young man had died in his father's arms, at the very moment of reconciliation.

#### CLUB BOOKS.

EARLY in the present century, a taste, almost amounting to a mania, grew up for securing copies of rare books. Of the originals, there were so very few, and those mostly confined to public libraries, that the only available resource was reprinting. But to attempt reprinting on a large scale was hopeless, for 'it would not pay.' The only means for reproducing the works in question consisted in an association of individuals, each of whom, by an annual payment, would have a copy of every work printed. By such arrangements a very large accession has been made to history, biography, archaeology, and various other branches of human knowledge. It will be understood that the books so produced did not pass through the ordinary process of publication; nor were the volumes of a popular cast. For the most part, the number of copies was strictly limited, each volume, in a stately quarto size, costing perhaps a guinea. Only wealthy persons with an acute fancy for rare productions, could indulge in the whim of being members of these club-book societies.

It will be further understood, that there was much nicety in selecting the works to be reproduced. The members of the society did not want accuracy, according to modern grammar and spelling. They liked to get an exact reflex of a first, and it might be imperfect edition, containing possibly passages that were afterwards expunged; extreme rarity being what was mainly prized. It was also a great matter to see that the original cut of letter was preserved; and for this purpose, types had to be made specially to represent old characters not to be found in any modern printing-office. The thing, it will be perceived, was very much of a craze; but it was a craze of an innocent and creditable kind; and we should be thankful that there were men who went into it with zest and aptitude. They gave their money. The books they reproduced now exist, though in limited numbers, and the world of letters is so much the richer.

A kind of beginning to the club-book mania was given by the sale by auction of the library of John, third Duke of Roxburghe, in 1814. His Grace had been the most energetic and eminent book-collector in the United Kingdom. His library was large and valuable, and the sale lasted over forty-two days. Wealthy collectors assembled in force, and gave high prices for such works as claimed to be rarities. There were 10,120 lots in all, comprising about 30,000 volumes; and the money paid for them by the bidders at the auction amounted in the aggregate to £23,398. The Duke of Devonshire gave £1050 for the *History of Troy*, the first book printed by William Caxton in England, in 1471; the bidders were eager to obtain it simply because it was one of a very few copies of that edition known to be still in existence. There were

eleven other Caxtons in the catalogue; and the whole twelve brought £246 each on an average. But the great struggle was for Boccaccio's *Decamerone*, a copy of the first edition printed at Venice, by Valdarfar. The book was not very choice in any particular except that it *was* the first edition, and that hardly any other perfect copy of it was known. The Duke of Roxburghe had given £100 for it some years before. At the sale in 1812, the Marquis of Blandford and Earl Spencer alike set their hearts upon possessing it; emulation grew warm; neither one chose to give way to the other; and the earl did not cease to bid till he had gone up to £2250; the marquis bid another £10, and carried off the prize for the stupendous sum of £2260—the highest price, it is believed, ever paid for a single volume.

The principal buyers at the sale did not wish that this famous day, the *Decamerone* day, should pass into oblivion. The Rev. T. F. Dibdin, a celebrated bibliophile of that age, proposed a dinner. Twenty-four dined together at a tavern in London, including the titled representatives of the Howard, Churchill, Cavendish, Spencer, and Gower families, together with Sir Egerton Brydges, the Rev. Holwell Carr, Mr Heber, and other owners of famous libraries. It was agreed that they and a few others should form a club or society, to be called the Roxburghe Club, in commemoration of the Roxburghe sale, and that they should dine together annually on the 17th of June, the anniversary of the day on which the *Decamerone* was sold. Many years afterwards, Mr Haslewood, one of the members, wrote an account of those dinners, under the title of the *Roxburghe Revels*—most extravagant revels they certainly were.

If luxurious indulgence had been all, we should not have noticed the Roxburghe Club here. But it was agreed among the members that each should, in turn, print some rare work at his own expense, and give one copy to every member—a copy on vellum to the president. The plan was afterwards altered. The members were to be 40 as a maximum; an annual subscription was paid; the aggregate amount was spent in printing rare and curious old works; 100 copies were printed of each work, two for each member, and 20 to be sold to the public at such prices as the committee might determine. Old histories, chronicles, diaries, household books, topographical sketches, ballads, ecclesiastical and monastic treatises, &c., were published from time to time under these regulations—some from old printed, but almost inaccessible copies, some from old manuscripts. Many of the works were greatly valued; and, owing to the small number of copies printed, a complete set of the Roxburghe Club publications would now command a high price.

From this Roxburghe Club sprung many others, some of which collapsed after a few years; but the majority still remain, distinguished by having brought to light many curious literary treasures which had long been buried in obscurity. The printing-clubs, thus established, are not learned societies or literary institutions in the ordinary sense; they neither give lectures nor read papers, nor do they carry on discussions in a formal manner. They were, as has been stated, simply clubs for printing certain scarce books, each member taking a copy. The members are in some clubs as few as forty or fifty; in one, as

many as seven thousand. In most clubs, the books are regarded as privately printed; in others, an approach is made to the plan of publishing by subscription, extra copies being printed for sale to the public after the members have been supplied. In one club, a certain definite number of books are printed annually; in another, the number varies with the bulk and value of the individual works; while in a third, each member prints some books at his own expense, and presents a copy to every member; and these represent three types of the printing-clubs or societies. The members chosen to form the council are generally such as are known to be well versed in the class of subjects to which the publications of the club mostly relate; and the whole of the members reap the advantages of the gratuitous services of such persons. The result is, the publication of works not hitherto available to the average of literary and scientific men—being either in private collections, or in great libraries not accessible without difficulty. The printing of even a few hundred copies will afford the means of knowing where a particular class of works is obtainable. Dr Abraham Hume points out how useful would be a collated tabulation of all the publications of all the clubs. 'Some one of sufficient leisure and capability may yet, like the setting of a piece of mosaic-work, deduce harmony and beauty from the scattered profusion; and may confirm the fact, so often demonstrated in pure science, that every proposition, however strange, is valuable, if only it can be properly applied. Nor would the task be a contemptible one to reduce to order, in like manner, the knowledge that lies scattered through many formidable volumes of Transactions; to notice what ideas have given way to new lights, the stages and the progress of modern inquiry, the prospects of literature and science in our own times, the obstacles that impede their growth, and the means available for the removal of those obstacles.'

Such being the general characteristics of the associations to which this article relates, we will proceed to illustrate the subject by a few particulars concerning the chief examples—most of which are still flourishing, the rest having on various grounds brought their operations to a close.

One of the first to follow the example of the Roxburghe was the *Bannatyne Club*, founded mainly by Sir Walter Scott in 1823. Its announced object was to print and circulate among its members works illustrative of the history, antiquities, and literature of Scotland. There were about thirty members at first, afterwards increased to a hundred. The club was named after George Bannatyne, a literary Scot of the sixteenth century. The members, who subscribed five guineas a year each (the same amount as those of the Roxburghe Club), received, in the course of years, considerably more than a hundred distinct publications, many of them curious and valuable in a high degree, relating to all kinds of matters connected with old Scotland. The club closed its operations a few years ago; but its publications, though necessarily in few hands, will have permanent value. Complete sets of the works bring a high price at auctions.

The *Maitland Club*, another which we owe to Scotland, came a few years after the Bannatyne, and was, like it, devoted chiefly to the printing of works relating to Scotland, sometimes fine old

manuscripts; in other instances, fine old printed books little known and difficult of access. It was named after Sir Richard Maitland, a bibliophilist of the sixteenth century, and had its centre at Glasgow, as the Bannatyne had at Edinburgh. The members, a hundred in number, paid an annual subscription of three guineas. They received copies of all the works, some printed at the expense of the club, others at the expense of wealthy and liberal members. Some of the most interesting of the publications are several volumes of the *Miscellany of the Maitland Club*, a budget of curious odds and ends too small individually to be brought out separately.

The *Oriental Translation Fund*, established about the same time, was virtually a printing-club, founded chiefly by members of the Royal Asiatic Society, for the translation of oriental manuscripts into the languages of Europe, and printing a small number of copies of each. The subscription varied in amount according as large paper or small paper copies were chosen. Those who have the best means of judging, say that the valuable oriental works which this society has printed and published in the course of forty or fifty years, would have had little chance of being brought out in the ordinary course of publishing enterprise.

The *Iona Club*, a short-lived society, was founded for the investigation and illustration of the history, antiquities, and early history of the Highlands and Islands of Scotland; and printed for its members a few works on those subjects. Somewhat similar to this, in the limited range undertaken, was the *Manx Society*, relating to the Isle of Man. More taking was the *Abbotsford Club*, founded for the purpose of printing miscellaneous pieces having the same general character as those of the Bannatyne and the Maitland; it was rather a select body in regard to numbers, and the publications form a handsome quarto series, relating to ancient mysteries and legends, romances and ballads, old Scottish family documents, old monastic manuscripts, presbytery and synod records, &c.

The *Surtees Society*, established about the same time as the Abbotsford Club, was an early example of an excellent class. Its self-appointed work was to print and publish inedited manuscripts illustrating the religious, social, intellectual, and moral condition, in past times, of the ancient kingdom of Northumbria, forming the present northern counties of England and southern counties of Scotland. It was named after Robert Surtees, author of the *County History of Durham*. All the members are (or were) invited by circular letter to vote for or against the printing of any suggested work; if the vote be favourable, enough copies are printed for all the members, and one hundred for sale to the public. The series form a collection much prized by literary antiquarians. Closely following the Surtees in date was the *Camden Society*, one of the most celebrated of all; founded to render accessible any valuable but little known materials for the *Civil and Ecclesiastical History of the United Kingdom*, by printing them economically. The society was named after Camden, author of the *Britannia*. The subscription being only a guinea, and the range of subjects important, this society has always had a large number of members, reaching as high as twelve hundred. The numerous works printed, considerably over a hundred, have been edited by such

competent men as Thoms, Payne Collier, Wright, Hunter, Halliwell, Henry Ellis, Dyce, Way, Nichols, &c. Some of the publications are printed in sufficient number only for members; others, a surplus number for sale to the public. The *Spalding Club*, following close on the heels of the Camden, resembled in its declared purpose two or three already noticed—namely, the printing of old works and tracts relating to Scotland, chiefly in the Aberdeen district; it was named after Spalding, a noted Aberdeen bibliophilist in the seventeenth century, and rendered good service within the range embraced. The *Parker Society*, the *Percy Society*, and the *Shakspeare Society*, all founded in 1840, undertook the publication of curious old works relating to three different classes of subjects; the first (named after Archbishop Parker), the best, but scarce works of old English divines; the second (named after Bishop Percy), old English ballad poetry; and the third, books and tracts illustrative of Shakspeare and the literature of his times. Dublin may claim the merit of not being behind as regards a valuable class of club books issued in connection with the Irish Archaeological Society; the works, produced with much taste, referring to the antiquities and early history of Ireland.

If we were, in a similar way, to go through the list of printing-clubs established in the thirty-five years which have elapsed since 1840, this article would extend beyond convenient limits. It will suffice to name the principal among them, as illustrative of the varied services rendered. The *Oriental Text Society*, to defray the whole or part of the cost of printing standard works in oriental languages. The *Chetham Society* (named after good Humphry Chetham of Manchester), to print old works and manuscripts relating to the topography, biography, and archaeology of Lancashire and Cheshire. The *Sydenham Society* (named after a learned physician of the seventeenth century), to print rare works, foreign as well as English, relating to medical subjects; many of the works, which no publisher would venture upon, are highly prized in the profession. The *Ray Society*, and the *Cavendish Society*, the one attending to rare treatises and tracts in natural history; the other, in chemistry. The *Wernerian Club*, scientific publications generally. The *Hakluyt Society*, old writings connected with the early navigators and maritime discoverers. The *Arundel Society*, engravings and other productions relating to fine and ornamental art. The *Caxton Society*, to print miscellaneous manuscripts of the middle ages. The *Celtic Society*, and the *Ossianic Society*, documents relating to Ireland in the old days. The *Chaucer Society*, printing old manuscripts of Chaucer's time. The *Harleian Society*, publications from unedited manuscripts relating to heraldry and family history. The *Welsh Manuscript Society*, bardic and historical remains of Wales, with English translations. Musical *Antiquarian Society*, scarce works by early English composers. After all that had been done in Scotland by the Bannatyne, the Maitland, and other clubs, something was felt to be wanting. It was a club to gather and print the charters and records of the royal burghs. Hence, the Scottish Burgh Records Society, established a few years ago at Edinburgh, and which has already issued several volumes, throwing much light on the old burgh laws, usages, and history.

It will thus be seen that these and similar printing-clubs fill up a place in the literary history of modern times alike creditable to the promoters, and advantageous to the members.

### THE LONELY HEART.

[The following pathetic lyric was written by the Rev. Charles Wolfe, author of the lines on *The Burial of Sir John Moore*, and, though published in his works, is not generally known. For singing, it is adapted to the Irish air *Grammachree*. Wolfe said he on one occasion sung the air over and over till he burst into a flood of tears, in which mood he composed the lyric.]

If I had thought thou couldst have died,  
I might not weep for thee;  
But I forgot, when by thy side,  
That thou couldst mortal be:  
It never through my mind had passed  
The time would e'er be o'er,  
And I on thee should look my last,  
And thou shouldst smile no more!

And still upon that face I look,  
And think 'twill smile again;  
And still the thought I will not brook,  
That I must look in vain!  
But when I speak thou dost not say  
What thou ne'er left'st unsaid;  
And now I feel, as well I may,  
Sweet Mary! thou art dead!

If thou wouldst stay e'en as thou art,  
All cold and all serene—  
I still might press thy silent heart,  
And where thy smiles have been!  
While e'en thy chill bleak corse I have,  
Thou seemest still mine own;  
But there I lay thee in thy grave—  
And I am now alone!

I do not think, where'er thou art,  
Thou hast forgotten me;  
And I, perhaps, may soothe this heart,  
In thinking too of thee:  
Yet there was round thee such a dawn  
Of light ne'er seen before,  
As fancy never could have drawn,  
And never can restore!

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# CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

OF  
POPULAR

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

*Fourth Series*

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS.

No. 593.

SATURDAY, MAY 8, 1875.

PRICE 1½d

## HORSES AND THEIR TREATMENT.

SOME time ago we made some remarks on the growing scarcity and dearth of horses, as ascertained by the committee called for by the Earl of Rosebery in the House of Lords. Since that time, the tax chargeable on horse-dealers has been remitted, with a view to promote the breeding and sale of horses. It was a move in the right direction, and so was the lessening of the tax generally on the keeping of these animals; but such meliorations have had no marked effect. Horses are getting dearer and dearer, and fewer and fewer in relation to the demand. For this result there may be various reasons. One cause of the dearth, however, is pretty evident as lying at the root of the whole matter. From the vast demand for animal food which has sprung up in the general population, farmers find it more profitable to rear sheep and oxen than horses. Lambs come to maturity and are marketable in a few months, or less than a year. Sheep of good breeds are matured, both as respects flesh and fleece, in two years. Here, then, there is a quick and profitable return; and, by good management, things do not differ greatly as regards calves and oxen. The growth of the horse is a very much slower process. The animal is a sort of pet of nature. It is destined to perform not a passive but an active part in the business of the world, and requires care at every stage in its early life. In hardly less than five years from its birth is it ready for saddle or harness. For these reasons, farmers for the most part do not attempt horse-breeding on a scale worth speaking of; well knowing, as they do, that for one horse you may twice over rear fifty sheep, worth three pounds apiece, and with far less chance of misadventure.

There is another consideration. Only certain lands and herbage are adapted for the rearing of horses. The feet of the colt are tender, and require softish and rich ground. Hard stony land on which sheep may pick up a living, will not do for young horses. Formerly, we alluded to another drawback on horse-cultivation. It is the

extreme difficulty of procuring proper animals to breed from. The perpetuation of qualities in animal life is perhaps more remarkable in the horse than in the dog. Every defect is transmitted from generation to generation. Though this fact be well known, there is much practical indifference on the subject; and horses are produced with all sorts of imperfections—*weeds*, as they are called, not much worth; the prevalence of these unfortunate weeds causing an enhancement of price for really sound and serviceable animals. There appears to be a peculiar knack in the culture of horses, which is attained only on a broad scale in Yorkshire and one or two other quarters of England.

Everything taken into account, it comes to this: The British Islands can no longer keep up a supply of horses adequate to the demand, even at a somewhat higher price than is now given. Other countries must be looked to for horses, just as we now look to them for supplies of wheat. France, it appears, is in a similar predicament, and has begun to import large numbers of horses from Russia. On the great western plains of America, one would think there must be a prodigious scope for advantageously rearing horses for export to Europe.

Considering the value of horses of a superior breed, it is wonderful how little thought is bestowed on their treatment. Mr E. F. Flower, a veteran writer on the horse, has again, in a pamphlet on the subject, drawn public attention to a manifest cruelty which cannot be too soon relinquished—the use of gags and bearing-reins. He points out that while the use of this cruel and mischievous apparatus in its different forms is generally disused by cabmen, and drivers of omnibuses and private carriages, it is still employed to a large extent in the case of what are called fashionable and stylish equipages. 'It is,' says Mr Flower, 'a severe penance to any man who loves a horse, to walk along the fashionable streets or the Park, and to witness the sufferings of horses from this absurd and cruel practice. Little does the benevolent dowager who sits absorbed in the

pages of the last tract of the "Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Animals" know of the sufferings of the two noble animals by whom she is leisurely drawn along the "Ladies' Mile." She probably fancies that the high-prancing step, and the toss of the head which scatters flakes of foam at every step, are expressions of pride and satisfaction at their task, when in fact they are occasioned by pain, and a vain attempt to obtain a momentary relief from suffering.

The principle of the bearing-rein consists in such an arrangement of straps as to oblige the horse to hold up its head, no matter whether the animal is running on level ground or toiling uphill; thereby keeping it in continual restraint. The object is to give it a certain lofty careering appearance, which is thought to have a fine effect; the idea of consulting the poor creature's comfort not being for a moment thought of. The seat of torture is the horse's mouth, which is peculiarly susceptible to pain. In the ordinary snaffle-bit, and with a delicate handling of the rein, the animal is guided so as to respond to the rider or driver. The least touch, as it may be, checks it or turns it, according as is desired. And by such connection, there is so great a reciprocity of feeling, that the horse and his rider become for the time a kind of united being. With the view to give greater power over the animal, a bit has been so contrived that in pulling the rein a projecting bend of iron rises against the roof of the mouth, causing the most exquisite pain. This species of bit may be aggravated to any extent, the mouth of the horse being almost filled with an iron apparatus, which through a leverage power acted on by the bridle, drives the creature into a state of distraction. Aware of the terrible power that has been gained over it, the horse tries to take this hideous species of bit between its teeth; but here it is circumvented by a fresh arrangement, consisting of a process called a gag, by which the bit is drawn close up to the inner end of the mouth, where there are no teeth. Whether in riding or driving, the use of this gag bearing-rein is truly frightful. Powerless to relieve itself, the horse frets, champs, gapes, foams, in a degree of misery which ought to excite the liveliest compassion, but which among thoughtless fashionables is thought to be interesting and attractive. As for the driver, he perhaps feels that these movements, caused by acute physical distress, deserve a cut from the whip, and when talked to on the subject, he speaks of the horse as being unruly and ill-tempered, when, in fact, it has been only miserable. Such are the sort of infamous exhibitions of cruelty which we may any day witness in that 'Vanity Fair,' the Ladies' Mile; few giving themselves any trouble about them. It might almost be said there is more cruelty to animals perpetrated daily in Hyde Park than in all London.

Against this atrocity, Mr Flower considerably protests. He reminds us that so far from compas-

sionating the lady's or gentleman's horse for being delivered over to the bus-driver or cabman, it is in a sense to be congratulated. The creature has no doubt had its temper ruined, and is doomed to hard work in its new occupation, but it is freed from the gag and bearing-rein, and 'for the first time is it treated with common-sense and humanity.'

Unquestionably, much of the cruelty here referred to arises from pure ignorance and heedlessness. With proper treatment, the horse is not naturally vicious or unruly. On the contrary, it is peculiarly responsive to gentle and considerate treatment: is anxious to please, willing to act on the merest hint, and is to the last degree submissive to its master. Unfortunately, in our complex social system, it is comparatively seldom under the direct guidance of its master or proprietor; but is handed over to a servant—some 'Master Jeames'—whose chief concern, possibly, is to shew off in livery in an enviable splendid 'turn-out.' A reform in this particular, as we imagine, can only be effected by every proprietor insisting on his or her horses being treated with a proper measure of humanity. Let the gag and bearing-rein be instantly disused, leaving the animals to their natural paces, and to exercise a reasonable freedom of action. Why, or by what authority is any one entitled to make them champ, fret, and foam, by remorselessly, and by a repetition of sudden jerks, causing a rough iron instrument to press acutely on so tender a part as the roof of their mouth? The very thought of inflicting such torture on sentient beings, who are unable to offer any remonstrance, is horrible. Docile and willing, we would almost say noble, slaves, ready to minister to our wants, horses were not given to us to be tormented, but to be treated with all proper kindness, even with the most grateful consideration. As was observed by the Baroness Burdett Coutts in an eloquent address on this subject, 'the cruel infliction of the bearing-rein shews a want of information and knowledge of the horse, and a great lack of knowing what are the capabilities of the animal.' It would be well if this timely observation were more generally taken to heart.

Whether, in being relieved from the gag and bearing-rein, bus and cab horses are in all cases to be congratulated on the nature of their employment, will to many appear doubtful. From the reports of police courts, if not from personal observation, we know that cab-horses are sometimes subject to very odious cruelties; not greater, however, than what may occasionally be witnessed as concerns horses yoked to tramway cars. The invention of street tramways is a kind of return to the rudimental railway, before the introduction of locomotives, and a clever invention it is—always providing the streets are level and spacious, which, generally speaking, they are not. A tramway car laden with from twenty to thirty passengers, and drawn by two, three, or even four horses, is wholly out of place in a town built on an irregular surface, with gradients not to be worked unless at the cost of animal suffering. In such cases the choice lies between public accommodation and cruelty to

animals. Which do you prefer? Make your election. Ordinarily, through some strange indifference, no choice is made at all, and humane people find, when it is too late, that the spectacle of cruelty is daily to be presented, as well as that certain street inconveniences are to be endured. And thus is carelessness followed by its appropriate Nemesis.

One looks with a mighty degree of composure, and, indeed, satisfaction, on a tramway car rolling smoothly along a spacious and level thoroughfare, such as that of the Euston Road. The horses trot merrily forward, as if the draught were nothing, and as if they were out as a piece of amusement. With very different emotions do we see a similar vehicle dragged by heavily breathing, perspiring, and grievously toiling creatures, up a steepish rise, lashed and urged, as used to be very much the practice in the old coaching days, when the poor overworked animals arrived dripping wet, panting, and steaming, at their destination. Obviously, the climbing of hills by tramway cars is unreasonable. On stiff gradients, this species of locomotion ought never to have been attempted. The subject is painful more ways than one. It cannot long, we think, escape a measure of reprobation considerably greater than it has yet, in various quarters, incurred. The ultimate issue will probably be, either the removal of tramways from street inclines, or the introduction of some kind of automatic power. In adopting the latter alternative, the tramway, of course, becomes little better than a railway, against which, in the heart of a city, there may happen to be some objections. One thing is certain—there would, so far, be less cruelty to horses.

A want of knowledge of the horse is conspicuous in the construction and management of stables. In France, over which we have travelled a good deal, stables are for the most part a kind of dens, in which, perhaps, half-a-dozen or more animals are tied up in dirt and darkness. We have seen roadside stables of this sort, which, obviously, had not been cleaned out for months, the whole condition of things being barbarous. Throughout Great Britain, stables are on a better footing. They are mostly kept clean, often neat, and there are regular stalls. But for the greater part they are close and dingy. They want air and light. We have never been able to understand why horses should be tied up in a darkened apartment, within a limited allowance of space for movement, with their heads towards a dead wall. The horse loves the light. He has good eyesight, and likes to look about him. And why should he not have this simple enjoyment? Instead of stupidly tying him up to look dozingly on a blank wall, let us treat him with something like common-sense, by giving him a certain freedom of action according to his nature, at the same time affording the comfort of air and light. To these simple boons the animal is clearly entitled. In the opinion of grooms, a stable may be neat and fanciful, but if it is close, through the effect of a low ceiling, and dingy from want of windows, it is not a proper habitation for the horse.

As a sort of amateur, we have tried our hand on stables, and, after some experience, have come to the conclusion, that, except for special purposes, the whole system of stalls and tying up is wrong. It will do very well for horses that have been out

working all day, and are glad to have a place to lie down and rest. But where the animal may have to spend hours or a whole day doing nothing, as is often the case with gentlemen's horses in bad weather, the restriction is disheartening, if not absolutely cruel. Our opinion is, that there is humanity in giving the means of cheerfulness to the horse, letting him enjoy light and sunshine, with a proper degree of social intercourse with his fellows. Just as people who have little to do, take a pleasure in having a friendly gossip with one another, so are horses pleased with being near, nibbling at, and seeing each other. For anything we know, they are able to carry on by signs and sounds a sort of sympathising conversation, the indulgence in which can do nobody any harm, but rather be amusing to observe.

To allow of as much latitude in movement as possible, and to cultivate health and cheerfulness, we have constructed a stable entirely on the loose-box principle. There are no stalls, and no loft overhead. The stable is open from end to end, and lighted and ventilated in the roof, as also over the door. It resembles a spacious well-lighted apartment, with walls and roof plastered and coloured like an ordinary room—the colour a delicate blue, with cornices white. The floor is throughout laid with smooth pavement; fresh water is copiously laid on, and there is effectual drainage. On one side is a passage, and on the other a row of loose boxes, each twelve feet square, or nearly double the ordinary width of a stall. Each box is inclosed with wood to the height of four and a half feet, above which is an ornamental iron railing to the height of two feet. Laid with straw, and fitted up with feeding-places, these boxes are comfortable little apartments. In them there is room to turn and walk about, or to lie down and sleep in any posture that may be preferred. The horse, in short, is made to feel himself perfectly at home, may do pretty much as he likes. Through the iron railings the animals see each other, and indulge in a nibbling and whinnying sort of converse. The happiness they seem to enjoy is delightful to witness; for when is the expression of innocent and simple nature not grateful to the onlooker? When there appears to be any tendency in the horses to misuse their liberty—and such will occur in young animals—they are tied up in the loose box, as if in a common stall.

In large towns, where space is valuable, it might be sufficient if the loose boxes were made not more than eight to nine feet square, according to circumstances. The great advantage of the loose-box system is, that it enables horses to move about and exercise their limbs, instead of being stuck up in a particular position. Plenty light, however, is scarcely less beneficial. Even gas or lamp light is better than no light at all; for what a dreary thing it must be for horses in winter to pass sixteen out of the twenty-four hours in darkness. The stable we have referred to is fitted up with gas brackets, whence the light is diffused by reflectors, and the horses, of course, pass their evenings in a tolerably agreeable manner.

Some fastidious folks may think it absurd to specify matters so homely as the economics of a stable. To our mind, nothing is to be viewed as paltry or ridiculous that points to means for meliorating the condition of so grand an accessory to our comfort and necessities as the horse. Like



the dog, the horse is the friend and companion of man, besides being an invaluable servant. Providence has beneficently made him so. And such, in a spirit of respectful consideration, should be his treatment.

W. C.

### A CURIOUS COMPANION.

'WANTED, by a young married lady, a companion to reside with her during her husband's absence in India. A liberal salary will be given, with every home comfort, to any one suitable. Apply, personally, if possible, at No. 240 Upper Berkeley Street, W.'

The foregoing advertisement was despatched by me after considerable cogitation, and I awaited the results of it with some anxiety.

My husband, Major Conyers, had been suddenly ordered to India; and having no sister or any available cousin whom I could invite to stay with me during his absence, I thought a companion was the best thing with which I could provide myself; accordingly, I indited my small paragraph, which I had the satisfaction of seeing placed in a very conspicuous part of the paper on the morning after I sent it. I lived in London, consequently, felt certain that the personal interview would be easily managed; but I had committed an error in not naming any particular hour, as, from eleven in the forenoon until quite late in the day the applications for a personal interview with my unfortunate self never ceased. The first arrival was a very handsomely dressed lady of about fifty, who came, evidently, quite prepared to enter upon her duties at once, and quite overpowered me with a series of questions and statements, without giving me the faintest chance of making any inquiries myself. She had lived with Lady This and the Honourable Mrs That, and one and all had treated her like a sister—she felt certain I should do the same—indeed, she quite knew me already. Home comforts were exactly what she cared for; as to salary, it was no object to her—a hundred a year was all she asked, though dear Lady Golding had said she was never to take less than two.

'I am afraid,' I put in at this juncture, 'that even one hundred is beyond what I intend to give, and I live so quietly'—

'We won't quarrel about salary,' interrupted my would-be companion; 'and as to quietness, it is just what I want.'

A peal at the door-bell emboldened me to still greater determination, so I replied very resolutely for me: 'I do not think we should suit; I am sorry you have had the trouble of coming.'

'So am I,' she rejoined dryly; 'but one ought not to trust to advertisements.'

Hardly noticing my 'good-morning,' she got up and flounced down-stairs, evidently in great wrath at her rejection.

'Another lady to see you, ma'am,' announced my parlour-maid.

A very quiet, sweet-looking, little person came forward, and at the first glance I fancied I had found a suitable companion. But alas! her story was a sad one, and there were reasons which rendered it impossible for me to avail myself of her society. She was married. Her husband was a hopeless invalid, and they were very poor. She had not been educated highly enough to be a governess, and when she saw

my advertisement, she fancied, if the salary was good, she might be my companion by day, and return at night to her own home, which was at no great distance from my house. She looked so thin and so ill, that I was almost tempted to make some arrangement with her, but as I intended leaving town occasionally, second thoughts shewed me it was out of the question. Besides, I could not have borne to think that while she was with me, she would always be in an agony to be with her husband—which, had I engaged her, would most naturally have followed. I told her so as kindly as possible, and, after making her take a glass of wine and some cake—which latter I saw her furtively convey to her pocket, for the sick husband, I supposed—she gave me her direction, and took her departure. I afterwards went to see her, and her tale was sadly verified. But to proceed.

My next visitor was a most pert damsel, without any pretensions to being a lady, who informed me that her pa was dead, and as there were so many of them at home, her ma wanted her to do for herself. I had not much difficulty in dismissing her. And of the legions that followed, I cannot attempt a detailed description. By the afternoon, I was thoroughly exhausted, and had made up my mind to see no more, when, just as it was getting dusk, my servant came up to the drawing-room and informed me that such a nice-looking young lady was in the dining-room; quite the nicest that had been yet.

'Ask her to come up-stairs, then, Ellis; but do not admit any one else,' I replied; and the next minute the drawing-room door was thrown open by Ellis, and 'Miss Burke' announced.

She was dressed in mourning, and, even in the dim light, was, I could see, a pale-faced, rather handsome girl of apparently about four-and-twenty. Her height was over the average, but seemed greater from her extreme thinness, which struck me as almost startling. 'Good-evening,' she said, in a low and rather pleasant voice. 'I am afraid I am very late; it was so kind of you to see me.'

'It is late,' I assented, 'but that does not matter.'

'Thank you,' responded my visitor. 'I came about your advertisement—I saw you wanted a companion, and I am anxious to get a situation of the kind.'

'I have had so many applications to-day,' I answered, for want of something better to say.

'Ah! I can quite fancy it,' returned Miss Burke. 'I fear I am too late!'

'No,' I replied; 'I have seen no one yet to suit me.'

'If you would only try me, I should do my utmost to please you,' she said almost pleadingly. 'I have already been a companion, and I can give you references which may induce you to think of me;' and Miss Burke opened a small black velvet bag, which, until then, I had not perceived, and placed in my hands a monogrammed and coronetted epistle, addressed to herself, purporting to come from a Lady Montacute, whose companion she had been for two years, and who expressed herself in the warmest terms, assuring Miss Burke, whenever she returned from the continent, whither she was just then going, that it would give her the greatest pleasure to answer any inquiries in her favour; in the meantime, Lady Montacute authorised her to make what use she chose of the letter now sent,

ending by saying she was certain, wherever she went, Miss Burke must be a favourite and an acquisition.

Then followed a letter from a Rev. Mr White, from a remote rectory in Cumberland, stating that he had known Miss Emily Burke from her childhood, and could certify that she was not only desirable in all respects, but a most amiable and talented young lady, whose family were both well known and highly respected. Nothing could be more satisfactory; and after reading the two missives carefully by the light of the fire, I raised my eyes towards my visitor, whom I found regarding me in the most eager manner imaginable.

'They are most kind letters,' I said; 'and as far as references go, I am sure I could not do better. Your duties would be very light—it is really only for the sake of companionship that I require any one, as I do everything for myself, but I have been very lonely since my husband went away.'

'I can imagine it,' responded Miss Burke, sympathisingly. 'I should do my utmost to cheer you.'

'You are very kind to say so,' I answered. 'Should we agree as to terms, when could you come?'

'To-morrow, if you will permit me,' replied Miss Burke. 'I am in lodgings, and the expense of them is so great, I should only be too glad to give them up—I am very poor,' she added in a low tone.

I was sorry for the poor girl; and feeling I had been as prudent as possible in perusing her references, and trusting a good deal to her air of quiet respectability, I proceeded to state my terms, which were eagerly accepted. After a little conversation, all was settled, and my companion promised to make her appearance before luncheon on the following day. For the rest of that evening I was unusually meditative; I was pleased, and yet not pleased. She was not altogether my beau-ideal of a companion. Although ladylike, and with undeniable references, there was a certain awkwardness in her manner.

Her room was to be on the same floor with my own; and on the following morning I went in, a short time before she arrived, to see that everything was ready for her. It was October, and the weather was chilly, so I desired that she should have a fire, as I fancied, coming from wretched lodgings, it might be a sort of welcome to her. At one o'clock she arrived, bringing with her a small black box as her sole luggage, which Ellis and the housemaid, between them, carried directly to her room, whither she followed them almost immediately, to take off her things. I accompanied her, and remained for a few minutes, telling her to join me in the drawing-room as soon as she could, lunch being ready.

She presently appeared, very much altered by the removal of her bonnet. She wore her hair in a crop, a fashion I detested; and her figure without her cloak was only redeemed from awkwardness by the well-made black dress, which had evidently been the work of a first-rate *modiste*. She wore no ornaments, except a plain gold ring on the little finger of her left hand, which I noticed was particularly large. I ceased to criticise her after we had been together for a little. She was so pleasant, so chatty, and yet so quiet withal, that ere evening came I had begun to congratulate myself on my own perspicacity in

having engaged her, and was fully prepared to endorse Lady Montacute's opinion, that she was sure to be not only a favourite but an acquisition.

A fortnight slipped quietly away, and in my weekly budget to my husband I gave most charming accounts of my companion, which our everyday intercourse seemed fully to confirm. But about the third week, a something I could not explain made me take a dislike to her. I had not been very well, and her kindness had been unremitting; consequently, I felt almost angry with myself for indulging in a feeling which I could not help acknowledging was both unreasonable and childish.

But it gained ground in spite of myself; and one night, as I was standing by the looking-glass in my bedroom, which was in the shadow, I caught sight of Miss Burke, who was leaning on the mantelpiece in the full light of the gas, which burned on either side of it, regarding me with a stealthy and searching glance, which I instantly observed, but had sufficient sense to take no notice of. The expression in her large black eyes haunted me for days, and caused me to say good-night to her on the landing, and, in addition, to lock my door, a precaution I had never before thought of taking.

One night shortly afterwards I awoke, fancying I heard a movement outside my door. My room was perfectly dark, and I was convinced some noise had suddenly awakened me. I listened intently, almost too terrified to breathe, until I heard most distinctly the handle of my door cautiously turned. An almost death-like horror seized me, and for an instant I was absolutely rigid with terror; but the spell was broken by another audible effort to open the door, and the hall clock striking three, which made me spring up in bed, seize the matches, and, with trembling fingers, attempt two or three times to strike a light. At last I was successful, and the welcome blaze of the gas which I lit gave me courage to call out boldly: 'Who is there?' But no answer came. I pealed my bell vigorously, and in a few minutes I heard steps approaching, and Ellis's welcome voice asked if I was ill.

'No, Ellis, not ill,' I said, 'but terrified,' as I unlocked the door and admitted her. 'Some one tried my door not five minutes ago.'

'Tried your door, ma'am? surely not!' ejaculated Ellis.

'Yes, Ellis; I am certain of it, and it has given me such a shock. I cannot be left alone again.'

'What is the matter, dearest Mrs Conyers?' exclaimed Miss Burke, who appeared in my room just as I had made the last remark to Ellis.

'I have been frightened,' I answered; 'but do not disturb yourself, Miss Burke; it was probably nothing.'

'It could not have been anything, or I must have heard it,' she said, half to me and half to Ellis.

'Pray, do not trouble yourself,' I responded; 'I am only sorry you got up at all.'

She staid for a few minutes, but getting no encouragement to remain, returned to her own room, assuring me if she heard a sound she would be with me in a moment.

The instant she was safely gone, I turned to Ellis, desiring her in the first place to close and lock my door; and in the second, to prepare to remain with me until the morning; for I was so unhinged by the circumstance, trifling though it was, that to be left by myself was out of the question.

Ellis had been with me ever since my marriage, now three years, and had been well known to my husband's family all her life, consequently, I felt I might trust her, so I said: 'Ellis, I have my own suspicions; but we must do nothing until we are sure. Meanwhile, you must have a bed made up in this room, and we must watch'—

'Miss Burke?' whispered Ellis.

'Yes,' I replied; 'it was she who tried my door.'

'Well, ma'am,' confided Ellis, 'I have been downright afraid of her this some time back—civil-spoken though she is. But what could she want at your door?'

'That I do not know; but we may find out.'

By dint of a blanket off my bed, and sundry shawls, Ellis was made comfortable for the rest of the night on the sofa, and I returned to bed, not to sleep, for I was thoroughly upset, but to lie and wonder how I was ever to get through the ten months that still remained of my husband's absence.

Tired and unnerved, I met Miss Burke at breakfast, and we spent our morning in a very silent fashion. I wrote to my husband whilst she walked restlessly about the drawing-room, constantly asking me how I was, an inquiry for which I did not feel so grateful as I might have done under other circumstances. Lunch came, and afterwards Miss Burke, who was usually most unwilling to go out, asked me if I could spare her for the afternoon, as she wanted to go to see a sick friend.

'Certainly,' I replied, glad to get rid of her. About four o'clock I lay down on the sofa in the inner drawing-room, and must have fallen asleep, for I heard no one come into the room, but I awoke with the consciousness that some one was leaning over me with their face in close proximity to my own. I felt rather than saw them; so close were they to me that their lips seemed almost touching my own, and as I sprang up I came into violent collision with—my companion.

'Miss Burke!' I exclaimed indignantly, but I could say nothing more, for, after all, the crime of leaning over me was not of a deadly nature, though coupling it, as I instantly did, with my previous suspicions, I felt not only extremely angry, but considerably alarmed.

'I was afraid you were ill, dear Mrs Conyers. I do hope I have not displeased you,' she proceeded in a deprecating tone. 'I did not mean to offend you.'

'It is of no consequence,' I answered, rising from the sofa; 'but please do not do so again. I am nervous and easily startled.'

The circumstance was then tacitly dismissed, and we got through the evening pretty fairly. I rather looked forward to a safe night, for I knew Ellis's bed was in readiness for her. I said good-night a little earlier than usual to Miss Burke, but did not inform her that I had indited an epistle to her friend the Rev. Mr White, to ask for further particulars as to her antecedents.

I heard her come up to her room, and when her door closed, a feeling of compassion came over me, for I fancied I had not only unjustly suspected her, but been very cold in my manner, which she had evidently felt. Ellis came after I was in bed, and in a short time I had oral evidence that she was slumbering. It made me feel secure, at all events, though I was certain I should dream of all kinds of unearthly things if the snoring went on all night.

Nothing happened to alarm us, and, next morning, in a subdued and anxious voice, Miss Burke hoped I had not been disturbed, and that Ellis had kept me from feeling nervous—this last remark very reproachfully.

About twelve o'clock, when we were sitting in the drawing-room, Ellis came up and told me that a gentleman wanted to see me on business, but would not give his name. 'Probably about some subscription,' I observed; 'perhaps I had better see what he wants.'

Without a suspicion of what awaited me, I went down-stairs, and on entering the dining-room encountered a short and rather red-faced man, who, bowing profoundly, asked if I was Mrs Conyers. On my replying in the affirmative, he continued: 'May I ask what establishment you have?'

I must have looked astonished, as he explained:

'I am a detective police-officer, madam, and my business here will, I am afraid, be an unpleasant one.'

'Indeed!' I ejaculated; 'in what way?'

'From information I have received, I believe you have a person under your roof who is wanted on a very serious charge. I must ask your permission to summon every one in the house into this room. I have taken precautions to prevent any one leaving it, and if you will kindly accede to my request, I shall get over a painful duty as quickly as possible.'

If my lips had been capable of utterance, the words they would have framed would have been 'Miss Burke,' but I said nothing. I merely rang the bell, which Ellis answered so promptly, I felt certain she must have been behind the door, ready to protect me, in case of an emergency.

'Summon the servants, Ellis,' I said; 'and, and—ask Miss Burke to come down-stairs.' It was almost like a dream to me, seeing my four domestics walk in; and then—suspecting nothing—came Miss Burke.

'Got you at last, sir!' cried the detective, making an agile dart towards my companion.

'Not without some trouble,' coolly responded his prisoner, whose courage was apparently quite equal to the occasion. In my wildest moments I had never dreamed of so desperate a dénouement, and the discovery perfectly paralysed me with horror. It was too dreadful to realise that I had harboured a wretch of a man in woman's clothing not only in my house, but in the capacity of my companion! In less time than I can describe it in, the detective and his prisoner had departed; it was quietly and quickly managed; and though a detailed account of it did appear in the papers, my name was, happily for me, not allowed to transpire publicly.

The pseudo Miss Burke turned out to be a notorious young man, or I may say lad, of the name of Browning, who, having embezzled large sums, as well as stolen a quantity of magnificent jewellery, had been unable, owing to the precautions taken to prevent his doing so, to leave London, or to dispose of his stolen property. Through the agency of a female friend, he had adopted his disguise, and my unlucky advertisement had suggested to him the idea of insuring his own safety, should I be credulous enough to take him upon the recommendations, which, I need hardly say, had emanated from his own pen. Not only had he thought of his personal security, but that of the stolen

goods, which, in the shape of diamonds and bank-notes, were found securely stowed away in the little black box, which I had thought contained the worldly possessions of my poverty stricken companion. He was tried, convicted, and sentenced to penal servitude for fourteen years.

My husband's return was hastened by the illness which the dreadful affair caused me. Since then, he and I have never been separated. However, should I ever be unavoidably left alone again, my past experience has decided me on one point—never to advertise, or to trust to written references, or the result may be—A Curious Companion.

## DEEP-SEA EXPLORATIONS.

### IN FOUR CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER II.

AFTER being visited and inspected by some of the Lords of the Admiralty, the Hydrographer (under whose directions the *Challenger* had been prepared), the Council and several Fellows of the Royal Society—the whole of whom were satisfied that everything had been done that practical foresight could suggest—the *Challenger* left Sheerness on the 6th of December, and, by way of a test of her preparedness, at once encountered a storm in the Channel, which caused the loss of a boat, and did other trifling damage, but proved the stability and sea-going qualities of the ship. After repairing damages at Portsmouth, the expedition finally left our shores on the 21st of December, and again encountered a heavy south-west gale, which effectually settled things into their places; but although the movable material, in the shape of crockery, chairs, &c., suffered, as is always the case under the same circumstances, not the slightest injury occurred to any of the delicate and fragile instruments, of which there were so many and great a variety on board, so well were they secured.

Until the 30th, the weather did not admit of sounding; but as the ground over which the ship passed had been well examined, it was not of much consequence. On that day, however, when off the coast of Portugal, the first deep sounding was taken in one thousand one hundred and twenty-five fathoms; but by the line being carried away, all proof of the sounding was lost, and, what was of more consequence, a deep-sea thermometer. The dredge was then put over, and considerable excitement was felt in the first haul. The disappointment when it came to the surface upside down, with, of course, nothing in it, may be imagined; but a second trial proved more successful, and great was the rejoicing over a full bag, containing many bright-coloured star-fishes, and a fine specimen of the *goustrys*.

On the 2d of January a sounding was obtained in one thousand nine hundred and seventy-five fathoms, but again the line was carried away, and another thermometer lost; and once more the dredge was unfortunate, for it either fouled a rock or the Lisbon and Gibraltar cable; and after seven hours' hard work in the attempt to clear it, the line parted. These failures were disappointments of the moment, but they were not unexpected, as it was well known that some practice would be required to sound and dredge in such depths, with a ship the size of the *Challenger*, before success could be insured; and, indeed, it was soon found

necessary to alter the method of sounding from that which had been practised in smaller vessels. In the smaller vessels, a derrick had been used, which swung over the side, the accumulators being arranged with the upright of the derrick; in the *Challenger*, the accumulators were attached to a pendant at the main yard-arm, and a block to the lower end of the accumulators, through which block the sounding or dredge line was rove. The great advantage of this method was, that it kept the line well clear of the ship; and as, through the greater immersion of the larger ship, she was more readily acted on by currents, still the ship could be kept better over the line, by having it more distant from her side.

On the 3d of January, the *Challenger* entered the Tagus, and anchored off the city of Lisbon, and those who were unaccustomed to the confinement of a ship, were right glad to be on *terra firma* once more. Parties were organised to visit all the places of interest—Cintra, the beautiful monastery and church of Santa Maria of Belem, the Botanic Garden and Natural History Museum, relative to all of which we shall doubtless become better acquainted than we ever have been, when the narrative of the voyage of the *Challenger* becomes *un fait accompli*.

As the king, Dom Luis I., expressed a wish to visit the ship, every preparation was made to receive him with due honour; and although his visit lacked the usual thundering broadside salute of guns, he was nevertheless well pleased with his less noisy reception. His majesty quite entered into the spirit of his entertainers, as they explained to him the various processes of sounding and dredging. After obtaining observations for setting the chronometers, and comparing the magnetic instruments brought from England with those at the Magnetic Observatory, the expedition sailed, or rather steamed to sea, on the 12th.

The dredge having been found to bring up a great quantity of unprofitable mud, which took long in washing and sifting, it was decided to try the trawl. Accordingly, in six hundred fathoms, off Cape St Vincent, the trawl, with a beam fifteen feet long, was let down, and, to the great delight of the naturalists, it proved most successful. Many star-fishes of beautiful colours were brought up, and some delicate zoophytes; some fishes were also netted, and these presented a most extraordinary appearance, caused by their bodies being suddenly relieved from the enormous pressure to which they had been subjected; they appeared swollen almost to bursting, whilst the eyes protruded like globes from the head. Several specimens were also obtained of the beautiful *Euplectella*, or Venus's flower-basket, specimens of which, from the Philippine Islands, are now becoming common in England.

Eight days were spent at Gibraltar, and on the 26th January, the ship left for Madeira, but did not make a straight course for that island, it being necessary to continue a section of soundings on the line between Lisbon and Madeira. When only seventy miles from Cape St Vincent, a depth of two thousand five hundred fathoms, or about three miles, was found. A hundred miles farther west, the depth was one thousand five hundred fathoms; and as there is still shallower water beyond, it is surmised that a deep submarine basin exists, following the chain from the Black Sea and

Mediterranean, with its outlet between the Canary Islands and Madeira.

As the weather was fine, some very successful trawling was made, and several rare specimens obtained from depths exceeding two thousand fathoms.

The arrival at Madeira on the 3d February was a treat, especially to those who had not visited the island before. The contrast with England in December is very marked: the rich foliage of the almost tropical plants, the gardens in a state of great luxuriance, the perfume of myrtles and magnolias—have a charm not easily described. The banana, coffee, pomegranate, sugar-cane, and other tropical plants, were found growing in profusion; but the one that renders the island so famous, the vine, is nowhere to be seen in the neighbourhood of Funchal.

The most was made of the two days allotted for the stay at Madeira, and on the 5th the *Challenger* steamed away for Tenerife, and anchored off Santa Cruz. Here the change was again very great; the almost tropical splendour of Madeira gives place in Tenerife, at a very short distance inland, to a country remarkably wild and barren, with abrupt precipitous rocks and deep ravines, and but few hardy plants and cacti to be seen. A party was organised to ascend the peak; and had succeeded in getting about nine thousand feet above the sea-level, when the guides refused to proceed further, and the travellers were reluctantly obliged to return.

On the 14th February, the expedition left Santa Cruz, and the real work of the voyage commenced in an oceanic section between the Canary Islands and Sombbrero, a distance of two thousand six hundred miles. In the evening, the snow-white summit of the Peak of Tenerife was clearly seen in the bright moonlight; and at daylight, the island was dimly descried in the distance. The first sounding of the section was then obtained, the bottom being reached with one thousand nine hundred fathoms of line. Several observations on the temperature at different depths were commenced. This is effected by attaching a thermometer near the sinker of a carefully marked line; another, as the line sinks, at an interval of a hundred fathoms, and so on. By this process the temperature of each stratum of water, so to speak, can be ascertained. After allowing the thermometers time to take up the temperature at the depths they have severally reached, the line is carefully hove in, and every precaution taken to prevent unnecessary jarring or jerking, which is apt to displace the indicators. As each successive thermometer comes to the surface, it is removed with care, and its indications at once recorded, together with the number of the instrument, its error, and other circumstances under which the observation has been made: when the last thermometer is in, the operation is repeated, until the series is completed.

As regards the process of dredging, when the ship has reached a position at which it is desirable to sound or dredge, the steam is got up, the sails are furled, and, when the operation is completed, sail is again made for the next position. But it frequently occupies from nine to twelve hours in obtaining and recording all the observations necessitated by a single haul. Hours of very dirty work are spent in washing and sifting the mud brought

up by the dredge, and frequently with but little result; but the arrival of one stranger is hailed by all on board with delight, and the hours of disagreeable labour in obtaining it, forgotten.

A careful and minute record was kept of the ship's daily work, every particular of interest alike to the naturalist, the philosopher, and the sailor being noted. From the *Challenger's* sounding record, kept while the ship's course lay between Tenerife and Sombbrero, we make a few extracts. Beginning with February 15, we find the ship sounding in 1890 fathoms, in latitude  $27^{\circ} 24'$  north, by  $16^{\circ} 55'$  west longitude; upon that day, the specimen of bottom consisted of ooze, or sediment composed of the bodies of countless myriads of deceased Globigerina animalcules. At the bottom, the registering thermometer shewed a temperature of  $35.6^{\circ}$  Fahrenheit. Following the ship's course, we find that, on the 18th, the lead struck rock at a depth of 1525 fathoms; and upon the following day, in 2220 fathoms, the line parted. From the 20th till the 28th, between latitude  $24^{\circ} 20'$  and  $23^{\circ} 10'$ , and longitude  $24^{\circ} 28'$  and  $38^{\circ} 42'$ , the average depth attained was 2600 fathoms, the tube bringing up red clay, and the thermometer registering about  $35.6^{\circ}$ . On March 3, the lead again touched rock in 2025 fathoms; while subsequent soundings, extending to the 14th of the month, shewed the bottom to consist partly of Globigerina deposit, and partly of red clay.

On the 24th February, the *Challenger* was fairly in the tropics, with a balmy atmosphere, clear sky, sparkling sea, and flying-fish shooting from crest to crest of the waves. On the 26th, the deepest dredging that was ever attempted was successfully accomplished, and about a hundred-weight of mud brought from 3150 fathoms. On the 2d March, the first patches of the beautiful Gulf or Sargasso weed was passed, and flying-fish became abundant. On the 4th, an animal was brought up in the tangles attached to the dredge which gave the naturalists great delight. It resembled a small lobster, and was particularly interesting, from the total absence of eye-stalks. This evening, in honour, we presume, of the new discovery, Professor Thomson gave an interesting lecture to the ship's company, 'On some of the Causes which had led to fitting out this Expedition, and what had already been attained;' and as the learned professor, in his explanation, adapted himself to the capacity of his hearers, he had a most attentive audience; and Jack unwittingly took in more science than he ever believed himself capable of containing, and felt not a little satisfied in knowing how much he had contributed to the success of what he heard so vividly described.

On the 14th March, Sombbrero Island was sighted, and, two days after, the *Challenger* anchored in the harbour of St Thomas.

St Thomas bears an ill repute with Europeans; hurricanes, earthquakes, and yellow fever do not convey an agreeable impression; but the place is very much maligned in regard to the frequency of all these evils. Those in the *Challenger* found none of the plagues, but peacefully and in health completed the refitting of the vessel, coaling, and taking in supplies.

On the evening of the 24th March, the expedition left St Thomas for Bermuda, but before proceeding directly north, obtained some soundings and dredgings in the vicinity of the island. In

doing this on one occasion, the dredge fouled in the rocky bottom, and before the ship could be brought up to relieve the strain, the spar, with the leading block, gave way, and killed a boy. The dredging was most successful, and a large quantity of sponges, star-fishes, &c. was obtained. Sail was then made towards Bermuda.

The first sounding after leaving the islands, and when only about eighty miles from them, proved to be the deepest that the *Challenger* had obtained—nearly four miles; and as that great depth was unexpected so near the land, only three hundred-weight of sinkers were attached to the line, instead of four hundred-weight, the usual quantity in great depths. They took nearly an hour and a quarter to get to the bottom, and two hours were employed in heaving the line in; the sinkers, of course, being left at the bottom. The two thermometers sent down were broken by the enormous pressure, which at that depth was equal to about 710 atmospheres, or 13,650 pounds to the square inch. The dredge was then lowered, and some very fine sand brought up; the quantity of rope used in dredging in this enormous depth was 4400 fathoms, or five miles. When the sounding, dredging, and serial temperatures were completed, the body of the poor fellow killed the day before was committed, with that beautiful and touching ceremonial used in a ship at sea, to the deepest of known graves. The death and burial of the lad cast a gloom throughout the ship that was not easily shaken off.

On the 1st April, the weather being fine, boats were lowered, and the naturalists with their gauze tow-nets gathered a fine harvest; the sea-weed collected from the surface was found teeming with life. On the 4th, the *Challenger* anchored in Grassy Bay, Bermuda.

At Bermuda, the ship was again partially refitted and coaled; and whilst this was being done, the naturalists worked at their several specialties, seeking in every crack and cranny of the rocks for plants and animals; and all enjoyed the beautiful miniature scenery of the islands, and also the hospitality of the governor, General Lefroy.

On leaving Bermuda on the morning of the 21st, a number of soundings were taken round the group of islands, which proved that they were on an isolated peak rising abruptly from a very small base. Observations were also made on the sub-currents; but the difficulties attending the elimination of data were so great, that the results must still remain a vexed question. When these operations were completed, a course was shaped towards New York.

On the 29th, although it was desirable to sound, it was found impracticable, the sea being so short and heavy; the attempt was made, but a blow on the rudder, by a sea, broke the wheel-ropes. The sounding on the 30th was near the southern edge of the Gulf Stream.

Being in the middle of the Gulf Stream on the 1st of May, every preparation was made for sounding, and four hundred-weight of sinkers were attached to the line; but no sooner was the line let go, than the strong current of the stream set the ship away at the rate of three miles an hour; and on her steaming up at that rate to counteract the set, the bight of the line was carried astern. After several ineffectual attempts, they were obliged to give it up, with the loss of eighteen hundred fathoms of line. From some serial tem-

peratures obtained, it was clear that the Gulf Stream is very superficial at this point, for the water rapidly cooled below one hundred fathoms, shewing that the Labrador current was commingling with the warmer water from the southward.

Having reached a position about one hundred and thirty miles from New York, the course was changed for Halifax, where the ship arrived on the 9th of May, and left again on the 19th.

The sounding on the 23d was taken near a bank supposed to have but forty fathoms water on it. The current of the Gulf Stream was not so strong on this section, and bottom was obtained in two thousand eight hundred fathoms; the warm water was found to extend only to the depth of fifty fathoms. On the 26th, in taking serial temperatures, the heavy loss of seven deep-sea thermometers was incurred; the line to which they were attached got between the rudder and the stern-post, and broke before it could be cleared. A few days after, they had the misfortune to lose a trawl and two miles of good rope, by the trawl getting jammed in the rocks. The *Challenger* again anchored in Bermuda on the 30th.

After refitting and coaling, the expedition set forth on a return section across the Atlantic to the Azores.

Nothing particular happened on the voyage, excepting that, at two-thirds of the way across, a small turtle, which had evidently got out of its latitude, was captured; it was covered with barnacles and small crabs.

On the 30th, at daylight, the Peak of Pico was seen, and the *Challenger* anchored in Horta Bay, Fayal; but as small-pox was raging in the island, she left without communicating, and proceeded to San Miguel.

The voyagers give glowing accounts of the beauty of San Miguel. A party was formed to visit the Val das Furnas, a valley of boiling springs, situated near the eastern end of the island, and about eighteen miles from Ponta Delgada. The trip was greatly enjoyed by all. This island is worthy of being more frequently visited by our yachtsmen than it has been; and as a breakwater is in course of construction, which will give good shelter to vessels, it will probably soon become better known and appreciated.

Leaving San Miguel on the 9th July, the *Challenger* reached Madeira on the 16th.

Small-pox again drove our voyagers from this island, and the ship left for Cape Verde Islands, and anchored at St Vincent on the 27th July, remaining there until the 5th August; during this time the ship was completed with coal, and a survey made of the anchorage; few supplies were obtained, there having been but little rain on the island for three years. On the plains, the grass was completely parched, and numerous skeletons of goats and other animals were met with.

A sub-lieutenant joined the ship here from England, and a seaman schoolmaster was also expected to meet the ship on her arrival; he had reached the island before the *Challenger*, and had taken up his quarters at the hotel. One afternoon, he left for a walk, and did not return; and as the next day passed without tidings of him, the landlord informed the authorities and the English consul; when search was made for him, without success. As he had left his desk open, with a letter partly written on it, in which there was nothing to cause

the supposition that he had meditated suicide, a reward was offered, under the impression that he had been murdered. On the arrival of the *Challenger*, Captain Nares increased the reward offered, but in vain. After the *Challenger* left, the body of the poor fellow was found in the mountains; and as his watch and purse were on him, it is supposed that he had ascended the hills to look for his ship, and had either lost his way on returning, or had fallen from weakness, and died.

From the 7th to the 9th August, the ship was at Porto Praya, St Jago Island, and here they obtained a fair supply of beef, vegetables, and fruit. The pinnacle was sent to dredge over a spot on which, it was said, pink coral was to be found; but only a few specimens of the real coral, similar to that found in the Mediterranean, were procured; but it was noticed that the temperature at eighty fathoms—namely, fifty-two degrees—was the same as in the coral-bearing districts of the Mediterranean; and the conclusion from this is, that in other localities favourable for its growth, coral of a like kind may be found where the same temperature exists.

### WALTER'S WORD.

#### CHAPTER XXXV.—THE CAVERN.

WHEN Walter left the camp with his two companions, the sun was high in the heavens, and poured down its rays upon a magnificent landscape of wood and mountain, but one which was without a trace of cultivation; not a road was visible in any direction, nor did they come across any pathway, save such as the goats frequented, and which was used by the sure-footed brigands with equal facility. Lofty as was their position, their route still lay upwards, and the summit of the mountain was still hid from their view to the east and north, in which latter quarter, as Walter supposed, lay the sea. He cast his keen eyes hither and thither in hopes of a landmark, and presently, upon his right, rose Etna, its crown of snow shining in the morning light, as though it were one jewel. Colletta, who was walking behind him, marked the quick direction of his glance, and called out to his companion, who instantly stopped, and produced from his pocket a long shawl. He had a dozen pockets, at least, in various parts of his clothing; some for his jewellery, some for his food, some for his ammunition; while the flaps of his shooting-jacket, more voluminous than those of an English poacher, could easily have held not only a hare but a goat. Santoro's manner was so stern, and even truculent, upon exhibiting this unlooked-for commodity, that for an instant Walter imagined that he was about to be strangled *à la Turk*, with a shawl instead of a bowstring, and he drew back a pace mechanically.

'It is useless to make resistance,' said Santoro coldly. 'We have our orders, and must obey them; it is necessary that the signor should be blindfolded.'

'Blindfolded!' echoed Walter; the thought of being shot with his eyes bandaged, suggested by what he had read of military executions, at once occurring to his mind. 'No; you may shoot as I am, and be hanged to you.' This was an illogical speech, since, if the brigands had intended to take his life without his seeing them, it was obvious

they might have done it fifty times over, by simply shooting him from behind; but then the conditions were not favourable for pure logic.

'We mean you no harm, signor,' explained Santoro; 'but the captain does not choose that you should know the way to our cavern up yonder; and he pointed eastward with his finger.'

'But it isn't in Mount Etna, is it?' inquired Walter, smiling, 'or I shall have to walk a long way with my eyes shut.'

'That hill yonder is not Etna, signor,' returned the brigand calmly; and then, with his companion's assistance, he proceeded to bind the shawl twice and thrice over the upper part of their prisoner's face, like a turban which has slipped a few inches down. Walter knew that the brigand had lied to him concerning Etna, and made up his mind to detect, if possible, the direction in which they were about to proceed. But this was at once rendered impossible by the simple precaution which children use in blindman's-buff. They turned him round and round three times; then each taking an arm, they led him away, at first down hill, probably retracing their steps, to confuse him, and then again up hill, till the fatigue and heat incident upon his constrained motion and bandaged head became almost insupportable. At last, they came to what appeared to be a high level ground with trees, to judge by the coolness and the breeze upon it, and here they halted. Then the brigand call was given, and returned, as it seemed, from close at hand; a few minutes of waiting, during which he heard a grinding noise, as of stone on stone, and then he was bidden to stoop his head, and follow Santoro, who guided him by his hand. Half-a-dozen paces of cautious walking, during which his disengaged fingers were bruised against what seemed a rocky passage; the grinding noise was heard again, and then a wave of cool salt air broke gratefully upon his mouth and cheek. Santoro had let go his hand, so that he dared not move, since, for aught he knew, he was at the summit of some dizzy precipice; but if his sense of hearing could be trusted, there was a woman's cry of welcome, and then kisses. These lasted for a considerable interval, during which he stood with bowed head and blinded eyes, doubtless in a very ridiculous position; then a woman's smothered laugh broke tinkling out, and Santoro cried: 'A thousand pardons, signor; I had quite forgotten that you were still stooping: you can now hold up your head.'

'But can I take off the bandage?'

'In one moment, signor; but there was more kissing, and a whispered word or two, and a sound like a slapped cheek, before the shawl was loosened and he was permitted to look about him.

The scene that saluted Walter's dazzled eyes was very surprising. He found himself in a vast cavern, the arch of which, so far from endangering his head, was fifty feet above it; huge stalactites, on which the sunbeams shone, and gave to them the brightness of lit chandeliers, depended from the roof; while the sides of the cave, notwithstanding it was dry and warm, were lined with luxuriant creepers. The floor, a sparkling sand, which would have competed with salt for whiteness, was soft and noiseless to the feet as thick-piled carpet. Of windows this noble chamber could not boast; but through a vast natural opening—by which the light and air were at present freely admitted, but



could be excluded at will by a mat-curtain—the blue sea could be seen far as eye could reach. The sight of it was almost like liberty itself to Walter, and for an instant his gaze rested on it with thankful joy, to the neglect of other objects; then it lit on a young lad, more smartly dressed than any of his late companions on the mountain, but the knife and pistol in whose belt proclaimed him to follow the same lawless trade; he leant against the opposite wall, with his eyes fixed on the sand, and was apparently unconscious of a stranger's presence.

'Why, where is Santoro gone,' inquired Walter, 'and—and—the lady?'

'Santoro will return in a moment, signor,' murmured the lad. The soft gentle voice struck Walter as familiar, but it was the tell-tale blush upon the cheek, and the shy glance of the eye, which disclosed to him that he was addressing a female.

'Oh, I see,' cried he with some awkwardness; 'you are Lavocca.'

'Yes, signor.' He wondered now how, despite her brigand attire, he could have ever taken her for a boy, so feminine were her looks and tone. It was evident that the mention of her name had revealed to her that he was acquainted with Santoro's love for her, and that the knowledge overwhelmed her with confusion. She stood swaying her foot upon the sand, and playing with the pistol in her dainty sash, as though it had been a flower which she would have picked to pieces. For a Sicilian, she was almost a blonde, and a very pretty one; her hair curled in profusion about her ears and temples, but descended no lower, forbidden, doubtless, to do so by the brigand code; her mouth, though weak in its expression, was a very charming one, and no man who desired to be her husband would probably have wished it stronger.

'But what on earth has become of Santoro?' repeated Walter with curiosity. 'His fingers untied this shawl but one minute ago, and now he has vanished'—

'He is here,' said Lavocca, interrupting, 'and the young signora with him.'

'The signora!' cried Walter, turning eagerly round, and expecting to behold no other than Lillian herself.

'That is the name by which my people honour me,' said a grave sweet voice; 'but I am plain Joanna, sister of Rocco Corrali, at your service.'

The speaker was a tall and strikingly handsome girl—so tall, that even in her male costume her height did not appear insignificant. Her hair, which was quite short and straight, except for a tiny curl at each ear, which had a charming effect, was black and glossy as a crow's wing; her eyes were also black as blackest coal, and though mild and maidenly in their present expression, could perhaps, like coal, give forth flame upon occasion; while her complexion, which had once, doubtless, been olive, like that of the majority of her fellow-countrywomen, had become, by exposure to the sun and wind, of a deep walnut. In woman's clothes, she would probably have looked coarse; but in her jacket, braided with silver buttons, and tied at the waist with a rich scarlet scarf, her full trousers of blue cloth, and small though thick-soled boots, she was as bewitching a figure as ever stepped before the footlights.

It was not in the young painter's nature to have refused admiration to so picturesque an object, and besides, he reflected that Lillian was in this woman's power, and that it behoved him to conciliate her by all the arts he knew. I am afraid, therefore, that he affected to be even more struck by this lady's appearance than he really was, and allowed a certain respectful homage to be perceived in his looks and tone as he addressed her, which were not wholly genuine.

'I am come, signora, from your brother, with a message to the young lady under your protection, as Santoro here' (for the brigand had returned with Joanna) 'has doubtless informed you.'

'Is she a relative of yours?' inquired Joanna in a careless tone, but with a certain quickness of manner that did not escape Walter's notice. He was no coxcomb, but if his appearance had made a favourable impression upon this Amazon, it was his interest—and that of another—to improve it.

'No, signora.'

'Oh, indeed. Then, may I ask how it happens that you have been sent hither instead of her father?'

'Well, for one thing, Mr Brown could only speak English; and it seems that it is contrary to your custom to allow a prisoner who is about to leave you'—

'How do you know she is about to leave us? I mean, how did my brother know?' interrupted Joanna laughingly. 'The lady is in my hands, not his.'

'I know nothing of that, signora,' answered Walter deferentially, 'being, alas, but a captive myself. I am only your brother's mouth-piece. A very large sum has been agreed upon as our ransom, and that cannot be procured unless the young lady applies to the banker in person. I understood, too, that she was far from well, and to an invalid—however admirably such quarters may agree, as one can see they do, with one like yourself, in health—these open-air lodgings must needs be hurtful.'

'The young lady is well lodged enough, as you shall presently see for yourself,' answered Joanna: 'the air that is here admitted so freely'—and she stepped towards the orifice of the cave, while Lavocca gave place to her, and stole to where Santoro was standing, at the other end of the apartment—'is shut out from our inner room. And what was the other reason which you were about to say brought you here?' continued Joanna, dropping her voice, so that Walter alone could hear her. 'Was it curiosity to behold, before you returned to your friends, a woman outlawed and unsexed; the companion, and even the leader of outlaws; one who, while still a girl in years, had forgotten not only how to love, but how to pity?' The words were spoken with bitterness, but the look that accompanied the words was far from bitter; it was remonstrant, and almost pleading.

'Indeed, signora, you misjudge me: it was no mere curiosity that brought me here; and if it had been so, I should have expected to see no such being as you describe, for I have heard no such account of her.'

'Then what sort of person did you expect to see?'

'A young girl, whom the tyranny of circumstances had driven to a mode of life that is indeed to be deplored, but who, while embracing it, has

given proofs of kindness and generosity, which would have adorned a far more enviable position.'

'Your informant,' answered Joanna, sighing, but evidently greatly pleased, 'must, I am afraid, have been Santoro yonder, who has his special reasons, as we see, for currying favour with the mistress of Lavocca.'

'He could not have known that I should quote him, signora, since I heard his account of you long before my coming here was arranged. I am well convinced, since the face is the index of the mind, that his praise was well deserved.'

'Ah, signor, you have not seen me in one of my passions,' said Joanna naively. 'We Sicilians are not like your English misses—so quiet, so gentle, like this one in yonder room. But I perceive you are impatient to see her. Come with me, sir.'

Joanna's voice had suddenly altered; her tones, which had been almost tender, became cold and stern. Her very figure had changed; for, whereas she had been leaning against the curtain, and partly hidden in the shadow of it, in an attitude of graceful ease, she now drew herself up, like a soldier on parade, and led the way across the cavern with quick determined tread.

Close behind where Santoro and Lavocca were now standing in earnest but low-toned talk, and where Walter himself had stood, till, at a sign from Joanna, he had changed his place, was a sort of recess in the wall of the cave: it was dark, and apparently of small extent, but, at the touch of Walter's companion, what seemed to be rock, but was, in fact, a door, rudely painted in imitation of it, opened without noise, and revealed a second apartment, smaller than the first, but furnished like an ordinary room. There were chairs and a table in it; a thick carpet covered the floor; instead of plants and ferns, the walls were hung with the same kind of matting of which the curtain in the outer cave had been composed. It was lighted, like its fellow, by an orifice that looked seaward, but to west instead of north, and which could be closed at pleasure by a wooden shutter. Close beside it, and yet sheltered from the draught, was a rude couch, covered with rugs and cushions, upon which lay a female form.

'The young lady is asleep,' said Joanna softly.

Walter's limbs trembled beneath him, as he bent down to gaze upon the unhappy Lilian. Her eyes were closed, but there were traces of tears upon her pale cheek, in the centre of which there burned a hectic spot of fever; he could hardly recognise her for even the invalid he had seen carried up and down the Marina. 'Great Heaven, how ill she looks!' was his smothered ejaculation.

'She has suffered from alarm and fatigue,' observed Joanna coldly; 'she has been distressed, too, about the safety of her friends. It will doubtless do her good to see you.'

'Would you be kind enough to break it to her that I am here?' said Walter, stepping back a pace. 'She is not aware that I have been taken captive, nor even of my presence in Sicily. The sudden shock might do her harm.'

'One is not killed by unexpected happiness,' returned Joanna, 'or at least so I have been told by those who have experienced it; but, nevertheless, I will do your bidding. Who shall I say has come? You are not a relative, it seems. Shall I say that it is her betrothed?'

'I am not her betrothed,' answered Walter gravely.

'But you hope to be so,' returned the other quickly. 'I read it in your face.'

'Indeed, I have no hope of the sort, signora,' was Walter's calm reply. He did not feel it necessary to explain to her why he had none; but he had spoken the literal truth. Not only was the difference of their fortunes as insurmountable as heretofore (for he was well convinced that Mr Brown could pay his ransom and yet remain a wealthy man), but there was that in Lilian's look which foreshadowed to him that she would live to be the bride of no man. 'I am her friend, and her father's friend, and that is all. My name is Walter Litton.'

Joanna approached the couch, and placed her hand softly upon Lilian's own. She awoke at once with a start.

'Is papa here?' cried she excitedly.

'Your father is not here, but a friend has come to see you.'

'A friend? Alas! I have no friend except my father.'

'He calls himself so, at all events; he has brought some news for you, but you must not talk of it in English, else you cannot see him.'

'In English! Is he, then, an Englishman?'

'Yes; his name is Walter Litton.'

'Walter!' A low weak cry, in which surprise and tenderness were strangely mingled, escaped her pale lips.

'I am here, Lilian,' said Walter, coming forward, and holding out his hand. 'Do not excite yourself; I bring you good tidings.'

'But how came you here?' She retained his hand in hers, but closed her eyes after one glance of grateful recognition.

'It is a long story, which there is no time to tell you now. Let it suffice that I have been taken captive with your father.'

'Ah, you risked, then, your life for mine.' These words came from the heart, and, like the rest, were spoken in her native tongue.

'You must not speak English,' broke in Joanna.

'Pardon her, signora; it will not occur again,' said Walter. 'She fears that her father's life is menaced.—No, Lilian; he will regain his liberty, if only the ransom which he has agreed to give can be procured. The authorisation for its payment, which you will present at Gordon's bank, is here'—he placed it in her hand. 'When once the money has been received, he will be free.'

'And you?' In those two words were expressed all the tenderest emotions of which a woman's heart is capable. Walter felt that she was aware at once of all that he had believed, contrived, and endured for her sake, from the moment of their last parting.

'I shall be free also in a day or two, at furthest; when we shall be sent back in safety to Palermo. Our only anxiety is, indeed, upon your account. Do not fret yourself as respects us. It is the thought of your condition—the trials, the hardships to which you have been exposed—that wrings your father's heart. Do you feel that you have strength enough to return to the city, where your sister's loving tendance awaits you?—Signora—here he turned to Joanna—you said something a while ago of this poor lady being your prisoner, to be dealt with according to your own good pleasure;

but I am well convinced that you will not refuse your brother's wish that she should be set free at once. You see how weak and ill she is. To keep her here, would be to kill her.'

'And what then?' whispered Joanna in his ear.

'Why, then, I should say, that what some folks have said of you (as you told me) was only too true: that you were a woman unsexed, and without a heart.'

'You would be wrong,' answered she, in the same low tones, but without the harshness that had accompanied her previous words. 'Even if I acted as you suggest, I should have a justification. This girl is nothing to me, nay, perhaps worse than nothing. Still, for your sake, here her voice became low and soft, 'all shall be as you wish; she shall be carried to Palermo this very day.'

'Lilian,' cried Walter joyfully, 'the signora has promised to set you free at once; before to-night you will be clasped in your sister's arms! Let that thought give you strength and courage.'

'I will do my best, Walter,' answered Lilian feebly; 'but my brain seems on fire, and my limbs do not obey my will.'

'You hear her, signora!' pleaded Walter passionately. 'Oh, do not let a minute be lost in sending her where aid can be given to her!'

Joanna bowed her head, and glided from the room.

'I shall never see you more, Walter,' whispered Lilian.

'Yes, dearest, yes, you will,' answered he, falling on his knees beside her; 'we shall meet again, and you will once more be well and happy. Hush! she is returning.'

At that moment, Joanna entered, accompanied by Santoro and Lavocca. These two took up the couch, which was, indeed, but a litter upon trestles, and carried Lilian forth into the outer room. Walter would have followed, but Joanna made a sign to him to remain.

'You must stay here, signor,' said she authoritatively, 'or you would learn the secret of finding your way out of prison.'

'I have no desire to learn it,' answered he, truly enough, since his escape at such a time would probably have endangered the merchant's life.

'Ah, you are smooth of speech, Signor Inglese, but I mistrust such gallantry. You have deceived me once already.'

'Not willingly, signora; nor am I conscious of having done so.'

'What! not when you told me that you were not betrothed to that young girl, but only her father's friend! Is it usual, then, in your country for such "friends" to take leave of one another with kisses?'

'It is allowable,' answered Walter with solemnity, 'when we believe that we shall never see one another on earth again.'

'To be sure, that makes a difference,' observed Joanna thoughtfully. 'And I certainly agree with you that it is not probable that the young lady will be long lived.'

To this Walter answered nothing, for, indeed, to him it had seemed as though Lilian's motionless and almost inanimate form had been carried out but to be placed in a still narrower prison-house. He drew a chair to the table, and placing his elbows upon it, covered his face with his hands.

'You would be left alone with your grief,

Signor Litton?' said Joanna interrogatively, and laying her hand upon the door.

'Thank you, yes,' answered he, scarcely knowing what he said.

'Those are his first thanks,' observed she bitterly, as she left the room; 'thanks for my absence.' But if Walter heard her words, he did not heed them; he was picturing to himself the English burial-ground at Palermo, as he had seen it a few days ago, and wondering in what part of its beautiful garden-ground they would lay his Lilian.

#### CHAPTER XXXVI.—JOANNA.

'Come, signor, you must eat,' were the first words spoken, in kind and cheerful tones, that roused Walter from the stupor of sorrow into which Lilian's departure under such sad conditions had cast him. Joanna was standing by him, with a loaf of bread in one hand, and a bottle of wine in the other; she placed these upon the table, and then produced from a cupboard some cold kid and a pot of cream. This solicitude for his comfort did not fail to move the young fellow towards her. The hearts of all his sex are approachable through the palate, and in this case, Walter had every excuse for giving way to human weakness, for he was exceedingly hungry; moreover, he was not so imprudent as not to perceive the immense importance of making friends with the sister of the brigand chief; so he fell to on the viands with honest vigour.

'Have they starved you up in the mountains yonder?' inquired she, watching him with pleased surprise.

'They have not treated me so well as you do, signora. Allow me to congratulate you upon the contents of your cellar. Why, this is more like a liqueur than a wine!'

'It is *lacrymæ Christi*. The mayor of the village hereabouts is good enough to send us some at Easter-tide.'

'To send us some,' thought Walter, and he felt as the Black Knight might have done had he been more conscientious when the friar of Copmanhurst described how he got his venison.

'Do not imagine it is stolen,' laughed Joanna, reading his thoughts; 'we brigands are not the outlaws that you are inclined to imagine us. We have friends in higher places than you imagine; and as for the poor—when did you ever hear us spoken ill of by a poor man?'

Walter thought of his host on the Marina, confined to a few square miles of ground for life, because of Captain Corrali and Company, but he remained silent.

'I see you are determined to think ill of us,' said Joanna plaintively.

'I think ill of the trade, signora, I confess. See what it has done in my case.'

'Your "friend," the young lady, was ailing before she fell into our hands,' put in his companion quickly.

'I was not referring to her, signora, but to myself. Here am I—without any fault of my own, unless the being on a high-road at midnight is a fault—taken prisoner, and put in danger of my life!'

'I hope not: indeed, I could not smile if I thought it probable,' interrupted Joanna. 'You will pay some money, the loss of which you will

not feel, and will then be sent back again to your friends. Your few days of captivity will be an experience with which to entertain them, and amongst other things you will have to tell them is the account of how you met a horrid female creature in men's clothes, who lived in a cavern, and had no heart.'

'Indeed, Joanna' (he had unconsciously dropped the 'signora'), I shall always speak of that incident in quite another way. It is no flattery to you to say that the only pleasant thing that has happened to me during my captivity has been my reception here; your abode and surroundings are a romance in themselves, the interest of which will not easily wear away; your unlooked-for kindness and hospitality I shall never forget; the only thing which distresses me about it is, that you, seeing what you might be, should be what you are.'

'I don't understand you, signor,' cried Joanna, her dark eyes glowing with sudden fire.

'Nay, I meant no offence; but to me it appears deplorable that one so fitted to adorn an honest home, beautiful enough for a princess, sound-hearted, generous'—

'That is because I let the signora go,' observed Joanna bitterly.

'No, indeed; that only shewed you to be womanly. To have retained her would have been cruel, and cruelty is not your nature. I say that it seems to me that, in leading the life you do, you throw yourself away; and in a little while, when the excitement of such a mode of existence begins to flag, you will bitterly repent your choice of it.'

'I had no choice,' said Joanna sullenly.

'You have it now, signora. When this unhappy business is over, you have only to come into Palermo, and I will answer for it that you have made a friend there who will provide for you a better future.'

'And who is that friend?' inquired Joanna, with her eyes fixed upon the ground.

'The young lady whom you have just set free: she has a grateful heart, and her father is a man of wealth.'

'I do not wish to be indebted to that young lady,' answered Joanna coldly. 'I would rather be a brigand than a beggar, in any case; and never would I beg of her. Let us cease to talk of my affairs, signor; they may appear to interest you now, but they will not do so a week hence. The memory of all your sex is very short; but that of a rich man like you for a poor girl like me—bah! he only thinks of her while he sees her.'

'You are making several mistakes at once, Joanna,' said Walter gravely. 'In the first place, I am as poor as you are, probably poorer. I should be totally unable to pay even the small sum your brother fixed upon as the price of my freedom, but that he has permitted Mr Brown's ransom to cover mine.'

'You are, however, the betrothed of this rich man's daughter.'

'I again declare to you that such is not the fact; my poverty would, in any case, forbid such an alliance. I am but a penniless painter; this sketch-book is my cheque-book, and Nature the only bank from which I draw my income.'

'Is this really true, sir?' asked Joanna, regarding him with a steady gaze.

'Do I look so false that it is impossible to believe my words?' returned Walter, smiling.

'O no; you look true enough; and you take no vows to the saints, which is also a good sign,' answered Joanna naively; 'but still I cannot believe you. An Englishman, and poor! That is incredible.'

'And yet there are a good many of them in that condition, I do assure you,' said Walter, smiling.

'Well, let me prove you. You say you are an artist—one who makes his living by his pencil; if it be so, draw me.'

'With the greatest pleasure, signora.'

'Do not fear that it will be lost time,' continued she eagerly; 'I have plenty of ducats.'

'Nay, nay; I will not take your portrait except for love—that is, for nothing.'

'What! you call love nothing?'

'No, indeed; that is only our English phrase. The light here, however, is not so good for drawing as in the other apartment. Let us go in there.'

She led the way at once into the larger chamber, which was empty.

'Ah! this is kind of you,' continued Walter.

'You have allowed Lavocca to accompany your late captive on her journey.'

'I thought it would please you that she should have a female escort as far as the next village,' replied Joanna. 'My four men are her bearers, so you have only to kill me to obtain your freedom.'

'But, in the meantime, you have only to shoot me with one of your pistols.'

'No, Signor Litton,' answered his companion softly, 'I have never shot any one yet, and your blood, of all men's, will certainly never stain my hands. You can kill me still, as far as my pistols are concerned,' and, with a sudden impulse, she drew them from her girdle, and placed them on the ground at Walter's feet.

'But how would your death avail me?' argued he, smiling. 'If I were to murder you—which Heaven forbid! I should still be a prisoner, since I do not know the secret of how to leave this enchanted castle.'

'To be sure; I had forgotten that. You shall never say that I did not trust you. See here.' She picked up a small crowbar that lay at her feet, and placed it in a crevice of the wall of rock; at the touch of it, one of the huge stones of which it was composed turned noiselessly inwards, revealing a dark, low-roofed passage. 'Stoop your head, signor, and follow me.'

Walter obeyed her, and in a few steps found himself in another cave, having a small opening inland.

'Every one knows of this cavern,' said Joanna quietly; 'but of the two inner ones no one knows, save half-a-dozen persons. If my brother found that I had disclosed them to you, he would shoot me without mercy. I have, therefore, placed my life in your hands; and also your own liberty. And now,' added she with passionate energy, 'that pathway through the wood leads to the high-road to Palermo. Take it, if it so please you, and leave me to my fate. Rocco will kill me, to be sure; but you will be happy.'

'Nay, Joanna; in that case, I should certainly not be happy,' answered Walter soothingly. 'Nor do you think so ill of me as to believe it.'

'Alas! I do not think ill of you,' sighed Joanna; 'and I wish you would think less ill of me.' Her voice had sunk very low, and the words were almost inaudible to Walter, whom

the fresh air, and the sense of the opportunity of freedom (though he had no idea of taking advantage of it), was filling with unwonted pleasure.

'And how far is it from hence to Palermo?' inquired he thoughtfully.

'Not ten miles. You could reach it on foot within three hours; nor would there be any chance of falling in with my brother's men upon the road.'

Walter had not asked the question with any reference to himself, but with the view of hearing how soon Lillian might be expected to reach the city; but he had the prudence to conceal this. 'It is strange, Joanna,' said he rebukefully, 'that you, who have shewn such a generous confidence, should give no credit to others for even the commonest gratitude. Come, let us go within, lest those who are more jealous of your captive's safety than yourself should return and find him outside his cage.'

As they retraced their steps, Joanna shewed him how the inner chambers of this subterranean home were reached. The exterior cavern had nothing remarkable about it, and, indeed, had at one time been used as a cow-house by the neighbouring shepherds. Any explorer would naturally have given his attention to its extremity, but it was immediately at the entrance, on the right-hand side, that the movable stone was situated; this turned, as it were, upon a pivot, the natural mechanism of which had been assisted by art, and required from without nothing but a gentle pressure to set it in motion.

'You do not regret having confided to me this secret, Joanna?' inquired Walter, as, pencil in hand, he watched her face, preparatory to transferring it to his sketch-book, and noticed how suddenly it had grown pale and grave.

'No; I think not. I am certain you will not betray us. But, in my desire to shew I trusted you, I forgot that I was imperilling the safety of others as well as my own. To some men poor, as you describe yourself to be—this knowledge would have been a great temptation, since it might any day produce them twelve thousand ducats.'

'How so?'

'Because that is the sum that is set upon my brother's head—and this cavern, when he is closely pursued, is his hiding-place.'

'Well, I am not so poor as to take blood-money,' answered Walter, smiling. 'Your secret is as safe with me, Joanna, as though it had never been revealed: there is my hand upon it.'

She took it, carried it to her lips, and then retained it. It was an embarrassing position for any young gentleman, not enamoured of the lady, this demonstration; and especially so, when he wanted the use of his fingers to take her portrait. Perhaps Walter would not have been so hard-hearted, had he not just parted from his Lillian, ill, perhaps dying, and whose last kiss was still lingering on his cheek; but, as it was, he gently withdrew his hand, and commenced his picture.

Under other circumstances, it would have been a task very congenial to him; for never had painter a sitter more picturesque than his present one. Joanna's charms, striking as they were at first sight, were, unlike those of dark beauties in general, even more attractive the longer the eye rested on them. Her black eyes, when in repose, as now, had a certain blueness in them, not cold,

like that of the sloe, but warm and tender; at the same time, her face wore a certain dignity, for which women are, in general, compelled to use haughtiness as the substitute. Her male attire, from long custom, was worn without awkwardness, and became her grandly; and there were freedom and grace in every movement, when, at the artist's request, she changed the position of a limb. He had been drawing for only a few minutes, when suddenly the shrill moist note, with which Walter's ear had become familiar, was heard without; and she instantly started to her feet. 'Away, into the other room!' cried she.

Walter understood that this was lest he should appear to be a witness to the opening of the secret door, and hastened to obey her. 'Santoro and the others have returned, I suppose?'

'Hush! no,' said she, pushing him quickly out; 'it is Rocco.'

Hardly had he time to gain the inner apartment, when the stone revolved upon its pivot, and Corrali sprang into the room Walter had just quitted.

The attire of the brigand chief was torn and stained with blood; his face scarlet with haste and anger, or both, and covered with perspiration.

'Where are the Englishman and the girl?' were his first impatient words.

'The Englishman is in yonder. The girl has been sent to Palermo, at your request, as Santoro informed me.'

'Let her be followed, and brought back at once.'

'There is no one to do it; all the men went away with her, since she had to be carried on a litter. She is ill; and indeed, as I think, dying.'

'No matter; she shall die with us, not with her friends. People will say else, that we gave her up through fear. The troops have fired upon us, as if that were the way to treat with me and mine. I will have her back, alive or dead. How long is it since she left you?'

'More than three hours,' answered Joanna calmly.

It had not, in fact, been half that time, as Walter, whom not a word of this conversation escaped, though it was not all intelligible to him, was well aware.

'Il diavolo!' muttered the brigand, striking his heel into the sand of the cavern. 'It will be the worse for those that are left. Where is this fellow?' Then he strode into the inner room, and confronted Walter.

'Look you,' cried he passionately, 'you think all is well with you, because this old man's daughter has escaped from me. But you will find, unless she sends the money before the week is out, that all is not so well. There are some things that are sweeter than money. These soldiers of yours have done us a mischief; and somebody shall pay for it. Do you understand me?'

'Indeed, Captain Corrali, it is easy to understand that something has put you out of temper,' answered Walter calmly. 'But if the soldiers have attacked you, it is at least plain that neither Mr Brown nor I could have sent them.'

'They came on your account, however; and what has happened goes down to your account. —Bind his eyes, Joanna.'

'What is it you are about to do, Rocco?' inquired the girl with hesitation.

'To take him away with me at once, lest another bird should slip out of the cage.'

'But he is surely safer here than anywhere,' urged Joanna.

'Do as I bid you, or I will make him safe enough at once!' and the brigand touched one of the pistols in his belt. 'Now, fasten his arms behind him.'

'An impediment to your movements, brother.'

'Tush! Do you suppose that I am going to give him a chance of tripping me over a precipice. He will go fast enough with my knife behind him, I'll warrant.'

'What! are you going alone with him? Hark! there is the signal. Santoro and the rest will have returned.'

'So much the better for this gentleman here,' grunted the brigand, 'since he will have his arms loose. Otherwise, I should have waited for none of them.—I am not in a mood to be trifled with, Mr Englishman. It will be a word and a pistol-shot to-day with you, if you do not step out.'

'Don't answer him,' whispered Joanna in Walter's ear. 'He has spilt blood to-day, and is dangerous.'

The speech and manner of the captain were, indeed, like those of a madman. No sooner had those who had formed Lillian's escort entered the cavern, than they were ordered on the march, though two of them at least had done a good day's work in that way already. No other voice was heard save that of the furious chief; but as Walter, with blinded eyes, was quitting the cavern, he felt a parcel placed in the pocket of his shooting-coat, and the pressure of a soft hand, that seemed to bid him be of good courage.

#### MORAL VALUE OF AMUSEMENT.

On this subject, the following observations occur in a paper on 'The Relative Morals of City and Country,' in the *Penn Monthly*, an American periodical:

'The love of amusement is natural to the human mind, and like all other natural tastes and appetites, is given to us by our Creator for some wise and benevolent purpose. Proper amusements tend to health of body and mind. The moral nature is benefited by amusement, by preventing it becoming morbid and sickly on the one hand, and by arresting it from low and corrupting tendencies on the other. It is said that before the theatre was established in San Francisco the town was given to the lowest revelry and debauchery, and that brawls and murders were of unceasing occurrence. The reason was, men had no other resorts for amusement than to the low dens of iniquity with which the town was flooded. When the theatre was established, they were attracted to it, were amused and entertained, and the morals of the town rapidly improved. All approval of the theatre must be predicated of a well-conducted theatre, where the decencies and proprieties of life are respected, and where at least a harmless, if not an improving moral tone is blended with amusement. It is not, perhaps, too much to say, that in a great community like this we could better afford to spare one of our many churches than one of our few well-conducted theatres. The ill consequences to society in the one case would probably be greater than in the other. Man is held from evil by employment and amusement, as well as by moral teaching, and each must play its part, and supplement the other in the great work of rescuing man from the de-

structive tendencies of sin. And observation, I think, will confirm, that where men and women do not mingle amusement with labour, they either pervert labour to selfish and excessive ends, or become morbid and one-sided in their general views. In the consideration of this question, whatever has been said has been predicated upon an equal number of population, whether of city or country, and is intended to include, as a part of the country, the country towns.'

#### THE MAIDEN SLEEPS.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN.

THE maiden sleeps—why mourn ye in this wise,  
Ye parents? Let her rest.

The little face that mid the flowers lies

Speaks to your aching breast:

'My lot is light; oh, wherefore weep?

I lay me down in peace, and sleep.'

The maiden sleeps.

The maiden sleeps—wearied from play, to rest,

Tired out with happiness.

The doll the little arms had fondly pressed,

The pretty Sunday dress,

Her story-book remembered not—

All, all her treasures now forgot—

The maiden sleeps.

The maiden sleeps—her life was peaceful made,

And light her earthly lot,

A little stream that through the flowers strayed,

With love and music fraught:

No bitter grief the child's heart pained,

Soon was the short fight fought and gained—

The maiden sleeps.

The maiden sleeps—how blest she slumbered in

Her tender Saviour's arm;

That spotless heart, unsoiled by sin,

No earthly fear could harm;

A conscience pure, a sinless breast,

This is a couch the head to rest—

The maiden sleeps.

The maiden sleeps—earth's pain, earth's strife no more

May break that sweet repose;

Know'st, mother, thou, what might have been in store

For her, of bitter woes?

She feels no more the tempest's beat,

Feels not the summer's sultry heat—

The maiden sleeps.

The maiden sleeps—only one short calm night,

That peaceful sleep will last;

And, oh, how bright the morn that greets her sight

When that brief night is o'er!

He who by His resistless will

Soothed Jairus, lives and comforts still—

The maiden sleeps.

The maiden sleeps—and now the last kiss press

Upon the lips so still.

The Father help thee in thy sore distress;

O mother! 'tis His will.

Now, as they bear her to her rest,

Sing ye the hymns she loved the best—

The maiden sleeps.

The maiden sleeps—now, Shepherd, take her home,

Thine for eternity;

Ye glorious stars, bend down from heaven's dome,

Watch o'er her tenderly;

O wind, howl not so loud and shrill

Over this little flower-decked hill—

The maiden sleeps.

Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, 47 Paternoster Row, LONDON, and 339 High Street, EDINBURGH.  
Also sold by all Booksellers.

# CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

OF

POPULAR

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

*Fourth Series*

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS.

No. 594.

SATURDAY, MAY 15, 1875.

PRICE 1½d.

## NURSING SISTERS.

IN London there are institutions of an interesting character, about which the majority of its inhabitants know very little, many of them nothing at all. Of one of these I was myself entirely ignorant, till made aware of its existence by an illness which rendered the knowledge of it necessary. Then I became practically acquainted with an organisation, or rather a number of organisations, whose aim and action are of such benefit to suffering humanity, that I deem it a duty to make them known as widely as possible. They are designed to educate and supply nurses, and act independently of one another. That with which I have been brought into closest contact, will give a fair idea of them all. It is specially known as the 'Institution of Nursing Sisters,' and was established in the year 1840, by the celebrated Quakeress philanthropist, Elizabeth Fry, who bestowed upon it the name 'Protestant Sisters of Mercy.' The less sectarian title is, I believe, due to the late Queen-dowager, who, having been attended by certain of the 'Sisters' during a severe illness, saw fit to suggest the change.

It is now under the patronage of a list of distinguished ladies, while another list constitutes its active and working committee. But the real official staff consists of a 'Lady Superintendent' and a 'Matron,' who give all their time to the direction of its affairs, and are, of course, in receipt of pay for their services. The headquarters of the Institution, technically called 'The Home,' is a large house in Devonshire Square, Bishopsgate Street, close to the site of what was, in days long gone by, a splendid mansion of one of our nobility. In it the Sisters have their home, when off duty; hence the name, in every sense appropriate.

There are at present on the books of the establishment, and in active service, somewhat less than a hundred trained nurses, though there are several 'candidates' in course of training, who would nearly make up the above number.

The mode of initiation is as follows: An aspirant to the profession presenting herself at the Institu-

tion must be of a certain age (twenty-eight is the minimum at present insisted upon; but I believe it is the intention to receive more youthful candidates, as is the case in some other institutions); she must be unmarried, or, at all events, without a living husband; and, indeed, a large proportion of the Sisters are widows. She must come provided with credentials as to character; and to prevent any frivolous or temporary engagements, as also partially to cover the expenses of her maintenance during the period of her probation, she is required to deposit two pounds in the fund of the Institution, which is returned to her, at the rate of five shillings a week, during the first two months of her engagement. The probation itself is an attendance of four months in one of the hospitals; Guy's being that which generously extends this privilege to the Institution in question. The 'candidate' for such is the special title now given her—must attend daily at the hospital, assisting the regular nurses of the establishment, and so becoming acquainted with the details of her intended vocation. During this attendance, she is allowed a sufficient sum to purchase her daily dinner, eaten at some neighbouring restaurant; at night, returning to the Home, which provides her with bed, board, and washing. The period of her probation ended, she is sent out to private patients; and, if proving capable, at once promoted to the full rank of a Sister. Otherwise, she remains some time longer a candidate. In the latter capacity she is paid ten shillings per week, but only during the time she is actually engaged in nursing. When returned from a turn of duty, and residing at the Home, her pay ceases, though she is provided with everything else. On attaining the title of Sister, she receives a regular salary, graduated according to the years of service. For the first three, it is twenty pounds per annum; for the second three, twenty-three pounds; after which, it is raised to twenty-five pounds. In addition, she receives annually a sufficient quantity of appropriate apparel, and is maintained in the Home during the intervals of her engagements.

Having completed a service of fifteen years, she



is a 'Superannuated Sister,' and becomes entitled to a life pension of twenty pounds per annum. She can then retire from the Institution, and practise nursing on her own account; which some Sisters do, having naturally, during their long period of service, established a *clientèle* ready to receive them. The Institution has no jealousy of them; on the contrary, it gives aid to the Superannuated Sister, obtaining patients for her, when she is deemed deserving. Within the fifteen years, a Sister cannot retire from it abruptly, or at her own pleasure; by her contract on entering, she binds herself to certain conditions, which the law would compel her to observe. One of these has a special bearing upon her retirement. She can do so, during the first nine years of her engagement, at the expiration of every three; otherwise, she must give three months' notice of her intention, and pay a forfeit of six pounds.

On seeking admission to the Institution, the applicant is required to sign a form, setting forth the conditions of her being accepted. These are put as interrogations, the most important of which, in addition to those elsewhere mentioned, are: Whether they will be willing to attend upon poor patients as well as rich ones; what religious denomination they belong to; how they have been employed previous to making application; and whether willing to wear the prescribed dress of the Institution, avoiding all conspicuous trinkets while residing at the Home, and during their hours of attendance upon patients. It may be remarked, in reference to the last condition, that, although the Devonshire Square Institution, with many of the others, provides a sort of semi-uniform for the Sisters, they are not compelled to wear it while on a visit to friends, or walking out for recreation. The uniform is in no way conspicuous, and would scarcely attract attention on the street.

I now come to speak of the duties devolving on the Nursing Sisters. When application is made for their services—which is done without any special form, but merely by letter, or personally—if there be one disengaged (unfortunately, not always the case), she is at once sent to the patient or family so applying, or as soon as the necessary inquiries can be made, and satisfaction obtained that the application is a proper one. The remuneration for her services is one guinea per week, exclusive of her maintenance while residing in the house of the patient. Many of the institutions have a scale of charges graduated according to the character of the disease; for instance, in cases of zymotic or infectious, or also mental diseases, the amount is double, or two guineas per week. By the Devonshire Square Institution, a reduction below the charge is not unfrequently made, where a case of necessity is deemed worthy of it; and in still more necessitous circumstances, a Sister is often sent gratuitously. While on duty, the Sister is expected to reside in the house of the invalid, giving all her time to her task, bed and board being of course provided for her. And the payment is not made to herself, but to the lady superintendent; nor is she permitted to receive any gift or gratuity beyond some trifle, such as a book; this being a rule of the establishment in question, though not of some others, where a less rigorous *régime* prevails. Not unfrequently, grateful patients insist upon making a money

present, or leaving a legacy to the Sister who has nursed them. In such cases, she must declare it to the lady superintendent, and also make over the amount to the general fund of the Institution, where it is held for her in trust.

In the Institution of Nursing Sisters, the regulation against receiving gratuities, unless under the above conditions, is rigorously insisted on, and an infringement of it punished by dismissal. In some other establishments, however, there is not the same strictness in this regard; and where gain is the object, such perquisites are not only permitted, but the giving of them encouraged. Happily, this last class of nursing institutions is in the minority; in most of them, as already said, the aim being purely philanthropic. But even where it is not so, they are worthy of being encouraged, as useful adjuncts to a humane civilisation. The services rendered by them cannot be too highly spoken of; for there is many a case of sickness in which the sufferer is absolutely in need of their assistance; the dearest relative, or the most devoted servant, being unable to cope with it; while the doctor cannot be always there. It is then that the Nursing Sister appears by the sick-bed in the light of a ministering angel; and there are many admitted instances of life having been saved by their skilled and assiduous ministrations. Knowing the too frequent failings of nurses of an ordinary type, there are those who hesitate to employ them. This is a prejudice to be got over. The Nursing Sisters I speak of are women of graceful manners and modest deportment, and, as a general rule, religious. Many of them are most respectably connected, and so far from being repellent in aspect, as nurses are generally supposed to be, some that I have seen are exceedingly comely. And cases are on record where the Nursing Sister has become the wife of some rich invalid whom she has tended into convalescence. As a general rule, their behaviour, while residing with the family that employs them, is everything it should be; and instead of being thought in the way, they come to be regarded in the light of friends and comforters. Of course, if not proving satisfactory, they can be at any moment dismissed; though they cannot of themselves voluntarily withdraw without permission from the lady superintendent, who does not give it capriciously, or without good cause.

When a Sister is off duty, that is, returned from attendance upon a patient, the Home becomes her residence, and then she has the privilege of resting; but only for two clear days, should her services be required elsewhere. At the present time, so great is the demand for their valuable assistance by the sick-bed, that it is rare when one of them gets a single day of repose, beyond the prescribed number. They are almost instantly summoned away to administer to the necessities of some other sufferer.

When the case on which they have been attending is one of an infectious character, they do not return direct to the Home, but to a private house in connection with it, kept by one of the superannuated Sisters. There they must remain till all danger is supposed to have passed, a room and bed being provided them; while their board is assured by a payment of fifteen shillings stipulated to be made by the party last employing them. If one of the Sisterhood chances to be herself taken ill, she is attended and nursed by another, remaining

permanently at the Home, where she also receives gratuitously the services of a medical man who attends the establishment. As a Nursing Sister need be at no expense for her living, beyond some trifling articles of wear not allowed by the Institution, many of them have accumulated some little stock of worldly goods. As it would be inconvenient to carry these with them to the houses of their patients—often in distant parts of the country—the Home provides storage for such effects, a large apartment in it being specially known as the 'Box-room.' In this may be seen boxes, trunks, and portmanteaus of all shapes and sizes, many of them containing valuable properties, that may not be utilised till the period of superannuation arrive.

In addition to the Institution in Devonshire Square, the others of most note are :

The 'General Nursing Institute,' which has its offices at 5 Henrietta Street, Covent Garden. This Institute provides both male and female nurses, and for all maladies, mental as well as physical. The scale of its charges, according to published circular, is one guinea per week for ordinary infirmities ; two for those that are infectious, or where there is 'insanity unaccompanied by violence ;' and three in cases of 'active mania, delirium tremens, or suicidal tendency.' It likewise provides the special class of attendants known as 'lying-in' and 'wet' nurses.

'The St John's Home and Sisterhood,' under the presidency of the Lord Bishop of London, has its headquarters at 7 Norfolk Street, Strand. The scale of charges of this establishment is nearly the same as those of the Devonshire Square Institution, only that, after eight weeks' attendance upon a patient, the guinea a week is increased to one and a half ; which seems an ill-adjusted plan of remuneration, the very opposite to what one would suppose it ought to be. A second singular rule of the St John's establishment, as set forth in its circular, is that, 'after eight weeks' attendance upon a patient, the nurse must return, or be exchanged for another.' Surely the nurse who has become acquainted with the patient's malady should remain, instead of being replaced by one who has yet everything to learn about it. A prescribed rule is that the nurse is 'required always to wear her proper dress, including the neat white cap, collar, and linen apron, with print gown—no crinoline to be worn in the sick-room.'

'The London Private Nursing Institute,' Suffolk House, 220 Marylebone Road, provides nurses at nearly the same scale of charges as the Devonshire Square establishment ; from this, however, it differs in the speciality of receiving patients to reside in the house as above, charging for their board, nursing included, from four to eight guineas a week, according to the accommodation ; but, where the invalid occupies only part of a room, from two to three guineas.

'The Association of Trained Nurses and Male Attendants,' 37 Davies Street, Berkeley Square, provides 'midwife, monthly, medical, surgical, fever, and small-pox nurses ; also mental attendants, male and female.' It furthermore furnishes 'medical rubbers,' a phrase which may perplex the reader, until told that there is a class of persons whose rôle is that of rubbing the skins of rheumatic, gouty, or other invalids who suffer severe pain. Those who devote themselves to this

strange calling acquire great dexterity and skill in it, for which they are paid high prices. The nurses provided by the Davies Street establishment, as we are officially informed, 'have their own homes, and also their earnings, simply paying a commission to defray the expenses of the conduct of the association.' Their scale of charges is also higher than the others, as learned from their published card, which says : 'The Association of Trained Nurses is a union of select private nurses, several of whom are widows, and have children to support, and who cannot therefore accept the very low terms offered by the Nursing Institutions.'

In addition to the above, there is also an 'Institution for Trained Nurses' in Wimpole Street, Cavendish Square ; one of somewhat similar title in New Cavendish Street ; and a third in North Audley Street ; with several others of less note, or more limited in their operations ; but all in their respective spheres doing good service to suffering humanity. And, besides, many of the large hospitals have Nursing Institutes attached to them, as useful appendages to their more important work. Among these may be mentioned St Thomas's, St George's, King's College, and University College. Such are the nurses of the great metropolis. Give them all praise for having devoted themselves to a calling markedly humane, as it is arduous, dangerous, and uncongenial. These particulars may stimulate the establishment of Institutions for trained nurses in the large centres of population throughout the country.

## WALTER'S WORD.

### CHAPTER XXXVII.—HARD TIMES.

FOR a long time, Walter walked on in darkness, painfully stumbling, as his companions moved rapidly along, notwithstanding that two of them kept close beside him and held him by the arms, as before. He believed them to be Santoro and Colletta, but not a word was now spoken by any one, even Corrali himself. At the expiration of about an hour, the bandage was removed from the captive's eyes, and he found himself in a locality that was altogether strange to him. The sea had disappeared, nor could the white summit of Etna be seen in the distance, as when he had last looked forth ; but he knew by the direction of the sun that they were marching towards that mountain, that is, to the south-east. The way was steep and difficult, to which circumstance, rather than to any mercy upon the captain's part, he attributed the removal of the bandage. There was no mercy to be read in the blood-shot eyes of the brigand chief, which roved hither and thither, more like those of a wild beast in search of prey, than of one who was beset by hunters. At times, he would stop for a few seconds to sweep the landscape with his spy-glass, but otherwise, there was no halt. Now plunging down steep ravines ; now clinging to the sides of sheer precipices, upon a path on which there was room for but one foot to tread ; now pushing through tangled scrub ; now leaping from rock to rock across brawling torrents, they hurried on. Yet the brigands shewed no signs of fatigue. Walter could not but admire the unrelaxing vigour

of their strides, and the indifference with which the various obstacles to their progress were met and surmounted. He had long ago given up his first opinion as to their want of activity, but it seemed to him now that their muscles must be made of iron. Pride alone, dislike to own himself, as an Englishman, vanquished in athletics by men of a race whom he had always held to be indolent and effeminate, prevented him from throwing himself on the ground, and demanding at all risks a respite from this unceasing toil, while Santoro, a man nearly double his age, and who had had an extra journey that morning, as one of the bearers of Lilian's litter, strode on without a murmur by his side. To add to the difficulties of their forced march, the rain had begun to fall so fast and thick, that it not only wetted them to the skin, in spite of their capotes, but made the cliff-paths slippery and dangerous, besides shutting out the view beyond a few feet before them. To fall down some abyss seemed as likely as not to be Walter's fate, whose footsteps had become unnerved, and whose eyes were failing him; nor, in his desperate condition, did the prospect appear otherwise than welcome. Presently, as they descended into a little dell, up the other side of which he felt that his limbs could scarcely carry him, a small thin column of smoke was seen rising from the opposite bank. A halt was called at once, and the two men who had had charge of the cavern were sent forward to reconnoitre. Instead of returning, the brigand call was heard from the place where they had disappeared, and for the first time upon Corrali's face there appeared a look of satisfaction. Even this, however, did not last long, for, on their ascending the little hill, where, huddling around a scanty fire, were found the remainder of the brigand forces, he broke into passionate objurgations at their imprudence, and rushing at the cherished flame, extinguished it by standing on it with his feet. At this spectacle, a smothered murmur of disapproval ran round the band.

'What!' cried he, 'do you prefer, then, to be shot like Amalli, or taken prisoner like Manfred and Duano, rather than to suffer a little cold and damp? Suppose it had been the soldiers, instead of ourselves, who had discovered you here?'

There was no reply; his logic was indisputable; but the rain was also descending in a continued stream, and anything more wretched than the appearance of the whole party, it would have been hard to imagine. The camp, from which, as it seemed, the brigands had been driven out by the troops that morning, had been a paradise, compared with their present place of refuge. It was indeed, now that the smoke had ceased, concealed from observation by a circle of stunted shrubs; but those were of no avail to keep off the sheets of rain, nor the wind, which blew in furious gusts, straight from the snow-topped hills to eastward; the turf on which each man lay stretched was sodden with wet; nor was there a sign of either meat or drink to be seen among them. The sheep and goats had

evidently fallen into the hands of the soldiers; nor had there been time to secure so much as a leg of mutton or a morsel of kid.

'Have you brought bread with you, captain?' inquired Corbara sulkily.

'I have brought what I went for,' answered Corrali, frowning, and pointing to Walter. 'If you are very hungry, perhaps he may serve instead of bread.'

The captain spoke in bitter scorn; but Walter remembered with a shudder that among the frightful crimes he had heard imputed to this man, that of eating human flesh had been included. It was true that this had been done, not from hunger, but revenge: a shepherd, who had been pressed into the service of the troops to point out his hiding-place, having fallen into his hands, he had killed him, and broiled some of his flesh; but the recollection of this, joined to Corrali's grim reply, was indeed appalling.

'Where is the other prisoner—the English milord?' inquired Corrali sternly.

'We have put him under shelter,' answered Corbara, 'in a hole in the bank yonder.'

'You mean to say, you grudged him his share of your fire,' replied the captain contemptuously. 'But who is guarding him?'

'Oh, he is safe enough. The fact is, in order the better to keep him warm, and at the same time to make sure of his remaining where he was, we put a rope round him.'

'If he has come to harm, your life shall pay for it!' exclaimed Corrali passionately, and striding hastily towards the place the other had indicated. Walter followed, Santoro and Colletta, his shadows, moved, perhaps, by an impulse of curiosity, permitting him so to do, and, of course, accompanying him. The spectacle he beheld would have been ludicrous, had it not been so pitiful. In a hollow space at the foot of a thorn-tree, from which the wet earth had fallen away, and into which he exactly fitted, lay, swathed from head to foot in a sheepskin, like a mummy or an Indian child, the unhappy form of the British merchant.

'Why, they have trussed the man like a fowl!' ejaculated Corrali.

'Have you brought me a fowl?' cried Mr Brown eagerly, his knowledge of the Sicilian tongue, sharpened by appetite, enabling him to comprehend that single word.

'No, Milord Inglese; nor is it likely you will taste one in this life, unless your ransom reaches my hands pretty quickly.'

'At least you can cut his bonds,' pleaded Walter, 'even if you cannot give him food. Such cruelty will not bring your ducats a moment earlier.'

'Do you call this cruelty?' answered Corrali savagely. 'Ah, by Heaven, in a day or two, if the gold does not come, you shall see, what you shall see! In the meantime, however, as you say, the man may scratch himself, if he has a mind;' and drawing his knife, he stooped down, and with two slashes—which shewed the operation was no novelty—freed the captive from his bonds. Then, for the first time, the poor merchant, who had been lying flat on his back, with his face within a few inches of the wet earth, was enabled to recognise his fellow-prisoner.

'Ah, Mr Litton, what news of Lilian?' were his first words, as he scrambled into a sitting posture.

'She is in Palermo by this time, and in safe hands.'

'Thank Heaven for that!' cried the old gentleman fervently. 'Is she tolerably well? Has she been taken care of?'

'She was suffering from the shock of all she has endured, and from anxiety on your account; but the women who had charge of her had done for her what they could.'

'Ah, then, they are human, it seems—not like their husbands and brothers,' answered Mr Brown, with a gesture of disgust. 'Well, well, I must not grumble, since my darling is safe; but, may she never know what I have suffered!'

'Nay; I hope, in a few days, you may be able to tell her yourself; when your misfortunes, being over, will seem to you to have been less terrible than they now appear.'

'Ah, you don't know what I have gone through, sir!' answered the merchant, throwing up his hands. 'Nothing has past my lips, to begin with, since you left me. I have been shot at by a troop of soldiers; dragged up such precipices, as one would have thought only a fly could have kept his feet upon; and pricked with knife-points, until I ventured down them. This wet hole, into which they thrust me, seemed a couch of down for the first few hours, though I have, doubtless, caught my death in it. And to think, there have been times when I have fancied my sheets were damp, and clamoured for a warming-pan!'

It would indeed have been hardly possible to find a person of the male sex more unfitted to be hurried through a mountainous country, in wet weather, by a band of brigands, than the unfortunate merchant. He had never, perhaps, travelled in any rougher description of vehicle than an omnibus in his life, or inhabited any spot where such a convenience was not within call. Of late years—though he had given up his carriage to his daughters—he had scarcely made use of his legs at all; while his surplusage of breath had decreased as his girth had enlarged; and yet, there was a certain stubborn courage—a part of the same grit that had caused him to win his way in the world of commerce—which enabled him to wear a better front in presence of his persecutors than might reasonably have been expected. Even his complaints had a droll touch in them, and shewed no whining or despairing spirit—that is, while Corrali and the two brigands were standing by; but when the chief had withdrawn himself, and the others had removed to a spot nearer to their fellows, and yet from which they could exercise the needful supervision over their captives, the old merchant's voice began to tremble. 'Yes, these blackguards will see the end of me, Mr Litton; I can never stand such another day's march as this has been. If I was your age, there would be a chance for me, though I was never fit for much in the way of walking; but as it is, I would rather die in this hole here, like a rat, than suffer such fatigue.'

Walter was well aware that no such euthanasia as dying like a rat would be permitted his unfortunate companion, in case the ransom failed to be paid; but it was not necessary to inform him of that circumstance. He only expressed his hope that they would not again be disturbed by the troops, so as to render another retreat in face of the enemy necessary.

'In that case, my young friend,' answered Mr Brown, 'it seems to me that we shall perish of starvation. Nothing, as I say, has passed my lips—with the trifling exception of a raw onion—for the last ten hours. I would give its weight in gold for a hunch of bread and cheese; or for "a sandwich and a glass of ale," such as they used to sell in the old days in Holborn for fourpence. Think of a sandwich and a glass of ale!'

'I am afraid I can command neither of those delicacies, Mr Brown,' said Walter; 'but I believe I have something in my pocket—a bit of cold kid and a slice of bread, which was given to me by the signora'—

'Who was *she*? No matter; she must have been an angel,' interrupted the merchant with vivacity. 'I am sure you would not have mentioned it, had you not intended to give me a mouthful or two, eh?' and the old gentleman looked perfectly ghastly in his anxiety.

'My dear sir, you need it more than I, for I had a hearty meal before our march, and therefore you are welcome to the whole of it, such as it is.' And Walter proceeded to empty the contents of his pocket into the other's outstretched hand.

'Hush! be careful,' whispered the old merchant cunningly, 'or those rascals will observe us, and snatch the precious morsel for themselves. Mr Litton, you're a good fellow; you're a gentleman, you're a Christian! What mutton! Talk of South-down, talk of Welsh! I don't think I ever tasted such bread! Where do they bake it, I wonder? You must have a bit—just a little bit, even if you don't want it—or I shall feel like a pig.'

Walter did want it very much, and he accepted a small piece of what had been his own without apology.

'I know I am greedy,' continued Mr Brown naively; 'but I have no shame, and that's a fact. I have not had such an appetite since I was so high, and used to put the skid on the omnibuses. The signora, as you call her, didn't happen to give you anything to drink with it, did she?'

'She had no opportunity for that, I am afraid,' said Walter, smiling.

'Never mind,' said Mr Brown philosophically; 'there's plenty of water—I haven't a dry rag on me—you have only to make a hollow of your hand, and the skies fill it for you. To think that this is the Italian climate some fools are always boasting about!' It was astonishing how a little food had resuscitated the old gentleman. Come, I drink the signora's health, though in a liquid utterly unworthy of her. What did you say her name was?'

'The name of the lady who gave me the bread and meat was Joanna.'

'Well, Heaven bless her! I only wish she had given you some more. Here's to Joanna! There is no woman, with the exception of my own daughters, for whom, though I have not the pleasure of knowing her, I have so profound a respect.'

'I don't think Mrs Sheldon would like to hear you say so, sir,' observed Walter involuntarily.

'Mrs Sheldon? I don't care one threepenny-piece for Mrs Sheldon!' answered the old gentleman tartly. 'Why, it was through her advice that I was induced to come into this infernal country. And I don't mind telling you, that you yourself are making a great mistake, if you have

any high opinion of that woman. It was she who set me against you at Willowbank, and I believe she told me lies; for a man who will give such mutton and bread as that away, when he does not know when he may get another meal himself, cannot possibly be a bad fellow.'

There is no doubt that Mr Christopher Brown had come to a correct conclusion respecting his young friend; but the reason which had led him to it at last was curious enough, when one considers how many others, and better ones, might have convinced him of it before. The fact is, that human nature, when thrown out of the groove of convention, is very soon reduced to its primary elements. It would probably have taken some time to make a brigand out of this eminent British merchant, because, to become so, he would have had to learn as well as unlearn; but he was very fast returning to the savage, out of which state the self-made man springs, Minerva-like, to the admiration of all who are not personally acquainted with him. Had he fallen amongst a tribe of American Indians, he would probably have become not only acclimatised, but nationalised in a twelvemonth. The knowledge that Walter had lost his liberty in attempting to give aid to himself and Lilian, had evoked in him no such gratitude as the sacrifice had deserved; their position had not then appeared to him so dangerous; and above all, he had personally suffered neither pain nor privations; but now—now that Lilian was safe, and he had nothing to think about but his own wretched condition—the gift of the bread and mutton had appealed to all the feeling that was left in him with irresistible force, and carried his heart by storm. His observation with respect to Mrs Sheldon was perfectly genuine; he hated the woman as one of those who had induced him to take his ill-fated journey; but also because she had lied to him about Walter Litton, who had not only shared with him his last crust and kid, but offered him the whole of it. If the young fellow had done his best for the next ten years, under the conditions of civilised life, to conciliate Mr Christopher Brown, he could not possibly have made so much progress with him, as he had done in as many hours—and especially in the last few minutes—under the guardianship of Rocco Corrali. It is probable that, if he had even asked permission to woo his daughter, the old gentleman would not have refused him, in that moment of gratitude and comparative repletion; but, as Walter felt, and only with too much reason, it was no time to flatter himself with any such hopes, even if other circumstances had admitted of their being entertained. Their position in the brigand camp had become perilous in the extreme. Even if the required ransom should be raised without difficulty, there would be a hundred obstacles to its being paid. The government, as in all such cases, would forbid it; and now the troops had been called out, how was such a sum to reach the camp, when even the brigands themselves had escaped their hands only by the greatest exertions? That it would take time to do so, was certain in any case; a time of hardship and privation, such as one of the age and habits of Mr Brown was very ill fitted to endure; and, above all, was it likely that a man of the temper of the brigand chief would give them time? It was much more probable that, in some moment of impatient

fury, he would take his vengeance upon them both, and throwing interest to the winds, gratify a nature to which cruelty was at least as attractive as avarice.

#### ANIMAL LIFE IN MADAGASCAR.

THE large island of Madagascar has of late excited a special interest among the lovers of natural history; the richness of its soil has been acknowledged, and the character of its vegetation and of its animals classified. During the present century, Europeans have chiefly visited the northern part of the island, and expressed in glowing language their admiration of its shores. The Bay of Diego-Suarez, which is situated in the most northerly point of the island, is spoken of as one of the wonders of the world, and that of Passandava most enchanting. This, however, is not a fair picture of the whole; like other islands, it presents very striking contrasts. A recent traveller, M. E. Blanchard, who has visited certain parts of the island, chiefly to explore its mineral resources, describes in his book (*L'Ile de Madagascar*, J. Claye, imprimeur) the great chain of mountains and the desolate solitudes to the west of Imerina, where there are immense tracts that no one has trodden. In one part, nature displays her boundless riches, where the native can live without working, and civilised man procure the enjoyments of material life; in another, the ungrateful land scarcely yields any food; the rocks are sterile, the soil is bare, and a stream of water to render the existence of man or beast possible, is not to be found.

Climbing with difficulty the high, abrupt downs, the pathway has to be opened through thorny bushes, and plains stretch out at the summit; not a tree or shrub is to be seen; desolate, uninhabitable, and depressing as the deserts of Egypt and Arabia. After a long march through the sand, a new scene opens; the nopal is now found growing; a sure index to the abode of man. These plants, upon which the cochineal insect chiefly lives, are natives of America, but have long been naturalised in Africa and the south of Europe; the Arabs no doubt introduced them into Madagascar. Wherever a country is unwatered by streams, they are an invaluable resource for the inhabitants. Here, every family possesses its plantations of nopals, and gathers the fruit in a peculiar manner. With the point of their lances, they adroitly detach them, thus avoiding their redoubtable thorns; and roll them in the sand, to get rid of the silky covering which incloses these spikes, afterwards peeling them with the iron point of the dart. They appease hunger, assuage thirst, and permit the poor people to live in places where, for weeks together, water is not seen.

In these solitudes where the forests are immense, animal life can multiply without fear of man, and yet the fauna of Madagascar offer some singular features. The traveller can pass along without fear of the lions, leopards, and panthers of Asia and Africa; neither do zebras and quaggas gallop over the plains. In other countries, wherever the climate is hot enough, monkeys enliven the woods; here, not a single species is to be found. The horse and the ass are unknown; and, what is still more extraordinary, ruminants, such as stags and antelopes, are absent. It is true that there are large herds of cattle, which constitute

the great riches of the Malagaches, as the natives of Madagascar are called, but they have been imported probably from the southern part of Asia. This species is remarkable from its boss or lump of fat on the back, and is strikingly beautiful when seen in large herds wandering over the plains. The sheep too are peculiar, from their enormous tails, which consist of a mass of fat—a common feature in those belonging to the African continent. Goats are common, as well as wild pigs, which ravage the plantations; but these are supposed to have all escaped from vessels, and not to be indigenous to the island.

The monkeys of other lands are, however, replaced by the lemurs—graceful little creatures of many different varieties. There is a great resemblance in their attitude and manner of life to the ape, so that they have been styled monkeys with the fox's muzzle. Their agility is marvellous; they leap through the air to a great distance, settling on a branch, which perhaps bends under their weight, and dart off again in evolutions of astonishing rapidity. A wood frequented by troops commands the astonishment and admiration of the traveller, from the intelligent appearance and incessant gambols of these lively animals. The largest kinds are about three feet in length, whilst the smallest are not larger than a rat. The true lemur, which is distinguished by a long snout and tail, prefers fruit for food, but does not object to crunch a small bird, a lizard, or insects. These are diurnal in their habits; whilst the chirogales, possessing short paws and pointed teeth, shun the light, and only appear in twilight and moonlight, when they make great havoc among lizards and small game. These curious mammals are characteristic of Madagascar; other species do exist elsewhere, but the nocturnal kind are found nowhere but in this and the Comoro Islands.

In the most solitary parts of the south-west region lives that strange creature, the aye-aye or chironiys. A nocturnal animal, gentle and timid, it is about the size of a cat, with a large head, round full eyes not dissimilar to those of the owl, an enormous tail, and most extraordinary formation of the fore-paws; the middle finger being long and slender. This, which looks like a deformity, is, in truth, a wonderful arrangement of nature for its special way of life. As it lives on the larvæ hidden in the trunks of trees, the finger can be easily introduced into the fissures from which it tears the coveted prey. Naturalists think it forms a link between the squirrel and the monkey. The Malagaches seem to be impressed with a superstitious dread of the animal, owing to its sleeping all the day in the most secret haunts; nor do they ever molest it, astonished as they seem to be by its peculiar physiognomy and movements.

There is another class of mammals peculiar to this island, which are called tandraks by the natives, and seem closely allied to our hedgehogs. Like these, they are covered with spines, but the teeth differ, and the tail is wanting; neither do they roll themselves into a ball, but hide the head between their paws when frightened. Seven or eight species have been discovered, with some variety in the spines, some being soft, and not covering the whole of the body. They are all nocturnal in their habits, and very good when cooked. As for the carnivora, they all belong to a very small type. The wild cat is a pretty crea-

ture. Its back is fawn-coloured, traversed by four stripes of reddish brown, and yellowish white under the body and the paws. The ichneumon, with its long thin body and shaded skin, also gains the admiration of the traveller; it is a fearful enemy to all small or weak animals, but one of the species feeds greedily on honey. Not the least curious is the cryptoproctus, of the size and appearance of a cat; but with feet formed like those of a bear, the entire sole resting on the ground. No other example of a plantigrade animal is known.

The naked wild boar, which is still more ugly than its European fellow, is the only mammifer met with both in Madagascar and Africa. It is a hideous creature, with high withers, low back, and little hair. It boasts of an enormous tubercle, supported by a bony prominence in the jaw, which renders the face of the animal extremely disagreeable. A species of gray squirrel, which lives in hollow trees, and bats, complete the list of the mammals yet known in Madagascar.

It is very different as regards birds; they can cross immense spaces; and so the tern, the petrel, the albatross, and many other well-known birds, abound in this island. It is a charming sight, on a sunny day, to see flights of ducks with brilliant and varied plumage paddling and diving on the rivers or lakes. One large species, with bronze and violet reflections, like metals, its white head and neck spotted with black, is a great favourite with the natives. A beautiful teal duck, only known here, has an exquisite blending of brown, fawn, and slate-coloured plumage, with fair white wings. In the marshes, stalks the proud Sultana hen, with its magnificent blue body, a red patch on its head, and coral feet adorned with a tuft of white feathers, by which it is easily distinguished among the reeds. The jacana, a bird of the water-hen family, is also peculiar to this place; mounted on long legs like stilts, and extremely long feet, it runs through the long grass, or upon the floating water-leaves, with wonderful rapidity.

The sacred ibis of the Egyptians is found in large flocks, as well as the green variety of Europe. The crested ibis is peculiar to the country; a beautiful bird, bright red, with yellow beak and claws; a green head, from which the long plume of white and green feathers lies back. Another bird, classed among the Gallinaceæ, is remarkable for the length of its beak; whilst the pretty blue and green pigeons afford plenty of sport for the lover of the gun. Near the streams, the *nelicourvi*, a green-plumaged bird, builds its nest among the leaves, composed of bits of straw and reeds artistically woven together. The magnificent cardinal, in its bright scarlet robe of feathers, black-spotted on the back, haunts the open glades of the forest; and on the banks of streams are numbers of linnets, wagtails, and humming-birds, which are almost as small and graceful as the American ones, in addition to possessing all their beauties. The one which is the most common is also the most beautiful, with its bright green body shaded with violet; the large feathers of the wings, brown edged with green, a violet band on the breast, succeeded by one of brown; and yellow beneath. The family of the cuckoos is well represented; the blue variety is a magnificent bird, common in the woods on the shore.

As for the Reptile class, it is pleasant for the traveller to walk through the forests knowing that the venomous species are unknown. Two hundred years ago, the old traveller, Flacourt, declared that the serpents were all inoffensive; recent experience confirms the fact. The largest is named *Pelophilus Madagascariensis*. There are others, such as the *Langaha nasuta* and *Crista-galli* (zoologists having retained the name they bear among the natives), which are very singular, from the prolonged form of the snout, arising from the skin being lengthened out. Beautiful lizards, covered with brilliant scales of olive or fawn, spotted with black, white, and yellow, hide themselves under the stones, in the moss, or in old trees. But Madagascar is especially the land of chameleons; in the heart of the forests, they may be seen crouched on the branches, calm and immovable, rolling their large eyes. The crocodile is the only creature to be feared, and accidents from it are very rare, as the inhabitants greatly object to venturing into water.

The insects of Madagascar offer a thousand types for admiration. There are valuable kinds, furnishing wax, honey, and silk; the first two forming one of the natural riches of the island. The bee peculiar to the country has a black body, red underneath; it is very abundant in the woods, and makes its nest in decayed trunks of trees, whence the Malagaches tear the comb.

But there was an epoch when much more remarkable animals lived in Madagascar. In the marshes near the river Manoumbe, at no great depth, a great number of bones of the hippopotamus, of colossal tortoises, and of the limbs and eggs of the *Epyornis maximus*, have been found. The eggs of this king of birds are six times larger than those of the ostrich; and it was at first hoped that, in the hitherto unknown solitudes of the interior, some living specimens might be found; that hope has, however, vanished, though it is evident they once existed in great numbers in the south-west part of the island. They were of various species, and of different sizes. At the same period, the hippopotamus must have been abundant, as the bones of fifty skeletons were picked up in a few hours. This species, of very inferior dimensions to that frequenting the Nile, is entirely extinct.

#### A TURN IN FORTUNE.

'THE time is short, now, Harry, my boy. The captain's on the bridge; steam well up; and the men ready to cast off the moorings at a word. I'll leave Dora and you alone for a bit; but you must curtail your leave-taking, I warn you, for it would never do for myself and the girl to be carried off to Alexandria, or even as far as Gib'— So saying, bluff, good-natured Dr Davenport, whose own best days had been spent on blue water, as the sea-going surgeon of this or that frigate, turned on his heel and walked towards the helm.

Dora's trustful, tearful eyes met mine. 'O Harry, come back soon to me!' she murmured, with trembling lips; 'and ah! dear, take care of yourself in that strange land that you are going to. I have heard such dreadful things'— And she paused, sobbing.

'Dreadful things, I am sure,' said I, laughing, as I pressed her little hand, 'about Japan and its two-sworded gentry, that chop Europeans to mince-

meat. Don't fear for me, my darling; remember that the country is not strange to me. I talk the language, after a fashion, and have found the natives, on the whole, a decent set of people when fairly dealt by. Come, we'll both look forward, cheerily, to the time when, in three short years or so, you and I can'—

'There goes the bell; now for the shore,' cried the doctor, hurrying up, and drawing his daughter's arm within his own, in the midst of general bustle and confusion. 'May God bless you, lad, and send you safe back.—Now, Dora.'

There were other partings than ours taking place at that moment on the deck of the *Alcestis*, P. and O. steamer, outward-bound, from Southampton—partings between weeping wives and the bronzed husbands, going out again to India, and whom, perhaps, they might never see again; between parents and children, friends and brothers, but, so far as I know, of no affianced lovers save our two young selves. It was a wrench to the heart-strings, although I tried at the time to make light of it, or to seem to do so, that sad 'good-bye,' but it was soon over. Those who had come on board to bid farewell to outgoing passengers were hustled back over the plank that led to the quay; the plank was withdrawn, the ropes cast off.

'Go on ahead, there! Keep her away! Half speed;' and amidst the waving of hats and handkerchiefs, off went the swift steamer, bound for the East.

The story, up to this point, lies in a nutshell. I, Henry, more commonly styled Harry, Harland, had been at an early age sent to sea, first as midshipman to an Indiaman, and then as mate, and had worked my way on to be first officer of more than one fine vessel trading in the China seas. I was nine-and-twenty when I came back from Japan, and, taking a holiday to visit my old grandmother, the last survivor of my immediate relations, at Rose Bank, Clevestead, Somersetshire, fell in love with Dora Davenport, the doctor's youngest daughter, and found my love returned. What was to be done? I had nothing but my own exertions on which to depend, and could rarely count on earning more than two hundred a year. Dora was as poor as she was good and pretty. The honest doctor had five children to maintain, and could spare us never a sixpence towards our future housekeeping. Nor had I any of those testamentary prospects which brighten the rugged road of many a needy man. My grandmother, good, kind soul, could leave me nothing. Her tiny income, an annuity, bought years ago with the relics and scrapings of our former property, of course died with her. We Harlands had been small squires in our day, estated country gentlemen, though the acres had been few, and it took but one spendthrift owner of the Grange to bring the lands to the auction-mart.

How was I to marry Dora? I could not find it in my heart to condemn the dear girl to a life of privations, in some seaport, on the meagre subsistence to be derived from 'drawing' a monthly portion of my modest pay. It seemed to be better, by far better, to forsake the sea for a time, and to settle down in some well-remunerated shore-going employment, at the other side of the world. For such a post, habit, joined with some aptitude for picking up foreign tongues, and appreciating outlandish customs, qualified me fairly well. For



four months I had kept the books of a firm at Hong-kong, and my employers were sorry to part with me, and more than once wrote to say that the 'godown' coolies had never been so tractable, or the 'hong' so regularly in working order, since my departure. Then, for a longer space, I had commanded a Chinese Clyde-built steamer, the *Firefly*, and only left her when I found that the pig-tailed owners expected their captain to combine a little piracy and arson with a spice of smuggling, where I had looked for nothing but legitimate trade. Fortunately, an old friend of my father's had recommended me to the notice of a wealthy English firm, Parker and Mills, lately established in Japan, and who were willing to bid high for a really trustworthy clerk, capable of transacting business with suspicious native customers, and of conciliating the proud and jealous feudal lords, whose bare word could at any moment paralyse foreign commerce in the lesser isles.

The liberal salary, and still more the prospective partnership, proffered by Parker and Mills, proved irresistible temptations to a man in my position. As managing clerk I should receive, in English money, nearly four hundred a year; and hopes were held out to me, should I succeed in raising the yearly receipts of the firm to a sufficient amount, that in 'about' three years I might be allowed a share in the profits. But to secure this appointment it was absolutely necessary that I should be at Nagasaki on November 1 of the current year, a period when, by local custom, accounts are squared, balances are paid, and a great deal of cash changes hands. The firm declined to wait longer than the specified time, which, after all, gave me all reasonable latitude for arriving in Japan. My travelling expenses were defrayed by Parker and Mills; and altogether the prospects which lay before me seemed fair enough. When once I should be a member of the 'house,' Dora and I could pitch our tent matrimonial, without running any risk of hardships, in the strange new land that was but yesterday thrown open to the encroaching West. She and her father had come as far as Southampton to see me off, and bid me farewell on the deck of the steamer that was to waft me along the first stage of the watery high-road that led to fortune.

The Mediterranean voyage, the transit to Suez, the descent of the Red Sea, and the doubling of Cape Comorin, were all effected in uneventful comfort. But at Point-de-Galle a disappointment did occur. The regular packet that should have been ready to convey mails and passengers Japan-wards, had sustained, on the eve of sailing, a severe accident to her machinery, occasioning a vexatious but unavoidable delay. Some of the outward-bound seemed scarcely sorry to have so good an excuse for a ramble on shore, and a short sojourn in the luxurious climate of Ceylon; but I, with one or two others who were eager to reach their destination, made immediate inquiries as to the quickest means of getting to the end of my journey.

'I scarcely know what to recommend, just at this moment,' said the good-humoured agent of the Peninsular and Oriental. 'If it were for Shanghai or for Hong-kong that you wanted a passage, there would be no difficulty at all; but Japan is another matter. Stay; to be sure there is the *Saucy Maid*, clearing out for Nagasaki harbour with an assorted cargo. A crank boat, but very fast, and with fair

weather and smooth seas will make the run at racing speed. Her passenger accommodation, I suspect, is none of the best; but old Captain Harris is not a bad sort of skipper, when you understand his ways, and he won't overcharge you for the trip.'

I found on inquiry that the *Saucy Maid* was a clipper-built barque, with very tall masts, and powerful auxiliary engines, to force her along in case of contrary winds or a calm. There was but one berth vacant in the small cabin-space allotted to passengers, and this was yielded up to me without a murmur by my former companions, who looked with dismay at the cramped quarters with which voyagers in the clipper were compelled to be content.

I was a sailor, however, and had less fear of roughing it in a vessel not built with any particular regard to a passenger's comforts than might have been excusable in a landsman. There could be no doubt as to the *Saucy Maid's* seven-leagued abilities of covering a stretch of sea, were the weather but favourable; while gruff Captain Harris, a rum-drinking veteran of the old school, was tolerably civil as soon as he learned that my own youth had been spent upon the ocean. For the rest of his passengers, who were, to use his own phrase, 'a queer lot—Parsee brokers, Armenian bagmen, and half-caste Portuguese from Goa'—he had a contempt that he did not care to conceal. Nor were his crew by any means such as a prudent commander would desire to rely on in moments of danger. There were too many lascars and Chinamen, and the European sailors were chiefly foreign seamen from the north of Europe, patient, docile fellows enough, but not quite the sort of stuff one cares to have near one at a pinch. The weather was, however, beautifully fine, and on sailing, we soon saw the low blue line of the Ceylon coast hull-down in the distance.

'If the wind holds,' said the skipper, as we walked the deck together, 'why, Mr Harland, you'll sight the tall peak of Fushima in fewer days from the time we manned the capstan to weigh anchor, than if the mail-steamer had not been crippled in her gear. I've been on this line, now, for nine years, and wonderful luck the old bark has had, I can tell you. Look how every sail draws, and how the water boils beneath her counter!'

But the luck of the *Saucy Maid* was destined to interruption. The fair breeze died away, and was succeeded by baffling head-winds, with the usual accompaniments of annoyance, tedium, and seasickness among the landsmen on board. The strong auxiliary engines carried us, in spite of the elements, through the water, but the consumption of coal was so great, that when a dead calm made our sails quite useless, the captain thought it best to bear up for the coast of the great island of Formosa, in hopes there to obtain a fresh supply of fuel from some one of the vessels likely to be then lying in the sheltered bay of Ilima. Coal bought under such circumstances was likely to prove a costly purchase, but time was of value also, and Captain Harris did not hesitate.

Unfortunately, as it appeared, not one of the few steam-ships which, along with a far greater number of sailing-vessels of every rig and nation, lay becalmed in Ilima roadstead and haven, could spare to us, at any price, a ton of the precious

black diamonds, without which our engines were mere inert lumber. There was nothing for it but to wait, and, as the tough old skipper said, to 'whistle for a wind.' Under this disappointment, the worst side of the captain's nature came uppermost. He was an illiterate old sea-dog of the Commodore Trunnion sort, and in idleness knew no solace but the bottle. He was quarrelsome, too, in his cups, insulting the passengers, cuffing and cursing as he went among the crew, and leaving the care of the *Sancy Maid* to his first-mate, a quiet-looking young German from Bremen.

In the natural harbour, a rocky basin, almost landlocked, and overlooked by the sterile mountains of the interior, lay junks, lorchas, and proas, manned by dusky or yellow-skinned mariners of every nation from Malacca to the Corea, and with them were mingled European and American craft of different sizes, the finest of all being a huge American three-master, the broad and snow-white decks of which, and the excellent band of music which played at evening on her poop, often caused me to contrast the pleasant existence of her passengers with that which we perforce led on board the barque. She was indeed a fine ship, one of those giant clippers that can keep pace with even a steamer, when a fair wind fills their acres of swelling canvas, and was reputed to have a valuable freight. She was called, as the inscription in gold and colours on her stern informed all and sundry, the *Henry Clay*, bound for Japanese waters, and, like ourselves, awaiting the end of the calm.

I was standing near the taffrail, one sultry afternoon, when the surface of the sea was as smooth and unruffled as a mirror, and looking up at the savage heights that frowned on the western horizon, my mind now dwelling on the barbarous tribes that still, in their rugged fastnesses, bade defiance alike to Chinese cunning and European civilisation, and now reverting to quiet Clevestead, where doubtless my Dora was thinking of, and perhaps praying for me, when I felt a twitch at my sleeve, and looking round, saw beside me a lean little old sailor, whose jaunty jacket of white duck contrasted oddly with his weather-beaten complexion. Jerry was a broken-down man-of-war's man, once a petty officer on board a Queen's ship, but whose drunken habits had caused him to lose his rating, yet who, when kept from the grog, was, to my judgment, the best man on board the barque. Many a chat had I had with Jerry, but now there was an anxious expression in his twinkling eyes that I had never seen in them before; I noticed, too, that there was an ugly cut on his left eyebrow, from which the blood was trickling.

'Hist! speak low, Mr Harland,' said the man, in cautious tones. 'I'd rather not be overheard in what I have to say. He said, when he gave me this'—pointing to the gash on his brow—'that it was to cure me of croaking.'

'A smart knock it must have been,' said I, perplexedly. 'Who gave it?'

'Hush! the skipper,' whispered the sailor. 'He's like a madman, when deep in liquor, and he has been at the rum-bottle since noon. He gave me that, with his brass knuckle-dusters, because I made bold to call his attention to what you see out there in the offing.' And as Jerry pointed, I could faintly distinguish a long, low, leaden-tinted line on the far horizon. 'You're a seaman, sir. Do you know what's meant by that?' asked Jerry,

turning in his mouth the quid that he was sucking. I was obliged to confess that I did not. 'Nor by that?' he demanded, as the smooth surface of the sea, a mile or so out, suddenly became blackened and ruffled.

'Not I, my old friend,' I answered; 'unless it indicates the coming wind.'

'There'll be wind enough, your honour,' said Jerry dryly. 'You are a seaman, Mr Harland, as I said before, and ought to have an eye for what's coming.'

It was in vain, however, that I swept the horizon with my practised glance, endeavouring to descry the ordinary forerunners of dirty weather. The old seaman gave a grim chuckle, as if in exultation at his superior acuteness.

'You've seen what a gale's like, Mr Harland, of course, and a black squall, and a white one, maybe, though that's scarcer. Did you ever see what a typhoon was like?'

'A typhoon?' I repeated after him, cudgelling my memory as to what I had heard concerning this, the legendary terror of the China seas.

'No disgrace to you, sir, that you've not,' returned Jerry, in the same cautious tone as before. 'By Heaven's mercy, they are oftener talked of than felt! He' jerking his thumb towards the hatchway of the captain's cabin—'never came in for one either, and struck me, and cursed me for a Jonah, when I begged him to let go another anchor, that we might have at least a chance of riding it out. You'll see a pitiful sight, sir, presently—that is, if you are spared. Them junks and proas might as well be nutshells when the rollers set in. And look at the Yankee captain, how he keeps his ship, the canvas brailed, not reefed, and cloth enough set to carry her and all aboard into the next world, as it's likely to do before morning!'

The old man shuffled off, and I felt exceedingly uncomfortable. With Captain Harris, since he had given way to his unlucky habits of drunkenness, I was not on very cordial terms, nor could I hope to bring the sullen, half-intoxicated commander of the vessel to take precautions against the coming evil. Nor was I quite sure that the evil would, after all, come to pass. The cat's-paw that had roughened the water had passed away, and all was bright again, save where the leaden-coloured streak lay to seaward. I opened my heart, however, to the first-officer, Mr Ernst; but although the civil-spoken young German heard me patiently to an end, and looked intently out for signs of a storm, I could not induce him to press his advice upon the skipper, or to take on himself the responsibility of dropping another anchor. On one point, a minor one, I did prevail. The top-sails were hanging loose from yard and clewline, and these, at my request, the mate caused to be close-reefed, a step for which, an hour or two later, we had reason to be thankful; when, on a sudden, a great bustle and noise began among the Chinese junks in the harbour. We could hear drums and gongs and wild outcries, and could see the pig-tailed mariners beating their breasts and gesticulating with every mark of terror and dismay, while from the seaward came the leaden-coloured cloud-bank, swollen until it rose skywards like a moving battlement, and preceded by a hissing sheet of snow-white foam.

'The typhoon! the typhoon!' cried a hundred

voices, and then the babel of tongues was overpowered by the terrible roar of the mighty wind as it reached us, tearing up the sea as the steam-plough cuts its furrow through loose sand, and throwing us on our beam-ends with a violence that made every timber in the *Saucy Maid* quiver and groan like some hurt animal. We righted, however, after a time, and then indeed did I witness a spectacle such as the oldest seaman but rarely beholds. Masts were snapping on every hand, as easily as though they had been the dead branches on a storm-beaten tree; cables were parting, bulwarks being washed away, and all the sea around was strewn with wreck, water-casks, hen-coops, boats, and loose spars, mingled together in pell-mell confusion.

Worse damage than this had, however, already been effected by the first onset of the typhoon, for half the native craft had foundered at their moorings, while the remainder were drifting before the gale, dragging their anchors, and in imminent danger of being dashed against the rocky sides of the haven. The European vessels were in better case, but several of them had lost booms and boats, and were tugging at their cables in a way that promised no good, unless the wind should abate. Of this, however, there seemed no prospect, since at each instant it appeared to blow harder; and as the great green rollers, crested with foam, came tumbling into the bay, I began to realise that our position was one of extreme peril. It must not be supposed that we were idle spectators of this awful scene. On the contrary, some five or six of us, Jerry being prominent, contrived to clear away and let go the best bower anchor, while even the red-eyed skipper came on deck, almost sobered by the danger. Still the strain upon the cables was a fearful one, and at every fresh jerk, as the huge waves lifted the bark, I dreaded lest they should give way altogether.

'Help, help! For God's sake, help! or we perish!' such was the startling outcry, uttered for the most part by female voices, which struck upon my ear, as a drifting vessel passed us. It was the fine American ship, *Henry Clay*, but how changed! Her entire top hamper, mast and sail, stay and shroud, had been swept away; her bulwarks, figure-head, binnacle, and taffrail, razed by the furious sea, and only her lower masts and bowsprit remained standing. On the deck, huddled together like frightened sheep, were the passengers, with some two or three sailors at most mingled with them.

'What has happened on board?' I called out, through the speaking-trumpet which I had snatched from the shaking hand of the drunken skipper. 'Where is your captain?'

'Drowned!' answered a man, who looked like a steward, speaking through his outspread hands. 'Drowned, in trying to prevent the crew from taking to the boats, which were swamped as soon as they got clear of the ship's side. Help us, sir, or we shall go upon the rocks!'

But to give efficient help was at that moment impossible, and the *Henry Clay* went past us, on her road, as it seemed, to swift and certain destruction.

Meanwhile, many of the junks floated rapidly by, their lateen sails of plaited straw or striped cotton torn and flapping, while the wretches on board wallowed on the deck, in abject fear, calling

on Fo to have mercy, and to drive away the devouring dragon of the tempest. Some of these unlucky craft were dashed against one another until they settled down in the water; others were hurled against the rocky shore, and battered to pieces. Some escaped the fatal rocks as by a miracle, and drifted on, rotating before the force of the typhoon, which gradually veered towards the south. By this time we had managed to get up from the hold a spare anchor, and to bend on it another cable, so that we had hopes of riding out the storm. The American ship, which had brushed so closely by the cliffs that a biscuit might have been tossed on shore, came drifting past once more, and again the pleading cry was heard for 'help! oh, help!'

'I cannot bear this!' I exclaimed, turning to those on board of our own vessel; 'I cannot see Christian men and women drown thus miserably for want of bearing a hand. Who volunteers to man the jolly-boat, and board the American ship?' Jerry and two English fore-castle Jacks were the first to answer to the appeal; then came a fair-haired Swede, and a red-whiskered Dane, and a mulatto lad whom I had saved from punishment for some trifling breach of duty during the voyage, and who was grateful.

Six oars, all told. There was nothing to be expected from the Lascars, benumbed by terror and the drenching spray; or from the Chinamen, stupefied in part by superstitious alarms, and in part, too, by the drugs to which they had resorted as a physical means of lulling fear. The rest of the crew were not bold or ready-witted enough to back us; but although Captain Harris offered a growling opposition to my putting 'his best hands' into unnecessary danger, some spark of manly generosity was at last kindled in the old toper's breast, and he waved his gold-laced cap as I grasped the tiller-ropes and bade the men push off, calling out, hoarsely: 'Well done, my lad! If I'd been twenty years younger, I'—

I heard no more; but I have never forgotten that picture during all the years that have since elapsed: the vessel straining at her cables, the boat rising on the crest of a giant wave, the old man, his gray hairs bared, leaning over the shattered bulwark, and waving his cap towards us in sign of adieu. But at the time I thought little of it, having need of all my steersman's art to keep the frail boat from being swamped in the terrible sea through which we had to pass. We had a desperate struggle, too, with the rollers, before we could reach the American, for the mulatto boy and Jerry were both too weak to be efficient rowers, and we were tossed and tumbled to and fro, as if the boat had been a shuttlecock bandied about between two monstrous battledores, until I encouraged the men to a supreme effort, and reached the ship. Scarcely had I set foot upon the deck of the *Henry Clay* before an unexpected phenomenon varied the elemental war. The howling wind ceased, and a dead calm succeeded, during which the wash of the sea, deep and hollow, and the far-off cries of perishing sufferers, were alone audible. There was something perplexing in the sudden transition from a shrieking hurricane to absolute stillness.

'It's only the heart of the typhoon: it won't last, sir,' observed Jerry gruffly, and I lost not a moment in doing what little I could for the security of the vessel. A jury-mast was rigged, a storm-

sail and jib were set, and two of the sturdiest men posted at the wheel. Hardly had this been done, when, with a hideous shriek, the tempest burst upon us again, this time blowing from a quarter opposite to that from which it had last made its force felt, and bore us resistlessly before it. The lady passengers, who had till then believed themselves to be saved, and had been giving thanks to Providence for their rescue, now recommenced their wails and lamentations—and indeed the situation was one of no pleasant character. The storm had begun again with fury unsated, and wherever the eye turned, there were foundering vessels and a wild white sea. We were being hurried towards a rocky headland, the most northerly point of the natural harbour of Ilina, and beyond which lay the storm-beaten ocean, with its low-lying canopy of livid cloud seeming almost to mingle with the driving scud. Were we once outside of this stony barrier, a chance of safety, though but a poor one, remained to us; whereas, if driven upon the reef, our doom was certain. I made up my mind at once to face the open sea. 'Haul away at sheet and brace!' I cried; 'set another jib, forward there; and you at the helm, keep her away, yet a point away, do you hear!'

'Ay, ay, sir!' answered the steersmen, with the mechanical obedience of trained hands; but old Jerry exclaimed cheerily, as he helped to set the new canvas: 'Mr Harland's right. Nothing like sea-room, my lads! Haul away with a will, every one of you, and get steerage-way upon her.' By the mercy of Heaven, we rounded the headland, narrowly escaping the fatal contact with the jagged rocks, and were in clear water.

Once outside the harbour, I had time to glance around me; but on looking back to the wreck-strewn bay, I could see no signs of the barque which I had so lately left. In vain I swept the horizon with my pocket-glass. I could see several vessels bravely riding out the gale, and a diminished number of the native craft passively drifting under the force of the rollers and the wind; but of the barque, nothing. The *Saucy Maid* was gone! There was scanty time, however, to wonder or to mourn over the fate of those who had been on board of her. The charge of the ship of which I found myself acting commander, through so strange and sudden a catastrophe, was no light burden. The *Henry Clay* reeled and careened to a fearful extent, as she flew along with the speed of a race-horse, cleaving her way through the heavy seas that constantly deluged her decks. It cost us some trouble to induce the terrified ladies, and such of the male passengers as age or infirmity disqualified for exertion, to go below. Of every available hand that could pull a rope or tug at the spokes of the whirling wheel, we had sore need, and even then we were weak in numbers to work so large a vessel as the American clipper, and in weather such as would have tested the endurance of the strongest crew.

The remembrance of the next three days and nights haunts my memory still, at intervals, like the confused details of a ghastly dream. I had divided the men under my orders into two watches, as usual, but for myself there was no rest, since I had no officer who could share with me the responsibility of the arduous task which had been, so to speak, forced upon me. Always on deck, through darkness and daylight, through wind and rain, I

worked hard to save the ship and the lives of those committed to my charge. It was no slight labour. The foul weather—for on the skirts of the typhoon rough seas and strong gales were encountered—was not the only enemy with which it behoved us to do battle. Some sinking junk had come violently into collision with the American three-master, and we had scarcely lost sight of the mountain summits of Formosa before the carpenter reported an undue depth of water in the well, and that a dangerous leak, beyond his powers of plugging, had been sprung. We fought long and patiently to keep back this insidious foe; the clank of the chain-pumps was incessant, and even ladies lent their delicate hands to the toil, as worn-out men reeled away for a short repose; but more than once it seemed as though the water would win the victory, while all on board were spent and weary, and it was evident that an accident such as the snapping of a link or the choking of a pump would send the *Henry Clay* to the bottom of the sea. And all this time we staggered on under such sail as our improvised masts would bear, over a howling wilderness of waves.

Fine weather came at last; the wind and the sea abated, and after some trouble, I contrived to get a spare topsail lowered and secured across the leak, keeping out in great measure the influx of the green-blue water, so that a moderate amount of labour at the pumps sufficed to free us from immediate danger of sinking. I was able, too, for the first time, to take a solar observation, and after a brief calculation as to our whereabouts, I decided to bear up for Kiusu, the most southerly island of the Japanese group, which could not, as I judged, be above two hundred miles distant. Our troubles were not quite over, for a rickety jury-mast went by the board, carrying away with it two poor fellows who were aloft to reduce sail, and who were washed to leeward and drowned without the possibility of rescue. However, the prayers of those on board the *Henry Clay* were answered, and after another eight-and-forty hours of anxiety we sighted Kfusu, where Japanese pilots came off to guide us to our anchorage.

How vividly it comes back to me now, the scene of our arrival in the peaceful bay, the shores of which were studded with neat Japanese houses, overlooked by the peaks of blue inland mountains, several vessels of various flags lying at anchor, and a flotilla of boats containing sight-seers, native and foreign, among whom were Japanese ladies with fluttering fans and silken robes, hovering around the *Henry Clay*, whose battered state shewed how narrow had been her escape from destruction. I remember, too, that some officers from a British steam-corvette at moorings in the harbour had come on board of us, and were shaking me by the hand, and congratulating me, pointed out to them as I had been by the passengers of the great ship, the ladies among whom, in their simple gratitude, insisted on speaking of me as their preserver. And then, on a sudden, my eyes appeared to grow dim, and all things swam before them, and the sound of friendly voices reached me only as a deep, indistinct hum, like that of bees, and I dropped down swooning on the deck. Fatigue and anxiety had been too much for me, and before nightfall I was tossing to and fro in the delirium of a fever.

When I recovered my senses, I found myself, weak and ill indeed, but in a fair way towards

recovery, in a cot which had been charitably assigned to me on board H.M.S. *Nautikus*. Kind nursing, a skilful surgeon, and a robust constitution soon enabled me to be on deck again; and when the corvette was ordered round to Nagasaki harbour, I was set on shore, thinner and paler than when I had left England, but well and fit for work. I found, however, with dismay, on presenting myself at the counting-house of Messrs Parker and Mills, that my post was now occupied by another.

'Very sorry, indeed, Mr Harland,' said the senior partner, screwing up his parchment face into a grimace of what was meant for sympathy; 'but, you see, men of business cannot afford to indulge in sentiment. The vessel in which you were known to have left Ceylon having been reported as lost in the typhoon, with all hands, why, of course'—

In short, under the very natural belief that I, the accepted candidate, had perished in the wreck of the *Saury Maid*, Messrs Parker and Mills had filled up the vacancy. After all, though I was not dead, I was woefully behind the stipulated time for my arrival in the merchants' office, and had no right to complain.

Of all the many foreign adventurers in that Japanese seaport, few, I suspect, carried with him a sadder or a heavier heart than I did, as I left the counting-house of those who were to have been my employers, and strolled listlessly down to the beach. What was I to do? The little cash I had would suffice to maintain me in idleness for a short time only; and then—not that I repined at the necessity—I must work for a living. A few weeks on shore, for the complete restoration of my health, I might allow myself, and then, no doubt, I should have to get afloat again as an officer on board some vessel in the coasting-trade. But, in resigning the bright hopes which had allured me to Nagasaki, I felt as though I were relinquishing all prospect of an early union and a happy home with Dora, and that was hard to bear. In no way of which I could think could I be likely to realise a speedy competence. Bread my former profession could afford me, but not, for many a weary year at anyrate, the means to marry. And Dora was too delicate to be fitted for a life of actual poverty. 'Almost better,' I muttered to myself, as, with downcast eyes and bowed head, I paced to and fro the Battery, where a Japanese sentry in a trim blue uniform was mounting guard over the bright brass cannon that peered through the embrasures.

'Almost better if I had gone down with Captain Harris and his crew in Ilima Bay, as I was rumoured to have done. Disappointment such as this can sting more bitterly than mere physical pain has the power to do. By this time, for aught I know, the news of my death may have been telegraphed to Europe, and reached Dora. What a stab to her fond little heart the tidings will be, and although they are false, yet I am a ruined man; and not for long years, if ever, can I hope to'—

'Why, Harland, Harland! Haven't you heard it? No; I see by your face, poor old boy, that you have not. Never mind! Let me be the first to wish you joy!' called out a frank, cheery, English voice, as a young naval officer, with whom I had formed a sort of friendship while on board the corvette, came up panting and laughing, and took me by the hand. 'I've been looking for you high and low,' said the good-natured midshipman;

'and so, for that matter, have Gibson and Mildmay. It's not always that fortune stands so well by a fellow who so thoroughly deserves it.' I stared in dumb surprise at the speaker, whose words seemed, under the actual circumstances of my position, to be fraught with the most cruel irony. 'We set up a rattling cheer when we heard it,' continued young Egerton, fanning his heated forehead with his straw hat; 'and old Sir Henry looked mast-headings and close arrests at us, until some one whispered that you had been a shipmate of ours, and then the admiral was mollified. The oddest thing is that you were not present; though, perhaps'—

'But why, in the name of common-sense, should I have been there? Or how, do you suppose, could all this have had any interest for me?' interrupted I, staring at my blithe young friend.

'Well,' rejoined Egerton, looking, in his turn, surprised, 'you do take your good luck coolly, Harry. It isn't often, old man, that such a wind-fall comes in any fellow's way, and I'm afraid that I should not prove so philosophically indifferent, in your place, to the good things in store for me. As it is'—

I looked at the lad with a sort of dull, puzzled wonder. He and his shipmates were, I felt assured, by far too generous-hearted to make a jest of my misfortune in losing my appointment. And yet, what a satire on my baffled hopes was this pretence of treating me as one of fortune's especial favourites! Then it occurred to me that the whole conversation must be based on some error or false assumption, perhaps owing to a similarity of name. 'Some mistake!' I faltered out, with a sickly smile.

'Not a bit of it!' said the midshipman, decidedly. 'The American commodore on the station quite concurred in the award, and the agents of the owners of the *Henry Clay* admitted it without grumbling. Why, Harland, any one would say that you were utterly unaware of your own claim, for salvage-money, on the ship you saved, and the cargo of which was of enormous value. Seven thousand pounds, I own, make up a tidy sum, but not a dollar too much, considering how near freight and ship were to Davy's locker, but for'—

I think he said more, but his voice sounded in my ears but indistinctly, and my eyes grew dim, as I reeled on my feet, and should have fallen, but for Egerton's supporting arm. When I recovered from this momentary weakness, I rallied my wits, and was able to learn the truth. It was a fact, that in bringing the American vessel safe into port, I had never contemplated the idea of any pecuniary advantage to myself. My first care, on landing, had been to seek out Messrs Parker and Mills, and to their counting-house my first visit had been paid. It was indeed news to me that the Court of Admiralty, or rather the local tribunal of the naval station, had allotted to me the large sum quoted, as my just share of the salvage of the *Henry Clay*, smaller rewards being assigned to Jerry and the other sailors. Nor was this all, for the gratitude of the passengers for their preservation from peril had led them to subscribe a sum of no less than fifteen hundred pounds as a testimonial to myself for the service rendered; and this, though with some scruples, I was persuaded to accept.

That I returned home at once may well be con-

jected; but having, in the bustle of the moment, omitted to write or telegraph the tidings of my safety, I burst into Dr Davenport's quiet dwelling at Clevestead with somewhat of the startling effect of a melodramatic ghost, and poor little Dora fainted outright at the sight of me. My darling—she was looking thin and pale, but happiness soon brought back the rose to her cheeks, and the brightness to her eyes—forgave me the thoughtlessness which had caused her some weeks of carking care; and two months later, we were married with the consent of all concerned. The money, which was in due course made over to me by the owners of the *Henry Clay*, enabled me to set up in business as a thriving ship-owner; and since that time I have commanded a fine vessel of my own, and have made prosperous voyages, but none which has effaced the memory of my desperate struggle for life on board the American ship, *Henry Clay*.

## DEEP-SEA EXPLORATIONS.

### IN FOUR CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER III.

On the 9th August 1873, the *Challenger* left Porto Praya. As it was desirable that the sections across the Atlantic should be parallel to each other, and as the next one was to be near the equator, it was necessary to reach a starting-point off the African coast to the southward, and, accordingly, a southeasterly course was shaped, parallel to the shore. The time was not lost in thus getting into position, as soundings were taken from day to day. On the 16th, the line parted after sounding at a depth of 2425 fathoms. On the 19th, the trawl was put over after sounding, and brought up a variety of animal forms, among which were nine large shrimps of a brilliant scarlet colour. The sea in this locality was extremely phosphorescent, and, there being no moon visible, its brilliancy was the more apparent, and fairly eclipsed the brightness of the stars. The unbroken part of the surface of the water appeared intensely black, like molten lead, whilst the crest of each wave was a line of clear, white light, and so luminous, that Professor Thomson was enabled to read the smallest print when sitting at the port of his cabin. The sails and rigging of the ship were thrown into distinct lights and shadows. The tow-net revealed pelagic animals in vast numbers, the majority of them being more or less phosphorescent.

On the 21st August the ship reached the position from which the third section across the Atlantic was to be made, and a course was shaped for St Paul rocks.

On the 23d, from a depth of 2500 fathoms, the trawl brought up some important additions to the natural history collection, three very curious fishes, one entirely without eyes, some bright red shrimps, star-fish, &c.; and on the 25th, some fishes, zoophytes, crabs, and prawns were the result of the haul. On the afternoon of the 27th, the delicate serrated outline of St Paul rocks was seen, and although the voyagers were perfectly aware of the exact dimensions of the group, the actual appearance was disappointing. The largest rock is only 60 feet out of the water, and is almost pure white, from being covered with a kind of varnish, composed of guano and sea-salt. On nearing the rocks, a boat was sent off, and a hawser having been

secured, after much trouble, the *Challenger* rode to it on the lee side of the rocks, the current running past with much force. The next day, the rocks were minutely examined, a labour not unattended with difficulty, and even danger, as the swell setting round and over the points, produced a confused sea, in which it was most difficult to land. The inhabitants consisted of only two feathered families, the *Booby* and the *Noddy*, but they were a most prolific race, for they were in myriads, and so tame that they were captured by the hand with ease. The only other animals found were a small scorpion, and a few crabs and spiders.

On the 29th, after a stay at the rocks of longer duration than any vessel had ever before made, sail was made for Fernando Noronha, which was reached on 1st September. Soundings on August 30th and 31st, and September 1st, shewed a depth of 2200 to 2475 feet, with a bottom of globigerina ooze.

It was Captain Nares's intention to make a stay of a few days at Fernando Noronha, as but little is known of its fauna, and, on the arrival of the ship, all seemed to promise a rich harvest to the naturalists. The governor blandly gave his permission for an examination of the island, when Captain Nares called on him; and extensive preparations were made for an onslaught on the animal and vegetable products of the land, and the sea that surrounded it. Whether, however, these extensive preparations frightened the governor, not being himself a scientific man, or whether that functionary suddenly became alive to his own importance, is not known, but he sent word recalling the permission he had given, and forbidding the capture, even of a butterfly. Captain Nares respectfully expostulated with him, but in vain, and as there was no object to be gained by the delay, the expedition left. Fernando Noronha is the penal settlement of Brazil, about fourteen hundred convicts being confined there; but beyond the seaboard of the island being the limit of the prison, there did not appear to be much confinement, the convicts living in detached huts, and cultivating their own little gardens. About two hundred soldiers compose the guard, and are in reality greater prisoners than those they look after; indeed, it was difficult to realise that the island was a prison, and the population felons. Some dredging was effected from the 3d to the 14th, but with no very great success. The bottom between Fernando Noronha and the Brazil coast was found to be very uneven. The deepest water obtained was 2275 fathoms, with the usual globigerina ooze.

The *Challenger* arrived at Bahia on the 14th September, and the officers were soon in great enjoyment of one of the most enjoyable spots of earth. This pleasant period, however, was of brief duration, as a case of yellow fever occurring amongst the crew, it was deemed advisable to proceed at once to sea, and get south to a temperate climate. The expedition accordingly left on the 25th, steering towards the Abrolhos shoals. Sounding was not recommenced until the 30th September.

On the 3d October, after sounding, the trawl was put over, and in heaving it in, the strain was found to be considerably greater than usual, and the idea that some great discovery was about to be made, occasioned much excitement, and numerous conjectures as to the nature of the coming prize. Unfortunately, however, just as the trawl had

reached the surface of the water, and was about to be secured, a swivel broke, and the rich prize, of whatever nature it may have been, soon resumed its position at the bottom of the ocean! On the 11th, a fine haul was made with the trawl, comprising fishes, prawns, corals, star-fishes, &c., greatly to the delight of the naturalists, and afforded some consolation for the loss they had sustained on the 3d.

On the morning of the 14th, the island of Tristan da Cunha was sighted, in 37° 6' S. lat., and 12° 18' W. long., and the next morning the *Challenger* anchored off the settlement of New Edinburgh, so named in honour of the Duke of Edinburgh, who visited the island in the *Galatea*. The group consists of three islands—namely, Tristan da Cunha, Inaccessible, and Nightingale Island. Upon the first of these is the settlement, consisting of a dozen neatly built houses, thatched with long grass, and containing eighty-six inhabitants. The property of the settlers in cattle, sheep, pigs, and poultry is considerable. These they sell or barter with passing ships; and by those who purchase from them they are found to be keen hands at a bargain, notwithstanding their isolation from the world. The community hold socialistic principles, but they tacitly admit as their head the oldest inhabitant, Peter Green, who married the daughter of the first chief, Corporal Glass. He holds more the position of father of the colony than governor, and officiates as spokesman and salesman; his opinion also is much deferred to.

The coarse but nutritious tussock-grass affords good pasturage for the cattle and sheep, and the potato is successfully cultivated, as also are cabbages, radishes, &c.; but the inhabitants are entirely dependent on passing vessels for bread-stuffs, as corn will not withstand the force of the heavy gales.

Information was received here that two Germans were on Inaccessible Island, where they had landed nearly two years before, and as they had not been visited from the settlement for a long time, it was doubtful whether they were yet alive. This information determined Captain Nares to visit the island; and on reaching it, the two men were seen, by the aid of the telescope, standing on the beach near their hut. They were overjoyed at being released from their imprisonment, and gladly accepted Captain Nares's offer to convey them from the island. Their story was a very romantic one, but as it has already been told in these pages (Sept. 5, 1874), we need only say that these two Crusoes, as they have been called, were happily relieved by the *Challenger* from their exile, and taken to the Cape of Good Hope.

From Inaccessible Island the *Challenger* went to the other island of the group, Nightingale Island, so named after a Dutch navigator who landed on it. At this island, the ascent to the higher ground is gradual on all sides. The tussock-grass is from six to nine feet high, amongst which penguins were literally in myriads. Progress in every direction was not only impeded by these animals, but almost barred, for they fiercely attacked the legs of the intruders, and their beaks being short and strong, it required a good thick boot to protect the wearer from injury. The smell in this penguinery is described as abominable, and in addition to this, the cry of the birds when disturbed

—something between that of a pig being killed and a kid that has lost its dam—was deafening, driving ardent and enthusiastic naturalists to rocks out of their reach.

The position of the island being fixed by the officers of the *Challenger*, sail was next made for the Cape of Good Hope. The weather prevented soundings being taken as frequently as was desired, but those obtained seemed to shew that a deeper channel existed on the east side of the Atlantic than on the west; but from the depths obtained at distances so widely apart, it would not be prudent to assert that such is positively the case, without intermediate observations. The *Challenger* reached the Cape of Good Hope on the 20th October.

The two most important physical results of the *Challenger's* explorations in the Atlantic Ocean relate to the contour of the bed of the ocean, and the general circulation of the deep waters. If the reader had beside him the tabulated results of the soundings of the *Challenger*, and were to mark upon a map or globe the positions by latitude and longitude, with the various depths given, and were then to draw with a pencil the contours for each five hundred fathoms from one line of soundings to another, he would find that the deepest hollow, or where the depth exceeds two thousand five hundred fathoms in the North Atlantic, commences near the coast of the United States and Bahama Islands, and then passes towards the African coast between the Canary Islands and Cape Verde Islands. With the assistance of soundings as obtained, two diverging gullies would be found running to the north, and two to the south; and it would also be observed, if the nature of the bottom were marked against each sounding, that wherever the depth reaches about 2250 fathoms, its character gradually changes from the usual gray-coloured globigerina ooze to reddish, and finally, in the deepest water, to red-brown mud or clay. (This mud is of so fine a nature, that when disturbed, it remained several days in suspension, giving the water much the appearance of chocolate.) These remarkable alterations in the nature of the bottom were duly observed and noted; and by a careful series of observations of the progressive change from globigerina ooze, it was found that the shells of the globigerina gradually lost their sharpness, and assumed a kind of rotten look and a brownish colour, this rotten appearance increasing until the lime of the shells disappeared, leaving the impalpable powder described. This discovery has a very important bearing on geological science.

One of the primary objects of the expedition was the ascertainment of the temperature of the ocean at various depths, and this, as we have already partially shewn, has been carried out with remarkable care and minuteness of observation, adding greatly to our knowledge of the great system of ocean circulation. The manner in which the results have been obtained is not easily described without the aid of diagrams. Suffice it to say, that beyond all doubt it is proved that the cold water, which is recorded as being in temperature but little above the freezing-point, is derived from a polar source, as was demonstrated by Dr Carpenter from the observations obtained in the *Porcupine*; that, as the water is shoaler between the deep water of the North Atlantic and the North Polar basin, the bottom water north of the equator is



derived from an antarctic source, and not arctic; and also that at the equator, notwithstanding the great increase in the heat of the surface-water, the temperature decreases more rapidly with the depth than outside the tropics; thus, with a surface temperature of  $78^{\circ}$ , at a depth of 60 fathoms, the temperature is  $61.5^{\circ}$ , the same as at Madeira at the same depth; and at the depth of 150 fathoms at the equator, the temperature is similar to that at the same depth in the Bay of Biscay.

After the ship was thoroughly refitted and prepared for the stormy weather she was likely to encounter in the southern seas, the expedition left Simon's Bay, Cape of Good Hope, on the 17th December, and commenced sounding operations at once.

Some examination of the Agulhas current was made, but the stormy weather and heavy sea prevented as many observations being made as were wished, and, as time was an object, further investigation was given up, and the ship made the best of her way, with the usual strong westerly winds, towards Prince Edward Island. On Christmas-eve, the weather was thick and misty; but on the afternoon of Christmas day, the mist cleared, and Marion Island was seen, and soon after Prince Edward Island, the peaks of both being shrouded in clouds.

On the following day they stood in for the north side of Marion Island, running along about two miles distant from the shore, looking for a spot where a landing could be effected. This was found on the lee side. The island appeared rough and inhospitable in the extreme, formed apparently of flat terraces of black volcanic rock rising to a height of 4200 feet, the summit being a succession of rugged nipples, with one roof-shaped peak very slightly elevated above the rest.

The landing was rather hazardous, but it was effected without accident. When *terra firma* was reached, a scene of wild desolation, such as is seldom met with, was spread around, the huge blocks of black stone washed here and there by the force of the sea, giving the idea of cyclopean buildings in ruins. It happened to be the breeding season of the albatross, and vast numbers of these beautiful birds were scattered over the land, having the appearance at a little distance of a flock of sheep grazing. Their nests, which consist of circular mounds of mud and grass about eight inches high, and a foot in diameter, suggest the idea of miniature round forts, the tops being slightly concave; on these the birds, after laying a single egg, take their position. They were very tame, and took but little notice of the intruders, so that many fine specimens, both of the birds and their eggs, were captured.

Three kinds of penguin were found here—one being the king penguin. It is a curious fact that the female of the king penguin makes no regular nest to hatch her young; but, on being disturbed when sitting, carries the egg between its legs in a fold of the skin, and again sits where she stops. This bird is closely followed by the sheath-bill, for the sake of the egg, which becomes its prize if the mother bird leaves it for a moment unguarded.

Some observations having been made for fixing the position of the island, all embarked in safety. It was intended to land on Prince Edward Island the following morning, but a strong breeze springing up compelled the ship to keep from the land; they, however, obtained some excellent hauls with the dredge, and in the evening bore away for the

Crozets Islands. Here the state of the weather and the heavy sea running prevented any attempt at landing; but one curious phenomenon was observed, which has had much to do with the partially successful observations of the transit of Venus, since made at Kerguelen Land. On approaching Possession Island, the sun was shining continuously on its south-east part, and the ship passed suddenly out of the fog into clear weather, with scarcely a cloud to be seen, the fog left behind looking like a wall, and the peaks of East Island, to leeward, being seen above a dense band of white fog. It was thus proved that the lofty hills of Possession Island had the power of dispersing the fog as it passed, so that whilst the weather side of the island was enshrouded in mist, the lee side was free from it. It was also observed that no albatross' nests were on the misty side, but that the clear part was thickly covered with them.

No seal-fishing is now pursued at the Crozets, and it is much to be feared that the indiscriminate slaughter of these animals will lead, if it has not already led, to their extermination. It having been found impossible to effect a landing, the *Challenger* bore away for Kerguelen Land, and anchored in Christmas Harbour on the morning of January 7, 1874.

Kerguelen Land, sometimes better known as the 'Desolation Island' of Captain Cook, is about ninety miles long, and half that distance in breadth, but the coasts approach so near to each other in some places, that the isthmuses which separate them are termed 'haulovers' by the sealers, from the facility afforded in getting from one coast to the other by hauling their boats over.

As the object of the visit of the expedition to Kerguelen Island was partly to ascertain the best locality for observing the transit of Venus, the ship did not remain in Christmas Harbour, but proceeded the next day to Accessible Bay, and came to in the snug anchorage of Betsy Cove, or, as it is generally called by seal and whale hunters, 'Pot Harbour,' from the fact of its being a place of general resort to render the blubber into oil. The *Challenger* remained a week at Betsy Cove, and, during her stay, a survey of the anchorage ground was made. Several large sea-elephants were also secured, dissected, and headed up in casks to be sent to England. Three or four schooners are engaged here and at Heard in sealing and whaling, one of which surprised the voyagers of the *Challenger* by its arrival at Betsy Cove. A bark annually calls from the United States to collect the proceeds of the fishing.

From Betsy Cove, the *Challenger* proceeded to Royal Sound, and anchored in Three Island Harbour, a beautifully secluded spot, with magnificent wild scenery. As much surveying was done as the weather would admit, whilst the naturalists were dredging, botanising, and collecting. At Royal Sound, it was determined to fix the stations for observing the transit of Venus; and not only did the English expedition for that purpose take up its position on its shores, but that also of America was established in another part of the sound.

Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, 47 Paternoster Row, LONDON, and 339 High Street, EDINBURGH.  
Also sold by all Booksellers.

# CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

OF  
POPULAR

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

*Fourth Series*

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS.

No. 595.

SATURDAY, MAY 22, 1875.

PRICE 1½d.

## THE PROTECTION OF WILD BIRDS.

SOME time during the session of 1872, a measure was passed quietly through parliament, which has not received the attention it deserves, especially from those—and we hope their name is legion—who take an interest in our native wild birds. The bill is entitled, 'An Act for the Protection of certain Wild Birds during the Breeding Season,' and is technically known as 35 and 36 Vict. chap. 78, and is no doubt intended as a very natural supplement to one passed in a previous session, of a similar kind. This was entitled, 'An Act for the Preservation of Sea Birds,' June 24, 1869, and states: 'Whereas the sea birds of the United Kingdom have of late years greatly decreased in number; it is expedient, therefore, to provide for their protection during the breeding season' 'Be it enacted, that the words "Sea Birds" shall, for all the purposes of this Act, be deemed to include the different species of auk, bonxie, Cornish chough, coulteneb, diver, eider-duck, fulmar, gannet, grebe, guillemot, gull, kittiwake, loon, marrot, merganser, murre, oyster-catcher, petrel, puffin, razorbill, scout, smew, solan goose, tarrock, tern tystey, and willock.' Any person convicted of taking, wounding, or killing any of the birds named, between the 1st of April and the 1st of August in any year, shall pay a sum of money not exceeding one pound, 'provided always' (a proviso intended doubtless for the protection of those who make a livelihood by rock-fowling upon the precipitous ledges of St Kilda, Bass, &c.) 'that this section shall not apply where the said sea bird is a young one unable to fly.'

The Act we are now considering, passed in 1872, for the protection of another class of birds, is full of the strangest inconsistencies. The proverbial coach-and-four which is said to be drivable through almost any act of parliament, may easily be run through this one, without much skill on the part of the driver. When we consider many of the names included in the favoured catalogue, and the large number of familiar friends left out, we confess ourselves unable to reconcile the act with

a measure of impartial justice to all, or nearly all, our feathered friends. The Act is a very short one, and states briefly: 'Whereas it is expedient to provide for the protection of certain wild birds during the breeding season, from the 15th March to the 1st of August every year: any person who shall knowingly or with intent, kill, wound, or take, or expose, or offer for sale any of the wild birds enumerated in the schedule, shall, on conviction before a magistrate for a first offence, be reprimanded and discharged, on payment of costs and summons, and for every subsequent offence such sum of money as, including costs, shall not exceed five shillings.' It also declares that the words 'wild birds shall for all its purposes be deemed to include the birds specified in the schedule;' and the schedule list, which is a curiosity in its way, is as under.\* This list contains seventy-nine names; but as some fortunate individuals are named two or three times, the same bird having various local names, as the curlew, with its Border cognomen whaup—the lapwing again as pewit—the stone-curlew as thicknee—both coming in again under the family designation plover, the actual number of birds protected is considerably reduced. All that noble order, Raptors, or birds of prey,

\* Avocet, Bittern, Blackcap, Chiffchaff, Coot, Creeper, Crossbill, Cuckoo, Curlew, Dotterel, Dunbird, Dunlin, Flycatcher, Godwit, Golden-crested Wren, Goldfinch, Greenshank, Hawfinch or Grosbeak, Hodgesparrow, Kingfisher, Landrail, Lapwing, Mallard, Martin, Moor (or Water) Hen, Nightingale, Nightjar, Nut-hatch, Owl, Oxbird, Pewit, Phalarope, Pipit, Plover, Ploverspage, Pochard, Parre, Quail, Redpoll, Redshank, Redstart, Robin Redbreast, Ruff and Reeve, Sanderling, Sand Grouse, Sandpiper, Sea-lark, Shoveller, Siskin, Snipe, Spoonbill, Stint, Stone-curlew, Stonechat, Stonehatch, Summer Snipe, Swallow, Swan, Swift, Teal, Thicknee, Titmouse (long-tailed), Titmouse (bearded), Wagtail, Warbler (Dartford), Warbler (Reed), Warbler (Sedge), Whaup, Wheatear, Whinchat, Whimbrell, Widgeon, Woodcock, Wild Duck, Woodlark, Woodpecker, Woodwren, Wren, Wryneck.

with one judicious exception, are rigidly excluded from all participation in the benefits of the law, which gives it the appearance of having been passed to aid indirectly the preservation of our game birds, such as the partridge, grouse, and pheasant. The exception referred to is that useful but too often unappreciated, owl, whose protection, during part of the year, may do something to counteract that strange obliquity of vision, which so often possesses the agricultural mind with a burning desire to convert an active *living* benefactor into a *dead* glass-cased ornament of the parlour mantelpiece. The magpie and that handsome but somewhat noisy bird the jay, receive no quarter in the bill; but are they not strongly suspected of a sneaking predilection for poached eggs? The phalarope, a comparatively rare bird, that is usually reckoned to visit our shores only in winter (when the Act is not in force), figures amongst the favoured few, as do also the teal, the widgeon, and the wild duck; but a wild-goose chase may be started any time all the year round. Any one who can manage to get within shooting distance of the stately flying heron, may stop his majestic flight, and hush his screeching voice without restriction; but the 'bittern's quavering trump on high,' as Hogg puts it, can be sounded during close-time with impunity. The common dipper or water-ousel, that the loiterer by any unfrequented stream may see darting rapidly past—the white breast glancing like a sheen of light—or diving under the water in search of water-beetles, caddis-worms, and other insects, is denied protection, probably because he is thought to have a partiality for the ova of trout and salmon; whilst the kingfisher, that lives almost exclusively on fish, receives the benefit of law. If the kingfisher is as delicate in his taste as he is brilliant in colour, he will, no doubt, like a sensible fellow, help himself occasionally to a dainty bit of young salmon, seeing that the law allows him by no means little bill a free run for four months every year, without fear of being taken up by the keeper and brought before the squire.

The nearest relatives of the water-ousel, the thrushes, are all left out in the cold by this so-called protector of wild birds. This is not a matter of much consequence, so far as some of the family are concerned, such as the fieldfare and the redwing, that only visit us in winter, and leave us again early in the year for breeding purposes; but that the missel-thrush, or storm-cock as he is sometimes called, that splendid soprano the song-thrush, and the blackbird with his rich contralto, should be excluded from the list, is a mystery which is perhaps intelligible only to gardeners. Independent of their musical throats, the invaluable services these pretty songsters render to man in spring and early summer, by ridding his fields and gardens of innumerable snails, grubs, caterpillars, and other voracious devourers of vegetation, ought surely to condone their offences in the garden when the fruit is ripe and tempting. The Ettrick Shepherd, in one of his most musical songs, warbles:

There the blackbird bigs his nest  
For the mate he loves to see;  
And up upon the tapmost bough,  
Oh, a happy bird is he!

which is no doubt true as well as poetic; but his

happiness would certainly not be increased if he knew that his mate and her dusky brood were denied that shelter of the law enjoyed by the fussy little wren with her crowded but beautifully constructed dwelling in the adjoining thicket, whose family make up in number what they lack in size.

The large tribe of finches receive scant recognition in the Act; though why the hawfinch, with a well-known appetite for peas, should have a legal standing denied to the sweet singing linnet, the sprightly bullfinch, and that dapper little dandy the chaffinch, with his bold defiant strain, one cannot understand. The buntings are all unrecognised; even that bright fitting ornament, the plaintive-dittied yellow-hammer, who in summer-time sings from the hedgerow for

A little bit of bread, but no-o-o cheese,

as are also some of our finest warblers, like the lively and melodious white-throat. That indefatigable worker, the starling, whose incessant industry in supplying the craving appetites of his hungry brood with slugs, caterpillars, worms, and the larvae of many destructive insects, ought to place him in the British farmer's list of valued friends, is left to defend himself, his mate, and progeny, as best he may.

Of the many varieties of our native titmice, only two, the long-tailed and the bearded, are admitted into the charmed circle of the law. The great tit, the crested, the cole, the marsh, and that amusing little mountebank, the blue titmouse, whose special vanity is a bit of suet, are all subject to an exclusive distinction, as invidious as it is unaccountable. Writing of the diminutive blue titmouse, the Rev. J. C. Wood says: 'Being almost exclusively an insect-eating bird, and a most voracious little creature, it renders invaluable service to the agriculturist and the gardener, by discovering and destroying the insects which crowd upon trees and plants in the early days of spring, and which, if not removed, would effectually injure a very large proportion of the fruit and produce. In the course of a single day, a pair of blue titmice were seen to visit their nest four hundred and seventy-five times, never bringing less than one large caterpillar, and generally two or three small ones. These birds, therefore, destroyed on the average upwards of five hundred caterpillars daily; being a minimum of fifteen thousand during the few weeks employed in rearing their young.'

Perhaps one of the most singular anomalies of the Act is found in the fact that, though the comparatively obscure sea-lark, the not very common woodlark, and the merry little titlark—under the name of pipit—are all protected during incubation, that universal favourite, the skylark, is left to the tender mercies of any wandering vagabond! The skylark, who is not only an exquisite singer in himself, but the cause of song in others—some of the finest lyrics in our language owing to him their theme and inspiration—is denied the grace accorded to the grating corn-crake (landrail). Nineteenth-century legislative wisdom has practically outlawed the

Ethereal minstrel! pilgrim of the sky,  
of Wordsworth; the

Bird of the wilderness,  
Blithesome and cumberless,

of the Ettrick Shepherd; and the 'blithe spirit' invoked by Shelley to

Teach me half the gladness  
That thy brain must know,  
Such harmonious madness  
From my lips would flow,

The world would listen *then*, as I am listening now.

Poor skylark! thy opportunities of discoursing eloquent music seem to be growing gradually less. What with the increasing demands of the half-sated epicure, and the rapid advance of that typical implement of modern agriculture, the mowing-machine—a veritable car of Juggernaut to the inhabitants of our meadows—thy chances of life become daily less and less.

Many of our feathered favourites omitted from this capricious catalogue have no doubt been left out under the impression that they were neither the friends of the farmer nor the gardener; but the example of some of our continental neighbours ought to warn us that a system of bird-repression is almost sure to be followed by a policy of preservation, the ravages of teeny insects being far worse than any committed by their natural destroyers. As the 'Old Norfolk Farmer,' in his valuable work on *Agriculture, Ancient and Modern*, wisely remarks: 'What would not the farmers of Australia and New Zealand give if our farmers could transport a whole colony of sparrows and other birds to those regions, where the insects exist in such multitudes as, in some seasons, to eat up everything eatable.' To this we answer—now that these birds have actually been acclimatised at the antipodes—'their best thanks.'

Finally, the Old Farmer sums up his long experience in words we heartily commend to the earnest regard of every one interested in the subject, by saying: 'We have long come to the conclusion, that the small birds do more *good* than *harm*, if attention is paid to them at those seasons of the year when the seed-corn is exposed, or the crops are ripening. An active lad on each side of a field, and a few scarecrows in the middle, will do much to abate the mischief, especially if seconded by a gentle shot occasionally from the farmer himself.'

In corroboration of the eminent authority just quoted, the writer has a letter from a Cumberland farmer who has long made the habits of our native wild birds the subject of careful and intelligent observation. He bears emphatic testimony to the preponderance of good over evil done by them to the farm generally, though he admits the ill they do at certain seasons is very trying to the bucolic temper. The rook is a sad sinner in this respect, destroying in a few hours the result of many days of the husbandman's patient labour in the turnip and potato field. Yet he more than compensates for any injury he does by his systematic destruction of that terrible scourge, the wireworm. Our Cumberland friend, carefully observing the ever-varying operations of nature, and thereby giving an additional zest to his daily farm occupations, makes even the wood-pigeon not so bad as it is usually supposed to be. Of two wood-pigeons shot in a barley-stubble field, he says: 'Seeing their greatly distended crops, I had the curiosity to count the grains of barley they contained, and found in the first, eight hundred and twenty grains, and in the second, nine hundred and fifty-six grains, of a very fair sample.' As a set-off, however, to this excessive gluttony 'all among the

barley,' he continues: 'In many of their crops I have found the seeds of various kinds of weeds that are very injurious to the growing corn. Of these seeds, there is not the least doubt but that they pick up a large quantity, and, by so doing, do a deal of good. I can safely say, that any ill we suffer from wood-pigeons on this farm is not worth mentioning; but I have no doubt it may be different where there are large woods.'

Surely one of the most palpable oversights in this unequal piece of humane legislation is the fact, that though certain birds are protected during incubation, no provision is made for the preservation of their eggs. Though by this omission the birds are only half-protected, the Act is no doubt well intentioned, and in the right direction; and if the word *certain* were struck out, and the schedule list itself withdrawn, it might then be made to include *all* wild birds, with clauses empowering farmers, gardeners, and others to protect their crops and fruit, at critical periods, from the ravages of those birds that appear at certain seasons to shew a destructive disposition. Dame Nature would then maintain her own proper balance of bird and insect life.

## WALTER'S WORD.

### CHAPTER XXXVIII.—ON PAROLE.

THE apprehensions of Walter respecting the future fate of himself and his companion were, happily for the latter, by no means shared by Mr Brown. Even when made to understand that there would be some difficulty in getting the ransom into the hands of Corrali, he could not conceive but that he would be willing to wait for days, and even weeks, for a sum that must needs appear to him indeed 'beyond the dreams of avarice,' and which he himself had been occupied for twenty years in amassing. He was not, it is true, so incredulous regarding the audacity of brigand behaviour, as during the first twelve hours of his capture; but he did not believe that they would proceed to such extremities as those at which the brigand chief was wont to hint. When, as often happened, the camp was short of food, under which circumstances the prisoners' fare was neither better nor worse than their captors', the merchant was more depressed than in the days of plenty; but otherwise, and provided the night's march had been of moderate length—for they always migrated to some new spot as soon as the moon rose—he was cheerful, and generally inclined for talk with Walter. They had been now a week up in the mountains, without any news from Palermo, and during that period, besides repeating those favourite fragments of his autobiography respecting his early struggles with which his companion was already acquainted, he had become unexpectedly communicative with him concerning his domestic affairs. It was easy to see that Sir Reginald Selwyn, Baronet of the United Kingdom, was no longer an object of admiration with his father-in-law, and his antipathy towards him obviously increased with every day's delay in the arrival of the ransom. A man of business would have got the thing managed within twenty-four hours of the receipt of the authorisation, he would say; and a man of courage and action, such as Sir Reginald had the reputation of being, would have seen that the troops had made short work of the brigands, and procured their release

that way ; but as it was, nothing was done, and there might just as well be no Sir Reginald in existence. Of course, it would have been easy for Walter to have inflamed the old merchant's mind against his relative still more, by merely relating the truth about him, but he did all he could to discourage the topic ; yet he could not help learning some particulars of the voyage from England in the *Sylphide*, which certainly shewed the ex-dragon in no favourable light. In that limited sphere of existence, and always under the eye of his companions, Sir Reginald had not been quite so successful as at Willowbank in concealing his true character. His harshness to Lotty, which her sister's eyes had long detected, had become visible to her father's also, who had not hesitated to express his opinion on the subject ; the baronet, too, in a moment of ungovernable ill-temper, had expressed his own, which was to the effect, that persons in business had better stick to their business, for which they alone were fitted, and not interfere with officers and gentlemen in matters of behaviour, of which they were not qualified to judge. There had been, in fact, what Mr John Pelter would have designated as 'a rough-and-tumble' between the old merchant and his son-in-law, and though the quarrel had been patched up, the sticking-plaster had evidently been inefficient.

'I am not a man to be blinded by the glitter of a title, Mr Litton,' said Mr Christopher Brown, 'and you will remember how, from the very first, I opposed myself to poor Lotty's marriage with this gentleman. It would have been better for my own peace of mind, if I had been less soft-hearted, and refused to countenance it at all. It was wrong in me, as a matter of principle, in my position as a father whose wishes had been placed at defiance. The money that that fellow has had out of me in one way or another,' added he, with an irritation that took his would-be dignity off its legs, 'would astonish you, Mr Litton ; and my impression is, that that money has been thrown away.'

So frankly, indeed, did Mr Brown converse about his domestic relations and private affairs, that Walter, feeling it was only to the circumstances of their position that he owed this confidence, and that in case the merchant should regain his liberty he would repent of his candour, was quite embarrassed, and did all he could to turn the conversation into another channel. He questioned him about the time he had spent at Palermo—and, strangely enough, Mr Brown never reciprocated this curiosity ; either his egotism forbade him to inquire what had brought Walter to Sicily, or, having some suspicion of the cause, he refrained from alluding to it. Concerning the circumstances of his capture, however, the merchant conversed readily enough. He was always, indeed, eager for talk—perhaps because it prevented him from indulging in melancholy reflections, or apprehensions which were more serious than he cared to own. The seizure of the *Sylphide* had happened almost as much by accident as design, or rather luck had befriended the brigands to an extraordinary degree. Had even the light wind held with which the yacht had sailed from Palermo, its owner would have escaped their hands ; but they had speculated upon the very thing that had taken place, and been successful. Unwilling to lose so great a prize as the person of the English milord, the hope of which had animated them for

weeks, they had followed the course of his vessel, which was of necessity along the coast and close in shore ; and, under cover of the night, embarking in a small fishing-boat, had boarded her in sufficient numbers to make resistance from unarmed men, taken unawares, without avail. The steersman, who was the only one on deck at the time of the seizure, had indeed tried to give the alarm, for which he had paid the penalty with his life's blood—the traces of which Walter and Francisco had discovered ; but the rest of the crew had been overpowered without a struggle, and, since it was by no means Corralli's policy to encumber himself with useless prisoners, had been set upon the road to Messina, from which far-away town no danger could be apprehended from the troops for many days. Lest any of these sailors should make their way back to Palermo, the road, as we have seen, had been strictly guarded, though that, of course, did not prevent Francisco's return to that city, upon whose report, no doubt, the soldiers had been sent out by the governor.

It was to the well-meant efforts of these emissaries of justice that the inconveniences of Mr Brown and Walter were now owing, and to which it seemed only too likely that their lives would in the end be sacrificed. It was positively certain that Corralli would never permit his prestige to suffer by allowing them to be rescued alive out of his power ; and, on the other hand, the cordon was drawn so strictly all around them, that it was most improbable that those in charge of the ransom would be able to break through, and reach their ever-shifting camp. It was not even certain—for they had had no news from the city since Lillian had been sent back—that the ransom was on its way. Poor Mr Brown had now become as eager to pay it as he had previously been disinclined to do so ; but the professional philosophy that caused him to regard it as a bad debt, had given way to more serious considerations. He had got to understand that it was very literally the price of his blood. Fatigue and privations had not only shaken his determination, but long experience of his lawless masters had somewhat opened his eyes to their true character, and to the perils of his own position. He perceived that his throat was likely to be cut at any moment before he could cry 'Police !' and that it would be of no use to cry it, even if he should have time ; but he did not understand yet that matters might take such a turn that he might be even glad to be put out of life by that summary process. Walter, however, from scraps of talk that he picked up from members of the band, was well aware that some terrible steps were in contemplation, in case the three hundred thousand ducats were not presently forthcoming. For one thing, both he and his companion had been carefully searched, and a penknife, which had been found upon Mr Brown, had been taken from him—in order, no doubt, to prevent his anticipating their cruel treatment, by putting an end to his own existence. The old merchant affected to attribute this to mere malevolence, and bewailed the loss of the little instrument, because of its business associations—he had had it, he said, for twenty years, and had never mended a pen with any other blade ; but it was doubtful whether he himself had not some inkling of the fate in preparation for him. As to Corralli, he maintained a gloomy reserve, never addressing himself to his captives, as heretofore, but

regarding them with a significant scowl, whenever his frowning eyes chanced to fall upon them. They were more strictly guarded, too, than ever, nor were they permitted, as before, to be together, but were located at opposite ends of the camp. It seemed to Walter that he had heard of some such arrangement being made with respect to animals which were destined for the butcher's knife. In their case, it was not the way to fatten them, for, deprived of his companion, the poor merchant began to lose health, and flesh, and spirits; nor did his appetite, which he had possessed at first in such vigour, remain to him. It must be confessed that there was not much to tempt it. The cordon drawn by the soldiers grew every day more strict, and made the task of provisioning the brigands very difficult to the wretched peasants who undertook it at the twofold risk of their lives. They were shot by the military, if detected in aiding or abetting the bandits; and they were certain to fall victims to the latter, when the troops should withdraw, in case they omitted to provide them with food. It sometimes happened that, for days together, no supplies could be brought up, and then some of the band would steal down the mountain, under cover of the night, and bring back what they could: hard cabbage and garlic plucked from some village garden, a piece of sour cheese, and as much black bread as they could carry. It was a feast-day when they came upon a herd of sheep and goats—when they got as much milk as they could drink, and ate the mutton almost raw—with such infinite precautions had the fire to be kindled for cooking it, and of such small dimensions was its flame. And all this time the captives had no change of linen, and only on very rare occasions were they permitted the use of water.

When they had been living for more than a fortnight under these wretched conditions, which, as Walter at least was well convinced, were not likely to be exchanged for better ones, an incident happened which for the moment filled all hearts with joy. A little after sunrise one morning, the brigand call was heard in the valley to westward—that is, in the direction of Palermo—and the whole camp was at once on the *qui vive*. Certain members of the band had been stationed in the neighbourhood of the city, to expedite the arrival of the ransom, and it was confidently expected that they had now arrived with their precious burden. Even Corrali's face expanded into a grim smile at the prospect of this happy result, and for the first time for days, he addressed a few words to Walter.

'It is very well both for you and for me,' said he, 'that I have been so long-suffering; but, to say the truth, my patience had almost reached the end of her tether.'

To Mr Brown he even now did not deign to speak, but regarded him with a grudging look, as a victim who had escaped his vengeance, and whom he regretted to see depart with a whole skin. As for the rest of the band, they had no such repinings; some evinced a childish delight by leaping and dancing, and others already began to gamble in anticipation of the gold that was presently to fill their pockets. In the meantime, Canelli had been sent down to see that all was right, and welcome the new-comers. Presently, he reappeared, making the signal of 'no danger,' but not that which had been agreed upon, to signify the arrival of the treasure. The captives were not aware of

the reason, but they saw that Corrali's face began to gloom, and a shadow had fallen on the general gaiety.

Following Canelli, were now seen two striplings, looking even younger than himself.

'They can surely never have intrusted so much money to boys like that,' observed Mr Brown, who had begun to feel uneasy.

'Alas!' said Walter, 'I fear there is no money.'

'Then Heaven help us,' sighed the merchant despairingly, 'for I believe that man will shed our blood.'

Walter did not answer; he had recognised Joanna and Lavocca in the two new-comers, and a gleam of hope shone into his heart. He felt confident that the former would help them if she could.

The two women came up the hill without raising their eyes from the ground, and Canelli, as he drew nigh, kept shaking his head. It was easy to see that they had brought neither ransom nor good news.

'What brings you here, Joanna,' inquired the brigand chief, in displeased tones, 'when I bade you stay in the cave until you heard from me?'

'A very ugly reason—the mere want of meat and drink, brother,' answered she, with an attempt at lightness in her tone. 'The villagers have brought us nothing for these three days, on account of the soldiers.'

Joanna's swarthy face was very pale, and her large eyes seemed to stand out from her sunken cheeks. Lavocca looked in even worse case, and when she had with difficulty reached the first tree that fringed their camp, she held on to it, as though her limbs needed support. It was evident that both of them were half-starved. Santoro was bounding forward to welcome his sweetheart, when the captain grasped his arm, and pushed him back. 'Look to your prisoner,' cried he gruffly; 'that is your first duty.—Corbara, let the women have food.'

It was an order by no means easy to execute, yet some morsels of coarse bread were handed to them, and a few drops of wine in a tin cup.

When they had refreshed themselves, Corrali began to make a speech, to which every one listened with the utmost interest. His words were uttered with such haste and passion, that Walter could with difficulty catch his meaning; but he seemed to be narrating the history of the band during the last few weeks. Whenever he alluded to his prisoners, his tone increased in bitterness, and he pointed rapidly from one to the other, and then in the direction of Palermo. The words 'starvation,' 'loss,' and 'death' recurred again and again, and then he drew attention to the wasted forms and pale faces of the women. It was plain that he was crediting the unhappy captives with all the misfortunes that had befallen them since the soldiers had been called out. 'And this ransom,' continued he, speaking more slowly, and casting an inquiring look around the band—'this ransom, that was to pay us for all our trouble, and which we thought had just come to hand, where is it? Have we heard even if it exists, or if the bankers are willing to pay it? No; we have heard nothing.'

'Nothing—nothing!' echoed the brigands gloomily.

'For all we know, this old man here may have been aware from the first that the money would not be sent; there may have been something wrong—purposely wrong—in his letter of authorisation; he may have trusted all along to the chapter of accidents, to the chances of escape, or of his being rescued by the troops; and, in the meantime, he may have been making fools of us.'

A menacing murmur broke out at this, and many a face was turned with fury in the direction of the unhappy merchant, who, pale, and trembling with apprehensions of he knew not what, looked eagerly at Walter, as though he had not been as powerless as himself.

'At all events,' resumed the chief, after a judicious pause, 'it is my opinion that it would be idle to wait this gentleman's pleasure any longer. As it is, we have borne with him far more patiently than is customary with us, and folks are beginning to say: "This Corrali and his men are not what they were; the presence of the soldiers alarms them; captives have only to be obstinate enough, and they will carry their point against these stupid brigands."'

'Stupid?' repeated Corbara, playing with his knife, and glaring from Walter to Mr Brown, as though debating with himself upon which to commence his operations. 'We will let them know that we are not stupid.'

'It has always hitherto been our rule, that when a ransom is not settled within a reasonable time, the captive should pay it in another fashion,' proceeded Corrali; 'and in this case, when we have been driven from our camping-ground, shot at by the troops, into whose hands two of our men have fallen, and by whom one has been slain, is it right that we should make an exception? Shall we ever see Manfred again, or Duano, think you?'

'Never!' cried the brigands gloomily; 'they are as good as dead.'

'We have the absence, therefore, of three friends to avenge; one life, as it were, to count against us in any case. These two should, therefore, not be permitted to die slowly.'

'You are right, captain,' said Corbara, drawing his hand across his mouth, which always watered at the prospect of a wickedness. 'But there is no reason why we should not set about the matter at once.'

The two brigands to whose custody Mr Brown was confided here each laid a hand upon his wrist, and Santoro and Colletta drew a pace nearer to Walter. It was evident that the long-delayed hour of revenge had come at last.

'I would wish to say a word or two, brother,' said a soft clear voice, 'before a deed is done of which we may all repent ourselves.'

'You may say what you please, Joanna,' observed Corrali coldly; 'these men, however, are not your prisoners, but ours.'

'The English girl was mine, until you sent me word that she was to be set free,' answered Joanna coldly; 'and since you have taken her, I claim him yonder'—and she pointed to Walter—'as my captive in her place.'

A shout of disapprobation burst from all sides at this audacious demand.

'It seems to me that the signora has fallen in love with our young Englishman,' laughed Corbara coarsely.

Joanna's eyes flashed fire, and her cheek lost all

its paleness for an instant, as the words met her ear; but she answered nothing, only looked with passionate appeal towards her brother, as though she would have said: 'It is your place to cut that fellow's tongue out.'

'Indeed, Joanna,' answered he coldly, 'such a proposal as yours seems to me to excuse a man's saying almost anything. These Englishmen are the common property of us all, and though it is true the signora was given to yourself, yet she was set free with a view to benefit you. You would have had a fair share of the ransom, had it been obtained, but it has not been obtained, and it is no fault of ours that the retaliation we intend to take for its non-arrival will not afford you gratification.'

'Gratification!' echoed she, contemptuously. 'When these men are dead—to-morrow, or the next day, or even the day after—will the recollection of your cruelties be worth to you three hundred thousand ducats? That the money has not arrived, is not their fault, but yours. If you had sent some responsible person to manage the affair, instead of a dying woman, you would have all been rich men by this time. Why, for all you know, she may never have reached the city alive, much more in a condition to settle matters with the bankers. Ask Santoro there, who helped to take her down to the village, whether she looked more dead or alive.'

'The signora was very weak and ill, no doubt,' said Santoro, upon whom a pleading look from Javocca had not been thrown away. 'It was my belief that she would not get over the journey.'

'And yet, you intrusted this important affair to such an envoy!' continued Joanna bitterly. 'One would think that three hundred thousand ducats was a sum as easily extracted as the ransom of a village mayor.'

'It is doubtless a large sum,' observed Corrali coldly; 'and since it has not been paid, the forfeit will be made proportionate.'

'Yes; but it would have been paid, had you gone the right way about it; and if you are not all mad, or thirsting for blood, like that brute Corbara yonder, you may have it yet.—Think, my friends, of what may be purchased for three hundred thousand ducats, and how much greater pleasure you will take in the spending of it than in what you now propose to do!'

'What you say is doubtless very true, Joanna,' replied Corrali in the same tone; 'but unless you have something else to propose to us than to have patience'—

'I have something else to propose,' interrupted she; 'I suggest that the error which you committed in sending a dying woman to negotiate so important an affair shall be repaired. Let another envoy be chosen, who will not let the grass grow under his feet. You talk of precedents, and surely this has often been done before. When a captive is taken with a servant, is it not our custom to send home the man to manage matters for his master's release? And though, it is true, this young Englishman here is no servant, he is of no more value to us in the way of ransom than if he were; while, on the other hand, he understands milord's affairs far better, being his friend.'

'It seems to me, captain, that there really is something in this,' observed Santoro, on whom the



masked battery of Lavocca's eyes had been playing incessantly during her mistress's speech.

'Something, yes,' laughed Corbara scornfully; 'and it is easy enough to see what it is, so far as the signora is concerned.'

Corralli looked carelessly about him, as though to invite others to express their opinions, if they were so pleased, and presently his eye fell on Canelli.

'Come, you are the youngest of us,' said he, 'and are not prejudiced in favour of brigand customs. How does it strike you, merely judging by common-sense, with respect to this proposition of my sister's?'

'Indeed, it seems to me,' returned the lad, with a glance of ill-favour towards Walter, 'that a bird in the hand is always worth two in the bush.'

'Or, rather, you should say, in this case, Canelli, that two birds in the hand are worth one in the bush,' observed the captain; a sally which evoked approbation, but no laughter, a sign that the brigands' humour was serious indeed. 'You see, my dear Joanna,' continued Corralli gravely, 'that the opinion of us all—or nearly all—is opposed to yours in the matter; and, for my part, I do not wonder at it. It is true that this gentleman'—here he pointed to Walter—'is poor; but we fixed his ransom at a certain insignificant sum—three thousand ducats, which has not been paid. His life, therefore, is forfeited, as much as milord's yonder. If we send him on this embassy, what guarantee should we have that we shall ever see him again? At present, we have his skin; but if he gets to Palermo, he will pay us neither in purse nor person.'

'That is clear as the sunshine,' observed Canelli approvingly: 'there will be but one prisoner left to us out of three, and not a single ducat.'

'That is so,' murmured a dozen voices. Even Santoro was obliged to acknowledge the merciless correctness of this arithmetic.

'You shall not lose the ducats,' answered Joanna steadily. 'In case the young man does not return on the appointed day, I will pay his ransom out of my own purse.'

'You must be mad, Joanna,' cried Corralli angrily.

On the contrary, it is you that are mad, Rocco, who will risk nothing, when there is a prospect of gaining so much. I see plainly that, by this plan, we shall gain all we have looked for, and I am not blinded by passion, like some of you.'

'By Heaven, I am not sure of that!' muttered Corralli between his teeth.

'At all events, my friends, you will have the three thousand ducats to do what you please with,' said Joanna; 'and if one of you should win it all at baccara, he will have a fortune.'

'I like that idea, I confess,' observed Colletta, who had great luck at cards; 'besides, we should still have milord yonder to amuse us;' and he pointed to the unhappy merchant, who, having long given up the attempt to understand what was going on, had sat himself down cross-legged, more melancholy than any tailor in a 'sweaters' shop.

'In order that there may be no doubt about the matter, my friends,' said Joanna, 'you shall have the three thousand ducats at once—Santoro, yonder, knows where they are kept, and shall go with any one of you to fetch them this very moment.'

Eloquence and logic are both very well in their

way, but the conviction they carry with them is slight, when compared with the persuasive power of ready-money. The captain, indeed, was displeased, not so much that Walter should escape him, as because he felt that Joanna had made a fool of herself, on account of the young fellow, and that the three thousand ducats would be a dead 'loss to the family;' and Corbara was furious, since the cruelties, for which he had as morbid an appetite as an American Indian, must necessarily be delayed. But, with these exceptions, the whole band were now in favour of Joanna's plan.

Walter had listened to these proceedings with intense interest, but even when the moment had apparently arrived for his being put to the most cruel tortures, he had scarcely been more moved than when he heard the generous proposal of his late hostess. While it was in debate, he had uttered not a syllable, nor even by a look expressed the gratitude with which it had inspired him, lest he should do it prejudice; but now that matters had declared themselves in his favour, he addressed the brigand chief as follows: 'I am fully aware, Captain Corralli, of the great kindness which your sister has shewn me, and of the generosity of the offer she has made; it is impossible for me to over-rate the confidence she has reposed in me; but you may be certain of this, that it is not misplaced. If I am alive, I shall return to you at any reasonable date you may please to fix, either with my ransom or without it.'

'And with your friend the milord's ransom,' put in the captain quickly. 'It is on that account—and not upon your own, remember—that we give you permission to depart.'

Joanna was about to speak, but Corralli stopped her angrily: 'You have got your way, woman, and be content with it. The arrangement of the rest of the affair remains in my hands.—To-day is Tuesday. You will understand, then, at this hour, at eight o'clock in the morning'—and the captain again indulged himself in consulting one of his splendid watches—'you will present yourself on this very spot on Friday.'

'The time is very short,' pleaded Walter, 'since there may be much to be done.'

'Then we will say eight o'clock in the evening, which will give you twelve hours more. At eight o'clock next Friday evening, then, we shall know whether an Englishman can be trusted to keep his word or not. After that hour, we shall begin to send you little mementoes of your fellow-countryman yonder; first his ears, next his fingers, and then, one by one, his larger limbs, till he becomes a torso. If the word of an Englishman should fail, that of a Sicilian will not; I mean it, by Santa Rosalia!' and the captain took a silver image of the local saint that hung about his neck, and kissed it fervently, as an honest witness does the Testament at the Old Bailey.

'O Walter, Walter, you are not going to leave me!' cried the old merchant wofully, perceiving that his friend was about to depart.

'I shall come back again, Mr Brown; I shall indeed.'

'No, no; you will never do that,' exclaimed the other despairingly; 'it is contrary to human nature.'

'I will, sir. So Heaven help me! as I am a Christian man, and a gentleman, I will return, either to set you free, or to die with you. There

is some hitch about the ransom, and I am going to Palermo to expedite matters. Don't fret, sir; all will be well yet, thanks to this generous lady.'

Poor Mr Brown's sagacity had by no means penetrated the disguises of Joanna and Lavocca; if he had done so, and had understood the nature of the obligation which the former had conferred upon him, he would doubtless have duly acknowledged it; as it was, he only looked wildly round in search of a female form. Walter, who had been permitted to cross the camp, to bid his friend farewell, explained to him, not without some embarrassment, how matters stood.

'But what has made the woman so civil to us?' inquired the merchant eagerly.

'She has a kind heart; it was she who sent the bread and mutton, when you were half-starved the other day.'

'But she has got pistols in her sash, and a long knife,' expostulated Mr Brown, 'and she wears'—

'Hush! yes; never mind. I must go now, for every minute is precious. Is it possible, think you, that anything should be added to the authorisation you sent by Lilian?'

'Nothing; it was quite in form. Still, I will write one line, if these wretches will give me pen and paper.'

Corralli produced the necessary implements, and the merchant wrote: 'Spare no expense, and trust implicitly the bearer; (signed) CHRISTOPHER BROWN.' 'Give my dear love to Lilian, and should I never see her again, nor you'—

'You will see me again this day week,' interrupted Walter hastily; he thought it base to take advantage of such an opportunity, though it was evident that the merchant had been about to couple his name with Lilian's. 'Good-bye, sir, for the present, and be of good courage.'

'Farewell, Walter, farewell; and God be with you!' answered the old man, with choking voice.

'Amen!' replied Walter solemnly.

Then the members of the band, with the exception of Corbara, who stood scowling apart, flocked round him to bid him good-bye; the same hands which had been itching to inflict death and torture upon him an hour ago, being now held forth to him with good-will, and even gaiety. Corralli alone was grave.

'You will not misunderstand your countryman's position here, because of all this,' said he, alluding to these manifestations of friendship.

'Neither his, nor my own,' answered Walter with dignity. 'I know there is no mercy to be expected for either of us, in case the ransom is not forthcoming.'

'And yet you will keep your word?'

'And yet I shall keep my word.'

The captain smiled incredulously as he held out his hand. 'Santoro here will be your guide to Palermo—and back again, if you ever do come back.'

Then Walter looked about him for Joanna, for whose ear he had reserved some heartfelt expressions of gratitude; but both she and Lavocca had disappeared. He was distressed at this, yet, at the same time, was conscious of a sense of intense relief. He felt that Corbara had been right in imputing to the chief's sister a personal affection for himself, which it was impossible he could reciprocate. In that supreme moment, all coxcombry

was out of the question, and matters were compelled to present themselves in their true light. Joanna loved him; and since he loved another, it almost seemed to him, though guiltless of deceit, that he had obtained the precious boon of freedom under false pretences.

## DEEP-SEA EXPLORATIONS.

### IN FOUR CHAPTERS.—CONCLUSION.

BEFORE leaving Christmas Harbour, a cairn was erected on the north-east point of the harbour, in which was deposited a detail of the proceedings of the ship, with advice and instructions to those who were soon to follow to observe the transit. On the last day of January the vessel left the harbour, and the following day started from the south point of the island, which was called Cape Challenger, for Heard Island. When midway between the two islands, a sounding was obtained in 150 fathoms; and twice, the following night, 100 fathoms were found, whilst at other times no bottom was found in 220 and 425 fathoms; shewing that a submarine connection existed between the islands, but of very irregular formation.

Light winds and thick fogs prevented the land being made until the morning of the 6th February, when Meyer's Rock and McDonald Island were seen. Both these are little other than rocks: the first rises 450 feet precipitously from the sea; the other is 630 feet high, and about  $1\frac{1}{2}$  mile long by half a mile broad. They lie about 25 miles west from Heard Island, which is the principal and largest of the group, being about 25 miles long and 7 miles broad. The mountains in the centre of Heard Island rise some 6000 feet above the level of the sea, and from their sides the glaciers descend to the water's edge; but unfortunately during the time the expedition was at the island, the clouds obscured the summits. The *Challenger* anchored in Corinthian Bay (or, as the sealers call it, 'Whisky Bay,' from the quantity of that spirit consumed there on the arrival each year of the store-ship) on the afternoon of the 6th. Here they found a party of sealers, most of them being Portuguese from the Cape Verde Islands. The principal men, however, were Americans. How the indolent Portuguese could be prevailed on to submit to banishment in such a climate, may be wondered at, but probably they had good reasons for leaving their country. The party were living in almost hermetically closed houses, sunk in the ground for warmth, as well as for protection from the prevailing violent gales. There are about forty men thus housed in various parts of the island, each party having a defined line of shore to watch for stranded sea-elephants. The life these men lead is both hard and monotonous: they engage for three years, and at the expiration of that period consider themselves fortunate if they return home with fifty pounds in their pockets. Even that proves no benefit to them, for after a few weeks of debauchery in the slums of New York, they are again penniless, and return to the ship before she has completed her refit, and in her come back to their wretched life of seal-hunting. But even seal-hunting on these far-away islands will soon come to a close. The indiscriminate butchery of the cubs as well as the grown seals will soon tell, as it has at Prince Edward Island and the Crozets; the seals will disappear, not from

being hunted, but by extermination. Would that some international law existed to restrain the savage brutality of these wasteful and cruel men, although it is easy to perceive how difficult it would be to enforce any law in such an out-of-the-way place as this!

It was the intention of Captain Nares to examine Heard Island, but a lowering barometer warned him off; so, as the bay is open, and it was dangerous to delay, he put to sea, only in the nick of time, as a furious gale burst on them. The sea rose tremendously, and, striking the vessel, forced in two of the ports on the main deck. But the gales in high latitudes are not of long duration, and this one was followed by a beautiful day, with a favourable breeze, which sped them on their way to the southward at the rate of nine or ten miles an hour.

On February 11th, in 60° 52' S. lat., and 80° 20' E. long., the bottom, at 1260 fathoms, was found to consist of diatom ooze. The first iceberg was met with on the same day and in the same latitude. Soon after, others were seen, and the ship's course was altered to pass near one. This brought all hands on deck to view the novel sight, and much was it enjoyed, for but few objects are more beautiful than one of these monsters of the polar regions. The rich cobalt blue of the caverns and fissures blending with the white of the ice, and the breaking waves dashing against it from the dark blue sea, are grand in the extreme; whilst the dazzling delicacy of the fringes of icicles glittering in the sun gives it the appearance of being fairy wrought. In passing, the chill from the ice is felt, and produces a feeling of such awe as causes one to hold his breath; and, to the meditative mind, the comparison will arise between the size of the mighty mass of ice and the ship that is passing with its hundreds of souls on board; from the ship it will descend to the unit self, and the proud man is humbled. Even the most careless cannot witness one of these mighty manifestations of the power of the Creator without a subdued feeling.

On the 12th, the voyagers reached the edge of the pack-ice, in latitude 65° 42', and dredged in 1675 fathoms. Here was another polar wonder, for, far as the eye could reach from the mast-head, there was one mass of pure ice. On the 16th, the Antarctic Circle was crossed in longitude 78° 22' E., the edge of the pack having been followed. On the 23d, they were within twenty miles of the position assigned by Lieutenant Wilkes of the American Antarctic Expedition to some mountainous land he called 'Termination Land'; but although the weather was clear, no land was to be seen. An iceberg was photographed, and the effect of firing at one was tried. A twelve-pound shot was first fired into one from a distance of about thirty yards; this brought down a great quantity of ice in slabs. Another shot, fired from a greater distance, buried itself in the ice without any apparent effect.

On the 24th, a heavy gale from the south-east was experienced, accompanied by the usual thick weather and heavy snow-squalls; this placed the ship in imminent danger, as she was surrounded by icebergs, and a distance of one hundred yards could not be seen in any direction. During the afternoon, in the thickest part of a squall, a large iceberg was suddenly seen on the lee-bow, on which the ship was drifting bodily. There was no

room to go ahead; the engines were reversed, and a part of the close-reefed maintopsail thrown aback. Fortunately, the ship gathered sternway, and just cleared it. After passing the iceberg, an endeavour was made to turn it to account by bringing the ship under its lee, to use it as a breakwater; but with full steam, and fore-and-aft sails, the gale was too strong to allow the ship to be brought head to wind, and there was therefore nothing to be done but to allow her to drift. In the evening, the weather slightly cleared, and while close to leeward of another berg, the ship was brought round on the opposite tack, and, as the distance between the two bergs was known to be clear, an anxious night was spent passing too and fro between them, steam enabling the ship to hold her ground. During this gale, the thermometer fell to 22°, and with the wind blowing so strong, it was piercingly cold.

With the following morning fair weather returned, and as the wind had blown from off the pack, the ice at its edge was open, and allowed the ship to push in to some distance, and to get within fifteen miles of Wilkes's Termination Land; but again, with a clear day, nothing was seen of it, and from this it was concluded that no land did exist in or near that position. In the afternoon, the ship stood to the northward, and with a fine south-west breeze the ice was soon left behind.

On the 26th, the day was spent in dredging in somewhat less than 2600 fathoms, the deepest water found since leaving the Cape of Good Hope. In the afternoon a gale sprung up with thick sleet, and another night of extreme anxiety was before them; but fortunately, just before dark, the voyagers fell in with an unusually large iceberg, and this time a friendly one, for by the help of steam the ship was enabled to maintain a position under its lee throughout the night.

The next morning with a strong favourable gale they bore up for Australia, in noways loath, after their short experience, to leave the icy seas. On the 3d March the tube brought up diatom ooze from a depth of 1950 fathoms. The registering thermometer shewed a temperature at the bottom of 31°. The last iceberg was seen on the following day in lat. 53° 17' S., long. 109° 23' E.

Those who visit the antarctic seas after having been in the arctic, are greatly disappointed in the form of the icebergs, for while those of the north assume every fantastic shape that fancy can conceive, the southern ones are nearly table-topped lumps of ice, precisely the same in form as on the day they parted from their parent glacier: these more resemble huge Twelfth cakes divested of their ornaments than anything else. In the warmer northern seas, icebergs melt more quickly, and assume far more picturesque appearances; but in the Southern Ocean the temperature of the water through which the icebergs drift is below the freezing-point of fresh water, and therefore insufficient in heat to melt the ice. It is only after they have moved a considerable way northwards that the regularity of their shape begins to be interfered with. As the berg travels from the pole, it first reaches a latitude where the summer sun has the power of heating the surface-water slightly above the freezing-point without affecting that immediately below it; this has the effect of melting a notch in the side of the berg all round it, at and just above the sea-level;

but this notch was not observed to extend into the ice in any case more than about thirty feet. As the warm water becomes still warmer as the berg floats farther north, it has naturally greater power, and deep caves or caverns are formed, which offer increased facilities for wave-washing the larger they become, until the mass being weakened, large pieces become detached. As this alters the centre of gravity, the berg lurches over, and either forms a slope, or a long spur or tongue rises; and thus the work of destruction proceeds, until the form of the berg is altogether changed, and that part which formed the tongue may become its topmost pinnacle. Hence the greater variety of form in the bergs seen by ships passing south on an arc of the great circle in comparatively low latitudes. The portions that break away from the berg are termed *calves*, and they are often of far greater danger to shipping than the bergs themselves, for the latter have a reflected light that renders them visible at a little distance on the darkest night; whereas, the calf, although it may be several hundred tons in weight, is not perceptible, or if so, may readily be mistaken for the top of a sea breaking.

The trawling after the sounding on the 26th March proved extremely interesting, and the same chocolate-coloured mud was found as at similar depths in the Atlantic.

On the 17th March the expedition reached Melbourne, having completed the voyage so far to the satisfaction of all, though not without sincere congratulations at being once more safe in port.

Five serial temperature observations were obtained in the southern ocean which indicated another feature in oceanic circulation, in that a cold stratum of water exists between two of a higher temperature. This cold stratum first made its appearance in latitude 52° S., and gradually decreased in temperature to the Antarctic Circle. It is probably caused by the fact, that as in the winter the ice and surface-water must necessarily be colder than the underlying water, and that during the short summer the surface-water is heated by the solar rays, which have not power to penetrate to any great depth; or the effect of the vast number of icebergs gradually thawing may tend to produce the cold stratum, as the fresh water thawed from the lower part of the berg at a temperature of 32° being lighter than the salt water, would rise towards the surface.

The *Challenger* did not make a long stay at Melbourne, but proceeded on the 1st April to Sydney to refit, which was much required after the buffeting she had experienced in the antarctic seas. Here the vessel was docked, rigging and sails overhauled and repaired, and all preparation made for continuing the voyage.

On the 12th June, the expedition left Sydney—after having been obliged to put back once—for Wellington, New Zealand, and commenced a sectional line of soundings immediately on quitting the Heads. Much importance was attached to this line of soundings by the inhabitants of New South Wales and New Zealand, in view of the project of connecting these two important colonies by telegraph cable. The deepest water found was 2900 fathoms, in 34° 50' to 36° 41' S. lat., and 155° 28' to 158° 29' E. long., and again the chocolate-coloured clay was found. In other soundings the bottom was generally found to consist of globi-

gerina ooze or gray ooze. The temperature of the bottom was 33° in the deepest sounding. In three instances, twice within three days, the line parted. Some stormy weather was experienced, and a very heavy sea. In Cook Strait, a man who was in the chains was washed overboard; he was not missed till some minutes after, when the ship was immediately hove to, but no traces of him could be seen; he must have gone down at once with the heavy sea that was running at the time.

A week was spent at Wellington, where the weather was very unfavourable. The taking in of coals and provisions was completed, and on the 6th July, the *Challenger* weighed her anchor. In consequence, however, of a dense fog accompanied with heavy rain, she was obliged to anchor in Waiheke Bay for the night, but proceeded the next morning. A good haul with the trawl was made on the 8th bringing up specimens of holothurians, shrimp worms, &c. On the 10th, in seven hundred fathoms several large fishes were brought up in the trawl and on the 12th, Macauley Island, of the Kermadec group, was seen. Soundings made on the 14th and 15th in 29° 55' to 28° 33' S. lat., and 178° 14' to 177° 50' W. long., at a depth of 520 to 630 fathoms found a rocky bottom, with a temperature of about 40°. On the 19th they reached Tongatabu, one of the Friendly Islands. This island is the finest of the group, and now the most civilised; it is very low, when compared with many of the Pacific islands, being almost flat, with the exception of few hillocks about forty feet high. Like most coral formations, it is crescent-shaped, having the convex side to the south, so that the harbour and town of Nukalofa is towards the north. The island abounds with cocoa-nuts, bananas, oranges, &c., but water is very scarce, and the little it has is not good. The climate is very trying, on account of the heat in the day (often reaching 90° in the shade), and the sudden change to cold at night together with heavy dew. The soil is rich, but the inhabitants are too lazy to cultivate it.

No sooner was the *Challenger* at anchor than she was surrounded by canoes, and the natives speedily found their way on board; they are a fine, handsome race of men, with intellectual features. The king, George Tabou, was called upon; he is now seventy years of age, and is reputed to have been a great warrior in his youth. He and his subjects have embraced Christianity, but of rather different denominations, there being both Catholic and a Wesleyan missionary on the island. The church, which is situated on the highest hillock, and is the most conspicuous building on the island, was visited at a time when one of the natives was preaching; it is capable of containing a congregation of seven to eight hundred, and is substantially built: the singing was creditable, and the time good. Schools also have been established, and the power of the missionary is almost co-equal with that of the king. The dress of the natives is the usual *tapa*, wrapped round the loins, but some of them have adopted the European dress, and are not a little proud of the distinction. The men are only permitted to visit a ship on condition of wearing a shirt, and the women not at all.

On the 22d, Tongatabu was left; and three days after the expedition reached Kandavu, and anchored in Ngaloa harbour.

From the Fiji Islands the *Challenger* proceeded through the New Hebrides group to Torres Strait

and visited Somerset, Cape York; and then passing through the Banda Sea and the Molucca Passage, touching at Dobbo, Ki Doulan, and Banda Islands, arrived at Manila on the 4th November, and after a short stay, proceeded to Hong-kong, at which port she arrived on the 19th November; and here for the present our narrative ends.

#### INCIDENT IN THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

JEANNE ARNAUD sat at the close of day under the great old chestnut tree before her own door. She was a very handsome Norman peasant, of about twenty-four years of age, with well-cut features, and fine eyes. Her costume became her well; and in material was so fine that it, as well as her surroundings, testified to the well-being of the family of which she was the house-mother. At her feet, playing with a lapful of daisies, sat a lovely boy of about two years old, a very fair, golden-haired child, richly dressed in cambric and lace, with a blue sash and coral. They made an idyllic picture of domestic happiness, set in a background of rural beauty. The cottage behind them—in the walls of which black and white timbers formed a framework for the yellow clay—was covered with a vine and a climbing rose-tree laden with white roses, which scented the air with their perfume. There was a garden of vegetables and flowers on one side of the dwelling, in which hives stood under the shelter of the eaves; on the other side, a little rivulet sped gaily along, with a pleasant ripple and murmur.

From where she sat, Jeanne looked down on the village, and could see the red glittering of the sunset on the cross which surmounted the little church, and the blue smoke curling up from the cottage chimneys. Over all, the glory of sunset was falling; and on the languid breeze, heavy with perfume, came the afar-off sound of sheep-bells, and the lowing of kine. In the branches of the trees a blackbird at times chanted a portion of his evening hymn. Was there ever a scene or hour which spoke more emphatically of peace? Yet it was far from the breast of the young woman knitting beneath the walnut tree; Jeanne Arnaud was at that moment the victim to a strong temptation.

She had been chosen as nurse to the infant heir of her seigneur, and, in consideration for such service, had been installed in the best cottage on the estate, with permission to keep a cow and poultry in the neighbouring fields. Her husband, also, was constantly found in work, and excused from the labour on the roads, which was at that period the especial grievance of the French peasant; for the period to which our story relates is 1770, a time when the sufferings of the poor in France had perhaps reached their climax. But all this prosperity—constant and paid work, good food, and pleasant home—depended on the little life of the babe which Jeanne Arnaud nursed for the beautiful young countess, who, though complying with the fashion of her day, in sending her infant to be nurtured in a peasant's home, had still cared (very exceptionally!) for the comfort of the family in which it was to be reared. One hard condition she had indeed made: she would have no foster-brother for her son; Jeanne must nurse the little count only; and her own

child must be sent out of the village. It was a hard trial for a young woman who adored her first-born babe; but the Arnauuds were poor, and the sacrifice was made. However, Jeanne obtained permission to visit her infant, at her mother's house, for a short time every year.

Madame Gregoire, Jeanne's mother, lived nearly thirty miles away from Mirville. Her house was on a lonely common, some miles—four or five—from a town. Of this fact Madame de Mirville was of course ignorant, or she would never have suffered her child to be so far from medical aid during his teething.

At the end of the first year, Madame Arnaud took this permitted holiday, and arrived rather late one evening at her old home. That same night, the little count was seized with croup, having probably taken cold on his journey. There was no doctor at hand, nor any means of sending for one, for the woman who nursed Jeanne's baby had been summoned away to her mother's death-bed, and Jeanne was too terrified to consent to be left alone with the child while her mother went. The old woman, an experienced nurse, did all she could; but neither honey nor the hot bath availed, and the babe expired in Jeanne's arms. In the gray dawn, Madame Arnaud and her mother stood gazing with blank faces of dismay and consternation on the little dead heir.

'*Hélas!*' moaned Jeanne, 'and we have had no doctor. Madame la Comtesse will *never, never* forgive me. She will not believe that the infant could not have been saved. She will say: "How dared you go so far away from the doctors?" We are ruined; we are lost!'

The grandmother stood silent, looking down moodily on the bed where the little corpse lay. At that moment, Jeanne's own babe was heard crying lustily in the next chamber. The old woman went to it, and returned with it in her arms. 'Here is thy safety,' she said, in a hoarse whisper. 'The babes are both fair, with golden hair and brown eyes, and alike, as all babies are. Happily, no one here has seen the little count. We will bury the dead child as thy son, and thou shalt give the countess thy own child. Such a gift may well atone for the loss of her own babe.'

To this proposal, Jeanne strongly objected. The trick would be a crime, which shocked her sense of honour. The apprehensions of being punished for alleged negligence, and which the mother persistently plied, at length shook the young woman's integrity. It was agreed that the nearest doctor should be invited to inoculate the living child as being that of the countess.

Madame Gregoire set out early for the town, and returned with the doctor, who looked at the tiny corpse, and inoculated the living baby, took his fee, and promised to return the next day. He was quite ready to write and inform the countess that her son was his patient, that inoculation was necessary, &c. So Jeanne obtained an extra month's holiday, to nurse the babe through his illness; and the poor little heir of Mirville was consigned to a peasant's grave in the nearest churchyard.

When she returned home, Jeanne was able to ascribe every change in her nursing to inoculation and change of air, and no suspicion was excited; for Jeanne, to make more certain of not incurring it, had represented the death of her own child as having occurred the day before her arrival at her

mother's. Up to the present moment she had been successful in her project; but now her heart failed her. The count and countess were to arrive that day at the château, and she expected to be sent for—perhaps the next day, as it was now late—to the house to exhibit her nursing to its parents. Would the countess detect the fraud? She might, for a mother's eyes are keen; but then, again, she was very young, very thoughtless, and had not seen her child since he was four months old.

Whilst Jeanne revolved these possibilities in her mind, the shrill bark of a dog attracted her attention, and looking in the direction whence it came, she beheld a lady leading a lap-dog by a blue ribbon, advancing towards her. Jeanne instantly rose, for she recognised the countess. The lady was dressed in the extreme of that fashion with which the pictures of Marie Antoinette have made us familiar; she was very beautiful, and had a sweet innocent expression of countenance.

'Well, *ma bonne*,' she said, in a very pleasant voice, as she reached the spot where Jeanne stood, 'how is my darling babe?'

With a profound courtesy, Jeanne, for all reply, raised and held out the boy in her arms.

'What! this infant mine? What a splendid child he has grown! Do give him to me. Yet stay; I might let him fall. I will sit down, and then you shall put him on my lap.' And the young countess, seating herself on Jeanne's chair, took the babe in her arms, and gazed earnestly and tenderly on him, while the nurse stood by in breathless fear and suspense.

'He is splendid!' cried the young mother, with a sigh of rapture. 'I could not have believed he would have improved so much. My faithful Madame Arnaud, you merit my best thanks for your care of him.' And she extended her hand.

Jeanne took it, courtesying humbly, and murmuring: 'Madame is too good.'

'Can he talk?' asked the countess, kissing the baby hand she held.

'Yes, Madame; he begins to talk.—Monsieur, speak to the beautiful lady.'

The babe looked up in the lovely face of the countess, and murmured: 'Je vous aime, Madame.'

'Oh, you beloved little one,' cried the lady; 'I shall adore you!—Do you know, Madame Arnaud, I am going to be a true mother to him? I never mean him to be away from me any more.'

'Madame!' cried the peasant in a shrill tone of dismay.

'Ah, you fear you will have to part with him! No, *ma bonne*; I will not so reward your faithful care. You shall go with him, and live at the château or at Paris (as it may be) with him.'

Jeanne breathed more freely; not yet was she to lose her boy entirely.

'Madame is too good,' she said humbly; 'it would break my heart to part from my nursing.'

'No need—no need; I shall want you still; though I have learned a mother's duty and a mother's happiness from Jean Jacques Rousseau. But there; you do not understand. Yes; you will come with us, and we will make your husband a recompense for sparing you to us.'

It was clear to Jeanne that André's happiness would not for a moment be taken into consideration by Madame, when her own convenience was to be studied, yet she felt sure that the young lady meant no unkindness, that it was only the

thoughtlessness for others, which was nearly universal then amongst the *aristocrates*. Jeanne would be sorry to part from her husband; but since her child had been restored to her, she had grown to love it with a perfect idolatry. It would, as she said, have broken her heart to part from the babe.

And thus it was settled. André murmured a little, naturally, but never thought of disputing his seigneur's will; and when the young countess returned to Paris, she carried with her the infant and his nurse.

While the child continued a mere infant, the nurse-mother was not unhappy, though she regretted the separation from her husband, and would at any moment have gladly returned to the old home life in the village, for which she often yearned; but as the boy grew older, the bitterness of the deception began to be felt by her.

The countess had a second son—as small and delicate as the first babe had been—and she loved it dearly, for she nursed it herself; but she was not proud of it, as she was of the noble-looking son of the peasant. She was devoted to her (supposed) first-born, who repaid her petting with a wonderful affection, considering his age; and Jeanne began to nourish a bitter jealousy of her lady, who had completely rivalled her in her son's heart; for, though fond of his nurse, he, of course, regarded her simply as an old servant; but he looked up to the countess with chivalrous admiration as well as filial love. He was also very fond of the little delicate brother, four years younger than himself, and resented with angry and haughty words the preference which Nurse Arnaud shewed to himself, when it became injustice to his brother; for Jeanne continued head of the Mirville nursery, with a staff of subordinates, for more than ten years. When the little boys were placed finally under the care of a preceptor, Madame Arnaud received permission to return to her home, her services being liberally rewarded by a pension. She would fain have remained in the family, to be near her son, for gradually she had been weaned from the husband whom she had seen only occasionally; and her almost insane love for her child made her unwilling to be separated entirely from him; but the boy did not support her request to stay, and the countess thought it best that she should go. So Madame Arnaud returned to her home again, childless and embittered.

Her husband had grown morose since his home had been broken up, and was full of the troubled thoughts and wild desires which then stirred France to its depths. Jeanne, hating the countess with an unreasoning jealousy, was quite ready to share his hatred of the aristocrats. A wild dream haunted her then: if only 'the people' gained their 'rights,' all would be equal, and then she might reclaim her son, confess her deceit, and exult in the pain and sorrow of the countess, who had, she often murmured, 'spoiled her life.'

Her earnest desire was to get to Paris; there, at least, she should occasionally see her boy; but André would not hear of such a change. He was a countryman, and he hated the idea of being shut up in a dismal street; so Jeanne had to wait, and only caught an occasional glimpse of her son when the family came to the château, which at last they nearly ceased to do, on account of the troubled state of affairs in the capital.

At last, long after her dismissal from the Mirville

Hôtel, Madame Arnaud became a widow. Her grief for her husband's death was swallowed up in the thought that *now* she was free to live where she pleased. She arranged their little affairs, found that—thanks to the thrift of her husband and herself—she was not left badly off, sent to bid her mother—now an aged woman—join her, and, thus accompanied, proceeded to Paris, and established herself in a small apartment in the *quartier* St-Antoine. The Revolution was by this time growing into the monstrous thing it finally became, and the old woman Greigoire—a worthy specimen of those evil times—took a furious part in it.

For a time, Jeanne was absorbed in her wild efforts to see and speak to her boy. The idea of winning his love, or even of being near him, became a perfect monomania with her; but it was very rarely that she could get a smile or word from her nursing, while all Paris spoke of his love and devotion to his supposed mother. Irritated and embittered by the consequences of her own crime, she at last divided her attention between the task of haunting the footsteps of the Count de Mirville and attending the revolutionary clubs; and, still full of her dream of finally reclaiming her son, associated herself with the unfeminine violence of the Parisian women. Unseen by her, the Count de Mirville once recognised his old nurse in a procession of these furies, and from that day would notice her no more. In vain Jeanne called at the Hôtel de Mirville; the *conciierge* informed her that she would never again be admitted, by order of Madame la Comtesse.

Infuriated, maddened, Jeanne Arnaud at once denounced the De Mirvilles to the Convention—'they were about to emigrate; they were in a plot to release the king.' The family was at once arrested; and the mother and brothers found themselves consigned to the prison of La Force. It was nearly the end of August 1792. On the 2d of September began that awful massacre which stained with inexpiable blood the infancy of the French Republic. With inexpressible horror, Madame Arnaud perceived the consequences of her revenge; but she did not despair of her son's safety. She had great influence with the mob; she had often before led them to crime—she would use them now as her André's deliverers. Armed with a pike, she harangued a group of women and men, and told her story. She was heard with singular sympathy by her bloodthirsty audience. 'Her son, of whom she had been so cruelly robbed by those vile aristocrats,' should be restored to her. They rushed into the prison; they forced their way to the cell in which the countess and her sons were confined; they bade the Count de Mirville come forth, for he was one of themselves—the son of André and Jeanne Arnaud, worthy peasants. The people would protect their own children.

The young count listened bewildered. He beheld his nurse; he believed that it was a plot of hers to save him, so he did not deny the statement; he simply refused to leave the prison unless the countess and her son went with him. There was a brief pause. Jeanne knew well that there was not a moment to be lost, by the awful sounds without the prison. She urged compliance with his entreaty; 'the fate of his friends, the aristocrats, would be but deferred,' she pleaded. The bandits obeyed her; and the ferocious troupe, already bloodstained, and carrying heads on their

pikes, escorted the trembling countess and her sons to Madame Arnaud's lodging in St-Antoine, through scenes of unrivalled horror. We need not dwell on the crimes of that 2d of September night; we have only to do with the story of one unhappy woman.

The next day, when the released and preserved prisoners would have thanked Jeanne for her happy *résue*, they were astonished to hear that she had but spoken the truth—a truth readily confirmed by the testimony of Jeanne's mother. At first, the countess was obstinate in refusing belief to the tale; but no reproaches or threats could shake the testimony of the two women. 'How dared you—how dared you,' at length cried the agonised lady—'how dared you thus impose upon your seigneur?'

'*Hé!*' cried Jeanne, 'and why should I care for my seigneur, when by his and your orders, Madame, I was forced to abandon my own babe—to send it from my home? Had you left my boy in my house, deception would have been impossible, for the neighbours would have known too well which was my babe, and which yours.'

The countess groaned aloud; and yet, when the truth was known, she marvelled in her secret heart that she had not suspected it long ago. Louis was so unlike the family on which he had been grafted. A large, strong man, with great intellect, careless of dress and gaiety, devoted to philosophical research. Moreover, he bore a distinct resemblance to the old woman who claimed him as her grandson. Pierre, the count's real son, was, like his father, a little man, with small elegant features and hands and feet; a *petit-maitre*, who shrank from wetting his feet, and was in all things a representative of his order at that period. Doubt slowly vanished from the countess's mind as she gazed on the supposed brothers. But she still loved Louis—or rather André Arnaud—on whose filial affection she had so long rested.

André himself felt stunned and bewildered; but one thing was clear to him: his supposed mother and brother were in great peril; he read their danger in the baleful countenance of his grayd-mother. To save them was his first thought. He spoke plainly and sternly to Jeanne: he would never, he told her, acknowledge her as his mother till the countess and her son were saved. If they died, he would die also.

Madame Arnaud, convinced that he meant what he said, used her inborn cunning and her influence with her neighbours to comply with his conditions. She procured disguises and a conveyance; and the mother and son were conducted by André to the gates of Paris in a green-grocer's cart. Thus far only would Madame Arnaud permit him to accompany them. They parted with tears and affectionate farewells, and André saw them pass the gates in safety. Then, a sad and broken man, he returned to his mother's home.

The days and months went on. Madame Arnaud devoted herself to her son, and sought by all possible means to win his affection; but he shrank from her with a repulsion it was impossible for him to disguise.

Jeanne was heart-stricken; she had given up mixing in the events which occupied her *quartier*, since he had been with her, for was he not at heart an aristocrat? But now murmurs of her disloyalty to the people, of her hankering after



aristocrats, met her ear; and Madame Arnaud knew well how fatal suspicion would be both to her and to her son. It was for his sake more than for her own that she sought to prove herself unchanged, and took her knitting to the side of those furies who sat by the guillotine, and watched the daily fall of heads; impressing on her son the need of his abiding in the home she had given him, lest some word or look should betray him to the populace.

One day, weary of the long dismal seclusion, André, after he had watched both his mother and grandmother leave the house, went out himself, and, as fate would have it, wandering listlessly along—unmarked in his peasant garb—found himself close to the guillotine. A row of tumbrils charged with victims stood beneath it, surrounded by a dense crowd.

The tumbrils gave up their loads in turn; the doomed men and women walking to the steps of the guillotine in single file. As André watched them with an aching heart, he suddenly started, and with difficulty repressed a cry. Amongst them, moving with a brave careless grace, he beheld Pierre, Count de Mirville—his sometime brother, who accidentally brushed against André without seeing him. The next moment he was whirled by a strong hand into the midst of the mob, and another walked in his place. Gazing round in bewildered amazement, Pierre found himself free. There was no time to ask who had saved him—not a moment must be lost; he dashed down a side street, and escaped.

Madame Arnaud talked quietly with the *tricoteuses* beside her of the number of heads already fallen.

'Have you heard the news?' said her neighbours. 'The aristocrats with whom you lived so long ago have been taken and are condemned. I was present at the trial—they are in prison now.'

'What! the ci-devant Countess de Mirville?' exclaimed Madame Arnaud.

'Yes; she and her son were discovered in hiding a few miles from Paris—though well disguised—and they will suffer—it may be to-day.'

Madame Arnaud turned pale. What would André say or think? No matter; it was not her fault that they had not succeeded in getting out of France. He could not blame her for it. But she watched in ill-repressed anxiety the prisoners as they reached the guillotine. No face she knew was amongst those pale set countenances! With a sigh of relief her eyes fell again on her work. Suddenly her neighbour nudged her, and exclaimed: 'Here is one of them—the count.'

Jeanne started, gazed breathlessly at a head as it was laid under the fatal steel, then shrieked wildly and loudly, in a voice of agony which none could ever forget: 'My son, my son!' Ere the cry died away, that head rolled into the basket.

'It was the eldest son—the one she nursed so long,' said the woman next her: 'her feelings are natural.'

'Nay, she is an aristocrat at heart,' denounced the fury by her side.

But Jeanne heeded not her denunciation or the other's pity; her reason fled from the hour she beheld her boy die for his supposed brother.

One of the mob amongst whom André had been standing had recognised both him and the count, and pursued the fleeing prisoner, not to re-take him,

as those around supposed, but to lead him to a place of safety. This man had formerly been a groom of the Count de Mirville's. 'It was Monsieur le Comte who saved you, Monsieur,' he said, when they were in shelter. 'He took your place, and is gone to the guillotine in your stead.'

Pierre listened in amazement; then, bursting into tears, he exclaimed: 'I might have guessed it—I might have known! O Louis! O my brother!'

Madame de Mirville remained forgotten for a time in prison, and was finally saved by the death of Robespierre and the end of the Reign of Terror. When she and her son were reunited, she heard from his lips of the self-sacrifice of André Arnaud, and from that moment refused to believe he was not her son.

'It was a falsehood of that wicked woman,' she exclaimed. 'No peasant would have died so nobly. He was my own son—my noble, gallant boy!'

And as a son and brother they mourned for him, inscribing on the monument reared to the memory of the De Mirvilles, the name of Louis, Count de Mirville. Thus, even in death, Madame Arnaud did not regain her boy.

The miserable woman died in a madhouse at Paris—as so many others of the furies of the Revolution did—continually haunted by the memory of that beloved head falling on the scaffold. Insanity did not release her from that awful memory, the Nemesis which followed her sin, till Death, the consoler, set her free.

### CIRCUS LIFE.

It is not a little strange that equestrian performances, such as we now understand by the term, are but little more than a century old in England. It is true that manuscripts of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries give us representations of the feats of clever horses, such as gamboling on their hind-legs to the sound of pipe and labour, or dancing on the tight-rope, while Banks's 'dancing horse' has obtained an immortality through Shakspeare's mention of it in *Love's Labour's Lost*. In Queen Anne's reign, a horse was exhibited on Tower Hill which could fetch and carry and execute other curious tricks; and a French author records 'a grand ballet-dance upon managed horses,' executed before Louis XIII. at a court festival. It is not, however, before the latter half of the eighteenth century that we find the circus proper. In 1767, equestrian performances were given in a tea-garden at Islington; and about the same time, one Philip Astley formed a ring with rope and stakes in a field in Lambeth, from which he moved to the site of the amphitheatre near Westminster Bridge, establishing there a rude circus, only partially covered in. Astley, unlike most of his successors, who, Mr Frost\* tells us, have lived from their infancy in the odour of the stables and the sawdust, had learned some feats of horsemanship while serving in the army, where he had distinguished himself by the capture of a standard at the battle of Emsdorff. On obtaining his discharge, he was presented by his general with a horse, with which, together with a purchase of his own, he commenced

\* *Circus Life and Circus Celebrities*. By Thomas Frost. London: Tinsley Brothers.

a form of amusement, which, to a very late date, was almost exclusively associated with his name. He died in 1814, with the reputation of being the best horse-breaker and trainer of his time. He bought all his horses in Smithfield for five pounds apiece, without regard to their colour or symmetry, provided that they appeared docile.

Mr Frost gives some amusing specimens of early play-bills, which are remarkable for their bad grammar and personal allusions to rival establishments. Thus, the proprietor of the Royal Circus, opened in 1783 in Blackfriars Road, after thanking his patrons for their support, 'acquaints them his antagonist has caught a bad cold so near to Westminster Bridge, and for his recovery is gone to a warmer climate, which is Bath in Somersetshire. He boasts, poor fellow, no more of activity, and is now turned conjuror.' In another bill of the same establishment, 'Hughes has the honour to inform the nobility, &c. that he has no intention of setting out every day to France for three following seasons, his ambition being fully satisfied by the applause he has received from foreign gentlemen who come over the sea to see him.' The same Hughes 'rides at full speed with his right foot on the saddle, and his left toe in his mouth, two surprising feet.' A newspaper of this period (1788) reads strangely as it remarks of Sadlers' Wells Theatre, that it is the only place of amusement at which 'a man may if he chooses get drunk. A pint of liquor is included in the price of admittance, but as much more may be had as any person chooses to call for. . . . This is not permitted at Astley's, the Circus, or the Royalty.' Other circuses were subsequently established on the sites of the present Olympic and Prince of Wales' Theatres, Astley's meantime having attained a notoriety among all classes. The fashionable Horace Walpole pays it a visit in September, a time when he declared London to be 'as nauseous a drug as any in an apothecary's shop,' and is highly delighted; and Johnson, talking of Whitefield, says: 'Were Astley to preach a sermon standing on his head, or on a horse's back, he would collect a multitude to hear him; but no wise man would say he had made a better sermon for that.' At the beginning of the present century, circuses began to travel. They were on a very limited scale, their stud consisting of only three or four horses, nor did they always boast even of a tent. One of these circuses (Bannister's), when located in Edinburgh, obtained the services of David Roberts, the future Royal Academician, who, at a salary of twenty-five shillings a week, was engaged to travel with the circus as its scene-painter. We may contrast with these early shows the monster tenting circuses of America, such as Barnum's World's Fair, with which he took the field in 1873. The transport of this establishment, which comprised a thousand men, five hundred horses, and fifteen hundred wild beasts and rare birds, required one hundred and fifty railway cars. Its daily expenses were five thousand dollars; the tent, which contained three distinct rings for three performances to be given at the same time, could accommodate fourteen thousand spectators. The great street procession, which paraded the town every morning, was three miles long, and, if we may believe Mr Barnum, worth going a hundred miles to see. The museum department, besides its one hundred thousand curiosities, included a national portrait-gallery, and a

collection of classic statuary. Tickets for the show could be issued by the 'lightning ticket-seller' at the rate of six thousand per hour. In America, great trouble is experienced by circus managers from the attempts of crowds of roughs to break into the tent. If they are refused free admittance, they either cut the guy-ropes, or get up a fight with the circus performers. These mammoth establishments carry about the means of camping and living, so as to be independent of hotels and lodging-houses. They are accompanied generally by what are called 'side-shows,' which are entertainments given in a small tent immediately adjoining the big show, under independent management, large bonuses being given by their proprietors for the privilege of accompanying the main circus. The side-shows consist of the exhibition of such monstrosities as animals with a superabundance of limbs, living skeletons, Daniel Lamberts, or pig-faced ladies; or of a minstrel performance, which immediately follows the principal entertainment.

In our own country, the larger equestrian establishments, such as Sanger's or Hengler's, travel only in the summer season. Many of the principal members of such a company have their own 'living carriage,' and, we are assured, lead a healthy, jolly life. Sanger's circus comprises some two hundred persons, upwards of two hundred horses, and no less than eleven elephants. The Messrs Sanger are the present proprietors of old Astley's Amphitheatre, which, a few years ago, an enterprising London manager turned into the Royal Westminster Theatre. But the undertaking did not prosper; a circus it had always been, and to its old uses has it now returned, to the joy of Lambeth, and with the good wishes of all London.

Circus men are, generally speaking, a light-hearted set, save the clowns, who are grave and taciturn out of the ring; they are said to marry young as a rule, are long-lived, and seem never to become superannuated. Moreover, fatal accidents are rarely known, even among those who run the greatest risks in the profession, and such men as the lion-tamers Van Amburgh, Crockett, and Macomo, have died quietly in their beds. Strict sobriety, it need not be said, is essential to their safety; and of Macomo, a famous African lion-tamer, we read that coffee was his only strong drink. The violent deaths of such performers may be always traced to their insobriety or want of temper. Thus, Macarthy, who was torn to pieces while performing, was addicted to drinking; and Helen Blight, a 'lion-queen,' owed her death to her striking a tiger with a whip.

The earliest travelling menageries were those of Wombwell and Atkins, which were formed at the beginning of this century. Of Wombwell we read, that one year, on the occasion of Bartlemy Fair, he travelled to London so quickly from the north, that his one elephant died on the journey. Atkins, a rival showman, forthwith placarded his canvas with the announcement that he had 'the only live elephant in the fair;' whereupon Wombwell, not to be outdone, posted his menagerie with the words, 'The only dead elephant in the fair.' Live elephants had been seen, but no man had seen a dead one, and consequently, Wombwell's show was crowded, his rival's deserted. Wombwell had a lion-tamer on his establishment before Van Amburgh appeared, but the latter is generally credited with the honour

of having introduced the art of lion-taming into England. The Duke of Wellington once asked him if he was ever afraid. Van Amburgh replied: 'The first time that I am afraid, your Grace, or that I fancy my pupils are no longer afraid of me, I shall retire from the wild-beast line.' An old pamphlet which we have met with tells us that her present Majesty was so pleased with Van Amburgh's performance, that she visited Drury Lane Theatre six times within so many weeks, and that on one occasion she gave the animals a close inspection, when they had been purposely rendered ferocious by a fast of thirty-six hours. From the same authority, writing of Van Amburgh's visit to Edinburgh, we learn that the den containing the wild beasts occupied the whole breadth of the stage in the theatre; the strength of the company consisting of two lions and a lioness, a couple of tigers, and half-a-dozen leopards. The leopards would spring upon their master's shoulders, or, spreading themselves on the ground, form pillows for his head. Now he would box with them, growling, snarling, and snapping at him with their fangs; now he would knock their heads together and cuff them, when, if they shewed the slightest signs of displeasure, a hint from their master would bring them grovelling and prostrate at his feet. He would distend the jaws of a lion while it roared, and by shutting and opening them rapidly, break the roar into a succession of sounds that mingled the ludicrous with the horrible. When the lioness snapped and struck at him, he coolly put his face down to her head, and gazing into her eyes until she shrunk back ashamed, brought down the house with applause. One of Van Amburgh's feats was to put his head inside a lion's mouth. This apparently foolhardy act was attended, it should seem, with but slight danger, for, by taking hold of the nostril with one hand, and the lower jaw with the other hand, the performer is master of the situation, *provided always* that the beast does not playfully stick its talons into the man, who, in such a case, stands fast for his life till he has shifted the paw. The fame of this king of lion-tamers, who, as we have seen, came to a peaceful end, has been perpetuated by Landseer's well-known picture, now in Apsley House. Most of the performing lions have been bred in cages, and commence their instruction at a tender age; kindness and fearlessness on the part of their masters being the chief means employed to bring them to subjection. One performing lion in Sanger's circus was so tame that it used to lie at the feet of Mrs Sanger in her impersonation of Britannia, when the cavalcade paraded the towns which the circus visited; and another belonging to the same company is suffered to roam about the house like a cat. Leopards and hyenas are other animals amenable to instruction, and a wolf has been seen in a cage lying down with a lamb.

The female members of the large family of performers, of which we are treating, have naturally always formed an attractive feature in managers' play-bills. One of the most famous of these was Adah Menken, an American of Jewish extraction, who wrote poetry, and translated the *Iliad* when she was in her early teens, and was proficient in the Hebrew, Greek, Latin, Spanish, and German languages. Coming to this country with a high reputation as an actress, she created some

sensation at Astley's by appearing as Mazeppa, strapped on a wild horse. During her stay in England she brought out a volume of poems, dedicated, 'by permission,' to Dickens. She had been married to Heenan the pugilist for some years previously to her death, which occurred in Paris, not many years after her first appearance in London. Lulu was another lady who had commenced public life at the Alhambra as a boy on the trapeze, her sex being unknown even to her fellow-performers. She was subsequently famed for her execution of the triple somersault, and a vertical spring of twenty-five feet from the ring-fence. Another female name is that of Mademoiselle Ella, whose grace and beauty formed a theme of admiration, but which must have proved a source of equal disappointment, when it turned out that the lovely Ella was a man! We will conclude this notice of an interesting little book with the quotation which its author aptly repeats out of the mouth of the immortal Sclary: 'People mutht be amuthed. They can't be alwayth a-learning, nor they can't be alwayth a-working; they an't made for it. You *mutht* have uth. Do the withe thing and the kind thing too, and make the betht of uth, not the wuth.'

#### THE GRAVE'S VOICES.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN, BY ANTONIA DICKSON.

SUNK as in dreams, and lost in anxious thought  
My footsteps brought me to this lonely spot.  
To whom belongs the field? this flowery bed?  
    'The dead.'

Enter thou in, my soul; why shouldst thou fear?  
Nought but sweet buds and flowers are blooming here.  
Whence comes the essence for these sweet perfumes?  
    'From tombs.'

See here, O man! where all thy paths must end,  
However varied be the way they wend.  
Listen! the dead leaves speak; ay, hear thou must:  
    'To dust.'

Where are the careless hearts that on the earth  
Trembled in pain, or beat so high in mirth?  
Those in whose breasts the flame of hatred smouldered?  
    'Mouldered.'

Where are the mighty who take life by storm?  
Who e'en to heaven's heights wild wishes form.  
What croak the ravens on yon moss-grown wall?  
    'Buried all.'

Where are the dear ones in Death's cold sleep lying,  
To whom Love swore a memory undying?  
What wail yon cypress trees?—oh, hear'st thou not?  
    'Forgot.'

To see where these ones passed, did no eye crave?  
May no wild longing pierce beyond the grave?  
The fir-trees shake their weird heads one by one:  
    'None, none.'

The evening wind amid the trees is sighing,  
Fettered in dreams, my saddened soul is lying,  
The twilight falls, the red glow paleth fast—  
    'Tis past.'

Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, 47 Paternoster Row, LONDON, and 339 High Street, EDINBURGH.  
Also sold by all Booksellers.

# CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

OF

POPULAR

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

*Fourth Series*

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS.

No. 596.

SATURDAY, MAY 29, 1875.

PRICE 1½d.

## A KNOT OF BLUE RIBBON.

In the year 1864 I was manager of the Willoughby branch of the Metropolitan Bank of Sydney, New South Wales. Willoughby is a country town containing some five thousand inhabitants, situated on the river Hunter. It lies in a long valley, through the middle of which the river flows, for the greater part of its course, between low grassy banks. The staff of our branch comprised myself and three others. The accountant and myself lived together in a suite of rooms adjoining the bank premises. We were very good friends, and had everything in the house in common, though, if we had chosen, we might have lived as much apart as if we had occupied separate houses. Dick Weir was indeed an easy companion to get on with. It was a little time before you came to know him, for he was of a shy and diffident nature, who made friends slowly; but when you did get to be familiar with him, you liked him without exactly knowing why. He was not brilliant, or specially gifted in any way, though he understood his own business thoroughly, and performed its duties skilfully and well. In personal appearance he was not what, at first sight, you would probably call attractive. He had plain, strongly marked features, and an ungraceful, loose figure, which under no circumstances could be made to do credit to his tailor. I don't think there was a continuous line of beauty in his whole figure from top to toe. His eyes were good, however, clear, steady, gray eyes. But as nearly always happens when you come to be friends with a man or woman, you soon grew accustomed to Weir's outward appearance, failed to see its homeliness, and liked the man for himself, for his simple, genuine, and sound-hearted nature. At least this was my case.

Willoughby is a sociable little place, and Weir and myself had a considerable circle of acquaintances in it. The family whose house we most frequently visited was that of Mr Blaxland. John Blaxland was a retired gentleman of property, a hearty, kindly, hospitable man. His house was

pleasantly situated on the bank of the river, and distant about three miles from the town. Mr Blaxland was a married man with two children, a son and daughter. The latter, at the time of which I write, was in her twentieth year, and one of the prettiest girls in the country-side. Ella Blaxland was a good girl too, warm-hearted, frank, and affectionate, willing to please and be pleased on all occasions, a little coquettish sometimes, and fond of fun, but neither vain nor frivolous.

Weir and I were at Wyandra—such was the name of Mr Blaxland's place—sometimes as often as twice a week, and we were always sure of a kindly, unceremonious welcome. No one understood better how to entertain their friends than John Blaxland and his wife, and this without seeming to make much effort in so doing.

As may be supposed, Ella Blaxland had many admirers, but for a long time no one of these seemed to find especial favour in her sight. Nothing could ever be detected in her manner whereby you could gather that she regarded one with more friendliness than another. When such signs did appear, as they did at last, it was in favour of a comparative stranger in the district, one who had but lately come amongst us. This was a matter of no small chagrin to some of Ella's old admirers; but certainly the new-comer had many of the personal qualities such as frequently recommend a man in ladies' eyes. Leonard Hamerton had established himself as a solicitor in Willoughby. Previous to his coming to the district, he had been for a number of years in a well-known solicitor's firm in Sydney, and brought with him letters of introduction to most of the better-class families in the town. Mr Hamerton was a tall, well-made, rather slight man, with fine brown hair and eyes, and a fresh colour. He had a ready, fluent address, helped by a melodious voice; and his manners were easy, assured, and perfectly well bred. He possessed accomplishments, too, which, if not of a deep, were of an eminently useful and effective kind, such as win favour in average society. He could sing, and perform on the piano with taste and skill, knew

whist and most other games at cards thoroughly, played croquet with dexterous grace, and handled a billiard cue in a manner that rather astonished some of our young fellows who thought they knew something in that way. Hamerton was a prudent man. He knew exactly the limits of his own strength, and never attempted anything beyond his range. His country rivals were never successful in tempting him into any of the sports in which they believed themselves to be stronger. He had decided objections to being seen at a disadvantage.

Soon after his arrival in Willoughby, Hamerton became a frequent visitor at Wyandra, and it was not long before his name was mentioned as that of Miss Blaxland's favourite suitor. At first, I regarded this as an idle rumour. Other young men had at different times earned this distinction, and each had in turn quietly lost it. But by-and-by, both Dick Weir and myself thought we saw signs that the popular rumour was at last about to be verified. Ella Blaxland seemed to be regarding Leonard Hamerton with a favour greater than that which she extended to others. This was not very marked; but to us, who were so frequently about the house, it became sufficiently so to be hardly mistakable. I didn't like it myself, for no reasons of a personal kind, for I had never looked upon Ella Blaxland in any other light than that of a friend, and my warmer affections were directed elsewhere, but simply because I didn't much care for Hamerton. I had reason to believe, though he said little about it, that the sentiments with which I regarded him were shared in a great measure by Dick Weir.

It was about two months after Hamerton had come to Willoughby, that a little *fête* was held at Wyandra in honour of Ella's twentieth birthday. It was intentionally a quiet little festival, and those who met to celebrate it were none but the more intimate friends of the family. But we were a very merry and pleasant party. We met early in the afternoon of a lovely day in the end of April, which, it may be necessary to remind English readers, is the Australian autumn. I remember the day by reason of a slight circumstance of which I alone was witness, a circumstance which was a revelation to me at the time, and which afterwards recalled to my memory with added significance. During the afternoon, the larger portion of our party were engaged in croquet, while some wandered about the garden talking and idling away the bright hours. Ella Blaxland was looking especially bright and charming; gay, animated, and happy, as befitted the occasion. She was dressed simply, in some soft, light, airy material, with bits of delicate blue ribbon here and there about her person, and a loop of the same interwoven amid her hair. There were other girls present with undeniable claims to beauty, but Ella moved among them like a little princess, though with no air of conscious superiority. Leonard Hamerton was at his best too to-day, exerting his utmost powers of pleasing. Sparkling, witty, and carelessly gay, he infused mirth into all our diversions, and was confessed, by some tacitly, by others openly, to be the life and spirit of our party.

We were just bringing our croquet contest to a close, preparatory to adjourning indoors for tea, when Miss Blaxland discovered that she had lost one of the ribbons with which the sleeves of her dress were fastened at the wrist. Search was made

by all of us over the croquet-ground, but in vain. It was very strange where the bright knot of ribbon could have hidden itself on that smooth level sward, and we were all sure that Ella had had both her wrist ribbons on when we began our game. Then I suddenly recollected that I had seen Dick Weir, who had not taken part in the game, but had been acting as umpire to us, stoop once while we were playing, and pick up something from the ground, which he hastily placed in the breast-pocket of his coat. I merely thought at the time that it was something of his own which he had dropped, but now it occurred to me with convincing force that it was nothing else than Ella's ribbon which he had picked up. That explained the haste with which he had hidden it away. A minute or two before Ella had missed it, Dick, his services being no longer required by us, had strolled away in the direction of the house. I said nothing, for I was resolved to keep my friend's secret. What I had seen, now put things in a new light. 'So,' I thought, 'is that how the land lies?' Poor Dick; I felt genuinely sorry for him. If he had any hope of ever winning Ella Blaxland's affections, I felt he was doomed to disappointment. But surely he knew this himself by this time.

That evening, as Dick and I rode home together from Wyandra in the moonlight, I said: 'Looks as if it were a settled thing between Ella and Hamerton, don't you think?'

Dick looked round at me, and I saw that his face was very grave, and I thought somewhat pale, but that might have been the moonlight. 'Do you think it's really settled?' he said. 'Well, we both wish her all happiness, don't we?'

There had always been the most friendly intimacy between Weir and Miss Blaxland, but nothing more than I had ever discovered. Dick's name had never been one of those even mentioned among the aspirants to Ella's hand, though they had known each other from childhood, both being natives of Willoughby.

It came to be a matter of general belief in Willoughby that Leonard Hamerton was to marry Ella Blaxland, though nothing definite upon this point could be traced back to Wyandra. Meanwhile, my liking for Hamerton did not increase, and I could not view him as a worthy husband for Miss Blaxland. The strong friendship I had formed for the pretty, kind-hearted girl made me desirous of seeing her marry a man who would be worthy of her, and Hamerton did not impress me with this idea. I felt that this might be in a great measure prejudice, but some of Hamerton's habits of life did not appear specially laudable. Weir and I found him a frequent night visitor of the billiard-room of the *Willoughby Arms*, and this not with the merely innocent object of enjoying a game. He never seemed to care for playing unless for money stakes, and he was always prepared to play as high as his opponents would go. He almost invariably won; and when he did not, it struck me that he had his own reasons for it. In fact, he did much what he liked with such opponents as he met at the *Willoughby Arms*, though they were slow to see it; and his fine talent for the game no doubt brought him in a comfortable little addition to his income. He employed his knowledge of cards whenever opportunity offered, with the same results.

The winter of 1864 is still remembered in New South Wales as that in which one of the largest floods that the colony has ever been subjected to, occurred. The Hunter River district suffered especially, and we in Willoughby did not escape the general destruction. The rapidity with which a flood occurs in Australia is not readily realised by people in the home-country. The rain began to fall in Willoughby at noon of one day, and by dusk of the next the river had risen thirty feet. By next morning half the town was submerged, the water completely covering the ground-floor of many of the houses. Our bank premises stood comparatively high, but we were obliged to abandon the first-floor on the second morning of the flood. Boats were being employed all that day in conveying the inhabitants from the lower parts of the town, and the houses immediately contiguous to the river, to those situated on more elevated ground further back from the stream. Of course, at such a time all business is at an end. Every one who could be of any service employed himself in manning the boats for the rescue of the flooded-out families. Weir and I had been hard at work all day with the boats, and were resting from our exertions, in our little sitting-room after our six o'clock dinner. We were both pretty tired, and did not propose doing anything more that night unless some urgent demand were made upon us. As we sat smoking in silence, Weir said suddenly: 'By-the-bye, did it ever occur to you how the Wyandra people may be getting on?'

'No,' I answered, somewhat slowly; 'it never struck me; but I suppose they're all right; they don't lie very low, and they've the boats.'

'They don't lie very high,' replied Dick, rising to his feet, and standing with his back to the fire; 'and as to the boats, if they have to take to them, who's to man them? You know Mr Blaxland never pulls, and the two gardeners are, I should think, poor enough hands at it. There's a good lot of women-folk about the place, and very few men at this time of the year—none, in fact, I expect, except the gardeners and a boy. By Jove! Jack, we should have thought of this before. But there's no time to be lost. We must find a boat, and get up to Wyandra to-night. Are you game for it, old man? Don't go, if you don't feel up to it. I shall easily be able to pick up a crew at the *Willoughby Arms*.'

'I'm quite ready, Dick,' I answered. 'You're right; as we should have thought of it before.'

We got four men at the hotel, whom we knew to be all sturdy pullers, and a boat.

Wyandra lay up the river, and in making for it, we followed the course of the stream. Had it been in the daytime, we might have saved something by taking a cross-cut, but there was not sufficient light to make such a course now judicious. It was still raining in torrents from the heavy, low-hung heavens, that seemed to be slowly settling down lower and lower upon the earth. The current of the swollen river was very strong, rendering pulling extremely difficult. We were the best part of an hour in reaching Wyandra. Rowing across what was a day or two ago a smiling garden, we approached the house from the front, and found the ground-floor completely submerged. There was an ominous silence about the place, and it was with no slight feelings of misgiving that Weir

and I climbed from the boat through the windows of the second-floor, and entered the house. We found the whole household gathered together in one room: Mr and Mrs Blaxland, and their daughter, three women domestics, the two men-servants, and the boy. They were seated with white faces and cowering forms around the dying embers of a wood-fire, and the whole group presented a very pitiable sight. As we entered the room, John Blaxland started to his feet, and when he recognised us, grasped the hands of both of us with convulsive energy.

'My dear boys,' he cried, 'you are just in time; half an hour more, and the water will be knee-deep in this room! All our fuel is useless too, and we have been half-famished with cold.'

'Dear me, Mr Blaxland,' I said, 'we never imagined you would have been in such a plight; but it was very thoughtless of us. Didn't you think of trying to get away in the boats at first?'

'We put off till it was too late. The two skiffs are such light things, you know, and none of us understood much about the management of boats. We didn't fancy trusting ourselves to them, that's the truth.'

'Well, we mustn't put off time now, sir,' I said.

Dick had been meanwhile doing his best to reassure Mrs Blaxland and her daughter, the former of whom was in a state of extreme nervousness, which the poor lady was in vain exerting herself to control. We got together such shawls and rugs as were in the house and still untouched by the water, and wrapping them about Mrs Blaxland, Ella, and the other three women, made them as comfortable as the circumstances admitted, in the stern of the boat. When all the male portion of the party were seated, and the rowers had taken their places, we found that the boat was already full. One other person it might hold, but not possibly more. Here was a difficulty we had not contemplated. We had taken the largest boat we could get at Willoughby. What was to be done? Weir was prompt with a remedy. He took me aside a moment.

'There is only one thing for it, Jack,' he said; 'I must stay behind.'

'Not while I go,' I replied.

'Now, Jack,' said my companion in a quiet but decided voice, 'listen to reason. It's simply a matter of necessity. There are not two sides to it. Both of us can't go, and one of us must. You must, for you are the best steerer, and it will need all your skill in getting safely back with that heavily laden boat, and through such a sea of waters. I know you would do what I am doing, but you see I must be the one that stays behind in this case. The lives of all in that boat depend upon your going.'

I saw the stern force of what he said. It was imperative that I should go, and it seemed impossible that Dick should go too.

'Well, Dick,' I said, 'I see it must be so. Heaven grant that we may be able to come back for you in time. You will have to take to the roof, I expect; but if you can manage to hold out against the cold, all will be well; I shall get some fresh men at the hotel.'

'All right, old fellow,' said Dick, hurrying me into the boat; 'I shall be all right; don't fear. Just give me your tobacco-pouch, will you? I'll keep life in me till you return. You've got the

brandy-flask, I think, but perhaps you'll need it for some of the women.' He was wonderfully calm and cool.

'No, no,' I said, handing him the flask; 'you'll want it a great deal more than any of them.' I took my seat in the stern of the boat.

'O Mr Weir,' cried Miss Blaxland from her place, 'can you not go with us? Surely we can make room for one more.'

'No, no, Miss Blaxland,' replied Weir. 'The boat is already fuller than is safe. I shall be all right till Jack returns. Push off, men.'

The boat lurched forward into the tumbling sea of waters. I looked back at Dick, and for a moment saw his pale, calm, resolute face watching us from the window; in the next, it was swallowed up in the enshrouding darkness.

The current of the river was now with us, and our progress was more rapid than it had previously been. But our course was more dangerous, from the turbulent violence with which the current was flowing, and from the heavily laden condition of the boat. Steering was extremely difficult, and it was only with the greatest effort that I could keep the head of the boat straight. For that night at least, the only place in which my living freight could be accommodated was our rooms at the bank, and as soon as I had seen Mr and Mrs Blaxland, Ella, and the rest as comfortably provided for as possible, I set off again in the boat for the *Willoughby Arms*. Of my four rowers, one consented to return with me; the other three, though they would have been willing to go with me, declared themselves unable for the work. At the hotel, by offering a sufficient money inducement, I was enabled to obtain three other men.

Back over the dark eddying flood we made our slow way. The rain was falling, if possible, in heavier torrents, and the night had grown thicker. Stormy masses of cloud swept slowly across the lowering heavens, looking as though they might at any moment descend bodily, and overwhelm us in black destruction. It was with a heart beating with anxiety that I sat straining my eyes out into the darkness, as we approached the house at Wyandra. The water had risen high above the windows of the second-floor, and was level with the roof—more than level, the turbid-coloured tide was lapping over the low stone parapet in front. I climbed up upon the roof; I knew that Dick must have been driven from the interior of the house long since. In a stooping position, more often than not on my hands and feet, I groped my way in the rain and the darkness along the sloping shingle roof. For some time I was unable to discover any sign of Weir; I called his name, again and again, but there was no answer. A dread came upon me, that, wearied out as he was by the long and unwonted exertions of the day, he had been overcome by exhaustion, and swept away by the remorseless waters. At last, when hope was fast sinking within me, I stumbled, and tripped against something lying at my feet. I stooped, and found Weir lying with his back propped against one of the chimneys of the house. I lifted him in my arms, and made my way as fast as possible to the boat. Dick was quite insensible, and very cold. I wrapped him in a large rug which I had brought with me, and which had kept tolerably dry in the locker of the boat, poured some brandy into his throat, and

began chafing his hands. For some minutes he shewed no signs of returning animation, and I thought all was over with him. But in a little his lips moved nervously, his eyes opened and immediately closed, and he seemed to go off again as it were in a swoon. Reassured, however, that he was still alive, I bade the men push off, and wrapping the rug closer about the rigid form of my friend, I placed him at my feet, at the bottom of the boat, where I could watch him as I steered. Again we were in the current of the river; the night had grown still darker, and by straining my sight to the utmost, I could see no farther than half-a-dozen yards beyond the boat's head. The current was rushing at headlong speed, and with a deafening roar like the crash of a vast waterfall. The men were using their oars more to steady the boat than to propel her, while we were borne along with an uneasy lurching motion on the swollen, eddying waters. Every few moments a dark object drifted past us—now a dead horse or cow, now a barrel, a ladder, or a hen-coop, waifs from many a ruined homestead. Once a haystack struck the boat sideways, wheeled us round, and all but overwhelmed us in the surging flood. From time to time I bent over Weir and applied the spirit-flask to his lips. It was all that I could do, for I had to give my undivided attention to the work of steering. When we reached the town, the men were all but exhausted. Like the rest, they had been working with the boats all day. One of the three doctors in Willoughby lived close to the bank, and I bade the men stop for a moment at his house. When he heard my story, the doctor immediately accompanied me home.

We laid Dick in his bed. Besides the doctor and myself, Mr and Mrs Blaxland and their daughter were the only others in the room.

With anxious faces we bent over the bed as the doctor proceeded to examine the still insensible form of Weir. He laid open Dick's waistcoat, tore aside his shirt, and placed his hand on his heart. As he did so, something fell out from between the folds of the woollen shirt, and lay on Dick's breast. It was a small knot of blue ribbon. I picked it up and handed it to Ella Blaxland. As she took it, her face, that had been marble-pale before, changed to crimson; a strange, startled look came into her eyes, and she turned hastily from the bedside, and seated herself by the fire. She too recognised the ribbon.

A few moments' examination satisfied the doctor that Dick was still alive, and we proceeded to apply such remedies for his restoration as were within our power. These proved more quickly successful than I had hoped for, and soon we had the satisfaction of seeing Dick slowly returning to consciousness and life. Before the doctor left, he had fallen into a sound sleep.

When he awoke next morning, Dick was completely himself again. When the doctor called and saw him, he pronounced that no grave results had ensued from the previous night's exposure.

On the day succeeding that of the events above narrated, the rain ceased, and the waters receded from the earth almost as quickly as they had risen. But what a scene of desolation they left behind! Far as the eye could reach, the land that a few days before had been green and smiling, lay a dreary waste of wilderness—farms and homesteads, gardens, orchards, and vineyards,



stripped bare by the cruel waters, and left a shapeless ruin. But on these things, familiar enough to many a colonist, it is not my intention here to dwell. It was some time, of course, before the pleasant homestead at Wyandra regained its old shape and beauty; but the Australian soil and climate have quick recuperative powers, and Mr Blaxland's property was restored to its former appearance with a rapidity that would have astonished a stranger in the country.

Leonard Hamerton did not marry Ella Blaxland. It turned out that there had never been any mention of an engagement, either on the part of themselves or Ella's parents—though I have reason to think that Miss Blaxland at one time was really very favourably inclined to Hamerton. But circumstances occurred to change her feelings completely in this respect. Shortly after the great flood, Hamerton disappeared suddenly from Willoughby under somewhat inexplicable circumstances. After his departure, stories got about very little to his credit, chiefly relating to pecuniary matters. There was a good deal of mystery about the whole affair; and it was thought that the young man's friends in Sydney had used their strongest influence to hush the matter up. Enough, however, got abroad to render Hamerton's further stay in Willoughby impossible. He consequently sought a larger field in a neighbouring colony, where he might, if he chose, start afresh, and reform certain of his habits of life.

The place in Ella Blaxland's regard that had been supposed by everybody to have been occupied by Hamerton, was quietly taken by one of a very different stamp, Dick Weir. Of course, everybody was surprised when it came to be known for certain that Weir was to marry Miss Blaxland. It was hardly conceivable! The very last person that any one would have thought of! But so it was. The small world of Willoughby was not behind the scenes, and perhaps its surprise was not very wonderful in this case. Dick did not at once strike you as the kind of man likely to carry off the prettiest girl in a country-side.

### JONATHAN HULLS.

In the autobiography of the late John Barrow, under-secretary of the Admiralty, the following assertion occurs: 'That neither Lord Stanhope, nor Fulton, nor the American Livingstone, nor Patrick Miller, nor his assistant Symington, have the least claim of priority to the application of steam and wheels for propelling vessels. There can be no doubt that Jonathan Hulls was the real inventor of the steam-bout.' This is a bold and dogmatic assertion of Barrow, and would need some investigation. Let us first understand who was Jonathan Hulls, and when did he live.

According to the tradition current in the neighbourhood in which he was born, Hulls was the son of a village mechanic at Hauging-Aston, near Campden, Gloucestershire; the name of the child being entered in a baptismal register, December 17, 1699. Thomas Hull, or Hulls, the father, having removed from Aston to Campden, there the boy was educated at the ancient grammar-school. With a natural turn for mechanics, Jonathan Hulls was brought up as a clockmaker, or rather clock-mender—one of a humble class of artisans whose business it is to make a circuit through a certain

district, cleaning and repairing cottage and farmhouse clocks, as well as the clocks of churches. He married early, and settled in the hamlet of Broad Campden, about 1720.

During the earlier years of manhood, Hulls bore the reputation of being a thoughtful and studious man, and his neighbours are said to have regarded his superior mental powers with no small degree of respect. It is asserted that that idea which has given him some claim to posthumous honour occurred to him while he was yet young, and was matured in his own mind long before any channel was opened through which he could hope to make it known to the world; for Hulls had a family to support, and no means beyond a poor and precarious handicraft. A patron at last appeared in a Mr Freeman of Batsford Park, whose seat (now that of Lord Redesdale) is situated about a mile from Aston, the native place of the inventor. By means of funds provided by this gentleman, Hulls was enabled to go to London, to procure a patent, and to publish a pamphlet in which his invention is described.

His patent is dated December 21, 1736, and it bears the sign-manual of Queen Caroline as witness. In this instrument the invention is described as a 'machine for carrying ships and vessels out of or into any harbour or river against wind and tide;' and it further sets forth that as the inventor could not at that time 'safely discover the nature of his invention,' he was afterwards to enrol a description of the same in the High Court of Chancery.

The little publication in which Hulls attempted to make his scheme known to the world was printed in London in 1737. It is entitled, *A Description and Draught of a new-invented Machine for carrying Vessels or Ships out of or into any Harbour, Port, or River against Wind and Tide or in a Calm*. In his preface he says: 'There is one great hardship lies too commonly upon those who propose to advance some new though useful scheme for the public benefit. The world abounding more in rash censure than in a candid and unprejudiced estimation of things, if a person does not answer their expectation in every point, instead of friendly treatment for his good intentions, he too often meets with ridicule and contempt. But I hope this will not be my case, but that they will form a judgment of my present undertaking only from trial. If it should be said that I have filled this tract with things that are foreign to the matter proposed, I answer: There is nothing in it but what is necessary to be understood by those who desire to know the nature of that machine which I now offer to the world, and I hope that, through the blessing of God, it may prove serviceable to my country.'

The first, and indeed the larger portion of the pamphlet is devoted to the elucidation of such mechanical powers and principles as the inventor considered necessary to the proper understanding of his scheme. The author then proceeds to describe the machine itself, and in doing this he has the assistance of a large copper-plate engraving, which serves as a frontispiece to the work.

In a work like the present, it would scarcely be fitting to enter upon any detailed account of the mechanical contrivances by which Hulls proposed to obtain and utilise motive-power for the propulsion of vessels; but a few words will suffice

to shew to what extent he had anticipated the paddle-wheel steam-vessel of our own day. 'In some convenient part of the tow-boat,' he says, 'there is placed a vessel about two-thirds full of water, with the top close shut; this vessel being kept boiling, rarefies the water into steam; this steam being conveyed through a large pipe into a cylindrical vessel, and there condensed, makes a vacuum, which causes the weight of the atmosphere to press on this vessel, and so presses down a piston that is fitted into this cylindrical vessel in the same manner as in Mr Newcomen's engine with which he raises water by fire.' The motion thus obtained was communicated to what Hulls calls a 'fan,' but which the illustration shews to have been neither more nor less than a veritable paddle-wheel.

In speaking of his invention and the uses that may probably be made of it, Hulls is modest even to timidity. Fearing the objection, that it cannot be made strong enough to bear exposure to the full violence of the wind and waves, he does not dare to anticipate that it can ever be applied to sea-going vessels, but limits its application to tow-boats specially devoted to the purpose—in modern nomenclature, to steam-tugs; and even in these he places his paddle-wheel at the stern of the vessel, as being the least exposed situation.

Towards the close of his book, Hulls refutes various objections which either had been, or which might have been made against his project; such as, whether it be possible to construct machinery of sufficient strength to overcome the resistance of ships of great burden; whether the machine can be worked with profit &c. In conclusion, he says: 'Thus I have endeavoured to give a clear and satisfactory account of my new-invented machine, and I doubt not but whoever shall give himself the trouble to peruse this essay will be so candid as to excuse or overlook any imperfections in the diction or manner of writing, considering the hand it comes from, if what I have imagined may only appear as plain to others as it has done to me, namely, that the scheme I now offer is practicable, and if encouraged, will be useful.'

At the time of its publication, this pamphlet appears to have attracted no attention whatever, and Freeman, unwilling to risk any further outlay, abandoned Hulls and his project. It is therefore evident that the invention did not receive a practical trial, and whatever hopes the projector might have based upon its success were destined to be disappointed.

It is not till 1750 that we have any further documentary evidence with regard to Hulls or his doings, but in that year we find him in conjunction with two townsmen of Campden, R. Darby and William Bradford, schoolmaster, publishing a *Maltmaker's Guide*, shewing how any person may know the duty on any quantity of malt in cistern, couch, or floor. Again, in 1754, we see him making a final effort to bring some of the fruits of his inventive genius into notice. With the same two friends as partners in the undertaking, he now patented a Statical and Hydrostatical Balance, and a New Sliding Rule for artificers, and published pamphlets describing these inventions. The balance is exceedingly ingenious. Hulls defines it as 'an instrument for detecting frauds by counterfeit gold, which gives the weight and shews the alloy of that metal in coin and all utensils made thereof,

and if adulterated, the nature and extent of the alloy.' One of these balances, made by Hulls, is in the possession of the writer. The pamphlet describing the sliding rule bears as its title, *The new Art of Measuring, made easy by the help of a new Sliding Rule*. Coventry: Printed by T. Brooks in Broad-gate, 1754.

Commercially speaking, these last, like all the other ventures of Jonathan Hulls, proved to be complete failures. Incurring some derision for his want of success, he quitted the place where he was best known, and hid himself among the crowds of London. With what might be called a broken heart, he died in extreme poverty, the exact date of his decease being unknown. Down to comparatively recent times, the family of Jonathan Hulls continued to live at Campden, and to hold much the same position as that occupied by himself; namely, that of upright and respectable mechanics. The cottage in which he lived at Broad Campden was long retained by them, and has only recently been pulled down. It was not till the death of the widow of the last descendant of the inventor, in 1865, that the name Hulls disappeared from the district.

Jonathan Hulls is seen to have been a man of no ordinary capacity. We cannot coincide with Barrow in saying he 'was the real inventor of the steam-boat.' But he, undoubtedly, in a rough way, was the first to point out how steam might be employed in the propulsion of vessels. His scheme was clever, but it was purely speculative. From unfortunate circumstances, it did not receive any practical trial, and, like many other efforts of genius, came to nothing. Nevertheless, let us do all honour to the memory of this poor man. His ill fortune may partly be traced to an extreme modesty, which, both in himself and his descendants, negatived the power of superior abilities so far as regarded rising in the world, but still more to his poverty and want of friends. Had he met with a coadjutor possessing the practical talents and ample capital of Matthew Boulton, there appears no reason why his life should have produced less immediate results than that of James Watt. Of the ultimate value of his idea, when, seventy years later, it was developed by men more happily circumstanced, it is unnecessary to speak.

#### WALTER'S WORD.

##### CHAPTER XXXIX.—SIR REGINALD TAKES HIS OWN VIEW.

As Walter descended the mountain, accompanied by Santoro, his reflections did not permit him to pay much attention to the incidents of the way: when they had to let themselves down some precipice, his foot and hand indeed obeyed his will; and when, now and then, his companion bade him listen, in fear that they were approaching the troops, who would certainly have shot them both, without waiting for an explanation, he stopped and listened mechanically; but for the most part his own thoughts preoccupied him, and he only knew, or cared to know, that the direction in which he was advancing with such rapid strides was towards Palermo. The sense of sudden freedom did not occur to him with the force it had done when standing with Joanna in front of the cavern; for he was

even less free now than he had been then; but the question, whether he should have his freedom eventually, agitated his mind perpetually. How many of us, in supreme moments—those of dangerous illness of ourselves or of others; or when prosperity or poverty is trembling in the balance; or when we await 'Yes' or 'No' from lips we love—have said to ourselves: 'How will it be with me to-morrow; or the next hour; or when I shall presently return out of that door?' And so it was with Walter, as, free of limb, but a slave to his plighted word, he descended that Sicilian hill-side. 'How will it be with me four days hence, when I shall have to return yonder, laden with the gold that will be the price of our freedom, or empty-handed, and therefore doomed to death amid unspeakable torments?' Nor was it egotism—though egotism would, under such circumstances, have been very pardonable—that moved the young man to these considerations. Life was dear to him, no doubt, as it is dear to most of us at five-and-twenty, but there were dearer things than life concerned with that alternative which he was considering. If, for example, he should not obtain the ransom, the cause of his failure would in all probability be what Joanna had suggested—namely, the inability of Lilian to prosecute the matter. She might have been too ill even to speak of it, or to place the authorisation in Sir Reginald's hands, on her arrival in Palermo; she might be delirious, and up to this hour have remembered nothing of the charge confided to her; or she might be dead. A cold stone seemed to take the place of Walter's heart, as this last idea occurred to him. If she was dead, what mattered it how it should be with him next week, or any week! He would die too, and thereby avoid breaking his word, for he had said: 'I will return if I am alive.' No; that would be only keeping his promise to the ear: he must live on, for the sake of the poor old man he had just left among those merciless wretches; must do his best for his enfranchisement, or comfort him by his presence in his miserable fate; for would not Lilian have had it so.

'Stop, signor; there go the soldiers,' said Santoro; and on the road which had last come into view before them, could be seen through the trees a considerable body of troops moving towards the city.

'The cordon must be loosening,' observed Santoro, 'unless these men have been relieved. Now is the time to get money up to the camp, if we could only know where it was.'

This was clear enough; and Walter was for pushing on at increased speed; but Santoro bade him pause, lest there should be more soldiers returning home, and they should find themselves between two detachments. The wisdom of this advice was made evident within the next quarter of an hour by the appearance of another body of men almost as large as that which had preceded it.

'The troops have been recalled,' murmured Santoro triumphantly. 'The governor has grown tired of hunting us with the troops, and the road for the ransom is now clear.'

'Let us hope so,' answered Walter servently; 'but is it not possible that they have intercepted it?'

It was not unusual in similar cases for the government to direct its division among the troops; for though it made feeble efforts to put down the brigands, it was high-handed enough in its measures respecting the illegal payment of the ransoms of their victims.

'No, no; the soldiers would have talked and sung as they went by, had they had any success. Take my word for it, they have given up the whole thing, and have gone home in disgust.'

At all events, Walter and his companion met with no further hindrance, and reached Palermo before dusk. Santoro, it was agreed, should not enter the city in his company, lest his connection with the brigands—though, having divested himself of his arms and jewels, he looked as 'indifferent honest' as any other of his fellow-countrymen—should be taken for granted; and the gate of the English burial-ground having been fixed upon as a place of rendezvous every evening, in case they should wish to communicate with one another, for the present they parted; Santoro, in the highest spirits at the prospect of a few days of town-life, directing his steps to some friends in the neighbourhood of the Dogana, and Walter to the hotel upon the Marina at which Sir Reginald had lodged, and to which he did not doubt that Lilian would have been carried. He had some hesitation as to whether he should ask to see her, or the baronet; but on consideration of the importance of the matter at stake, which seemed to override all ordinary and conventional rules, he determined on presenting himself to Lilian. But, in the first place, it was absolutely necessary that he should seek his own lodgings on the Marina. Unshaven, unwashed, ragged, and scorched with the sun, he looked more like a native beggar than the young English gentleman who had embarked in pursuit of the *Sylphide* some fifteen days ago. Baccari, who was standing at his house door, did not even move aside as he approached, but regarded him with no very favourable expression.

'I have nothing for you, nor such as you,' said he, anticipating from this able-bodied but dilapidated stranger an application for alms.

'What! Baccari, has a fortnight's stay with Captain Corrali, then, so altered your old lodger?'

In a moment, the honest little fellow had thrown himself about Walter's neck, and was weeping tears of joy.

'Thanks be to Heaven and all the saints,' cried he, 'that you have returned alive! Come in, come in! What a spectacle do I behold! Nothing has happened like it since my neighbour Loffredo's case. O the villains, the scoundrels! Welcome home!—A bath? Of course you desire a bath. I recognise you for an Englishman by that request, though, otherwise, you might be a countryman of my own—and, by Santa Rosalia, not one of the most respectable. You must be half-starved, my dear young sir; still, you are alive, and have come back again from that den of thieves. How delighted Francisco will be! The poor youth has never been himself since you left him, in spite of his good advice, and fell into the hands of those ruffians. Signor Pelter, too, I shall not now have to write to him to say: "Our friend has been put to death by brigands." While supplying his

guest with food and everything needful, the good lodging-house keeper did not, in fact, for a moment cease expressing his thanks to Providence, and his congratulations on Walter's safe return. For the time, such genuine manifestations of good-will, succeeding to such hard conditions of life as those to which he had been of late accustomed, quite won the young painter from his despondency, and almost convinced him that he had really regained home and safety. But no sooner had he recruited his strength, and attired himself in a decent garb, than the responsibilities of his mission began to press upon him. Indeed, more than once had an inquiry concerning Lillian been upon his lips, which, nevertheless, he had not the courage to frame. At last, he turned round boldly to his host. 'And now,' said he, 'tell me about the English lady whom Corrali caused to be sent back to Palermo. Since her father is still in his hands, I am come hither to effect the payment of his ransom.'

'Ah! the ransom. Well, yesterday, I should have said you would have had but a bad chance, even supposing, as I do not doubt, that you have the means of raising the money. The governor, you see, is very indignant at the outrage, since it has happened to a rich Englishman, and not to a poor devil of a fellow-countryman like myself. Sir Reginald, too, and the British consul have been very importunate with him. Half the troops in the city have, therefore, been sent out to hunt the brigands, with strict orders, also, you may be sure, to let no money-bags pass through their lines. But to-day, as I hear, the soldiers have been recalled, since Corrali and his men have taken their departure towards Messina.'

'But the young lady—Mr Brown's daughter—you tell me nothing of her?'

'Well, indeed, my dear young sir, there is but little to tell; no one has seen her, since she was brought home to the hotel yonder, more dead than alive, except her sister and Julia?'

'Who is Julia?'

'Oh! that is the waiting-maid whose services have been secured for her, and about whom my son Francisco will tell you a great deal more than I can. I am very much afraid that the boy will marry her; and then there will be a family to keep by fishing, I suppose, and the little I can afford to contribute. They will want the house, too, for the children, and I shall be no longer enabled to let lodgings.'

'For Heaven's sake, tell me about the young lady! Is she worse or better? Is she in danger?'

'I don't know about danger, but she is still very ill, I believe, and, unfortunately, wandering in her mind. The sun, it seems, was too much for her during that noontide journey, and she was ill before. My good sir, where are you going? It is out of the question that she should be able to see you.'

'Then I must see Sir Reginald,' said Walter decisively; 'it is upon a matter that does not admit of a moment's delay.' Upon the whole, he thought it wise not to communicate to the talkative Sicilian what the matter really was; if the authorities had really opposed themselves to the money being paid, the more secretly the affair was managed the better.

'Well, if it is about milord's freedom and the ransom,' observed Baccari with an aggrieved air,

'you may consider that as a public topic. Every one is talking about it: some say one thing indeed, and some another, but I can tell you this much—who have, unfortunately, had some experience in these matters—that, hitherto, Sir Reginald and the rest of them have been going the wrong way to work to procure your countryman's freedom; and not only the wrong way, but the very way to prevent it. Let the gold be put in a box—the money must be paid in gold, of course—and let it be carried out at night up to Corrali's camp; then milord will come down in the morning, a little thinner, perhaps, and by no means pleased with our Sicilian ways (none of Corrali's captives are); but, after all, there will have been no harm done. Whereas, to send troops after these gentry is the way to make them flit—flit like cloud-shadows, from hillside to hillside, take their prisoner with them, until one day they get tired of carrying him about, and cut his throat.'

'That is precisely my own view of the matter,' answered Walter thoughtfully.

'Just so; and you have had a personal experience. Up to this moment, you will bear me witness, my dear young sir, that I have not put one question to you; though I have been hungering to learn your adventures almost as much as you were for your dinner. How did you fare? How did you sleep? Were there more than fifty of those scoundrels? (for that is what is reported). Did you see Joanna, who is dressed as a man?'

'My dear Baccari, I will tell you all that another time, but, for the present, I have not a moment at my own disposal.'

And Walter took up his hat, and turned his steps to the hotel, which was but a few paces off. The brief exhilaration caused by good food and clean raiment—and by the latter scarcely less than the former—had now passed away, and his mind was full of forebodings. If he should be really unable to gain speech with Lillian, it would be difficult, he knew, to persuade Sir Reginald to change any course of action which he had once seen proper to adopt—difficult under any conditions; but now that they had ceased to be friends—not to say had become enemies—it was a task of which he well-nigh despaired. It was true there were other strings to his bow—the bankers, the consul, to be applied to, with whom, surely, his late experience, and the conviction that was borne of it, must needs have weight. But even his own impressions—notwithstanding that he felt himself as much tied and bound by his promise to the brigand chief as ever—were far different, now that he was free and among friends, than what they had been when in captivity; and he was well aware that it would not be easy to convince men who were living at home at ease, of the desperate condition in which himself and the old merchant really stood. On arriving at the hotel, therefore, notwithstanding that such a proceeding might of itself enrage Sir Reginald against him, he asked to see Miss Lillian Brown. The porter, however, accustomed to continual inquiries upon the part of the British residents after her health, misunderstood his words, and replied that the young lady's condition was slightly improving, but that she had not yet recovered her senses. This was as bad as anything Walter could have expected, and of course put a stop to any idea of a personal interview.

'I wish to see her brother-in-law, Sir Reginald Selwyn,' observed he, 'upon business of great importance.'

'Very good, sir. This way, if you please.'

As Walter followed the man up-stairs, the terrible thought invaded his mind, that perhaps this poor girl had not been in her right mind since her arrival; that nothing had been done with respect to the authorisation, and that everything connected with the ransom would have to begin *de novo*. If the bankers in Palermo were as dilatory as the rest of their fellow-countrymen in matters of business, the time before him was short indeed. Walter was ushered into a sitting-room upon the first-floor, and requested to wait, while his name was sent up to the baronet.

'It is unnecessary to give my name,' said he, after a moment's reflection; 'you may say an old acquaintance from England.'

It was just possible, he thought, that Sir Reginald might decline to see his quondam friend, after what had happened at their last meeting at Willowbank; and, moreover, he wished to judge, from the baronet's countenance, whether his presence in Palermo took him by surprise or not; since, if it did, it would be proof that Lilian had never been in a condition to relate to him what had taken place during her captivity. It was nearly a quarter of an hour before Sir Reginald made his appearance, expecting, doubtless, to see some casual London acquaintance, who, finding him at Palermo, had dropped in for an evening call.

His countenance changed, directly he set eyes on Walter; he did not, however, seem so much surprised, as annoyed and disappointed: his look of conventional welcome at once gave place to one of dislike and suspicion.

'This is an unexpected pleasure, Mr Litton,' said he coldly, and pointing to a chair.

Walter sat down. Such a reception was almost an insult, but the circumstances were too serious to admit of his taking offence.

'You knew I was in Palermo, Sir Reginald, or at least that I had been so, I conclude?'

The baronet hesitated: 'Yes; I have heard so.'

'And also that I had been taken prisoner by the brigands, in company with your father-in-law, who is still, unhappily, in their hands?'

'I did not hear that you were in his company when taken prisoner; indeed, I had reason to suppose that such would hardly have been the case.'

This allusion to the merchant's quarrel with Walter, fomented as it had been by the speaker himself, and indeed solely attributable to him, was almost too much for Walter's patience; still he kept his temper.

'I was made captive, Sir Reginald, as you say, not in Mr Brown's company, but in the attempt to give the alarm while there was yet time; I hoped to effect his release by force of arms. That time is unfortunately past; and it is my painful duty to inform you, that if immediate steps are not taken to pay his ransom, his life will without doubt be forfeited.'

'That is what Captain Corrali says, I suppose,' observed Sir Reginald contemptuously.

'He has said so, and, in such a matter, he will, without doubt, keep his word. If, within four days, the whole three hundred thousand ducats are not in his hands'—

'Why, that is fifty thousand pounds!' interrupted Sir Reginald: 'a modest sum, truly, to be asked for by a highwayman.'

'But is it possible that I am telling you this for the first time?' exclaimed Walter, feeling that his worst fears were indeed realised. 'Did not Miss Lilian tell you with what mission she was charged?'

'My sister-in-law was brought to the city in a dangerous and almost desperate condition, quite unfit to attend to any matters of business.'

'Business! But this is an affair that concerns her father's life. Do you mean to tell me that she never gave you the authorisation for the payment of the money, which I saw Mr Brown write out with his own hand?'

'I have seen no such document, nor is any such in Miss Brown's possession,' answered the baronet steadily. 'As to the enormous sum you have mentioned, it is true that she has spoken of it more than once, but it was very naturally taken as the utterance of a disordered intellect. She has been wandering in her mind—as well as prostrated by fever—ever since her return.'

'The sum is perfectly correct, Sir Reginald, and not a ducat less will be taken by the brigand chief. It is the price of Mr Brown's life—and of my life also (though I do not wish to speak of that), since I have promised to return either with or without it within four days. We are both dead men, if'—

'Excuse me, Mr Litton,' said Sir Reginald, smiling, 'if I recommend that you should take some rest and refreshment before you speak any more on the topic. It evidently excites you, and if, as I conclude, you have just escaped from these scoundrels' hands, you are hardly fit to judge of them dispassionately. You are naturally disposed to exaggerate their power and determination, and to give them—or rather to persuade others to give them—whatever they choose to ask.'

'Sir Reginald, I am as cool and collected as yourself; I have told you nothing which is not true, except that it is not the whole truth. Your father-in-law will be put to death—of that I am satisfied—in some most cruel and shocking fashion, if you turn a deaf ear to what I say. Ask any one in Palermo who is acquainted with the brigand customs in such cases, and I am confident they will bear me out in what I say.'

'I scarcely think you are quite aware of what you say, Mr Litton,' answered the other, in a cold calm voice: 'you just expressed your resolve to return in person to these gentry, in order that you yourself may be put to death. You are a little eccentric in your conduct (if you will permit me to say so) even now, but you would, in that case, be stark staring mad.'

'I know that many people think it madness to keep their word, when it happens to be to their disadvantage,' answered Walter quietly; 'but that is beside the question. I am pleading for your father-in-law, not for myself. And I must insist, in his name, and for his life's sake, that an immediate search be made for the authorisation of which I have spoken.'

There was a short pause, during which the baronet frowned heavily and bit his lip, as though in doubt. 'The word "insist" is one which is utterly out of place in this discussion,' observed he presently; 'but I make allowance for your

excited condition, which, indeed, the circumstances of the case may well excuse. Moreover, I should be loath, for old acquaintance' sake, to refuse you satisfaction in so simple a matter.' Here he rang the bell, and bade the servant request the presence of Lady Selwyn. 'My wife,' said he, 'who is in constant attendance on her sister, shall at once make search for the paper of which you speak. I conclude you will trust to her report, if not to mine.'

'Trust, Sir Reginald!' echoed Walter excitedly. 'Do you suppose, then, that I think you capable of having ignored this authorisation, or of concealing it? Why, if you knew of it, and yet kept it back, you would be a murderer—ay, just as much the assassin of your wife's father!'

'Here is my wife,' broke in Sir Reginald. 'Pray, keep this extravagant talk of yours, Mr Litton, somewhat within bounds, or at least reserve it for male ears.' He spoke with sharpness as well as scorn, but Walter heeded him not; his whole attention was riveted by the appearance of Lotty, who was standing pale and trembling at the open door. She had evidently heard his words, and was looking at her husband with inquiring yet frightened eyes. 'A murderer!' she murmured—'an assassin!'

'Yes; those were the words this gentleman used, and which he applied to me, madam,' said the baronet scornfully. 'Does it appear to you that I look like one or the other?'

'But what does he mean, Reginald?'

'Gad, madam, that is more than I can tell you. He has been raving here these twenty minutes about his friends the brigands, who have sent him, it seems, for a trifle of fifty thousand pounds, as the price of your father's release.'

'As the price of his life, Lady Selwyn!' answered Walter solemnly. 'He wrote out an order on the bankers for that sum, and sent it by your sister's hand; but Sir Reginald tells me it has not been found. I adjure you, if your father's existence is dear to you, to discover what has become of it.'

'Indeed, Mr Litton, I will do my best,' said Lotty, with a glance at her husband, such as those animals who have been trained to do things contrary to their nature always throw at their master before commencing a performance. 'My sister is very ill!'

'He knows all that,' interrupted Sir Reginald hastily. 'She is much too ill, of course, to be interrogated on any such matter. But, if the authorisation—this document Mr Litton speaks of—was confided to Lilian, it must, of course, be still in her possession.—I don't say that I would act upon it, mind, even if it was found, sir,' added he, as his wife left the room; 'my idea is, that one should never treat with these scoundrels save sword in hand; that we should give them lead and steel—not gold.'

'Nay, Sir Reginald; I am sure if you were to read your father-in-law's words, written as they were in the dire expectation of death, these scruples would weigh as nothing.'

'Well, well, we shall see. I need not trouble you to wait; but in case of Lady Selwyn's finding this document, I will send word of the fact to your address, if you will furnish me with it.'

Sir Reginald took out his tablets, and wrote down the number of Mr Baccari's house, like any other trifling memorandum.

His coolness seemed frightful to Walter.

'And if the document is *not* found, Sir Reginald?'

'Well, really, in that case, I cannot see what is to be done, more than has been already done. The troops were promptly sent out, and in considerable force!'

'They would have been useless in any case,' put in Walter earnestly; 'but, as it happens, they have been withdrawn!'

'Indeed! I had not heard of that,' returned the other quickly.

'It matters not. I repeat, that all armed intervention would be useless.'

'You must really allow others, as well as yourself, Mr Litton, to exercise some judgment in this affair. The British consul, the governor of the town, and the humble individual who has the honour to address you, are all of one opinion, and it is diametrically opposed to your own. As to the other matter, you shall be communicated with, if the necessity arises. Good-morning to you.'

Walter rose, and left the room without a word. He could not trust himself to speak more with this man, who treated the capture and death of a fellow-creature—not to mention that he was a near connection of his own—with such philosophic indifference. He could not imagine that he had utterly failed to convince Sir Reginald of the peril of his father-in-law's position. On the contrary, a dreadful suspicion had taken possession of him, that the baronet was well aware of it, and had his own reasons for affecting to ignore it. Why should it have entered into his mind that he (Walter) would not believe his report concerning the existence of the authorisation, unless he had been conscious of a wish—perhaps of an intention—that it should not be found? If Lilian, who was said to be seriously ill, were to die, the whole of her father's wealth, should he be put to death by the brigands, would revert to Sir Reginald, through Lotty. The perspiration stood upon Walter's brow, at the contemplation of such wickedness as these ideas suggested, but yet they remained with him; he did not, as of old, repent of having entertained such evil thoughts of his former friend; he felt that Selwyn was a selfish, heartless fellow from skin to skin. Moreover, the look of suspicion, as well as dread, that his wife had cast upon him, when Walter had said that he who would keep back the document would be almost as guilty as Corrali himself, had not been lost upon him; it seemed to imply, not, indeed, that Sir Reginald had done such a thing, but that the person who knew him best conceived it possible that he might be capable of doing it. These thoughts crowded upon him as he sat alone in his little chamber waiting for news from this man; there was no relief to them, unless the picture of Lilian wasted to a shadow, as he had seen her last, but with her beautiful eyes lacking the light of reason, could be called a relief. When an hour had thus passed by, he could bear it no longer; inaction had become intolerable to him, and he once more bent his steps towards the hotel. His importunity seemed to have been anticipated, for no sooner had he again inquired for Sir Reginald, than he was informed that the baronet had stepped out, but had left a message to the effect that 'he had nothing further to communicate to Mr Litton.' As he left the door, the gun at the observatory

announced to the townsfolk sunset—to him, that one day of the allotted four he had yet to live had expired.

#### CHAPTER XL.—A GLEAM OF HOPE.

It was too late that night to call upon the consul or the bankers, on whom, indeed, his mind misgave him it would be of small use to call in any case; but a sudden impulse caused him to seek the gate of the English burial-ground. Even if Santoro were there, he could obviously afford him no assistance; and it was to the last degree improbable that he should be there, on that first evening of their arrival, and when he might naturally conclude that the young Englishman would have no need to see him. Yet he went on the bare chance of his being there. His heart seemed to yearn for the one companion with whom, if he had no sympathy, he had at least something in common, who shared with him that knowledge of his own perilous position which it seemed impossible to induce any one else in Palermo to share. The broker's man who sits in possession of the poor man's goods may not take pity upon him, but he knows the sad fact of the position, and is so far preferable to the friend who ignores his ruin, or disbelieves it, and would fain have him shout and sing.

Finding Santoro at the spot agreed upon—'Why, you could hardly have expected to see me so soon?' said he.

'I did not expect it, signor; but I had my orders not to lose a chance of communicating with you.'

'Indeed! It struck me that the captain did not trouble himself much about the matter.'

'It was not the captain; it was la signora,' answered the other significantly.

Walter felt the colour come into his cheeks, as he replied as carelessly as he could: 'But you are not one of la signora's men; I understood that only those two who came up from the cavern were under her directions.'

'That is so, signor; but one that is dear to her is very dear to me.'

'Ah! Lavocca?'

'Yes, signor. So I would go through fire and water to serve her,' answered he simply. '--'Have you any news?'

'Bad news. It is that I wished to see you about. The authorisation which Mr Brown sent for the payment of the ransom is not to be found. Are you sure that no one could have possessed himself of it, while the English lady was being brought back?'

Santoro shook his head. 'That is impossible. In the first place, it would have benefited no one; and in the second, no one would have dared.'

'That is also my opinion. But, at all events, it has disappeared, and without it, I fear not a ducat can be raised. My idea is, that you should return at once to the camp, and bring back another order from Mr Brown.'

'But that would be very dangerous, signor.'

'How so, when the troops have been withdrawn?'

'Oh, the troops are nothing; it is Corrali himself that I should fear to meet. It is contrary to his wishes that we came down here: his patience is already exhausted, and he would not believe one word of such a tale as this. My return, I feel confident, would be the signal for putting milord

to death at once. You don't know the captain's temper, signor. And then there is Corbara to egg him on. Of course, I will go, if such is your wish, but that is my conviction.'

In vain Walter attempted to move Santoro from this opinion, delivered with all the gravity of a judge *in banco*. It was certain that he was in the best position to speak positively upon such a matter; and he had no motive for misrepresenting it. Walter felt convinced, against his will, that upon himself alone depended the success of his mission. Yet without the authorisation, how could he hope to induce the bankers to advance such a sum, or the tenth part of it? To be sure, he had Mr Brown's credentials in the paper he had given him at parting, which begged them to put confidence in the bearer, and to hasten matters as much as possible; but what was the tag of the play without the play itself. If the sum had been a thousand pounds, or even five thousand, it might easily enough have been raised, under such an urgent necessity; but fifty thousand pounds! He felt that the task he was about to undertake was almost hopeless; but yet he must needs attempt it, by whatever means he found available. He shook hands with Santoro, and returned alone to his own lodgings. Francisco met him at the door with, for him, quite extravagant signs of welcome and satisfaction.

'I never thought to see your face again, signor,' exclaimed he. 'I was right, you see, about these gentlemen of the mountains. Well, you have seen Corrali face to face, and yet escaped him with a whole skin and a whole purse. That is what no other man in Sicily can say for himself, save you and me.'

Walter did not think it worth while to deceive him; he was resolutely bent upon returning to the brigands; but he did not wish to be made out a martyr, nor even, as Sir Reginald called him, a madman, for so doing; he felt that his own opinion and that of the world, as to what was right to be done, would be at variance, and he did not wish to discuss the matter.

'Then the young lady too,' continued Francisco with quite unwonted loquacity; 'she has reason to thank her stars, for it is better to be ill in Palermo than to enjoy the best of health yonder,' and he pointed towards Mount Pellegrino, 'without a roof to one's head, and among bad company. They say that Joanna is a she-devil.'

'Then they do her a great injustice, Francisco,' answered Walter gravely. 'But how did you know that the lady had been with Joanna?'

'Oh, well, there is a friend of mine, a young woman at the hotel, who has no secrets from me, and as it so happens, she is the signora's nurse for the present.'

'But did the signora tell her, then?'

'I suppose so. Who else? Certainly she told her.'

'But Sir Reginald himself informed me that she was delirious—not capable of understanding what was said to her.'

'I believe that is so. She chatters on, poor thing—so Julia tells me by the hour together. Can you guess one particular person whom she talks about, signor?' The boy looked roguishly up in Walter's face. 'Ah,' I say to Julia, "when you go out of your mind, you will talk of me, as your mistress talks of Signor Litton."



Under other circumstances, the piece of information would have had an interest for Walter absorbing enough—though, indeed, by this time, he possessed the full assurance that Lillian loved him—but there was something else that the lad had dropped which riveted his attention even more.

'Then, when the lady first came back to Palermo,' returned he anxiously, 'she was aware of all that had happened to her? It is only lately that she has lost consciousness. Is that so, Francisco?'

'I believe so. I will ask Julia, if you like, when I see her next.'

'By all means ask her. But when will you see her?'

'Perhaps to-morrow, perhaps not till the day after; it depends upon the signora's state whether she can get away or not. But the next time she shall give me all particulars: you may look upon the matter as settled.'

This information moved Walter greatly, as corroborating his worst suspicions, for, if it should turn out to be correct, it must needs follow that there was foul play on the baronet's part with respect to the concealment of the authorisation, or, at all events, of Lillian's mission. She would hardly have spoken of her imprisonment, and of Joanna, without mentioning the very purpose to effect which she had obtained her freedom.

The next morning, as soon as business hours commenced, Walter presented himself at the British consul's, and told his story, to which that official listened with attentive courtesy. Nothing, however, he said, could be done, so far as he was concerned, more than had already been done. The authorities at Palermo had acted promptly, and as duty plainly pointed out to them, in sending forth the troops; and all that he could do, if it was indeed the case that they had been withdrawn, would be to demand that they should make another attempt to compel the brigands to surrender their captive. As to the ransom, it was not to be expected that the Sicilian government would assist in its collection, or even countenance its payment. That was a matter for the consideration of Mr Brown's bankers.

All this, Walter felt to be perfectly reasonable; but what secretly galled him was, that beneath all this polite logic, he could plainly perceive a profound incredulity, not, indeed, in his story, but in the reality of Corrali's threat. It was evident that the consul had not become acclimatised, but still believed the personal safety of a British merchant to be invincible even from a brigand. That Mr Brown might be shot in a skirmish, he believed to be probable enough; but that he should be put to death in cold blood, was something out of the region of possibility. Walter congratulated himself that he had made no mention of his own peril, since he felt that his anxiety would in that case have been set down to an exaggerated sense of personal danger. At the English banker's, to which the consul was civil enough to accompany him, he was admitted to an interview with one of the members of the firm, and at once presented Mr Brown's memorandum—'Spare no expense; trust implicitly the bearer.'

'Bearer!' repeated the man of money; 'why, this is almost as bad as a blank cheque.'

Here the consul interposed with a few hurried words in Sicilian, which, though he caught their

meaning but indistinctly, made Walter flush with indignation. He perceived he was indebted to that gentleman's good offices for convincing Mr Gordon that he was really the person indicated in the document.

'You see, sir, this is a matter of business,' explained the banker; 'and when we are asked to put implicit confidence in a man, we like to be sure it is the right man. It seems unlike a man of business such as Mr Brown that he should have written such a memorandum at all.'

'If you were half-starved, and surrounded by brigands with cocked pistols, sir, you would not be so scrupulous about technicalities,' observed Walter, still a little sore at the nature of his reception.

'We are well aware of Mr Brown's misfortune, and regret it deeply,' answered the banker with stiffness; 'but still the form'—and again he looked at the slip of paper suspiciously—'is unusual.'

'It is, however, but the corollary of a document that should have been long ago in your hands, Mr Gordon—an authorisation for the payment of three hundred thousand ducats as ransom.'

'Three hundred thousand ducats!' exclaimed the banker. 'Why, that is preposterous!'

'No doubt, it appears so; yet, if one possessed the money, one would, I suppose, give it to save one's life.' And with that Walter once more told his story.

It was plain the banker was much moved, for he had lived much longer in Sicily than the consul, and therefore knew more of brigands.

'Well, it is a huge sum,' he said; 'and to raise it within so short a time, we shall require help from the other banks, which, however, will no doubt assist us in such an emergency. Mr Christopher Brown has no account with us to speak of, but his name is no doubt a good one. It will be a great risk, and yet one which, under the circumstances, it may be our duty to run.'

Walter felt as though this man were giving him new life; he had heard, and had believed, that money could not save men from death, but here was an instance to the contrary.

'However, no step can, of course, be taken in the matter without the production of the authorisation,' continued the banker.

'Alas, sir, I have told you that it cannot be found.'

'But if it is not found, Mr Litton, it must surely be plain to you that you are taking up my time to no purpose. Not that I grudge it to you, under the circumstances; but you cannot be serious in expecting us to raise a fortune upon such a security as *this*—and he held out the slip of paper between his finger and thumb, in a very hopeless manner—for an almost total stranger.'

'Then, God help us!' said Walter.

'In what relation do you stand towards Mr Brown, young gentleman?' asked the banker, struck by the earnestness of this reply.

'I am only his friend, sir, and his fellow-sufferer.'

'But I understood that he had relatives with him.'

'He has two daughters—one of them, as I have told you, seriously, I fear dangerously ill—and a son-in-law, Sir Reginald Selwyn.'

'But surely it was his duty to have accompanied you here to-day; and once more, as it seemed to Walter, there came into the banker's face that look

of distrust with which he had first greeted the presentation of his credentials.

'Sir Reginald is not aware of my visit to you, Mr Gordon, nor even of my possession of this paper. I came straight from Mr Brown himself, who had no reason to doubt that the authorisation was in your hands.'

'Let it be searched for thoroughly, Mr Litton. If it is not found, you must perceive for yourself how utterly futile is any application to our firm.'

'Forgive me, sir, for having taken up so much of your time,' said Walter, rising; 'that I was pleading the cause of a dying man—one whose life, that is, is as good as lost if this money be not paid—must be my excuse.'

He said not a word concerning his own peril, nor, indeed, at the moment did it occupy his thoughts. The hardness, if not the villainy of Sir Reginald; the misery of Lotty; the pitiable condition of poor Lilian, unable to speak a word upon a subject so vital to her father; the old merchant's impending fate—all these things oppressed Walter's mind, and made the world by no means a place that he felt loath to quit. The despondency and despair in the young man's face touched the banker's heart.

'Search, I repeat, Mr Litton, for this authorisation,' said he more kindly, as he held out his hand; 'but if it cannot be found, still come to me again, to-morrow at latest. Indeed, we will do for you what we can.'

With which poor gleam of hope, Walter took his leave.

#### THE MONTH: SCIENCE AND ARTS.

THE Polar expedition sails amid a chorus of good wishes, and if these could avail, success would be certain. But the equipments of the two vessels are such that a lively hope may reasonably be entertained that the grand object of the adventurous undertaking will be achieved. No pains and no expense have been spared to provide against unfavourable contingencies; and while extending the limits of geographical discovery, and solving the question of the polar sea, the explorers will use their scientific appliances in the observation of physical phenomena, which, in those high northern latitudes, are of unusual interest. In order that the observers may know what has been done and what to do, a *Manual* has been prepared in which the several subjects of inquiry are fully set forth. When we mention that the *Instructions* have been drawn up by some of the ablest Fellows of the Royal Society, readers will understand that the claims and objects of science have been properly advocated. Instruments of a construction never seen before will be employed in physical research, and with these, explanations may be arrived at on questions which have hitherto baffled inquiry. The spectroscope and polariscope will be used in observation of the aurora and other phenomena of light; pendulum experiments will reveal somewhat more than is at present known of the true figure of the earth; and the so-called 'cosmic dust' is to be an especial subject of investigation.

If in the snow of the far remote north, hundreds of miles beyond human habitation, metallic particles are found, as in the snow of Sweden, then the theory that there is really such a thing as 'cosmic dust' may be accepted, until a better explanation shall be found.

Botany, geology, natural history generally, the rise and fall of tides, the direction of currents, together with dredging and sounding, will be equally well cared for; and ample means for recreation and amusement have been provided. In one of Parry's voyages the preparation and printing of a newspaper enlivened many an hour of the long dark winter; we learn, therefore, with satisfaction that the present expedition carries a printing-press.

The question has been asked, how, during the four months of constant daylight, are boat-parties when away from the ships to tell day from night? The answer is, by means of time-keepers constructed to shew twenty-four hours on the dial. Supposing 1--12 to be the day hours, then 13--24 will be the night hours.

We mentioned last year Mr Crookes' discovery of certain remarkable phenomena of attraction and repulsion, under the influence of radiation. Since then the investigations have been continued; and a fresh series of experiments, exhibited at meetings of the Royal Society, have furnished food for thought to minds familiar with the theories and facts of physical science. When a wheel, inclosed in a vacuum, begins to spin round as soon as a lighted candle is placed near the glass receiver, and continues to spin as long as the light continues, or spins twice as fast if there are two candles—an effect is produced which no one can as yet explain, but which is pregnant with important consequences for physical science. And when we see a small bar of pith, suspended as a scale-beam, dip down under the influence of a ray of light, are we to accept the phenomenon as an illustration of the suggestion made by speculative philosophers that light is a ponderable? In any case, the future of Mr Crookes' experiments seems full of promise.

Captain Belknap of the United States navy, who has been cruising in Japanese waters, reports that in his sounding operations, the machine invented by Sir William Thomson 'had it all its own way, and so admirable has been its working, and so accurate are its results, that it seems to be no more than due to the genius of Sir William to say, that the appliances for what may be not inaptly called the perfection of deep-sea sounding, originated with him.' We mentioned this machine in a recent *Month*, and some readers will remember that steel wire, such as is used for the strings of a pianoforte, is the sounding-line. The contrivances to control the descent, regulate friction, and mark the depth, are ingenious. 'So perfect and unmistakable are the indications at whatever depth, that a person standing in any part of the ship, and looking at the machine, can tell the moment the bottom is reached.' And not least among the advantages of the Thomson machine is the fact,

that a deep sounding can be taken with the wire in half the time required with a hempen line.

We learn from the *Proceedings* of the Institution of Mechanical Engineers, that the use of water-power instead of steam-power in engineering works and mechanical operations is on the increase. Especially in the work of riveting, the pressure of water is found advantageous; it is given without concussion, and is so certain, that boilers can now be made perfectly steam-tight. Boilers ought never to be made otherwise; for if calking is required, it is a sign of weakness and bad workmanship. The plates of a boiler should be absolutely close: calking tends to separate them, and is a bungling operation. Hence, it is satisfactory to be informed, that 'at the present time there are more than a hundred hydraulic riveting-machines in regular work in this country, each exerting a closing pressure of from twenty-five to forty tons, and putting in daily from fifteen hundred to two thousand rivets each.' Another advantage of these machines is, that they can be made portable, and set to work wherever required. A case in point is one of the bridges of the metropolitan extension of the Great Eastern Railway, where a riveting-machine put in three hundred three-quarter inch rivets per hour, and enabled one gang of hand riveters to do as much work as could have been done by six gangs without the machine, and to do it better.

It is probable that more and more applications of water-pressure to the moving of machinery and of workshop tools will be discovered. It is already employed for the flanging, bending, and corrugating of plates, and for the 'shearing,' or cutting in two, of chain cables. In this latter operation the pressure is at times two thousand pounds to the inch, and large links are cut through at one stroke without injury to the adjoining links.

In connection with the foregoing, we mention the use of machinery worked by compressed air in coal-mines. This also is on the increase: the loss by leakage is comparatively trifling; there is no inconvenient development of heat, as in the use of steam; the air that escapes improves the atmosphere of the mine; and some of the proprietors in the South Wales coal-field are so convinced of the benefits to be derived from the use of compressed air, that 'it is their intention to dispense with animal power altogether, and substitute air-engines for hauling underground.' In the Powell Duffryn collieries, there are already twenty-six compressed air hauling-engines at work, on the branch roads as well as on the main roads; and it is easy to imagine the improvement that must have taken place in the underground air by the withdrawal of the ponies and horses hitherto employed in hauling. It is intended to try whether compressed air cannot be substituted for hand-labour in driving 'headings,' and in the actual digging of coal. Apart from the avoidance of the heat of steam-boilers, there is the further benefit, that explosive gases in a mine would be largely diluted by the air which escapes with each

stroke of the machinery, and is cooled by the consequent expansion.

At a recent meeting of the Philosophical Society of Manchester, a morsel of carbon was exhibited which had been formed 'on the roof of a gas retort by the decomposition of the hydrocarbon gas by heat.' In this fact there seems nothing extraordinary; but it may be found to have some relation to nature's handiwork in the formation of graphite, the mineral substance of which black-lead pencils are made. As the exhibitor remarks, the carbon deposited in the retorts 'resembles graphite in its almost metallic lustre. Graphite always occurs in association with rocks which have been subjected to igneous action, and may have been formed by hydrocarbon gases traversing fissures or dykes while the sides were in a highly heated state, thus causing a deposit similar to that formed in gas retorts. The fact that, in the latter case, an increase of pressure causes a greatly increased amount of deposit, favours this view, as it is extremely probable that the gases existing in the earth's crust would be in a state of great tension.'

A paper on Colonial Timber Trees, in the last volume of *Transactions* of the Royal Society of Victoria, makes known a few particulars which may perhaps interest others as well as colonists. The 'blackwood' is described as valuable for furniture and indoor work, for even when green it scarcely shrinks, and 'stands splendidly.' The 'red gum' yields veneers suitable for cabinet-makers; but in the solid form is used for outdoor work, and appears to be one of the most durable of Australian woods, lasting fifteen years in posts and fences. 'All the gum timbers,' says the author of the paper, 'have one strange appearance when decaying: the wood separates across the grain, as if it had been affected by fire and charred;' a phenomenon supposed to be due to extremes of climate. Of European trees, we are told that the ash, elm, and oak thrive in the colony, and are of great use. The poplar grows luxuriantly in damp situations, and yields timber 'most useful for making barrows, wagons, and all other purposes requiring a light tough wood.' The willow, walnut, and box also adapt themselves readily to the Australian climate, as do some of our pines and firs; but the resinous nature of these last-mentioned suggests danger from fire. 'To prevent this danger,' says the author, 'I would recommend the planting of belts of poplars and willows across the pine plantations. I do not think fire would pass through them; and I am of opinion that they would not readily burn, as they are generally very full of sap and moisture. And the robust kinds of *Macembyanthemum*, if planted among young trees, would completely cover the ground, prevent the growth of grass and scrub, and check the spread of fire.'

In the same volume, Mr Deverell, discussing the question of waves and their action on floating bodies, remarks, that the straining of a vessel in a seaway increases in proportion with the increase in her stability. This somewhat important distinction should not be forgotten in the general eagerness to produce stable ships. The greater the freedom with which a vessel rides on the waves, the less will she be strained by the action of their forces. 'It would perhaps be small consolation for a man,' continues Mr Deverell, 'to

know he had assured himself from the danger of being capsized by an extra liability to going straight down; and it may be fairly useful to apprehend the condition that a safe ship is one which partially opposes the waves, and partially evades them by obeying them.

Our side of the globe has talked so much of late on this question that it may perhaps consent to hear a few words more from the other side. We quote, therefore: 'It is certain that very excessive steadiness will never be attained; the magnitude of ocean waves being too great in comparison with the possible size of ships to render it feasible. A wave only ten feet in height has a breadth of never less than thirty feet, so that we may easily perceive the huge effect which the force of buoyancy of such a wave must exert in shifting from one side to another, even a vessel of fifty feet beam. The largest vessel yet constructed, the *Great Eastern*, is a notable example. She follows the waves heavily in a seaway.'

We have heard also of the enormous mechanical power which the ocean offers us, but which mechanical engineers have not yet utilised. Mr Deverell concludes his paper with a passage which has a bearing on this question. 'Let us,' he says, 'take the case of a great storm-wave forty feet in height, six hundred through at the base, and conceive a volume of water contained in the section of such a wave moving with a velocity of six feet per second, or three hundred and sixty feet per minute. Or, consider an ordinary ocean-wave, sixteen feet in height, and one hundred and eighty feet at the base; and multiply the power requisite to move a section of this body of water two hundred and forty feet per minute by a thousand such, and we may form an idea of the magnitude of the energy engaged in stirring the waters. These are the giant forces which are perpetually traversing the surface of the ocean.'

Professor Rice of Connecticut has discovered that certain deadly poisons which are violent and fatal in their effects on mammals are very feeble in their action on molluscs. Four days' soaking in dilute hydrocyanic acid did not prove fatal to the mollusc selected for the trial; and another into which urari poison had been injected, seemed none the worse when examined on the following day. Carbonic acid in large quantities produced no ill effect; but chloral hydrate and cyanide of potassium are rapidly fatal. Quinine acts in the same way, but with less energy. Chloroform produces instantaneous contraction, and perhaps death: this latter point has, however, not yet been ascertained. As exemplifying the effect of poison on a 'low' form of organisation, and affording means of comparison, these experiments have some physiological value.

Professor Rutherford, in his lectures in the University of Edinburgh, says that the 'highest success of nations, as of individuals, is only to be attained by close and severe attention to the inexorable laws of physiology,' and that 'he who has the deepest grasp of physiology will certainly take the lead in unravelling the diseased state.' He points out further that in disease, nature makes experiments from which much may be learned. For instance, 'when a blood-vessel bursts on one side of the brain, and the opposite side of the body becomes palsied; when a part of the brain becomes disorganised, and the memory of words is lost;

when the portio dura nerve is paralysed, and the sense of taste disappears from the anterior part of the tongue; when an aneurism presses on the sympathetic nerve in the neck, and causes a change in size of the pupil of the eye on the same side; when a tumour compresses the gall-ducts, and prevents the escape of the bile, or the duct of the pancreas, and interferes with the passage of its juice into the digestive canal—how interesting and how important to the physiologist, as well as to the physician, are the results of all these experiments.' Professor Rutherford holds that a knowledge of physical science is essential to form a complete physiologist; but how is this to be super-added to the subjects of study already required of young men at college? It is gratifying, however, to know, that the rudiments, at least, of this important science of animal physiology are now being taught in schools.

America presented the potato to Europe centuries ago, and now threatens Europe with a beetle which will destroy that important plant. Consequently, Europe is seriously interested in the question, how to keep out the 'Colorado beetle?' If all be true that is reported, it is as difficult to keep them out as to keep out an epidemic; but if all concerned will use their best endeavour, the mischief may be averted. The president of the Entomological Society says, in his anniversary address: 'The Colorado potato-beetle is an enemy whose rapid advances towards the shores of the Atlantic are a menace to Europe. When once established on the seaboard, they may wing their way to vessels in port, being accustomed to fly in swarms, and may thus be borne over to found a colony in this country, irrespective of conveyance with the tubers themselves. Agricultural and Horticultural Societies should make provision for the dissemination of correct information respecting these insects; and specimens of the beetles themselves should be obtained for distribution, with the view to familiarise persons with their aspect, and to prevent their diffusion.' Some further information on the subject will be found in a late number of this *Journal*.

#### A CURIOUS POLAR BIRD.

DISCUSSIONS respecting the Arctic Expedition now in preparation have brought under notice a remarkable polar bird, which periodically leaves the extreme northern regions, and visits the south of Europe. In referring to the official papers just published concerning the expedition, a writer in the *Daily Telegraph* jocosely hints that this bird 'might perhaps tell us more about the polar regions than any other that plumes a wing. It is indeed a thousand pities that the Knot, or *Tringa Canutus* of ornithologists, could not have been invited, for lack of speech, to perch upon a chair at the meetings of the committee, especially since there is a fine specimen at the Zoological Gardens, in the Fish-house, and probably at this moment that very individual knows all about the pole. In appearance, it is between a snipe and a plover, but varies in plumage according to the season of the year. In winter, it is coloured a quiet ashen gray; in summer, its feathers assume a bright Indian red tint, although the full beauty of this change is not witnessed in confinement. The knot

is one of the best judges of climate in creation, and much quicker than a thermometer to distinguish between fine gradations of cold and heat. The sort of weather and latitude it likes best is such as England affords in April and October—bright, bracing days and nights, with sunshine and breezes, but neither of them too strong. Our winter is too harsh and unpleasant for this sagacious bird; it comes to our shores from the northward in large flocks of old and young ones, and stays until November brings the frost or fog, and then—unless the “Indian summer” be prolonged—it flies away for the Mediterranean coasts and the South, where it feeds along the sea-shores till the mornings and evenings of Algeria and Spain become no longer cool. Then—that is to say, about the end of March—vast flocks are seen returning to England, and at the same time to the Northern States in America, to Denmark, Norway, and Iceland. But they never stay—they go beyond all these countries; they fly far over Greenland and the very highest latitudes frequented by our whalers, so that while the breeding-place of all the other northern birds is known, that of the knot has never yet been reached. Nobody has taken a nest of these wandering birds, or seen one of their eggs. Naturalists can only tell that they go in summer “to the northward of all things,” in order to breed. There is force, therefore, in what the blue-book says: “We may fairly infer that the lands visited by the knot in the middle of summer are less sterile than Iceland or Greenland, or it would hardly pass over those countries, which are known to be the breeding-places of swarms of water-birds, to resort to regions worse off as regards supply of food. But the supply of food must depend chiefly on the climate. The inference necessarily is that, beyond the northern tracts already explored, there is a region which enjoys in summer a climate more genial than they possess. It would be easy to summon more instances from the same group of birds, tending to shew that beyond a zone where a rigorous winter reigns there may be a region endued with a comparatively favourable climate. If so, surely the conditions which produce such a climate will be worth investigating.” Here, then, we see a little red bird suggesting profound problems to humanity, and if we really do find a pleasant polar land at the top of the world, Captains Nares and Markham must share the honour of that discovery with the knot.

Another writer, subsequently, in the same daily paper, disputes the assertion, that ‘nobody has taken a nest of these wandering birds, or seen one of their eggs.’ He says: ‘I think this must be an error. Yarrell, on the authority of Dr Richardson, says the knot breeds in Hudson’s Bay, and down to the fifty-fifth parallel, and that they were observed by Captain Lyon breeding on Melville Peninsula; that they lay four eggs on a tuft of withered grass without forming any nest, and he describes the colour of the eggs. Morris also, in his *Nests and Eggs of British Birds*, figures and describes the eggs, and states that the drawing on his plate was taken from a specimen forwarded by J. R. de Capel Wise, Esq., of Lincoln College, Oxford. The volume from which I take this note originally belonged to the late Mr Wheelwright of Carlstad, Sweden, and in a marginal remark on the egg, he says: “Not in the least like the eggs

of the knot that I have had from Greenland and Spitzbergen, nor does this figure at all resemble that in Blasius’s, which much resembles my eggs; in colouring, they are not unlike the snipe’s.” I myself have in my cabinet four eggs, which I have always believed to be those of the knot. It is probable that one or more of these were from Mr Wheelwright’s collection, as some others of my rarer eggs are; but as I did not purchase them myself, I am not certain, and do not wish to set myself against your authority. I merely mention what has come under my notice.’

We should be glad to have some further particulars of a trustworthy nature concerning the *Tringa Canutus*.

#### THE SPIRITS OF THE WIND.

WHERE is your home, ye wanderers free?  
In what far land, across what sea?  
Live ye in some vast cavern rude,  
Some unexplored solitude?

Or dwell ye where no sound is heard,  
No voice of man, or beast, or bird?  
Had ye your strange mysterious birth  
Beyond the narrow bound of earth?

Where ye might mingle with the flight  
Of spirits from the world of light—  
Bright messengers that sometimes come  
From that dear land, the land of home.

All haunts are yours, all forms, all shades,  
O’er moorland brown, or woodland glades;  
Now toying gently with a flower,  
Then rushing on with fiercest power.

Ye ring a melancholy chime,  
In the sad pensive autumn-time,  
O’er fading flowers that once were bright,  
In the resplendent summer’s light.

And o’er the leaves with rustling sound,  
Drifting so gently to the ground,  
Singing o’er withered heaps and setc,  
A dirge for the departing year.

In softened light of summer eve,  
A gentle touch ye often leave  
Upon the weary brow of pain,  
That quiet ne’er may know again.

Round mansion hoar and gray with eld,  
Your carnival is often held,  
With hollow shriek or fearful moan,  
Anon, with sad mysterious groan.

Ye rush across the restless sea,  
In all your wild tumultuous glee;  
And stately ship and pennon fair,  
Lie buried by your fury, there.

Howe’er ye come, where’or ye go,  
Through joyous scenes or haunts of woe,  
Ye ever do His bidding still—  
Our great Creator’s sovereign will.

Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, 47 Paternoster Row, LONDON, and 339 High Street, EDINBURGH.  
Also sold by all Booksellers.

# CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

OF

POPULAR

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

Fourth Series

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS.

No. 597.

SATURDAY, JUNE 5, 1875.

PRICE 1½d.

## SOME EARLY RECOLLECTIONS.

### FIRST PAPER.

My early recollections extend as far back as the battle of Trafalgar, when the nation was profoundly moved by the death of Nelson. News at that time travelled very slowly. The battle took place on the 21st of October 1805, but intelligence of the event did not reach London until the 6th of November, and was published in the *Times* on the morning of Thursday the 7th.\* It was, of course, several days later before news of this famous naval victory was heard of in the small country town, on the banks of the Tweed, in which I lived. The community was not very demonstrative, but on the intelligence arriving, the church bells were set aringing, and among high and low there were warm congratulations on the destruction of the French and Spanish fleet. As for us boys at the school, we were indulged with a holiday, a circumstance which helped to fix the news of the battle in my remembrance. Being at the time only five years of age, I did not quite understand the momentous consequences of the victory, nor was I capable of estimating the loss that England had sustained by the death of her greatest naval hero. I now know, as everybody knows, that the victory of Trafalgar was a turning-point in the war with Bonaparte, for it entirely deranged his plan of invasion, and turned his conquests in a new direction. Nelson deserves to be called the saviour of his country. At the time, he was acknowledged to be so. The illuminations in honour of his victory, of which we heard by rumour, were magnificent. The illumination in Edinburgh had a melancholy and notable feature. One of the streets remained in gloom and darkness, while all the others were brilliantly lit up. It was South Castle Street, in which dwelt the widow of Captain George Duff, commander of the

*Mars*, who was killed in the battle. In delicate consideration to her bereavement, the inhabitants of the street refrained from any demonstration of rejoicing, and guards were placed to prevent noise or disturbance.

Of the state of public feeling during the heat of that terrible war, people in the present day, who read of it only in history, can have no proper conception. My reminiscences on the subject bring up the picture of universal soldiering, marching to and fro of regiments, drums beating, colours flying, news of victories, and general illuminations. In London, so frequent was the call of 'Light up, light up,' which might be suddenly heard at midnight or early morning, that every family, for the sake of its own windows, kept a stock of candles and small candle-holders of tin, ready for the occasion. The nation was in a kind of frenzy. The war was not on the whole disagreeable. It was rather liked than otherwise—and that was the curious thing about it. Fears of invasion being at an end, there was a prodigious military bustle that afforded amusement and also occupation. The navy and army offered wide scope for professional advancement. Hosts of young men, and some old ones too, procured a 'pair of colours,' and were able to figure in a scarlet uniform. Then, the commissariat was a wide-spread institution. What quantities of food, clothing, accoutrements, arms and ammunition, horses, barracks, transports, and so forth had to be procured and paid for! The demand for bullock-skins, wherewith to make buff belts, was so excessive, as to suggest to a tanner the invention of splitting skins in two, by which he realised a fortune. That was only one of many such windfalls. Little wonder that the war was popular among certain classes. There was a profuse circulation of money, the bulk of it being borrowed by the nation, and only to be paid for by future generations, if ever paid at all—in point of fact, as matters go, the debt incurred will not be wiped out in five hundred years.

The picture we recall had, like all pictures, its shades as well as lights. We have spoken of the morsels of brilliant colouring. Now we touch on the

\* A fac-simile of the *Times* of Thursday, 7th November 1805, containing the official despatches concerning the battle of Trafalgar, has been recently published; it forms a most interesting historical memorial.

more sombre tints. The demand for young men to fill up the ranks abroad and maintain the home defences was enormous. Recruiting sergeants penetrated into every nook of the country, and were loyally aided in their schemes of capture by justices of peace. Magistrates, in administering the law, dismissed petty offenders from the bar on the understanding that they enlisted as soldiers, or allowed themselves to be put on board a man-of-war. The death-struggle in which the country was engaged set aside all ceremony. Fairs and public markets where young men were apt to be caught formed a favourite hunting-ground for recruits.

Throwing our mind back to 1809, we see the little town on a fair-day in spring. The street is crowded with country-people, bent on business or amusement. A peripatetic show of wild beasts, with flaunting pictures of lions and tigers, is stuck up at one end of the thoroughfare, with a well-applied hand-organ to attract customers. Along both sides of the street are stalls for the sale of finery, shoes, and gingerbread, and two wheel-of-fortune men, hackneyed in their trade, are trying to wheedle eager and unsuspecting youths out of their halfpence. In the throng, we see tokens of kindness and joviality. The country lads dressed in their best—a blue coat with yellow buttons; the lasses in white cambric gowns, ribbons, and straw bonnets. For those who live many miles apart, among the hills, it is the day of renewed acquaintanceship for the year. With laughing and ‘daffling,’ all goes on merrily; and from the kindly looks that are interchanged, we can imagine that projects are formed of united affections and life-long happiness.

Suddenly, at noon, amidst the general fervour, are heard the startling sounds of drums and fife. The crowd is in visible commotion, and a new direction is given to the feelings. The boisterous but not inharmonious sounds come from a recruiting-party, which is seen to be issuing from a public-house. Advancing in front, and personifying a military hero, is the sergeant, brilliantly decorated with ribbons, and a flashing sword in his hand. How grand he looks in his scarlet coat and his lordly strut, with that majestic sword! Clever at simulation, the party mean business. Along the street they push their way, graciously radiating smiles all around, glad to chaff with any one, and seeming to all and sundry to be the most delightful fellows in the world. All the noise, and finery, and flummery are not without effect. Youths, who, perhaps, had already a little too much in their head, are seen to join vapouringly in the procession, and need little persuasion to plunge with the party into the public-house. Never in all their lives had the poor wretches been treated with so much consideration. Flattery, promises, whisky, made them an easy prey. They took the shilling in the name of His Majesty. Sergeant Kite had them.

The scene opens with the second act. We see the procession with its military display issuing again on its round of the fair. There is now something to shew. The youths who have been enlisted have ribbons dangling from their hats, they carry swords in their hands, and so, in a semi-intoxicated and mystified state of feeling, they march on to glory. The affair is grand and exciting. But a wild shriek issues from the crowd. A

peasant girl in her draggled white dress—there having been a little rain—dashes forward, and throws her arms about the neck of one of the recruits, shrieking at the same time: ‘O Jemmy, Jemmy, dinna gang wi’ the sodgers.’ Jemmy, however, is deaf to expostulation, and the party, drums, swords, and all, sweep past on their course. To the best of my remembrance, six or seven young recruits were picked up. In less than an hour—no time to stand on technicalities—they were sworn in by a neighbouring justice, who, as in duty bound, complimented them for having so patriotically come forward to serve their king and country. So, Sergeant Kite, a clever man at his trade, carries off his prey.

There was a rapidity, a hurry, in gathering recruits, which, in the present sobered-down times, is not easy to realise. Likely young men were in a state of siege. Sergeants prowling about were constantly looking after them. A serio-comic case occurs to recollection.

In the old High Street of Edinburgh, was held, every Saturday morning, a wholesale vegetable market—a sort of Covent Garden in its way, much resorted to for supplies by green-grocers. Long rows of carts, laden with turnips and cabbages fresh from the neighbourhood, were drawn up on each side of the thoroughfare. One of these vehicles, with its stock of vegetables, was in charge of Jock Muirhead, an active and trustworthy young man from Restalrig. Jock had been several times eyed by a recruiting sergeant as quite the thing wanted, and some tempting offers as to bounty and probable advancement had at times been thrown out, but without avail. He was in a good situation. It was a pleasant variety in his occupation to come into town every Saturday with his cart, sell off its contents, and return with the money to his employer. Attachment to his mother, whom he liked to be near, formed a still stronger inducement not to listen to the sergeant’s wily persuasions. So matters went on until the occurrence of a family misfortune. The mother was prosecuted for an old debt which had been heedlessly incurred by her deceased husband—who had been somewhat of a ne’er-do-weel—and, to make a long story short, Jock resolved to take the bounty, free his mother from her heavy obligations, and go off as a soldier. Accordingly, next Saturday morning, when the sergeant was scrutinisingly going his round, he had the satisfaction of securing Jock, whose conduct was altogether admirable on the occasion. Having disposed of his load of cabbages, he returned with the price he had realised to his master, delivered to him the horse and cart, and bade him farewell. We pass over the parting scene with his poor mother, who, by the generous disposal of his bounty, was relieved of a grievous difficulty.

In the hurried way that things were done, Jock was immediately despatched by a Leith smack to Chatham. There he got a week’s drill—more could not be afforded—and being shipped off for the Peninsula, he was in presence of the enemy, with a knapsack on his back and a gun on his shoulder, within little more than three weeks from the time he had been selling cabbages at the head of the Fleshmarket Close. The detachment of young soldiers, of whom he was one, happened at the time to be peculiarly acceptable. The force with which Wellington had



followed Massena from Torres Vedras had, through various sanguinary encounters, been diminished by nine thousand men. With the addition of the new arrivals, he laid siege to the strong fortress of Ciudad Rodrigo. This was one of Wellington's most brilliant feats of arms. The siege having arrived at that point when an escalade should be attempted, men who were willing to go on the forlorn-hope were asked to step out of the ranks. With a dauntless Scottish heart to do or die, Jock stepped forward; his name being inscribed in the roll of honour and bravery. It was a daring thing to undertake; but as far as climbing was concerned, Jock was not afraid. He had many times clambered up the precipices of Arthur's Seat and Salisbury Crags. Then, as for fighting, he was not bad at that either, and would take his chance—a most soldierly resolution.

On the night of the 19th of January 1812, Jock Muirhead was ranked up in the party to effect the escalade, each with several loaded pistols in his belt, and a cutlass in his hand. A certain number carried ladders, whereon to climb to the top of the walls, which were bristling with men, ready to fire upon and pick off the assailants. Jock did not for a moment flinch. On the ladder being planted he sprung up, but was not destined to get to the top. His military career was abruptly cut short. He had got to about the third round from the top of the ladder, some of his companions before him having dropped, and in a minute more expected to be in the thick of the fight, when he received a bullet-shot in the leg. His head swam. His grasp of the ladder was relaxed. And unconsciously he fell to the ground among a heap of his fellows. The storming-party who gained the summit were too powerful to be withstood. The fortress was triumphantly carried, and the garrison made prisoners.

What, in the general havoc, came of our young hero? Was he dead or alive? There he lay—faint, sick, in an agony of thirst—until next morning, when a surgeon found in him signs of life, and had him carried to an ambulance, where he was partially restored by the administration of cordials. The wounded leg was hopelessly injured, and had to be cut off below the knee. No longer of any use to the army, the poor fellow was soon afterwards put on board a transport for England, where he got well, and was furnished with a wooden leg. With a pension of sixpence a day, he returned to Scotland to follow his old profession. Jock Muirhead had been such a short time away, that by the market-people his absence was scarcely noticed. And when, in four or five months from his departure, he made his appearance, the only thing that caused surprise and provoked sympathising inquiry was the wooden leg. The leg was a little embarrassing, but did not prevent him from getting employment from his old master, who was glad to see him back, and so without delay he resumed the business of selling his cabbages as usual at the head of the Fleshmarket Close.

Early in the war, there was a wide-spread enrolment of volunteers, who were serviceable in cultivating the military spirit, and making a good show, but were of little practical value. The volunteers were too independent. They were not under the articles of war, and could do as they liked. When any one took offence, he sent in his

gun, which was equivalent to bidding good-bye to the corps. As a child of seven years old, I remember accompanying on foot a body of volunteers to a fanciful encampment of tents, some three miles distant; the business of the day consisting for the most part of a series of frolics, which the youngsters present thought exceedingly diverting. In many of the smaller towns the volunteer system was abandoned. The real dependence was on the militia, an auxiliary force of great moment for the safety of the country, as well as in furnishing contributions of men to the line. 'As is well known, the militia regiments, which took their name from the counties in which they were raised, were recruited by a species of conscription. All able-bodied men within a certain age, high and low, were liable to be balloted for; but substitutes were accepted; so, after all, it came to be a matter of paying for substitutes—a thing of no importance to those in good circumstances, but a heavy infliction on the poor. There was one way of escaping the ballot that found favour with the rural population. It consisted in joining the local militia, a species of *landwehr*, raised in the respective counties, the men in which were called out once a year for a fortnight, to be dressed and drilled as soldiers, and who for the time being were subject to regular military discipline. The volunteers having disappeared, the 'locals' took their place, and, in their way, formed not a bad reserve, if the worst should come to the worst, which it happily never did.

The regular militia, whose appearance and discipline no way differed from what was observable in the line, were a *tour de force* on which great reliance was placed. Its only unpleasant feature was recruitment by balloting. That was distasteful, even although one might become a member of an insurance club, and for a small annual payment make sure of a substitute being provided from the general fund. In the fiercest period of the war, the pressure for substitutes grew intense. The bounty to be dispensed for one was occasionally as large, if not larger than the bounty paid by government for enlisting into the army. On a particular occasion, in the small town referred to, I knew of fifty pounds being given for a substitute. There were some interesting circumstances which impressed it on my recollection. The taking of bounties to act as substitutes, and then running off, had become a kind of trade among a dissolute and worthless class. The insurance club in the town had been so terribly plagued with specious vagabonds of this sort, that they would almost give double the money to any native who could be depended on.

A substitute was in urgent demand. Advertisements were issued. Nobody would go. Thirty pounds were offered. Forty pounds were offered. At length the offer rose to fifty. A poor man of middle age presented himself. Sandy Noble, for such was the name of this true-hearted person, was by trade a cotton-weaver. He was a widower, with a grown-up family, but they had left him to pursue their own course in life; so he was in a sense desolate. The wages realised by his peculiar species of labour had materially declined, and he was now only able to make both ends meet. Not even that. He had become responsible for a number of petty debts, caused by the long and expensive illness of his lately deceased wife. These debts hung round his neck like a millstone. The

thought of never being able to liquidate them was dreadful.

One day, as he sat on his loom, meditating on the state of his affairs, a neighbour came in to announce the intelligence that fifty pounds had just been offered for a substitute. Making no remark on this piece of news, Sandy, when alone, took a slate, and calculated that fifty pounds would clear him. His mind was instantly made up. For two days and a night he worked with desperation to finish the web he was engaged upon. Having executed his task, and settled with his employer (the father of the present writer), he walked off to the secretary of the insurance club, and coming in the nick of time, was thankfully accepted as the required substitute. The militia authorities were in a fume at the delay, and a sergeant had been despatched to bring the man who had been balloted for, otherwise he would be treated as a deserter. As the recognised substitute, Sandy, in a few quiet words, pacified the sergeant. 'Just gie me half an hour,' said he, 'and I'll be ready to gang wi' ye.' The half-hour was given, and devoted to a noble act of integrity, such as, we fear, is rarely presented in matters of this nature. With the fifty pounds in his pocket, Sandy went from one end of the town to the other, paying debt after debt as he went along—fifteen and sixpence to one, three pounds eleven and threepence to another, and so on, not leaving a single shilling undischarged. When all was over, he mounted a small bundle on the end of a stick, and, in a calm, self-satisfied mood, he trudged away with the sergeant to headquarters. The name of Sandy Noble deserves to go down in the roll of honour with that of Jock Muirhead.

The war, as we see, with its innumerable horrors, was not all bad. It evoked endurance, courage, manliness, a disposition to make a sacrifice of even life itself for the public good. To take the two obscure incidents just recorded, there was a grandeur in the honesty and disinterestedness of Jock Muirhead and Sandy Noble, that gives dignity to human nature. The very knowledge that there were two such true-hearted beings in humble life is gratifying, though, no doubt, many similar cases could be mentioned. What a pity, as I sometimes musingly consider, that Peace with its manifold blessings should be so conspicuously signalled by successive crops of idle whimsicalities and crotchets, as if people were in want of something with a due amount of agony to think about!

Excepting that there was a grudge on account of the ballot, the militia were far from unpopular. The spending of six to twelve months in a country town imparted a fine variety and liveliness to a generally dullish society. The people liked to see a regiment arrive. There were daily parades, balls, and picnics. The band played night and morning. The officers made themselves mightily agreeable with their jokes, anecdotes, and accomplishments. Hotels and lodgings were well occupied. Tradesmen flourished. Every regiment had some peculiar characteristic. Some were more grave than others. The Westminster had a strong tinge of methodism. In their ranks they had a number of stirring preachers. I recollect seeing a man in his red coat vehemently holding forth to a crowded congregation in the pulpit of a meeting-house—the scene possibly not unlike what was witnessed among the troops in the time of the Commonwealth. The red-coated preachers

certainly stirred up the religious sentiment in the town, but everything drifted back to the old condition of affairs on the departure of the corps. There was another characteristic. Some of the regiments gave encouragement to a harmless oddity, who walked in front on the march, and regularly appeared in lounging fashion at parades. Perhaps he believed himself to be a soldier, and nobody thought of undeceiving him. He was dressed in the cast-off suit of clothes of a commanding officer, with cocked-hat and feather and sword. Like an authorised court jester, he seemed to be privileged to do and say funny things for the general amusement. One of these oddities had a short leg and a long one, and his grotesquely limping gait added piquancy to his appearance. Complimentarily called 'the general,' the oddity in his puffed-up grandeur might be styled the *farceur du régiment*.

In point of morals it is customary to look with a certain degree of disfavour on military life. Such, however, was the good discipline maintained among these militia regiments, that I cannot remember anything to specially find fault with. They, on the contrary, gave an intellectual fillip to the place. Some of the officers were good artists. Others brought with them books of a superior class, about which they conversed in the houses they visited. They received London newspapers, which were prized for their original and copious news of the war, also for comments on public affairs not to be found in the timid provincial press of that day. The militia officers were still more popular in making the natives acquainted with English outdoor sports until then unknown. I first saw cricket played by officers of the Cambridgeshire militia on the green margin of the Tweed. Melodies, which few had heard of, were introduced at private evening parties. Some of these I listened to with ravished ears—one in particular, the charming air, *Cease your Funning*, which was exquisitely played on the octave flute by Carnaby, a young and accomplished officer in the Ross-shire militia. In wakeful nights, even at this long distant time, when 'a' are dead and gane, I think of Carnaby and his flute; snatching in the recollection a joy that helps to gilden the sunset of existence. w. c.

#### SHIPWRECKS.

THE wreck-chart of the British Isles for 1872—the latest issued by the Royal National Life-boat Institution—now lies before us. It consists of a well executed skeleton-map of Great Britain and Ireland, the shores of which are depicted fringed with black and red dots, scattered up and down and clustered here and there apparently without regard to mathematical regularity or geographical order. Such a map has not yet found its way into schools, nor is it likely to do so, notwithstanding that we live in the days of revised codes, compulsory education, and extra grants for 'special subjects.'

The total number of wrecks that occur in any one year on the coasts and in the seas of the United Kingdom can now be ascertained with perfect accuracy from the Register of the Board of Trade. In 1872 it amounted to 2381, representing a registered tonnage of 581,000 tons, with crews of 22,785 men and boys, and the loss of life consequent upon

these is estimated at 590. Of the 2381 ships, 1878 are known to have belonged to Great Britain and its dependencies, with British certificates of registry, 1156 of which were employed in the British coasting-trade, and 722 in the foreign and home trade. From the returns published by the Registrar-general of Seamen, we learn that on the 31st December 1873 the number of British vessels registered, exclusive of river-steamers, was 20,799, having a total tonnage of 5,473,932, and crews over 200,000; so that in the course of the year 1872 nearly fourteen in every hundred of our mercantile marine was either wholly lost or damaged by collision or other casualty. It is in evidence that the loss by total wrecks cannot be less than one million pounds sterling yearly, and by partial, half a million; making together a million and a half as the annual loss to the country from the disasters on our own coasts alone. It is interesting to compare with this summary that of previous years. From 1852, lists of wrecks have been carefully kept by the Board of Trade, and dividing the period from that year till the end of the year 1871 into four periods of five years each, we find the average number to remain pretty steady, the general average being 1415. It is gratifying further to note that, while the number of wrecks has increased with the increase of our shipping, the number of lives lost at sea has decreased, a result which must be attributed to the extension of the Life-boat Institution, and the improved apparatus at their command. During the five years from 1852 to 1856, 4148 lives were lost by shipwreck, or an average of 830; while in 1872, as we have seen, out of twice the number of wrecks, there were only 590. In 1850 the total wrecks on the coast were 681, and the total lives lost 784. There were then only 96 life-boats in the United Kingdom, and about one-half of these were unserviceable; now there are upwards of 240, all in as thorough a state of efficiency as human ingenuity and a disciplined crew can render them. In 1854, when no fewer than 1549 persons were drowned, the number saved through the aid of the life-boat was 355; while in 1872 there were 739 saved, and if ship and shore boats are included, the enormous number of 4634.

Let us now examine the chart to discover if any law as to the distribution of wrecks can be traced. It may be of importance to bear in mind that the east and west sea-boards of triangular Britain are each about 800 miles in length, including inlets; the south, 400; while that of circular Ireland extends to 1400. Of the whole number of casualties of every kind which occurred during 1872, 885 were on the east coast, 550 on the west, 276 on the south, 198 around Ireland, and 49 among the islands adjacent to Great Britain. The pictorial aid of the map will, however, convey to the mind a clearer idea of these marine disasters than it is possible to acquire from any amount of 'dry statistics.' A mere cursory glance at it is enough to shew that the east, and especially the south-east coast of England, with regard to wrecks, claims a fatal pre-eminence over every other part; that the south coast is comparatively free; the west intermediate between the other two; and that Ireland—emphatically its west sea-board—is the most exempt of all.

We will now proceed to survey the coast-line more minutely. Starting from the extreme north-

eastern point, we find a comparatively safe sea, till we reach the Ness of Fife. The wrecks on the east of Scotland are but an insignificant fraction, as compared with those of England, not exceeding sixty in all from Cape Wrath as far southward as Anstruther, and this notwithstanding the almost total absence of harbours of refuge throughout its whole length. The Firth of Forth is very fairly represented with black dots, the Bass Rock collecting a little group around itself. From this point, there is a thin but continuous line to the mouth of the Tyne. Here the stream widens, and flows on uninterruptedly as far as Flamborough Head, detached lines also beginning to appear. The low-lying Yorkshire coast from Bridlington Bay to Spurn Head shews but few wrecks, but on entering the Humber, there is an almost unbroken series. Thence southward to Lynn there is a very thin, straggling line; but along the Norfolk coast the defect is fairly made up. At Great Yarmouth there is an immense congregation of these dismal dots, which seem to disperse by degrees till near the Thames estuary, when, rallying by degrees, they assemble around the Goodwin Sands in greater numbers than ever. Along the south coast, as we have already said, the calamities are comparatively few. There is a fair group as we round Dungeness, a sprinkling off Beachy Head, a greater crowd about the Bill of Portland, and a thin streak onwards to the Eddystone. Outside the famous lighthouse, the sea is comparatively free, but inside the casualties are distressingly numerous. We have then a very safe sail till the Lizard is sighted; but here the path of disaster recommences. On the whole, however, Cornwall does not stand out so conspicuously as might be expected, considering the horrible tales one has read of wrecks and wreckers on its shores. Proceeding northward, we get among a thicker crowd than we encountered in the Channel, more especially at the mouth of the Severn, along the peninsula of Pembroke, around the Isle of Anglesea, within the estuaries of the Mersey, Dee, and Clyde. The whole line of the Hebrides shews but four dots; the Orkney and Shetland Islands between them fourteen. The Scilly Isles give ten, Lundy nine, Man twenty. On the north, east, and south-east coasts of Ireland, from Lough Swilly to Cape Clear, the chart indicates a somewhat active work of destruction, the dots clustering most thickly around the important ports of Belfast, Dublin, Waterford, and Cork; but the west coast, with all its long inlets and jagged headlands, seems to maintain an almost halcyon reign of security, seventeen wrecks in all appearing along its entire length. Such is a general description of the chart.

In addition to the physical agents which act directly in producing shipwreck, and which must be considered as more or less inevitable, there are others, again, which play a lamentable part, but for which a remedy can be easily found. Under this head may be classed unseaworthiness and overloading of vessels; deficiency of anchors, cables, and other naval equipments; ill-regulated compasses; want of good charts; and incompetency of masters. We have seen that the east coast shews a much larger proportion of wrecks than either the south or west. It is usual to attribute this to the larger number of vessels that frequent the North Sea, and the presence in it of the great sandbanks. But, after making due

allowance for these two operating causes, there remains, we think, some further explanation to be given. Looking to the width of the English and St George's Channels, as compared with that of the German Ocean, they may be said to be more densely crowded with ships. But there is a great difference in the general character of these. A very large number of the vessels that pass up and down the east coast are colliers, which, as a general rule, are ill constructed and deeply laden; while the channels swarm with steamers and large foreign-going ships. We have seen that it is not among these latter that the greater proportion of casualties arise, but among our smaller coasting craft, two-thirds of the whole number being confined to them. Now, it is just in this class of vessels that we might expect to find the deficiencies enumerated above, and it is suspected that to our system of marine insurance a large portion of the blame must be attached. Where indemnity against pecuniary loss, in the event of the wreck of the ship, is secured in this form, the owner has less inducement in looking to the skill and competency of the master, and the master in exercising the necessary watchfulness for the safety of the ship. The increasing number of collisions that arise year by year would seem to bear out this supposition. In 1857, out of a total number of 1015 wrecks, 57 were attributable to this cause; while 1872 gives 409 out of 1958. In view of all this, there is no one but must fully sympathise with Mr Plimsoll and the Board of Trade in their noble endeavours to protect the lives of our seamen by insisting upon a rigorous inquiry into the competency of the master and the condition of the ship before she puts to sea. Local currents, fogs, sand-banks, imperfect charts, are other powerful causes in producing the shipwrecks that disfigure our coast; but it is satisfactory to know that the influence of these is being greatly lessened by the more intimate knowledge we are acquiring in regard to the position and character of each. The charts and instructions to mariners now issued by the Board of Trade and Admiralty are in the highest degree reliable; and if those published by private firms were equally correct, there would be little to complain of on this score. With a trustworthy chart and a good knowledge of his craft, a watchful master will, as a rule, be able to navigate his ship in the midst of fog, through currents, keeping clear of projecting headland, sunken reef, and treacherous sand-bank. Captain Basil Hall tells us, in his *Fragments of Voyages and Travels*, on a voyage from California to Rio, the first land he beheld after leaving, on the clearing away of a fog, was the very port to which he was bound. With the compass, sextant, and chart, he was thus enabled to accomplish successfully a voyage of many thousand miles; and the same feat is performed by many of our coasting captains, who often are unable to desery land from the port of departure to that of arrival. Formerly, the want of lights, buoys, and beacons led to a considerable number of shipwrecks, but danger from this cause is gradually disappearing under the labours of the Trinity House and the Commissioners of Northern Light-houses.

Such catastrophes as the stranding of the *Royal Charter* on the Conway coast, the foundering of the *London* in the Bay of Biscay, the running down of the *Northfleet* in the English Channel, and

the loss of the *Schiller* on the Scilly Isles, startle and appal; but others, again, have their ludicrous side, and some may be even said to have served beneficial purposes. Wrecks of this sort generally take place in calm, but foggy weather, and arise mainly from an inattention to the three *Ls* of Jack's education—Lead, Latitude, and Look-out. The writer of this article resided in Orkney for twenty years, and took a note of the principal wrecks that occurred there during that period. The islands as a rule are rocky and precipitous on the west, and against the tall cliff the broad Atlantic sweeps with unbroken force—during a gale, throwing its gigantic waves not only far upward into the sky, but also for a considerable distance inland. The eastern side, again, is generally flat, one of the group, Sanday, being barely above the level of the water. With a boisterous sea all round, and with rapid tides and conflicting currents between the several islands, one would expect to hear of numerous wrecks and a corresponding loss of life; but such can hardly be said to be the case now, whatever it may have been formerly. Even those that have occurred in recent years have been within some cozy bay on the east sea-board, and during comparatively serene weather, a good proportion of them being foreign emigrant ships. The only dangerous place on the west—dangerous at least as far as shipwreck is concerned—is Hoy Sound, which is the entrance to Stromness Harbour, and which has been the scene of several melancholy disasters. This state of matters affords a striking contrast to that of former times, when, through wrecks, fortunes were sometimes made by a few of the islanders, and a living by a larger number. It is reported of one of their ministers, that while conducting public worship he prayed that the Almighty would guard over all who went down to the sea in ships, but if it was His sovereign will that there should be wrecks that winter, He would not in His mercy forget the poor island of Sanday. Magnus still continues to earn a fair penny from these ravages of the deep, but now only through the portals of a keen speculation. The wreck of a large vessel among the islands usually causes a flutter in the breasts of the merchants of Kirkwall.

It would take a separate article to narrate all the notions and traditions respecting shipwrecks that are still current among the dwellers of these northern islands. Sir Walter Scott has made good use of some in his novel of the *Pirate*, but it is gratifying to be able to write that the superstitious prejudice against rescuing a shipwrecked sailor has utterly vanished along with the genus *Snailsfoot*, who probably served to keep it alive. It is worth mention that almost all our poets and novelists, both ancient and modern, represent shipwrecks as happening on islands, and make them eventually subserve some great and useful end. Like the seeds of certain plants which are wafted by the wind from one district to another, and take root in their new home, they have been sometimes instrumental in transporting and establishing a race of new settlers much needed for the working out of the right civilisation of the race. One of the earliest shipwrecks of which we read—that of Saint Paul in the sacred narrative of the Acts of the Apostles—was the occasion of bringing healing to the governor and inhabitants of Melita, and, no

doubt, of implanting in their minds the elementary truths of the Christian faith. The Greek heroes on their return from Troy met with adventures enough, among which the perils of the deep were not the least conspicuous. It was a storm, and consequent shipwreck, that drove *Æneas* to the coast of Africa, where his own followers and the subjects of Queen *Dido* first made acquaintance, an acquaintance which years after was fated to become memorable in the annals of history. America is believed to have been colonised at an early period through shipwreck; Iceland, certainly the cradle of northern literature, by the same means from Norway in the tenth century. The enchanted isle of *Prospero*, and the solitary prison of *Crusoe*, are instances in which our great masters of fiction make use of islands as materials for the embodiment of their higher creations.

Space prevents us from doing more than attending to one or two of the more notable incidents in connection with shipwrecks in and around these northern islands. A large merchantman, during a gale, while attempting to enter *Hoy Sound*, was hurled by the waves into an immense cave which lies near the opening. The only thing visible of her afterwards was the sea strewn with the vestiges of wreck, and it was universally concluded that all on board had perished. Nearly a week afterwards—while the congregation of *Stromness* were engaged in sacramental worship—a figure suddenly appeared in their midst, pale and emaciated, and looking as if the sea had given up at least one of its dead. It was the only survivor from the wreck. For days he had subsisted upon the shell-fish adhering to the rocks, which he collected at the ebb-tide; but, at last, armed with the courage of despair, he succeeded in scaling the lofty cliffs which overhang the spacious cave. A few years ago, a Russian vessel was borne helplessly onward to the rocks at *Deerness*, and her shattered timber thrown right in the midst of the onlookers that crowded the heights above. The following case may be considered almost miraculous. The island of *Westray* is one of the largest of the group, and shares the general physical appearance of the rest, being low on its eastern side, with a rugged line of almost perpendicular rock; on the west, rising in some places to the height of one hundred and eighty feet. The portion of sea in which it lies is remarkable for the strength and variability of its currents, which sometimes baffle even the skill of the amphibious native. One fine June morning, a vessel was nearing the island. There was little or no wind, but there was a strong tide running, and the sky was obscured by mist. The sails were flapping lazily, but the ship was moving onward at the rate of six or seven miles an hour towards the middle and loftiest part of the sea-wall mentioned above, impelled by the current as directly as the loadstone mountain attracted *Sindbad* towards the cave of skulls. It so happened that a fisherman had been out fowling early that morning, and at the moment was suspended by a rope over that part of the precipice towards which the ship was moving. She was immediately hailed by him, but without response. The crew were terror-struck; they could scarce believe their eyes, when they saw a man, poised in mid-air, and shouting to them from the rock in a language of which they, being foreigners, were ignorant. By the aid of

signs, he made them understand that they had to betake themselves to the boat, and pointed to the exact spot where they were to row. It was the work of a few minutes, but not a minute too soon. Lengthening his rope, he lowered himself down, and assumed the command. The doomed ship came on, was lifted upon the breast of a swelling wave, and deposited upon a sharp-pointed cliff. Here it remained a few minutes, like a dove perched upon the top of a rock, and then fell back in a thousand pieces. Meanwhile, the crew, rescued from the very jaws of death, were steered by their skilful pilot through the floating fragments, and landed in safety in a distant bay. Neither life-boat nor rocket could have been made available in an emergency of this sort, but the intrepidity and self-possession of a simple fisherman was equal to the occasion. That admirable institution, founded by the late, and so worthily presided over by the present, Duke of Northumberland, supported as he is by the indefatigable labours of the secretary Mr Lewis, and the other officers, was not then in existence, otherwise we might have heard of the rescuer on this occasion being rewarded with their highest honour.

We have confined our attention to the consideration of wrecks that occur on our coasts, and have taken no account of those on the high seas. With regard to these, the chart gives us no information, but from other sources it is gathered that they form about two-thirds of the whole number belonging to all nations in the world. They are usually those of ships of large size; but the great marine highways are now so well known, that they are traversed every year with greater confidence and safety. The ravages of the 'devouring element'—of ships struck by lightning in the tropical seas—seemed to defy human skill, and to add the horrors of fire to those of water. Our commerce is of such world-wide extent, and involves such enormous capital, while the number of our fellow-countrymen engaged in it is so immense, that we hope neither genius nor philanthropy will slacken its efforts in devising means for the protection of seamen and the abatement of shipwrecks.

## WALTER'S WORD.

### CHAPTER XL.—A LAST APPEAL.

WHEN death is drawing nigh us, we do not blink at the truth of matters, as when we have time to toy with it; and Walter, who, though so young and strong, was yet—if he kept his word—upon life's brink, felt his own mind convinced that even if the authorisation still existed, it would not be permitted to leave the hands that held it, since those hands (he felt equally sure) were *Reginald Selwyn's*. Yet not the less on that account did it behove him to do his best to obtain it. It was a bitter humiliation to have to make application to this man once more, and the more so because to him, and him alone, he had confided that his own life was imperilled as well as that of Mr Brown; but for the latter's sake he was resolved to do so. He accordingly called at the baronet's hotel, to request another interview. The reply brought to him by the servant was, that Sir *Reginald* had not yet risen. He called again an hour afterwards, and found that he had gone out. As Walter had left a pressing message on the first

occasion, and since his own lodgings were only a few paces from the hotel, it was now evident to him that Sir Reginald intended to avoid him. He therefore sat down, and wrote a letter, in which he once more urged the immense importance of the document with which Lilian had been intrusted; stated his firm belief that it had not been lost upon the way into the town; and adjured him, if he wished to save his father-in-law from a cruel death, that he should use every effort to discover it. 'If it indeed be lost,' wrote he, 'you can certify to that effect, and your personal presence at the banker's may, even as it is, be of some avail.' He added this, in case Sir Reginald had destroyed the paper, from unwillingness to let so large a slice out of the family fortune be sacrificed, rather than with the actual intention of benefiting himself by the merchant's death; or to give him opportunity of repentance and reparation, if he had indeed contemplated so great a crime. To this letter, and not until late in the evening, a verbal answer was delivered at Walter's lodgings, to the effect that Sir Reginald had nothing to add to what he had already communicated to Mr Litton. The method and terms of this reply struck Walter as being equally suspicious; it seemed to him that the baronet was not only resolved not to commit himself to paper, but that he had purposely avoided any direct reference to the authorisation itself. Should Lilian recover, there would, therefore, be no direct evidence (except from Lotty, which was as good as none) that the document had ever been inquired for at his hands; while, if she died—the merchant and himself having fallen victims to Corrali—Sir Reginald would only have to account to his own conscience for his share in the transaction. At the same time, Walter felt that it would be useless to make public this terrible suspicion, that had not indeed sprung up in his own mind in a single night, for it had its roots in long experience, but which must seem to others of monstrous and abnormal growth.

The first thing on the morrow, agreeably to the invitation he had received, Walter once more presented himself at the English bank. Mr Gordon received him with much kindness, and he fancied that there was a smile of something like assurance on his face, as well as welcome.

'Well, sir, and have you found this authorisation?' were his first words.

'No, Mr Gordon; and I frankly tell you that I think it will not be found.'

'But who could have taken it? Of what use would it be to any human being, save to Brown himself, and this rascal Corrali, whose people would be therefore the last to have stolen it?'

'I cannot say, sir,' replied Walter gloomily; a reply that expressed the state of the case more literally than his interlocutor imagined. He could indeed make a shrewd guess of what use it might be to a certain person, but he could not say so. 'I can only repeat that it is not to be found.'

'Well, that is very unfortunate, because it would have made matters comparatively easy,' answered Mr Gordon. 'I have, however, been in communication with my partners on the matter, and they are willing, under the very exceptional circumstances of the case, to make an exceptional effort. We cannot treat, of course, with you as a principal; but if Mr Brown's son-in-law and daughter will come to us in person, prepared to make an affidavit

respecting this document, and to execute a deed guaranteeing us against the loss of the money, it shall be raised by to-morrow morning. It is most unfortunate that Mr Brown's other daughter should be ill, but we must take her acquiescence for granted.'

Mr Gordon evidently imagined that he was not only making a very generous offer, which in truth he was, but also one which would be greedily accepted by the parties concerned; and the gloom that still overshadowed Walter's face irritated him not a little.

'If such an arrangement does not come up to your ideas of what is liberal, Mr Litton,' said he sharply, 'they will differ very much from those of the commercial world, I promise you.'

'Your offer, Mr Gordon, is most liberal, most generous—I acknowledge it with all my heart; but I am doubtful if it will be of any service. Sir Reginald Selwyn told me that even should the authorisation be found, it would be a question with him whether he should make use of it. As a matter of principle, he said he objected to treat with brigands at all, except with the sword; and as for a guarantee, it is my firm impression that he will never give it.'

'Indeed, indeed,' said the banker thoughtfully. 'This is, then, a very serious business, for if Sir Reginald positively refuses to execute the deed I spoke of, we can do nothing. At the same time, I cannot think that he will venture to refuse, in the teeth of public opinion. People will not hesitate to say that he let his father-in-law be put to death, in order that—his wife being, as we conclude, co-heiress—he might inherit his money.'

'My belief is, Mr Gordon,' answered Walter gravely, 'that he will let people say what they please.'

There was a short pause, during which the banker regarded him with fixed attention.

'You have had no quarrel with Sir Reginald, I presume, sir?' inquired he presently.

'There has been no absolute quarrel, but we are certainly not on good terms. I must confess I have no good opinion of him.'

'Well, I am glad to hear that, because I hope you are judging him harshly. Go to him at once, and state the case exactly as it stands. Here are his father-in-law's bankers prepared to advance this ransom upon the guarantee of himself and Lady Selwyn, and on the understanding, that Miss Lilian Brown, on her recovery, and in case of anything going wrong with the money, will join with her sister in seeing us righted.'

'Of that I will be answerable with my life—that is, if my life were worth anything,' added Walter hastily, his thoughts mechanically recurring to the brigand camp.

'Well, certainly, your life would not be a very convertible commodity, Mr Litton,' answered the banker, smiling, 'although I am sure it is a valuable one. I hope to see more of you before you leave Palermo, and under more pleasant circumstances. Above all, I hope to see you again to-day, and accompanied by Sir Reginald and Lady Selwyn.'

Directly he understood that the baronet and Walter had quarrelled, it was obvious that Mr Gordon took a less serious view of the matter, and had little apprehension of any serious obstacle on Sir Reginald's part.

'I will do my very best, sir,' answered Walter earnestly; 'and whatever happens, I thank you from the bottom of my heart. Good-bye, Mr Gordon.'

'Nay! don't let us say "good-bye," but "good-day,"' said the banker, shaking hands with him, and accompanying him to the door. 'On Tuesday we have a little dinner-party, and if you will allow me, I will send you a card of invitation to your lodgings.'

A card of invitation for Tuesday! Never, perhaps, did such a simple act of courtesy awaken such bitter thoughts as those which filled Walter's mind as he took his way home through the crowded streets. All about him was full of light and life, but upon his inmost heart the shadow of death had already fallen. His firm conviction was, that his fate was sealed, and that no Tuesday would ever dawn upon him in this world. He could do his best with Sir Reginald, of course though his best should include no word of appeal upon his own account; if his own life alone had been in peril, he would not have stooped to ask it of him at all—but he had an overwhelming presentiment that his visit would be fruitless.

At the hotel door, he was met, as usual, by the statement that Sir Reginald was not within.

'It is no matter; I will go in and wait for him,' was Walter's quiet rejoinder; and there was a determination in his tone which it was not in Sicilian nature—or, at all events, in the nature of a Sicilian hotel porter—to resist. He walked upstairs, and entered the sitting-room of the baronet without announcement.

Lotty was seated there alone, and thinking, no doubt, that it was her husband, she did not even look up from her employment. Her back was turned towards him, and she was engaged, or appeared to be so, upon some sort of needle-work, but he noticed that she passed her handkerchief rapidly across her eyes, as he entered the room.

'Lady Selwyn,' said he, 'forgive this intrusion, but my business admits of no delay.'

She sprang to her feet, and faced him with a frightened look.

'Oh, Mr Litton, does Reginald know?'—She hesitated, and he could see she trembled in every limb.

'That I am here?' answered Walter quietly. 'No; he does not know it, but it is necessary he should do so. I am come on the gravest errand, and one on which hangs your father's life.'

'O sir, you must be mistaken,' replied she, her eyes filling with tears; 'it cannot be so bad as that. Reginald assures me that it cannot.'

'Your husband cannot know the facts, Lady Selwyn, as I know them. To-morrow will be your father's last day on earth, unless one of two things happens. One is, that the authorisation which your sister brought with her from the brigands' camp into this house, shall be forthcoming.'

'I cannot find it; I have searched everywhere; indeed, indeed, I have,' returned she earnestly.

'Perhaps Sir Reginald could find it, if he tried.'

Lotty's pale face assumed an awful whiteness, and her teeth began to chatter as though with cold.

'No, Mr Litton, he cannot,' she gasped. 'It is lost, lost, lost!'

'You mean, that I am too late,' said Walter sternly—'that it has been destroyed.'

'I don't say that, I don't say that!' cried Lady Selwyn passionately. 'I did not see him do it; but yet, in ignorance of its importance, he may have done it. What was the other hope—the other chance? O help me, help me, Mr Litton, to save my father!'

'The other hope—and the only other hope—lies in yourself.'

'In me!' exclaimed she joyfully; 'then he is saved.'

'In you, and in your husband.' The light faded from her eyes in a moment, and she uttered a deep sigh. 'Yes; you and he have only to present yourselves at the English bank this day, and execute a certain deed, and the ransom will be paid.'

'I will ask him, Mr Litton; I will beseech him; but you know' (here she smiled a wretched smile) 'that I have not much power; and he is so convinced—being a soldier, you see, himself—that the better way is to send the troops. Perhaps—he will be very angry, I am afraid, to find you here—but still, perhaps you will not mind seeing him yourself.'

'I shall most certainly see him myself, Lady Selwyn.'

'And do not give him an opportunity for a quarrel,' continued Lotty earnestly; 'for my father's sake, and for Lilian's, be careful of that. Bear with him, Mr Litton.'

'I will endeavour to do so,' answered Walter gravely. Her advice was good so far as it went; for it was likely enough that Sir Reginald would endeavour to escape what was required of him, by means of a quarrel; but, then, was it not still more probable that he would contrive to quarrel in any case?

'How is Lilian?' inquired Walter. 'You may imagine the pressing importance of my visit here, since I have not put that question before. The porter in the hall, however, informed me that she is much the same.'

'No; she is better,' said Lotty, dropping her voice, and looking cautiously round; 'I can give you that much comfort. She is herself again—quite herself—though, of course, as weak as a child.'

'Ah! if it were ten days hence, instead of to-morrow—to-morrow!' murmured Walter involuntarily.

'Why so, Mr Litton?'

'Because Lilian herself could have then gone to the banker's; but at present that would, of course, be out of the question.'

'O yes, quite. In three days' time, however, I think she would be strong enough to see you—and I am sure it would please her.'

'In three days' time! This woman had already, then, forgotten,' thought he, 'the fate that awaited her father within less than forty-eight hours. What a weak and wavering nature was hers, how impressible, and yet how easily every impression was effaced! How could it have been possible that there had been a time—and not so long ago—when he had thought of her as one of the noblest of womankind! How different, and how inferior was she to his Lilian!'

This was somewhat hard on Lotty, for she had not forgotten what Walter had told her respecting her father, only she did not think matters were quite so bad as he described. She believed him



more than she believed her husband, but it was natural that she should believe the latter a little—not that she did not know him to be untruthful, but because she was loath to think of him so ill, as it would be necessary to do, if Walter were right in his forebodings. She had also the tendency of her sex, to think all risks much less than they were represented to be.

'I suppose,' said Walter, not without a tremulousness in his tone, 'that it would not be possible for me to see Lillian, either to-day or to-morrow morning, even for a few minutes?' It seemed so hard to go to death without bidding her good-bye, though he knew it would cost him so much; as for her, it would cost her nothing in that respect, since it would be dangerous, as well as useless, to tell her how matters really stood.

'Well, you might see *her*,' said Lotty, hesitating; 'but I could hardly promise that she could see *you*. Perhaps the day after to-morrow, when she has had her afternoon sleep, and is at her best, she might bear the interview. She has often spoken of you, and even asked for you, though sometimes I doubted whether she knew what she was saying; and considering what you have undergone together, I cannot think there can be any harm—and Reginald has said nothing against it—yes; I really do think we might say the day after to-morrow.'

It was almost a relief to Walter, finding poor Lotty what she was, to hear Sir Reginald's stern voice in the hall (doubtless rebuking the porter for having given his visitor admittance), and to feel that from him he would at least definitely know his fate. It was easy to see by Lady Selwyn's face that she heard it also.

'Shall I go, Mr Litton,' murmured she hurriedly, 'or shall I stay? If you think I can be of any use'—It was evident enough which alternative the poor lady preferred, and Walter was disinclined to put her to pain; moreover, it was as likely that the presence of a witness would harden Sir Reginald in his villainy—if villainy he intended to commit—as that it would shame him into propriety; and again, if the baronet proved obstinate, Walter would be compelled, for her sake, to mitigate the indignation and contempt which in that case he was fully resolved to express towards him.

'It is just as well I should see your husband alone, Lady Selwyn,' said he gently; and Lotty disappeared through one door, as Sir Reginald presented himself at the other. 'It seems to me, Mr Litton, that you are very importunate,' were his first words, as he closed the door carefully behind him. Neither the action nor the unaccustomed pallor of the baronet's face escaped his visitor. They were evidences to him that this man had made up his mind upon the matter in hand, but at the same time was ashamed of his resolution, or, at all events, was well aware that disgrace would be imputed to him.

'Where two men's lives are in such imminent peril, Sir Reginald, I do not think that any endeavour to save them should be termed importunity. The authorisation intrusted to your sister-in-law's hands has, it seems, been lost.'

'You have already had your answer upon that point,' replied the other coldly. 'As to its being lost,' indeed, I cannot say, because that supposes such a document to have been in existence; but, all events, it has not been found.'

'And I conclude, Sir Reginald, I may take it for granted that it will not be found?'

'I do not understand you, Mr Litton.'

But it was plain by the red spot on his cheek-bones, and the hard glitter of his eyes, that he was well aware of what was meant.

'We are quite alone, Sir Reginald,' said Walter in firm significant tones, 'and there is no reason why I should not speak plainly. The loss of this document, I must needs remind you, which includes also the sacrifice of your father-in-law's life, would be to you a great gain. It behoves you, therefore, for your reputation's sake, if for no better reason, to—'

'My reputation, sir,' interrupted Sir Reginald contemptuously, 'can stand any slur which Mr Walter Litton may choose to cast upon it.'

'I do not speak of myself; I am merely quoting the opinion of Mr Gordon, the banker here, which will, I am sure, be shared by every one of our countrymen in this place, that if you refuse to assist in rescuing Mr Brown from the cruel hands which threaten him, your conduct will be open to the gravest suspicions. The money which it is well known you would inherit by such a course of proceeding, would doubtless be a consideration—but it would be blood-money.'

Sir Reginald was trembling with rage in every limb, but yet he restrained himself, as Walter knew he could never have done, had he been imputing to him less than the truth. 'It is certainly very agreeable, Mr Litton,' said he in a hoarse voice, 'to find that others, beside yourself, are interesting themselves so much in my private affairs; but it is just as well—if they are to be made public—that the facts should be thoroughly understood. You accuse me of concealing, or destroying—for it comes to that—a certain document, the very existence of which I do not hesitate to deny. It is true my sister-in-law has mentioned the very sum you speak of—the monstrous amount of which, by-the-by, seemed well to consort with her unhappy condition—but as to seeing it stated in black and white, that, nobody has done. Yet, because I don't produce it, you go about the town, it seems, accusing me of refusing to assist my father-in-law in obtaining his freedom. I have done my best—and in accordance with the judgment of those best fitted to advise in such matters—by getting the troops sent out, and I am prepared to do aught else—short of what is utterly unreasonable—to further the same end.'

'In that case, then, Sir Reginald,' said Walter gravely, 'my object in coming here to-day is accomplished. I am commissioned by Mr Gordon to inform you, that if you and Lady Selwyn will present yourselves in person at the bank to-day, your guarantees for the money will be accepted in place of the authorisation, and that in that case Mr Brown's ransom will be forthcoming at once.'

'What! the three hundred thousand ducats?'

For the moment, astonishment had dulled Sir Reginald's wits; instead of being ready with an excuse for not conforming to this unexpected offer, he could only oppose an incredulity which the facts must needs overcome. The idea of his personal guarantee being accepted for such a sum as fifty thousand pounds—one hundredth part of which in ready-money he had rarely possessed in his life—had utterly overwhelmed him.

Walter began to think that his own difficulties

were over, and ventured to smooth away those which seemed to present themselves to Sir Reginald.

'Your guarantee,' said he, 'it is true will be but a matter of form. When Mr Brown regains his liberty, he will, of course, be glad enough to pay the money; only, in the absence of the authorisation, the bank needs to be assured of this, by his daughter and yourself.'

'But if he does not regain his liberty, and the money is taken by the brigands all the same?' observed the baronet. 'Supposing even they were to kill him—as you have told me is possible—and these three hundred thousand ducats go into Corrali's pockets all the same?'

'That is to the last degree improbable; such a breach of faith has never been known among these people.'

'Impossible! But is it impossible? that is the question. As to honour among thieves, to be sure there is a proverb to that effect, but it would scarcely justify me, I should imagine, in putting such a temptation as fifty thousand pounds in the way of a Sicilian brigand. No, Mr Litton; I am sensible—you may tell Mr Gordon—of the compliment he pays me; but I must decline to accept such a responsibility—to undertake an obligation which I have no means of discharging—should things turn out amiss—as a man of honour.'

'I must again remind you that we are quite alone, Sir Reginald,' said Walter bitterly, 'and that I know you perfectly well. You have undertaken obligations before now which you had much less chance of discharging than this one, and with much less important objects. Your scruples upon this matter, when I saw you last, and when no such opportunity as the present offered itself, were confined to making overtures to the brigands at all, who, you said, must be treated with, on principle, by the sword alone. Those scruples, it seems, you have forgotten; but you have found others more adapted for the new conditions. I do not doubt that in any case you would find reasons enough to excuse you from following the course which duty and humanity alike point out to you. As for me—if you persist in this wickedness—I shall be a dead man to-morrow night; but do not imagine that I shall die unavenged. I will leave behind me a statement of your conduct, in this matter, towards your relative, which, so soon as the news comes of our double murder, shall be published far and wide. You will be rich, perhaps, for it is possible—I have no doubt you are speculating upon her illness turning out fatally even now—that you may obtain poor Lilian's inheritance as well as that of your wife; but you will never purchase, I do not say the respect, but the recognition of your fellow-creatures. You will be held as a man accursed. That you are brave—in one sense, at all events—I am well aware; but you will not be brave enough to hold up your head when the finger of public scorn is pointed at it!'

'Have you done—have you quite done?' inquired Sir Reginald coldly. 'Have you any more theatrical effects with which to favour me?'

'I have nothing more to say, Reginald Selwyn, except to put the question for the last time: Will you stir a finger to save your father-in-law's life, or will you not?'

'If you mean, by stirring a finger, will I become a party to a negotiation with brigands?—no; I will not!'

'Mr Gordon was right,' said Walter bitterly, as he rose from his chair. 'There was a time when Reginald Selwyn was a gentleman and a soldier; but I know him now for what, in his cruel heart, he knows himself to be, a scoundrel and an assassin!'

Sir Reginald leaped to his feet, but the passion which, in the days that Walter had referred to, would have prompted him to strike his adversary to the earth, gave way immediately to calculations of prudence. He reflected that a conflict with his quondam friend at such a time would be most damaging to his interests and reputation. Walter waited quietly for the expected assault—in truth, he desired nothing better than to grapple with his enemy, with little solicitude for what might be the result of such an encounter; but perceiving that it was not to happen, uttered but one word, 'Coward!' and looking steadily in the other's face, turned on his heel, and left the room.

#### CHAPTER XLII.—WALTER SETS HIS HOUSE IN ORDER.

A great poetess has described for us the aspects under which death appears to man in his various ages; but the welcome which but too many of us are ready to give it, she has forborne to sing. There are many thousands in this little land of ours, I do not doubt, who would receive with joy a summons to eternal peace, if it were only to be cessation from trouble, and nothing more. Only to rest, and to be out of the world, is their piteous desire. It is probable that the establishment of life-assurance societies has prolonged human existence more than all the appliances of science before and since their era. There is many a man for whom not only Prosperity and Pleasure are over, but even Hope itself, who feels not only old age, and poverty and care, growing over him like mosses upon a wall though, alas, not so painlessly—but comfortless despair; there is many a man, I say, who, if himself were alone concerned in the matter, would certainly end all with a bare bodkin, without much fear of the after-dream. It is true, indeed, that what we fear is worse than what we feel; but the feeling is, in this case, sharp and sensible, while the fear is vague and shadowy. With what bitter but secret smiles do church-going men often listen to homilies about the joys of life, and the eager clutch with which humanity clings to it! Still, doubtless, on the whole, the poet is right; to most men—let us thank God for it—life is dear. To youth, it is especially so, for to them even, if it may sometimes seem that it would be well to die, the Preacher's words are true, that heaviness may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning. Thus, as we have seen, it had lately appeared to Walter Litton that existence had no great boon to offer him, and that he might let go his hold upon it without much regret; but now that he was standing in the shining street, with the sea one smile before him, and the voices and laughter of his fellow-men breaking in upon his ear, it again seemed hard to die. He was not yet three-and-twenty, and in perfect health and vigour; the slight hurt that his few days of scarcity and exposure upon the mountains had done him, or, perhaps, had only seemed to do him, was quite passed away. There was no reason—save that terrible bail-bond of his word he had

given to the brigand chief, and which was to be exacted on the morrow—why he should not live for the next fifty years; breathe the soft air, feel the warm sun, gaze into the pure depths of yonder sky, and eat and drink and be merry with his fellows. If only that little promise of his could be blotted from his mind—and only from his own mind, for no one else would reproach him for breaking it—he felt that his life might be a happy one. Should Lilian recover, of which there now seemed to be good hope, she would undoubtedly accept him for her husband, in spite of any representations of Sir Reginald. To have love, riches, health, and youth within his power, and yet to exchange all to-morrow - to-morrow—for a cruel and lingering death, was a terrible thought indeed.

The contrast did not, however, present itself in the form of a temptation. He did not need to picture to himself the disappointment of the unhappy old merchant at his non-appearance in the brigand camp, nor the mortification of Joanna at that evidence of his want of faith; indeed, they would both, he knew, be glad that he had thus escaped his doom, since it was to be escaped no other way; nor did the thought of the bitter triumph of Corrali over his broken word affect him in the least, for it never entered into his mind to break his word. He was going back on the morrow to his death, as he had always intended to do, should things turn out as they had done; but he had not expected them so to turn out; and his disappointment was very bitter, and his regrets very keen. He had no sense of any heroism in his own conduct, but only of the hardness of the fate that necessitated it; and he was furious against the selfish and murderous greed of Sir Reginald. If religion required of him, in that hour of wretchedness, to forgive the man, who, if not the actual cause of it, had, by his criminal inaction, conduced to it, Walter was not religious; he hated and despised him infinitely more than Corrali himself, and in all the dark turmoil of his thoughts, kept this one clear and distinct before him—that so far as in him lay, Reginald Selwyn should not escape unpunished. There are many good and wise axioms that require to be acted upon with a difference, according to the character of those with whom we have to deal. A soft answer, we are told, for example, turneth away wrath; and it doubtless does so in many cases; but there are others in which conciliation is not only thrown away, but increases the fury of the wicked man, since he conceives from it that he may be furious with impunity. Another excellent precept is, to leave evil-doers to the punishment of their own conscience; but here also it is necessary to be convinced that in the particular case such an instrument of chastisement exists. To have left Reginald Selwyn to the stings of remorse, would have been much the same as to have inflicted a fine of five shillings upon a millionaire for murder. Walter was firmly resolved to inflict no fine upon him, but such a penalty as he must needs feel. He therefore made use of one of the few hours of life remaining to him to draw up a detailed statement of the facts of Mr Christopher Brown's capture and imprisonment, with especial reference to the ransom which would have procured his release; the mysterious disappearance of the authorisation, and Sir Reginald's lukewarmness concerning it; the negotiations with the banker, and the baronet's

refusal to sign the guarantee: nor did he hesitate to point out how, by such a course of conduct, the latter's material interests had been advantaged at the expense of his unhappy relative. This paper he sealed up, and addressed to the British consul, with a request that it might be made public so soon as the fatal news from Corrali's camp should reach the city. Of himself, he said little, beyond describing the circumstances of his compelled return to the brigands, which would naturally afford to his statement the weight which attaches to the evidence of a dying man.

A much more painful, if less important task then claimed his attention, in bidding farewell to Lilian. It was necessary to do this in writing, since, even if he should have the chance of seeing her (which now seemed improbable), it would have been impossible, in her fragile condition, to communicate to her the true state of the case. He did not waste many words upon Sir Reginald, with whose character he knew Lilian was well acquainted, and of whose conduct in the present matter she would hear the particulars from other sources; but he solemnly laid the fate of her father and himself at the baronet's door, and adjured her to rescue Lotty from his hands, which, as he pointed out, it would be easy to do by making some pecuniary sacrifice. 'He has no wish, you will find,' he bitterly added, 'to keep his captive for her own sake; but in his willingness to accept ransom, you will find him the counterpart of Corrali himself.' Finally, he asked Lilian's pardon for the involuntary share he had himself taken in the marriage of her sister with the man who had thus brought ruin on them all. The rest of his letter described the steady growth of his affection for herself, which, although all hope of its fruition seemed denied to him, had induced him to come abroad, in the hope of being of use to her, under circumstances which had given her just cause for apprehension. Unhappily, his efforts to assist her had been unavailing, but he besought her to believe that he in no way regretted them; he had done his best, and failed; but to have done less than his best would have been a greater pain to him than his failure was. Then he spoke of their common youth, and entreated her not to grieve unreasonably, or for long, over his decease. Fate had only permitted them, within the last few days, to express to one another their mutual love; if he had lived, it was true, it would have lasted as long as life itself; but since he was doomed to die, it was contrary to nature and reason that her young love should be wasted on a dead man. He gave her his full leave—'Such a permission,' wrote he, 'will seem preposterous to any other than yourself, but you will feel that I have the right to give it; and I foresee that it will one day be a relief to you—to marry whom she would. And he wished her happiness in her wedded life. Walter felt that his letter was egotistic; but also that she would make allowance—then and always—for the circumstances under which it was composed. The *Ego* was strong within him. As he looked out from his window, earth, sea, and sky seemed to have the same personal reference to himself that they have to dying men. He saw them now, but after one day more he would never see them. The sun was setting, so far as he was concerned, for the last time save one. The mighty world, so full of light and life, would go on as usual, but not for

him; he was about to drop out of it, and the darkness of the grave to close around him. After that, he knew not what would happen to him, nor did any man know. He could only bow his head in reverent faith. He was not afraid of falling into the hands of God, nor did he repine in an unmanly manner. But as he thought of Lilian, and of all that might have been, but which was not to be, the tears gathered in his eyes. His mind, too, wandered back to Beech Street and faithful Jack Pelter. He did not feel equal to writing to him, but he would learn all that had taken place, and he could trust him to construe all aright, so far as he was himself concerned. By his will, made when he came of age, by his lawyer's advice, he had left him—the only friend who had at that time 'shewn himself friendly'—what property he was possessed of; and it was a comfort to him now to think that, notwithstanding his feckless habits, poor Jack would never want. He had put aside some portion of his ready-money to pay for his own interment in the English cemetery (a favourite spot with him), should his body be recovered from the brigands; and the rest he had allotted to Francisco, as the marriage portion of his bride. These, with the letters, he intended to leave out upon the morrow, in order that they might be found after he had left the city. And now all matters having been thus provided for in this world, he was sitting at his open window thinking unutterable things.

'Signor!'—he started, so deep he was in meditation that he had not heard any one enter his apartment—'signor, I have news for you.'

It was Francisco's voice, the tones of which were always musical, but which had acquired of late—born of his new-found love—the tenderness of a brook in June, 'which to the leafy woods all night singeth a quiet tune;' his passion had rendered him sympathetic, as well as eloquent. 'You have scarcely touched your dinner, my father says; but you will eat supper when you have heard my tidings. The English young lady is better, still weak and worn, poor soul, and a mere shadow to look at: you must not be frightened at that.'

'What! can she see me, then?'

'Yes; she will see you: not to-night, because it is too late, but to-morrow.'

'To-morrow!' The very word seemed to sound forlorn and sad, as he uttered it. 'It will be early, then, I hope, Francisco.'

'Yes; it will be very early. After her night's rest, says Julia, her mistress is at her best and strongest, and she wishes to see you, signor, ah, so eagerly!'

'A thousand thanks, Francisco. You will find that I have not forgotten this good service.'

'Oh, do not speak of that. But you must really eat something, none would think that it was but two days ago that you came back half-starved from the mountains.'

A sharp pang ran through Walter's frame; he had been reminded of a thing forgotten—namely, his appointment with Santoro for that evening.

'Come, signor, let me bring you supper.'

'Presently, Francisco—in half an hour or so; I have something to do first in the town.' He turned back to the window, unwilling to prolong this talk; and Francisco, with an anxious glance at his English friend, and a dubious shake of his fine head, withdrew from the apartment. Immediately

afterwards, Walter took up his hat, and repaired to the usual rendezvous, where he found Santoro awaiting him. He at once informed the brigand that all hope of obtaining the ransom was at an end, and inquired at what hour it would be necessary to start upon the morrow.

'We should be off before noon,' was his quiet reply, 'since it takes much longer to climb a mountain than to descend from it.'

'Then I will be here before that hour.'

'Hush! Not here, signor, but at the end of the Marina,' answered the brigand in low tones. 'This place is growing too hot for me; certain inquiries have been made, I find, and it is necessary that I should leave the town to-night.'

'You do not suppose, I hope, that it is through anything I have said—'

'No, no; the signor is a man of honour; but he has been watched and followed. A brigand's eyes never deceive him.'

Walter could not but think that his companion was mistaken, for not only had he been unconscious of any such espionage, but he knew of none who could have any interest in his coming and going. Still, it was obvious that Santoro was uneasy, and since it was unnecessary to prolong the interview, they parted at once. As Walter went back to his lodgings, he cast a glance up to the rooms which the Selwyns occupied at the hotel, and saw Sir Reginald smoking and sipping coffee on the balcony; and as he was the only man who was likely to take any note of his proceedings, the brigand's suspicion seemed to him more baseless even than before. Walter's supper was brought up to him by Baccari himself, and not, as he had expected, by Francisco, and the good lodging-house keeper was unusually silent. His guest was content, however, to observe the change without making allusion to it, since, to be left alone with his own thoughts, was, on that night which was to be his last on earth, what he most desired.

## ABOUT FUNGI.

It is not to be wondered at that the difficulties attending the study of cryptogamic botany should have made it less attractive than the study of the flowers of the field. It is to be regretted, however, that prejudice should have so long stood in the way of progress in one department of this most interesting branch of botanical research. Ferns, mosses, and sea-weeds have each in their turn had a share of popular esteem. Fungi, or rather toad-stools—for the common notion of fungi scarcely goes beyond these—have generally been regarded with contempt. Yet there is perhaps no more interesting field of study in the vegetable kingdom than they afford, whether we look to the marvellous beauty of form or of colouring which they present both to the naked eye and to microscopical investigation. With the microscope, the study of them becomes truly fascinating. A volume on Fungi has recently been published in the International Scientific Series (*Fungi, their Nature, Influence, and Uses*, by M. C. Cooke, M.A., LL.D.; edited by the Rev. M. J. Berkeley, M.A.,

F.L.S.), which, it is hoped, will awaken a wider interest in the subject.

It is popularly supposed that fungi are to be found associated only with decay; and until within a comparatively recent period it was not unfrequently asserted that they could not grow on healthy substances. 'It is, however, now a well-established fact,' says Berkeley, in his *Outlines of British Fungology*, 'that the most healthy tissues may be affected by fungi, though they rapidly become diseased under their influence.' While it is true that they are to be found in the most noisome places, on dunghills, in damp cellars, or in pestilential drains, it would be a great error to identify them with such places. They love chiefly shady woods, grassy glades, leafy dens, and open pastures. They are to be found wherever there is decaying vegetable substance, while large numbers establish themselves on the tissue of living leaves. Some grow on animal substances, such as leather, horn, and bone. Particular insects are liable to be attacked by them. One species in the West Indies is developed on a wasp, which flies about with its burden till it becomes greater than it can bear; and in a well-known disease to which silkworms are liable, a true fungus plays its part in the work of destruction.

While some fungi are among the most minute products of the vegetable kingdom, others attain an enormous size. Mr Berkeley mentions an instance which occurred in the north of England, where the sandstone walls of a railway tunnel were covered by a vast curtain of fungoid growth. The larger and more fleshy fungi are of rapid growth, and, in consequence of the rapid development of their cellular tissue, they possess an expansive power, of which curious, apparently incredible instances are on record. One of the most interesting of these is given on the authority of Dr Carpenter: A pavement stone measuring twenty-two inches by twenty-one, and weighing eighty-three pounds, though secured by mortar, was completely lifted out of its bed by the growth of large toad-stools beneath it. Rapid in growth, fungi also speedily decay. 'Some species,' says Berkeley, in his *Introduction to Cryptogamic Botany*, 'are capable of exhibiting every phase of growth and of decay in a few hours.'

The colour of fungi depends for the most part upon the contents of the cells, and these are endless in variety. The one colour remarkable for its absence is pure vegetable green (*chlorophyll*); and this, according to the opinion of Mr Berkeley, is probably due to the fact that, like animals, they exhale carbonic acid, and absorb oxygen. When green does occur it is of a dull metallic hue. It is worthy of note that one of these greens is of practical use in art. The most careless observer may have noticed how common it is to find pieces of rotten stick deeply stained with a beautiful green tint. This is the *mycelium*, or spawn of a fungus (*Helotium aeruginosum*); and the wood so stained is used for its colour in the manufacture

of Tunbridge ware. In variety and beauty of colouring, fungi may be truly said to rival the flowers of the field. Associated as they have been in the popular mind only with decay, the common error, that they are disgusting in smell, is not to be wondered at. Some, undoubtedly, are extremely fetid; but many are sweet-scented, such as of newly-mown hay, violets, anise, myrrh, and apricot.

No class of plants presents a greater variety or stranger diversity of forms. To those who love to wander in the woods or green fields in summer and in early autumn, the appearance of some of the larger and more noticeable species must be familiar. The brilliancy of their colouring can scarcely fail to attract attention. The Agarics, of which the common Mushroom (*Agaricus campestris*) may be taken as the type, are the best known, from their parasol shape. The most attractive of these is the splendid Fly Agaric (*Agaricus muscarius*), found chiefly in fir-woods. With its bright scarlet pileus, studded with white warts, and its pure white gills and stem, it forms a very striking object. Of all the true Agarics, it is the most dangerous. It has been used as a fly-poison; hence its name. It is used and highly prized by the inhabitants of Siberia for its intoxicating properties. Its first effect when eaten is exhilarating; and it has the curious power of producing erroneous impressions of size and distance. Under its influence, a running leap would be necessary to clear a straw lying upon the road. If it is taken in sufficient quantity, intoxication passes into delirium, which is succeeded by entire loss of consciousness and death. There are some genera of great beauty allied to the true Agarics, such as the *Hygrophori*, from their peculiarly waxy appearance and brilliancy of colour; the *Lactarii*, or milky Agarics, so called from the milk with which they abound, and which drops from them when they are injured; and the *Russula*, which resemble the *Lactarii*, but are destitute of milk. One of the most beautiful of the latter genus, the Emetic Agaric (*Russula emetica*), with its smooth shining red pileus, and white gills and stem, is also one of the most dangerous. A very small portion of it would serve to produce the most disagreeable effects, such as are indicated by its name. Of other genera, perhaps the most beautiful in form are the various species of *Clavaria*. Some of these are so delicately branched as to resemble the most exquisite coral. Their prevailing colours are pure white and full golden yellow. One is of pure amethyst. There are few sensations of delight keener than those which the mycologist experiences in coming upon groups of these exquisitely coloured plants, while wandering through an ancestral park, or in the green woods at early morning, when the dew is yet fresh upon the grass, and the birds are singing upon the trees, and the world of toil is asleep. Very beautiful also are the forms which even the lower powers of the microscope reveal. In the various species of mould, for example, we find miniature forests of wonderful beauty and delicacy. It is beyond our purpose, however, to do more than recommend the study, and we almost envy the first surprise and delight of one to whom microscopical investigation is entirely new.

In speaking of the uses of fungi, we must limit ourselves to their edible properties. Much useful and interesting information on this subject will be found in the volume to which we have already referred; in Mr Cooke's *Plain and Easy Account of British Fungi*; and in Dr Badham's *Treatise on the Esculent Funguses of Great Britain*. Great assistance will be derived also from two sheets published by Mr Worthington Smith (London, Hardwicke), containing admirable coloured figures of the more common esculent and poisonous species.

In all parts of the world, fungi have been employed as food. The Parisian epicure and the savage of Tierra del Fuego alike value them. In our own country, with the exception of the common mushroom, they have never been highly esteemed, doubtless from dread of dangerous species. Yet there are many unmistakable species which are sufficiently common to be useful, while some are justly esteemed as great delicacies. At least fifty or sixty species are capable of supplying wholesome and nutritious food. More unmistakable even than our common mushroom are the Orange Milk *Lactarius* (*Lactarius deliciosus*), the only one of the genus which has milk so coloured; the Chantarelle (*Cantharellus cibarius*), with its rich golden colour and apricot scent; and the fairy ring Champignon (*Marasmius oreales*). Yet these, though common, are scarcely eaten in this country. They are perhaps the finest of all our edible fungi, excelling the common mushroom, and are highly esteemed in nearly every country in Europe. *Boletus edulis*, belonging to an order (*Potyporei*) in which we find tubes or pores in place of the gill-plates of the Agarics, though inferior to those just named, is commonly used throughout Europe. It is easily distinguished by its brownish smooth cushion-like pileus, its greenish yellow tubes, and its thick reticulated or netted stem. Yet this species, though common in our woods, has never been much used in Britain, probably because the genus *Boletus* contains several which are decidedly dangerous. Dr Badham supposes that this is the *suillus* which was eaten by the ancient Romans. Another species, belonging to the same order, must not be omitted, *Fistulina hepatica*, so named from its resemblance to liver. A slice of it is not unlike beef-steak. It is usually found on the trunks of old oaks, and is much more common in England than in Scotland. Mr Cooke, in his *British Fungi*, states that 'specimens are now and then met with which would furnish four or five men with a good dinner; and they have been collected weighing as much as thirty pounds.' In another order (*Hydnei*) we find the under surface of the pileus beset with spines instead of gill plates or pores. One of these, which is common in our woods (*Hydnum repandum*) is much esteemed in some parts of Europe. The *Hydnum* generally are said to resemble oysters in flavour. Many others might be named which, however, are scarcely so common as to merit the attention of the mycophagist.

It is scarcely possible to give any general rules by which esculent may be distinguished from poisonous species. They can be discriminated only by the study of species. 'The only safe guide,' says Mr Cooke, in his recent work, 'lies in mastering, one by one, the specific distinctions, and increasing the number of one's own esculents gradually, by dint of knowledge and experience, even as a child learns to distinguish a

filbert from an acorn, or, with wider experience, will thrust in his mouth a leaf of *Oxalis*, and reject that of the white clover.' By reference to such figures as those of Mr Worthington Smith, the commoner species, both esculent and poisonous, may be easily discriminated; and many useful hints regarding the method of using them will be found in such a work as Mr Cooke's *Plain and Easy Account of British Fungi*. As a general rule, such as are of sweet odour, especially such as have the smell of new meal, are safe and wholesome. Nearly all that can be said by way of caution may be summed up thus: Such as are disagreeable in smell, or acrid to the taste; such as contain milk (*Lactarii*) other than the one orange-coloured; such as turn blue when the flesh of the fungus is cut or broken (*Boleti*); and, generally, such as grow on wood—should be carefully avoided. And in all cases, they should be used only when young and fresh. Even the most wholesome become unwholesome and dangerous when old or in decay. As an example of this, we may mention the Giant Puff-ball (*Lycoperdon giganteum*), which is excellent when young, resembling sweetbread, but which has been known to produce serious consequences in its fully matured condition. The common notion, that all which grow under trees are dangerous, is entirely erroneous. It is true of the common mushroom—it should not be gathered in woods. But some of the best species, such as the Chantarelle, the orange-milk *Lactarius*, and *Boletus edulis*, are to be found almost exclusively in woods. In many cases, much of their wholesomeness seems to depend upon the method of cooking them; and with all of them, Mr Berkeley recommends that plenty of bread should be eaten. It has been supposed that salt and vinegar have special virtues in destroying the poisonous qualities of some. There are, however, so many which are perfectly wholesome, and which are at the same time so easily distinguished, that it is not advisable, without special knowledge, to make use of any whose qualities are doubtful.

In France particularly, immense quantities of mushrooms are cultivated. In Paris, they are grown in caves, some of which contain mushroom beds of many miles in extent. From these, large supplies are daily sent to market; and some cultivators preserve them for exportation. Even in this country the cultivation of them is found to be so profitable, that Mr Cooke tells us 'curious revelations sometimes crop up, as at a recent trial at the Sheriff's Court for compensation from the Metropolitan Railway Company for premises and business of a nurseryman at Kensington. The railway had taken possession of a mushroom ground, and the claim for compensation was seven hundred and sixteen pounds. It was stated in evidence, that the profits on mushrooms amounted to one hundred or one hundred and fifty per cent. One witness said, if fifty pounds were expended in twelve months, or perhaps in six months, the sum realised would be two hundred pounds.' Truffles, which grow underground, have always been favourite fungi in Europe, from the time of Pliny to the present day. They are to be found in some of the chalk districts in England, and are imported from the continent. Both pigs and dogs are trained to search them out; and on this special branch of the subject Mr Cooke gives some curious information; though a writer in a late

number of the *Revue des Deux Mondes* gives much of the credit of truffle-finding to pigs. Mr Cooke says : 'Some notion may be obtained of the extent to which the trade of truffles is carried on in France, when we learn that in the market of Apt alone, about three thousand five hundred pounds of truffles are exposed for sale every week during the height of the season ; and the quantity sold during the winter reaches upwards of sixty thousand pounds, whilst the department of Vaucluse yields annually upwards of sixty thousand pounds. It may be interesting here to state, that the value of truffles is so great in Italy, that precautions are taken against truffle-poachers, much in the same way as against game-poachers in England. They train their dogs so skilfully, that, while they stand on the outside of the truffle-grounds, the dogs go in and dig for the fungi : though there are multitudes of species, they bring out those only which are of market value. Some dogs, however, are employed by botanists which will hunt for any especial species that may be shewn to them. The great difficulty is to prevent them devouring the truffles, of which they are very fond. The best dogs, indeed, are true retrievers.'

One of the most interesting questions relating to fungi is the influence which they exert in the general economy of nature. We have already referred to the fact, that, like animals, they exhale carbonic acid, and absorb oxygen. In so far, therefore, as the atmosphere is concerned, they do not assist, like other plants, in maintaining the balance between animal and vegetable life. There seems to be no good reason for believing that they exercise, except in the case of certain skin diseases, any baneful influence on health, although speculation has been busy on the part which they have been supposed to play in the propagation and aggravation of epidemics, both among man and the lower animals. Among the lower forms of animal life, they are largely consumed as food ; some insects seem to depend upon them wholly for existence. We must look for their chief influence, however, to the vegetable kingdom ; and here, undoubtedly, they do exercise a very wide influence. The mischief which they cause to timber is great, and is too frequently exemplified on the wood-work of our houses, where one species of the Dry-rot Fungus (*Merulius lacrymans*) is so destructive. The rust and smut, the mildews and moulds which attack the cereals and green crops, are well known to the agriculturist. The gardener is familiar with them among his vegetables and fruit-trees ; and among our favourite flowers, such as roses, we have often to mourn over the ravages which they commit. During the past year, as readers of the *Gardeners' Chronicle* will remember, one of these pests threatened almost to exterminate the hollyhock. The hop gardens, the vineyards, and the olive groves of Europe, the cotton fields of India, and the coffee plantations of Ceylon, all bear witness to their destructive influence. But no more disastrous result, as it affects all classes, has been produced than in the case of the too well-known potato disease. All the earlier theories of the origin of this dire plague have been proved to be erroneous. It has now been established beyond doubt, chiefly by the researches of Mr Berkeley and M. De Bary, that it is produced by a fungus—a species of mould, which at first attacks the leaves, and speedily preys upon the tissues of the entire plant, reducing it ulti-

mately to a state of putrefaction. But greater far than all the mischief which they work is the good which fungi effect in the economy of nature. In regard to dead and decaying vegetable matter, they have been happily called 'the scavengers of nature ;' and if we reflect upon the universality of their presence, the work which they accomplish in robbing decay of its hurtful influences, by changing it into other forms of life, is no less wonderful than it is beneficial.

#### GONE AWAY.

I KNOW a quiet country town,  
By which a river falls and flows ;  
And in the dell and on the down,  
The yellow sunlight glints and glows.

I know a square gray house of stone,  
I never think of but I sigh,  
Beyond whose garden, smoothly mown,  
The rushing engines shriek and fly.

I know a chosen chamber there,  
A fairy figure used to grace ;  
I know an eastern window, where  
Was wont to watch, a fairy face.

I thread the narrow winding street,  
I linger in the lonely lane,  
Which once were trod by fairy feet,  
That will not tread their path again.

I love that quiet country town ;  
It is to me a sacred place ;  
And as I wander up and down,  
Those vanished steps I seem to trace.

And still the hours serenely pass,  
And still the busy river flows ;  
And still among the shining grass  
The yellow sunlight glints and glows.

And there the house is, square and gray,  
And there the new-mown meadows lie  
She used to gaze on day by day,  
In Faith, and dreamy reverie.

Yes, all is there—except the face.  
That little window gapes forlorn ;  
And on me, as I haunt the place,  
The morning sunshine smiles in scorn.

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# CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

OF  
POPULAR

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

*Fourth Series*

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS.

No. 598.

SATURDAY, JUNE 12, 1875.

PRICE 1½d.

## A SOLDIER'S FRIEND.

THE modern soldier, whether in sickness or health, is very differently cared for now from what he was formerly. A veteran non-commissioned officer who had seen some half-century service, was descending to us not long ago in Netley Hospital on the contrast between a soldier's life nowadays and what it had been in the early part of his career; and the existence of the very building in which he lay is one evidence of the improved accommodation provided for him now. Standing on the banks of the Southampton Water, this splendid hospital is almost the first building on his native shore to greet the eyes of the returning invalid. The troop-ships coming into Southampton from India and elsewhere stop to land their sick at Netley; and on so vast a scale is the institution, that it is no uncommon thing for five or six hundred patients to be received into it on the same day without occasioning any unusual commotion. Beautiful grounds sloping down to the very water's edge; long covered galleries for patients who are unable to go out of doors to exercise in; spacious airy wards, and all the most recent improvements in hospital management, the whole under the control of an able and experienced medical staff, here offer to the invalid soldier every chance which skill and care can give him, of recruiting the health which may have been undermined by service in unhealthy climates, or by other causes.

Happily, the proportion of invalid soldiers to those who are sound is but small, and the amusement and instruction of these latter have been consulted by the introduction of Recreation Rooms in every barrack, which are well supplied with books, papers, periodicals, &c. This is a great advantage; but soldiers like sometimes to go out of barracks; they like to meet with other society than the men of their own regiments; above all, they like to escape sometimes from the eye of authority. Hitherto, the only resort for them in such cases has been the public-houses; and just as a man with every accom-

modation in his own house likes to go to his club sometimes, so it is only natural that a soldier should like to mix with his friends in places where he feels that he is free from the supervision of his officers. To provide such a resort for him, where he might find recreation and congenial society without the temptations of the public-house, has been the object of those who have tried the experiment of Soldiers' Institutes. The first of these institutions was established at Aldershot some ten years ago, and has since been succeeded by two or three others in different garrison towns of England. The one which was opened towards the close of last year in the town where, perhaps, of all others it was most needed, Portsmouth, is in some respects the most complete Institute, and it is of this that we propose giving a brief description. It derives a melancholy interest from the fact of its having been formally opened last September by that fine specimen of a Christian soldier, Sir Hope Grant, whose loss the army has so recently had to deplore, and who took the deepest interest in this, as in every other undertaking which has for its object the moral or social improvement of the soldier.

The Portsmouth Soldiers' Institute owes its foundation to the energy and perseverance of a woman. When the social history of the present age is written, one of the most beautiful pages will be that on which are recorded the deeds of women-workers, and among this noble and devoted band the name of Sarah Robinson, the 'Soldier's Friend,' will deserve an honoured place. From her earliest years Miss Robinson seems to have been inspired by a passion for soldiers and military exploits; but hers was not the enthusiasm which prompts young ladies to devote themselves to the study of the *Army List*, or to seeking a ball-room acquaintance with officers. Her ambition was to be the means of doing some good, morally as well as materially, to the soldier; and to this work she has given all her time and influence, at the sacrifice of all a woman's prejudices. That there is a large field for such work in the army, and that it is especially and pre-eminently woman's work, has

been repeatedly asserted by many of the ablest and most experienced of our military authorities. In spite of chaplains and lay helpers, in spite of a large number of earnest-minded officers—the salt of the army—there is a want in the soldier's life, unmarried as he is for the most part, and cut off from home and family ties, which can only be filled up by the influence of a woman. To this work Miss Robinson has devoted her whole time and means for the last twelve years; and we regret that want of space prevents us from following that lady to the different garrison towns, in each of which she was the means of doing an incalculable amount of good, and where she earned the blessings of those whom it is the object of her life to benefit.

Some of our readers will probably recollect the experiment tried by Miss Robinson two or three years ago, when, under the sanction of the War Office and the commander-in-chief, she accompanied the army during the autumn manoeuvres on Dartmoor and at Cannock Chase, taking the management of a refreshment hut and a recreation tent, the one to supply the troops with coffee, tea, canteens; the other, with provisions for letter-writing, newspapers, periodicals, books, and games. In order to superintend this undertaking, Miss Robinson was obliged to follow the troops, in a van, in which she made her dwelling in gipsy fashion during the whole period of the manoeuvres. The fatigue and anxiety attending the business were very great, but Miss Robinson had the satisfaction of finding that her experiment proved a complete success, and was the means of contributing immensely to the comfort and well-being of the troops. It was stated, on the concurrent testimony of those who were qualified to form an opinion, that there never had been so little drunkenness and crime in the camp as in that year; and the generals in command, and the commanding officers of regiments, expressed their gratitude to Miss Robinson. As to the men, there, as well as in other places, they were devoted to her; and to shew the genuine friendliness of feeling with which she inspired them, we may quote the words of one of themselves: 'We call Miss Robinson the Soldier's Friend because she isn't like some people who try to do us good. She doesn't sit at the top of the stairs, and tell us what we ought to do; but she comes down, and takes us by the hand, and looks us in the face, and leads us in the right way.'

It was, we believe, the successful results of this campaign on Dartmoor which determined Miss Robinson to start a soldier's institute at Portsmouth. We have stated that there could scarcely be more need for such an institution in any place than in Portsmouth; and in support of this assertion, we may remind our readers that Portsmouth is not only our chief military garrison, but is also a large naval station. It is here that most of Her Majesty's ships are paid off before being again put in commission; and it is here that the troops returning to England from India and other foreign stations disembark, and are generally quartered for some months before being sent elsewhere. During their foreign service, many of the regiments have accumulated money in the regimental savings-bank, which amounts in the aggregate to a considerable sum on their arrival in England. The sailors and marines too, on coming ashore after being paid off, are in possession of sums varying

from ten to fifty pounds apiece, which, with characteristic recklessness, they are impatient to be rid of. This is well known to the land-sharks who are waiting for their prey. Even before they can land the ships are boarded by touts and agents from the low lodging-houses and disreputable haunts in the town, whose object is by one means and another to become possessed of the earnings of the men.

In Portsmouth, with a population of something over one hundred thousand, there are upwards of one thousand public-houses, gin-shops, &c., but (until the establishment of the Soldiers' Institute) not one single Home, Institute, or respectable resort for recreation or improvement. In such a state of things, the demoralisation of the soldiers quartered there follows almost as a matter of necessity. It is stated that not long ago a single regiment on its return from India squandered six thousand pounds from the savings-bank within two or three months, and lost five hundred good-conduct badges.\* It is difficult indeed to over-estimate the temptations to which a soldier is exposed. With some spare cash, which he is quite willing to spend; with the natural inclination for enjoyment on his return home, after foreign service; surrounded by plenty of bad companions, who are eager to lead him astray; with no place of resort except the public-house, and with plenty of idle time on his hands—for under ordinary circumstances an infantry soldier's duties are over for the day by four o'clock, and from that till nine at night he is free to amuse himself as he pleases out of barracks—it is difficult, even for the best disposed, to avoid falling into bad habits. It was the consideration of this which induced Miss Robinson to direct her energies to the formation of the Soldiers' Institute at Portsmouth. The military authorities had been so favourably impressed by Miss Robinson's work during the autumn manoeuvres, that upon application, the War Office—not usually a very impressionable department—promised a government grant of land for the erection of a suitable building. Subsequently, the usual religious bickering arose, and the government, yielding to strong pressure on behalf of Roman Catholics, revoked the grant, except on condition that the Bible should be entirely excluded from the Institute. This condition, Miss Robinson, as a Protestant, was of course unable to accept, though it was never intended to force the Bible upon any one, but to have one room in the building specially reserved for a Bible class, which the soldiers might attend or not at their discretion, the other advantages of the Institute being equally open to all. How little of a grievance this could really be to any one, may be judged from the fact, that the Roman Catholic soldiers at Woolwich have voluntarily subscribed among themselves, and forwarded to Miss Robinson, a sum of ten pounds on behalf of the Institute—an instance of real Christian toleration and liberality which it is gratifying to have to record in these days of bitter party-strife and sectarianism.

\* This statement does not the least surprise us. We were told as a fact, by a commanding-officer, that the men in his regiment, on arriving in Edinburgh from foreign service, spent the sum of five thousand pounds—all they had in the savings-bank; the expenditure being in public-houses and disreputable haunts in the recesses of the Old Town. Yet, although the fact was made known at the time, no steps have been taken, so far as we are aware, to avert its recurrence.—ED.

The recognition of this prejudice by the government is the more strange when we remember that the Commission on Army Education felt so strongly the necessity of religious instruction for the men, that they recommended the providing of rooms for the purpose of Bible-classes, &c. in every barrack; and Lord Lawrence, when in India, took especial care that such rooms were everywhere available for soldiers and their instructors. Nothing daunted, however, by the loss of this gift, Miss Robinson set herself to collect funds for the purchase of suitable premises, and very shortly the well-known old *Fountain Hotel*, in the High Street, Portsmouth, was secured, and after undergoing the necessary alterations, the Soldiers' Institute was formally opened on the 10th of September in last year. Here Miss Robinson has taken up her abode, and personally superintends the management of the whole institution, which affords ample scope for all her energy and power of organisation. The institution, which is intended to be a club for the military, is designed for amusement and society, and—for those who will—for instruction. Though it is wholly undenominational in character, and though it is not intended to force religion on anybody, means are provided for those who choose to avail themselves of them, of religious instruction and opportunities for private prayer. The building is well suited to the purpose for which it has been adapted. Immediately opposite the entrance is a large bar, which is applied to the same use as it was during the existence of the hotel. Those who desire light refreshment, or who have not time to sit down in the coffee-room, find tea and coffee ready there at all times. The coffee-room is the apartment chiefly used for social intercourse and refreshment. Here soldiers meet and make appointments with their friends, and the men are encouraged to bring their wives and sweethearts with them. It is a long room about forty feet by twenty, filled with small tables for refreshments; and is supplied in addition to newspapers with draughts, chess, and dominoes. It looks into the main street of Portsmouth, which gives it a cheerful and pleasant appearance. Ascending to the next floor, we come to the reading-room, a large handsome apartment, of the same dimensions as the coffee-room below, panelled with varnished oak, and lighted at night by two large gas chandeliers. Both as to the comfort of its fittings, and the admirable supply of papers and periodicals of all sorts with which it is stocked, this reading-room is one which any club might be proud to possess, and together with a well-supplied lending library, furnishes ample abundance of literary food for those who frequent the Institute.

On the same floor as this reading-room is the apartment which has given rise to so much controversy—that for Bible-class meetings and religious instruction. It is free to all, but no one is pressed to attend it. It is just as entirely at the discretion of any one making use of the Institute either to frequent this room or to keep out of it, as it is of a member of a London club to choose whether he will enter the billiard or smoking room. On the same floor is a bath-room, which is fitted up with hot and cold water baths, and other conveniences. And a short distance off is a large room in which is held a sewing-class for soldiers' wives. The rooms on the upper floor are fitted up as dormitories with neat little iron beds and com-

fortable clean bedding, and are capable of accommodating nearly a hundred occupants when required. This is an especial boon to sailors (for in this seaport town the Soldiers' Institute is wisely and considerably thrown open to the sister service), who, on coming ashore, are generally in great need of a respectable lodging in which they can be secure from robbery and imposition. In another part of the building are rooms for the use of married soldiers and their wives and families, previous to embarking for foreign service, or on their return home. And this, it is believed, will be one of the greatest blessings of the institution, as the relatives of soldiers are exposed to great trials and difficulties on these occasions.

Upwards of nine hundred persons have been thus accommodated in the Institute during the six months of its existence; and as it becomes better known, its sphere of usefulness will be increased, as it is intended to send agents on board the troopships on their arrival in port, to apprise the soldiers of its advantages. Such institutions as these cannot fail to prove a boon to the army, and through it to the nation at large; for that which tends to elevate the soldier in public esteem, or to benefit him socially or morally, tends to the national welfare. It is to be hoped that the noble example given by Miss Robinson will lead other workers to follow in her steps, and that in every garrison town in the United Kingdom some 'friends of the soldier' will be found to present him, as at Portsmouth, with a Soldier's Institute.

#### THE EUROPEAN IN INDIA.

SUCH is the title of a book which has fallen in our way, purporting to consist of advices of various kinds to persons receiving appointments to India, and who are generally at a loss concerning outfit, transit, climate, housekeeping, servants, means for preserving health, and so on. As the work has gone through a second edition, it has evidently been accepted as an authority; and, from the sensible and practical tone in which it is written—there being an entire absence of sensationalism—we are encouraged to bring the volume still further under notice. There can be no doubt that, notwithstanding incessant discussions respecting the affairs of India, little is distinctly known for the guidance of young men who are destined to live for years in the country. To supply what is wanted, Mr Hull\* offers his best advices, drawn from personal experience; what he says being supplemented by the medical hints of Dr Mair, who is also an experienced Anglo-Indian.

We shall just glance over this handy *vademecum*, to give an idea of the contents. As to outfit, the author advises the purchase of a good stock of clothes to last some time, for all articles of dress are dear in India, besides being not very well made. An Indian made dress-coat, for example, has not the 'sit' of one produced by a skilled English tailor. One thing is on no account to be neglected—a stock of flannel shirts to be worn next the skin, day and night. 'Flannel,' says Mr Hull, 'is the best safeguard against fever, dysentery, and other disorders that carry off so many victims in the tropics. When the body is heated,

\* *The European in India*. By Edmund C. P. Hull. London: King & Co. 1874.

a profuse perspiration moistens the clothing; evaporation follows, checking the perspiration, and causing a chill, and hence illness in various cases.' It has to be kept in mind that evaporation takes place more rapidly from linen and cotton than from wool; hence the importance of wearing flannel. An Indian doctor is quoted as having said 'he would not throw good medicine away upon any one who could be such a fool as not to wear flannel.' The hint applies elsewhere than in India. Wool, in short, not only retards evaporation, and so prevents a sudden chill, but, from being a non-conductor of heat, keeps the wearer more cool than any other kind of clothing. A close attention to the advice offered on this point will spare thousands of lives.

For those who have to go to the hills, a thin Mackintosh cloak of a light colour is recommended to ward off wet; and for pedestrian travelling in forests and jungles, it is indispensable to have long gaiters for the ankles and legs, as a guard against the swarms of leeches that are ever on the watch to make an attack. These gaiters are of some cotton material, and, like stockings, need to be worn over the ordinary socks, and drawn up over the trousers to the knee, where they must be tightly tied. If a single crevice be left, the leeches creep in, and will mount perhaps to the armpits, where they propose complacently to bleed their victim. Such, at anyrate, is the well-known manoeuvre of leeches in Ceylon. There, as we are told by Sir Emerson Tennent, the leeches actually wait along the roadsides, standing on the tips of their tails, to fly upon the unwary traveller. As regards lady readers who are going to the East, Mr Hull repeats his injunction about woollen under-clothing, and for upper garments, recommends light fabrics, such as muslin, worn loosely. For evening dress, dresses of a thicker texture are necessary, for the temperature undergoes a sudden change after sunset. Part of the outfit for both sexes should consist of English or French gloves, 'carefully packed in flannel while thoroughly dry, and packed in a wide-mouthed bottle.'

India is now so much opened up by railways, that journeying through it to the principal places is comparatively easy, what took weeks not many years ago being now effected in a few days or hours. Taking the quickest route, by railway to Brindisi, and thence by steamer to Alexandria, after which railway to Suez and steamer on the Red Sea, one may travel from London to Bombay in twenty-one days, Madras in twenty-three days, and Calcutta in twenty-four days. To avoid danger and inconvenience from heat as far as possible, the best time for leaving England is the middle or end of September, arriving in India in October at beginning of the cool season. What, however, of the Red Sea, that furnace, the terror of travellers, even those by the best appointed steamers? Sometimes the heat is almost unendurable, and passengers try to sleep on deck. A gentleman of our acquaintance going out to India, would have died in his cabin, but for having got one of the stewards to give up his berth in the stern of the vessel, into which blew a current of air. For this boon he gladly gave twenty-five pounds. But the change of place was not enough. Stretched out to let the air play over him, he had his brow constantly moistened by his servant, by which meliorations he saved his life.

The worst time of the year is 'from 1st of May till the end of July.' In September and October the heat has considerably diminished.

Whenever he lands, the new arrival in India will be greeted with strange sights, the most startling, perhaps, being the swarthy, half-naked figures acting as boatmen or porters. A little experience shews that there is a considerable distinction in the native races. 'The Parsee of Western India is at once distinguished by his peculiar tall shining black hat, long coat, light complexion, and closely cut whiskers; the Mussulman by his shaven head; flowing beard, large loose turban, and frequently by his wearing loose drawers and slippers. Most Hindus shave the beard and whiskers, but grow the moustache; many shave part of the head; others all but a lock on the top. One or two tribes and the Brahmins shave the whole head closely.' The most muscular and good-looking natives are the warrior castes of Oudh, the Rajpoots of Central India, and the Sikhs; these Sikhs have an independent bearing, and make excellent soldiers. Generally speaking, the young Englishman is as little aware of the diversity of native tribes, as that there prevails a general culture, which, though not European, is considerably advanced, and deserving of respect. There is too great a tendency to speak of all kinds of domestic servants in India as 'niggers,' or 'black men.' To do so is a great mistake. By taking care to have good servants, they will be found to be quite as much deserving of consideration and of being spoken to respectfully as English domestics. Mr Hull mentions the wonderful quickness and fertility of resource of native servants. 'On a journey, they are hardly ever at a loss, and will contrive to provide a satisfactory meal on the shortest notice, with the most slender materials and appliances. Three stones from the road-side, arranged by a cook under a tree, will form a fireplace; a few sticks, a fire; and an earthen chatty, purchased for something over a penny at the nearest bazaar, will be made to do duty for saucepan, kettle, or frying-pan, as may be required. With such appliances, or little more, a good dish of curry and rice, a stew, or cutlets will be prepared at the first halt, the necessary materials for the dish being everywhere procurable.'

The author adds: 'Many native servants are also excellent nurses during sickness, and will watch day and night by the bedside of a master, whose habitual treatment of them has entitled him to such a solicitude, and this they will do in a noiseless unobtrusive way, admirably suited to the sick-room.' While treating servants with proper consideration, and putting trust in them, it is recommended not to make too much of them. 'In a general way, I should be inclined to say that they cannot stand much praise. It takes them off their legs, and tends to make them conceited and troublesome.' We must refer to the book itself for hints regarding the number and classes of servants to be kept, according to the style of living. As is well known, there is an extraordinary division of labour. At Madras, for the house of a married couple in good circumstances, without children, there may be required eighteen men and five women servants, costing from a hundred and thirty-five to a hundred and fifty rupees a month. A rupee is equal to two shillings. But a bachelor disposed to live thriftily, may manage 'to get his curry and rice

cooked, his bed made, and his shirts washed, by no more than ten or eleven men, at a cost not exceeding sixty or eighty rupees a month.' Usually, every person living in a house must have a distinct servant, called a kitmutgar, to wait upon him or her. Married life in India thus entails a heavy expense, if from nothing else than the additional number of servants that must be kept. If there be children, the outlay is materially increased, because still more servants are required.

As regards railway travelling in India, there are, as in England, three classes of carriages. The fare by third class is very cheap, only three-eighths of a penny per mile, and by this class nearly all the natives travel. Europeans sometimes travel third class, but such is not commended in the case of throngs of natives of all descriptions. It was at one time apprehended that owing to the system of caste, natives would shrink from travelling promiscuously; but the exceeding cheapness, the rapidity, and the convenience of railway transit, have overcome scruples of this kind. The rail, in fact, is doing more to break down caste and modify prejudices than anything that has ever yet been devised. In this manner does practical science—the locomotive and railway—come in as a powerful aid to Christianity! Talking of caste, the writer before us offers some useful hints to strangers settling in India. 'You cannot, for instance, with propriety, offer a native gentleman a glass of wine in your house, much less invite him to dinner, because in doing so you would invite him to incur the greatest of all misfortunes—loss of caste; while at the same time you cause him to commit what he considers a breach of politeness, in declining your offers. . . . When a native gentleman calls upon you, he will expect permission before he can retire; and this should be known, to prevent awkwardness on such occasions.' Another thing is to be kept in mind: it is contrary to all etiquette to inquire after the female members of a native's family, or to speak to a female of her husband.

There is a common notion that the children of English parents cannot be reared in India. Our author does not contest this point, but gives it as his belief that children are often subject to very injudicious treatment. They are sent out of doors too early in the mornings, and so get colds, fevers, and dysenteric affections. During the day they are kept too much in darkened rooms, and not allowed to run about to get fresh air, under proper precautions as regards the sun. Then, they are not always provided with light flannel under-dress. Worst of all, they are 'ordinarily indulged with far too stimulating a diet;' stuffed with meat, broths, wine, and beer, instead of a diet of bread and milk, or something equally simple and nutritious. As a means of not only rearing children, but of preserving the health of adults, the various hill sanatoria established in India offer peculiar advantages. In the first place, in Southern India there are the sanatoria on the Nilgherries, six and seven thousand feet above the sea. Next, we have Bangalore in the Madras presidency; and, to pass over a number of others, we come to Simla in the north, and the divers residences for Europeans on the Himalaya Mountains, situated amidst the most magnificent scenery, and where, according to altitude, any one can choose a climate to his taste. Bombay has likewise hill refuges of this kind, largely resorted to. The fashion of families quit-

ting the plains in the hot season and proceeding to hill stations, is not new, but is only now coming generally into vogue, and to all appearance the time is not far distant when, for the sake of health, Anglo-Europeans will scarcely need to return periodically to Europe. At several of the hill stations, five to six thousand feet above the level of the plains, you enter on a climate like that of an English summer; you see around you the oaks, the apple-trees, the bushes, and flowers that greet the eye in Hertford or Devonshire. There, also, are seen rows of English-looking villas and cottages, with all the appliances of an English home. If the weather is felt to be too warm, you go a stage higher up; if too cool, you go down hill. It cannot be doubted that by this hill-station system, and by precautions otherwise, European families may become almost naturalised in India, by which a serious difficulty would be in a great measure solved. Here, again, is observed the powerful influence of railway communication, without which the more distant hill sanatoria could not be made popularly available.

After giving numerous advices concerning household management, the writer adverts to insect annoyances. Here, we approach a delicate subject. A lady who spent several years in Calcutta has told us that so tortured was she with animal life in its multifarious forms, that rather than return to that city she would consent to sweep the streets. Perhaps, if taken at her word, she would have changed her mind; but her vehemence at least demonstrated the extent of the annoyance. To begin with, ants abound to an extraordinary degree, intruding everywhere, and eating up every edible that comes in their way. A single crumb of bread does not escape them. When the attacks become personal, the torment is less endurable. 'One or two of the small red species will sometimes indulge in a trip down one's back, and begin to amuse themselves by trying the soil with their digging implements; an operation far from pleasant.' We are told that the best way of keeping off ants is by isolation in water. This seems probable. The legs of tables, sofas, sideboards, and beds, may stand in dishes of water; but unless people get accustomed to stand in tubs of water, we do not see how the enemy is to be kept at bay. White ants are still more voracious; they devour trunks, portmanteaus, boxes, and all kinds of wood except teak and ebony, which are too hard for their jaws. Against this terrific pest, it is necessary that every case or box should be raised on pointed feet, or stones, bricks, or empty glass bottles. The author has no confidence in anything but a thick layer of asphalt. By schemes of this kind, ants, red and white, may be circumvented; but other insect pests remain to be dealt with. 'Fleas,' says Mr Hull, 'are undoubtedly one of the plagues of India. Houses that have been recently vacated become filled in an incredibly short time, and persons entering will in a few minutes find themselves almost black with these vermin.' What afflicts one to know is that, 'bad as fleas are on the plains, they are ten times worse on the hills, and always prove one of the most serious drawbacks to Anglo-Indians in search of cool air.' Let there, however, be this consolation: fleas can be expelled, or at least kept within bounds, by plastering the floors with 'cow-dung wash;' the walls to be white-washed simultaneously, to fill up

chinks. As to bugs, they may be left to be treated according to English usages. Mosquitoes may be kept down by well-plied punkahs, and their attacks at night averted by net curtains. These tormenting animals, however, loiter about in clothes or towels, which require to be shaken to get rid of them. Scorpions are another class of animal annoyances. They lurk under tubs or any other retreat, and it is necessary to shift articles frequently to expel them.

Not the least valuable part of the book before us, and that which should be especially studied by young Anglo-Indians, consists in the medical guide by Dr Mair. We gather from his remarks that much of the blame thrown on the climate of India is undeserved; and that very many of the disorders by which Europeans are affected arise from neglecting rules for the preservation of health. Too little regard is paid to the effects of heat on the system, and of the value of periodic change to a cooler atmosphere. This intelligent authority sums up by saying: 'A residence for one month at least in every year on some of the hill stations, and a thorough change to a European climate for twelve months, after each ten years' residence in India, would do much to remove or remedy the deteriorating effects referred to.' Any such change, however, will go but a small way in the face of an obstinate persistence in daily neglect of ordinary precautions. The young Englishman in India is apt to forget that he cannot with impunity drink spirits as if he were in the Highlands, or eat luxuriously as he would do in a club-house in Pall-Mall. By artificial stimulants, he forces the human machinery beyond its powers of endurance, and perishes; leaving the climate to bear the blame of his premature decease. Speaking to Anglo-Indians emphatically on this subject, Dr Mair says: 'Brandy, whisky, gin, arrack, or any other ardent spirit, must be shunned as poison, and, like all other poisons, should be taken only under medical advice. Medical experience condemns them as totally unnecessary to any one in health, and yet, next to beer, if not equal to it, the most common alcoholic stimulant used in India is brandy. In some districts, the Englishman is marked out by the natives from every other race by the fact that he eats beef, drinks brandy, and has no religion.'

We commend this book very earnestly to the perusal of all young men, and young women too, about to proceed to India. w. c.

### WALTER'S WORD.

#### CHAPTER XLIII.—THE TEMPER.

**SLEEP**, Walter had feared, would have been impossible for him, under the circumstances in which fate had placed him; but Nature, while we are young, is kindly to us, and gave him several hours of refreshing slumber. He welcomed them not only for the forgetfulness they afforded, but because they would give him strength to bear whatever brigand cruelty might have in store, with such manliness as belonged to him, and, above all, to support the old merchant as much as possible by the exhibition of a bold front. When Francisco came, therefore, as had been agreed upon, at an early hour, to conduct him to the hotel, he found the young Englishman calm and

collected, and with even less disquietude in his manner than such an interview as lay before him would have seemed to warrant. Had his own position, indeed, been less momentous, the circumstances under which he was about to visit Lilian would have been painful and embarrassing enough, nor, perhaps, in that case, would he have sought to see her at all. Not only was it in some degree a risk to her as respected her health, but the proceeding itself was clandestine—that is, unknown to Sir Reginald, who, after all, was, in the absence of her father, her natural guardian and protector. However, it was no time now for the entertainment of any delicate scruples. At the door of the hotel, he was left by Francisco in the hands of Julia, a soft-eyed Sicilian, who, since Lilian had not her English maid—for whom there had been no room on board the *Sylphide*—had been appointed to the post of sick-nurse. As she led the way up-stairs, and passed the floor occupied by the Selwyns, she answered an inquiring look that rose to Walter's face.

'Sir Reginald is asleep, signor, nor will he rise for the next two hours; but you will see Milady Selwyn.'

This was a great relief to Walter, upon Lilian's account, even more than upon his own, since Lotty's presence would afford full authority for his visit; and when, at the next landing, he found her at the door waiting to receive him, he felt more kindly towards her than her weakness had permitted him of late to do. He knew that she was daring much, in thus admitting him to her sister's presence, without the knowledge of her husband, and that to dare was, with her, to act against her nature.

'You will not talk with her long,' pleaded she, 'Mr Litton, will you? Lilian is very weak and feeble; and, above all things, refrain from speaking about—that matter we were talking of yesterday.'

'About your father's peril?'

'Well, about your apprehensions upon his account; Sir Reginald assures me that there is no real danger. There is nothing to be gained by dwelling on it; and if my sister should share your fears, it would have a very bad effect upon her.'

'You may rely on my prudence, Lady Selwyn,' answered Walter quietly; and thereupon she led the way into the sick-room. The first appearance of Lilian gave Walter an uncomfortable notion that he had been deceived as to her true condition; she was not 'up and dressed,' as the phrase goes, it is true, but she was lying on a couch by the open window, attired in a dressing-gown, and looking more like a convalescent than one who had so recently been reported as dangerously ill. The hand which she stretched out to him, indeed, was so thin as to be almost transparent; and the voice with which she welcomed him was almost as weak as that which had murmured his name when they parted in Joanna's cavern; but, instead of the spot of scarlet that had then burnt upon her pallid cheeks, there was now a rose-pink blush, which was certainly not the flush of fever, though it might have been summoned there by his coming.

'This is better than when we met each other last, Walter,' said she, with a sweet smile.

'It is indeed, darling.' He could say no more, since the truth was not to be said.

'I long to hear how you got away from that

dreadful place, but they say you must not tell me now.' The tears, from the mere consciousness of her weakness, stood in her soft eyes, which also brimmed with love and tenderness. 'But one thing you must tell me—about dear papa. When shall I see him, when will he be here?'

Walter hesitated. Should he tell her a lie with his dying lips? or the truth, that must needs kill her?

'You have forgotten, my dear Lily, that the ransom has not been paid,' interposed Lotty gently.

'But why is this long delay? How cruel it is to keep poor papa in captivity! He must have been days and days, though I know not how long. Do, dear Walter, hasten it.'

'I have done what I can, dearest.'

'And you are still doing your best, I am sure. But what is the obstacle?'

'The sum is so very large,' said Walter, scarce knowing what words he spoke; it was so pitiful to hear her, so pained with even what she knew, so ignorant of what must needs give her so much greater pain.

'Nay, but surely the bank can raise it. What papa wrote was surely sufficient. I kept it next my heart, as though it had been a letter of your own, Walter.'

Walter turned his eyes involuntarily towards Lotty, with a mute: 'You hear *that*?' but her gaze was fixed upon the floor. If she did not know that her husband had possessed himself of the authorisation, he felt sure that she suspected it.

'Is it possible that they refuse to pay it?' inquired Lillian, raising herself, in her agitation, upon her elbow, then instantly sinking back again through sheer exhaustion. If, when Walter had first entered the room, a hope had risen in his breast that Lillian herself might be made the means of saving two doomed lives, it here fell to rise no more. If he could have seen her earlier, and brought the banker to her bedside, something might perhaps have been accomplished; but, as it was, he felt all was over. It was manifest that the little strength she had, had been already expended in saying those few words. There was nothing for it but to leave her to the short-lived bliss of ignorance.

'The bankers do not refuse to pay it, Lillian, but—but we must have patience.'

'Poor dear papa!' sighed Lillian, so softly, that none but a lover's ear could have caught the sound. 'How wretched he must be among those terrible men! O Walter, when shall we see him?'

'I shall see him to-day, Lillian,' answered Walter solemnly.

'To-day!'—with a slight flush of joy—'that is well indeed. You need not have been afraid to tell me such good tidings. It is bad news, not good, that kills one.'

Walter's heart sank low within him at these terrible words; still, he made shift to smile upon her.

'Tell him, with my dearest love,' she went on, 'how I long to see him, and to clasp him in my arms! And tell him that if anything could add to the happiness of such a moment, it will be the thought that you have brought him to me. He will not—he will not wish to keep us asunder now, Walter!'

Then she closed her eyes, and Lotty made a sign to him that he should withdraw.

Walter bent down, and took his last kiss of Lillian; a faint smile played upon her pale lips as he did so, but they did not part even for a word of farewell; and his bursting heart felt grateful that they did not. He could not have answered her 'good-bye' with firmness.

Lotty left the room with him, and, as those who watch the sick are wont to do when their invalid has a visitor, inquired of him what he thought of Lillian. 'Is she better than you expected, Mr Litton?'

'She is better than I was led to expect,' answered Walter coldly.

Lotty's cheek turned a shade whiter, as she observed, without reference to this reply: 'Yet she is still so weak, that a breath would blow her away.'

'Yes; a breath of ill news. You heard what she said just now. That news will come to-morrow, and then Sir Reginald will have the blood of three innocent persons, instead of two, to answer for.'

'O sir, be pitiful!' cried Lotty, trembling.

'What! pitiful to the man who stole that authorisation from yonder sick girl—plucked the father's life from the daughter's bosom! Pitiful to the man who has lied to me about Lillian's health painting her as out of her mind, lest I should question her, and prove him thief, or use her services to save the doomed! Pitiful to the man!'

'No, Mr Litton—not to the man; I cannot ask it; but to the woman! Pity *me*, who am his wife.'

'I do, I do.' The pleading misery of her tearful eyes had quenched his rage. If she had had any hand in deceiving him, it was an unwilling hand, nor had she been thoroughly persuaded of the peril in which her father stood.

'I pity you, Lady Selwyn, from my heart; and if—if I should never see your face again'—

'Oh, Mr Litton!' she interrupted, 'then you cannot forgive me?'

'Yes; I forgive you. A time will come, and soon, when it will be a comfort to you to know as much. Keep all news that comes to-morrow from Lillian's ears, from Lillian's eyes, I charge you. Play the hypocrite with her, for my sake, and for your father's sake.'

'I can do that,' said Lotty bitterly: 'Heaven knows, I am used to that.'

Perhaps Walter was wrong to think that at that moment he of all human creatures was the most wretched; yet, with Lotty, wretchedness was but as a cloud which passes.

'And shall you really see dear papa to-day?' she went on eagerly.

'Yes; to-day.'

'Then you will give him my love too, with Lillian's, and tell him nothing—nothing—that'—

'Nothing that will make one daughter less dear to him than the other, Lady Selwyn, you may be sure.'

'God bless you, for that, Walter.'

'And God bless *you*, Lotty, that should have been my sister. Farewell—farewell!'

The hand she held out to him was carried to his lips, then he turned and went down-stairs, with the slow step that bears a heavy heart. He had seen the last English face, save one, that he should ever see—that one which would meet



his own with hopeless agony depicted on it. He saw it even then, even while the morning-tide of men was setting in around him, with looks of pleasure or of business, and with thoughts for the morrow, and the next day, and for a year to come; he saw it, in its woe and disappointment, reflected in the clear wave and the clear sky; he was with it in that camp among the mountains, before he had left the city walls behind him, and was a captive once again, before his time.

Francisco brought him his breakfast, but asked no question concerning his recent visit to the hotel, an omission which, to judge by the earnest look with which he regarded his father's lodger, whenever Walter's eye was not upon him, was certainly not owing to any want of personal interest.

'Has Signor Litton any plans for the day?' he inquired presently.

'Plans for the day?' repeated Walter, whose mind was so occupied with the thought of what the day had in store for him, that he did not readily understand the question.

'I mean,' explained Francisco, 'will you not have a sail in the bay, signor, such as used to please you? There is a pleasant breeze afloat, though none on shore; and we can have the old boat, or, for that matter, the signora would doubtless let you have the yacht itself: it has lain idle these many days, and will do so, I suppose, till Milord Brown's ransom is paid.'

'I suppose so,' answered Walter mechanically. There was something in his face which seemed to convince Francisco that questioning would be of no avail, for immediately afterwards he withdrew.

Walter lit his pipe, as he was always wont to do after the morning meal, and sat at his window until the hour of noon; then he took a last look around the room, saw that the letters and two little packets of money were in a place where they could easily be found, and left the house, walking slowly along the Marina, eastward. Every step he took was away from the habitations of his fellow-men, and was, as it were, an act of farewell to them. We are wont, and justly, to give honour to those who volunteer to lead 'forlorn-hopes,' and put their lives in extreme peril from shot and steel; but such heroes have at least companions in their noble act, and the excitement of battle, fought under the eyes of their comrades; moreover, though the risk to life is great, there is a secret hope in each man's heart that he may return alive. Now, Walter Litton was alone; only one man in all Palermo—and he an enemy—was cognisant of the sacrifice he was about to make; and death was certain. He had already got within a hundred yards of the end of the Marina, when he heard footsteps, quick and heavy, coming behind him, and then his own name called out in English: 'Litton—Walter Litton.' He turned round, with cold surprise (for he knew the voice), and beheld Reginald Selwyn. He thought that this man had discovered his interview with Lilian, and was about to seek a quarrel with him, though Sir Reginald's face, albeit it was very grave and unwontedly pale, shewed, in truth, no signs of anger.

'What is it that you want with me, sir?' said Walter slowly.

'I want you not to be a fool, Litton,' answered the other frankly. 'I have been thinking over what you told me you had made up your mind to do, in

case the extravagant demands of these villains were not complied with, and, though I did not believe you then, I believe you now. It seems to me that you are mad enough for anything.'

'I am not mad, sir; though, thanks to you, my lot is a very unhappy one.'

'But it need not be so, if you will only listen to reason. It cannot, surely, be your purpose, out of a quixotic sense of honour, to give yourself up to these rascals, that they may take your life?'

'I intend to keep my word, Sir Reginald Selwyn.'

'In other words, you intend to commit suicide.'

'No, sir; it is you and Corrali who will, between you, have murdered me. Some touch of tenderness, born of an ancient friendship, may have moved you to urge me thus; if so, let it move you further. There is time—though there is hardly time even yet to repent of your baseness, and to procure your father-in-law's ransom. By that means, you will save both our lives; but otherwise, the blood of both will be on your head: I call Heaven to witness it.'

'That is all rubbish, Litton. I cannot consent to be a party to any arrangement with thieves and robbers, such as you propose.'

'You mean, you will not.'

'Well, if you choose to take it that way, I will not.'

'Then your refusal is our death-doom, and you know it.'

'And your departing thus will be Lilian's death-doom,' returned Sir Reginald, 'when she comes to know what has happened. If I was the scoundrel that you pretend to believe me, I would say "Go;" for Lilian will die, if you do so, and my wife will, of course, inherit her money. But, on the contrary, I intreat you not to go. Only think of the chances you are throwing away. It is true, that hitherto I have done my best to oppose your marriage with my sister-in-law; but I will oppose it no longer.'

'And your father-in-law having been put to death—you would add—there will be no other obstacle to it.'

'Well, of course, if anything happens to Mr Brown—mind, I don't say it will—I don't believe it will!'

'You lie!' interrupted Walter sternly. 'You know that death will happen to him, even better than you know it will happen to me. But you wish not to be alone in your villainy; you would bribe me into being your confederate, to keep silence, and to share your guilty gains. You are baser and viler even than I thought. Tomorrow, you will be known for what you are; but if you dare to tempt me any more, you shall be known to-day. There is some one coming this way; if you do not leave me, I swear I will tell him what you have done, be he who he may. Begone, I say!'

The approaching footsteps were now drawing very near, yet Sir Reginald still hesitated. 'I have striven to save you, Walter Litton,' he said hoarsely.

'Yes, to shame and infamy; I refuse to be saved upon such terms. It is hard to die, but I prefer the death that is awaiting me, to the life that awaits you, Reginald Selwyn.'

As Walter pronounced the name in a loud voice, Sir Reginald pushed his straw hat over his eyes,

and turned upon his heel, only just in time to avoid Francisco, who came up, panting for breath. He had been running, which Walter had never known him to do before.

'Oh, Signor Litton, what is it that you are doing?'

'I am taking a walk on the Marina, Francisco,' returned Walter, forcing a smile.

'But afterwards?'

'Well, afterwards, when I get to the wall yonder, I shall strike across into the country. Did you suppose I was going to throw myself into the sea?'

'No, signor; but you are about to do something as bad, or worse. Why have you left that money behind you, for me and Julia, as though we were never to see you more—and worse, for your own burial in the cemetery?'

'It is always best to provide against the worst, Francisco; then, whatever happens, the mind is calm. I did not know you would visit my room so quickly; but since you have done so, you may take the letters you have found there to their destinations: one to the English consul, and the other to Lady Selwyn.'

'But none for her sister? Ah! that alone gave me hope, for you would surely have written to the signora,' said he, 'had you intended never to return.'

'Most certainly, I should, my lad.' Walter had inclosed his letter to Lilian in a note to Lotty, begging her not to deliver it until the former had regained her strength.

'Hush!' whispered Francisco. 'Listen!'

From the trees which fringed the road upon the landward side, there had come a sound which Walter understood only too well; Santoro was becoming impatient.

'Santa Rosalia! that is the brigand call, signor.'

'I know it, Francisco; and I must needs obey it. Farewell! and Heaven be with you.'

The next moment, Walter had sprung over the wall, and disappeared. Francisco uttered a cry of despair, and fled back at full speed towards the city.

#### CHAPTER XLIV.—THE PROMISE KEPT.

'We must make good speed, signor,' said Santoro, who was in waiting for Walter behind the wall. 'That young fellow whom you have just parted from was the same who was watching us last evening at the cemetery. I am much mistaken if the troops are not sent out after us immediately, and it is possible that this time they may know where to find us.'

He was referring, of course, to Corrali's camp, which, in that case, would have to shift its quarters, and the observation struck poor Walter as cool and selfish enough under the circumstances in which he was placed. He neither expected nor desired praise for the voluntary sacrifice of liberty and life that he was about to make, but that it should be thus altogether ignored, filled him with disgust. The fact was, however, that Santoro's intelligence was not sufficiently high to understand that the position of the young Englishman was altogether different from what that of one of his own fellow-countrymen would have been in similar straits. Had a Sicilian been suffered to escape Corrali's hands on similar conditions, he might also have fulfilled them—but upon compulsion;

his wife, his children, his friends, would have all been held responsible for his breach of faith, and a terrible retribution would have been exacted from them. Yet even Santoro had a soft spot in his heart, as was presently made manifest. They had passed on their way for some time in silence, and having crossed the main road, were about to ascend the lower slopes of the mountain, when he thus addressed the companion who had once more become his prisoner: 'I suppose, signor, you would never consent to become a brigand?'

'A brigand? Well, I have never considered the matter, Santoro, but I honestly tell you that I don't think it would suit me.'

'Ah, the damp and the cold, no doubt, are unpleasant, and especially when there is not food enough to make one indifferent to them; still, it is better to shiver a little, and even to want food and drink, than to die, signor.'

'Doubtless, Santoro,' answered Walter, unable to restrain a smile at his companion's simplicity and want of morals. 'But there would be also other objections; and, besides, no one has offered me the alternative.'

'Ah, but there is one who might do so. Look, signor, I have no desire to kill you, like some of those up yonder; on the contrary, I would have you live. You are brave, or you would not have smiled just now—you are strong and active; you would make as good a brigand as the best of us. Why not marry the signora?'

'Marry the signora!' For the moment, Walter did not understand to whom his companion was alluding, for there was but one woman to whom his thoughts reverted—she who in a few days would be mourning for his death, bereaved of love, almost ere love was born.

'Yes, marry the Signora Joanna. She adores you, Signor Litton, for Lavocca told me as much. Only consider the matter. We could both—that is, you and I—be married at the same time; then with our wives, and the two other men, we should form a separate band, independent of that scoundrel Corbara, though, of course, we should be under orders as respects Corrali.'

The crudity and childishness of this design were such as once more to try Walter's gravity, but he answered seriously enough: 'My good friend, such a plan would be impossible under any circumstances.'

'What! you would rather die than marry a pretty woman?'

'I did not say that; but I would certainly rather die than accept such conditions of existence as those you have proposed to me.'

Santoro looked at his prisoner with amazement. 'Well, you Englishmen are strange folks. I dare say you would not marry my Lavocca herself?'

'Indeed, if it were upon the same terms, I should be obliged to decline even that honour.'

'Come on!' cried Santoro, with a gesture of impatience and disgust, as he started up the hillside at the swing-trot peculiar to his class; nor did he utter another word for hours.

Walter was well aware that the proposition that had been made to him could never have originated with his companion, but had been most likely suggested to him by Lavocca, who might certainly be supposed to know the inclinations of her mistress. On the other hand, he did not believe that the latter had authorised her to make it. Joanna,

though ignorant and impulsive, had, he felt, an intelligence much too acute to entertain such an idea with seriousness. That she was in love with him, however, was certain, and in that love, he felt, lay his only hope—if hope there yet might be. She had already shewn her good-will towards him; but in effecting what she had, had also shewn the limits of her power. After a long climb in silence, they came to an open space, the apex of a spur of the mountain, from which there was a magnificent view.

'By Heaven, there they are!' exclaimed Santoro suddenly.

Walter's heart beat fast as he heard him; he thought that they had already come within sight of those who were about to be his assassins. But the brigand's eyes were fixed upon the place from which they had ascended, on the main road, through which was passing a long column of troops; while in advance, and to eastward of the hill on which they stood, was a cloud of dust, with the sunlight glinting through it upon lance and helmet. It seemed to Walter as unreasonable that cavalry should be sent after them, as though a ship of war had been despatched on such a service, and he said so.

'Their object is,' explained Santoro, 'to surround us altogether, before proceeding to attack the camp, the position of which, it seems, has been discovered. The government is making a great effort for the English milord, but it will not be to his advantage. If Corrali has caught sight of the soldiers, it is ten to one that it will have gone hard with your friend already.'

'But surely he will have kept his word with me, as I with him; he gave us until eight o'clock to-night.'

For the moment, it struck Walter that if what Santoro said were true, and violence had been already offered to the unhappy merchant, he himself was under no obligation to keep his bargain; and what could be easier than to run down the hill and join the soldiers! The thought had hardly crossed his brain, when the execution of it was rendered impossible, by the appearance of two men with guns, who seemed to spring out of the earth, and interposed themselves between him and the road to liberty. It was evident that they had been lying in ambush, and that he had unconsciously passed by them on the way. Of all faces that could meet his own at such a time, those of these two men were the most hateful and unwelcome, for the new-comers were Corbara and his creature, Canelli.

'Welcome, signor,' said the former sardonically, and lifting his battered wide-awake in mock salutation—'welcome, though I see you come empty-handed. It seems to me that you were half repenting of having returned to us.'

'Come, come, let us be fair,' put in Santoro good-naturedly; 'the signor has kept his word, and we have no right to complain.'

'No right to complain, when he has let loose those dogs upon us!' and the speaker pointed towards the soldiers. 'They are pouring in, it seems, from every point in the compass; and yet, if they poured from the sky itself, they would not save you, Mr Englishman.'

'No, no; they will not save him,' echoed Canelli grimly. 'If they kill us, we will have our fun first, lieutenant; will we not?'

'There, hark to the young bloodhound!' continued Corbara, laughing. 'He was not so fortunate in winning the signora's money from the rest of us as he expected to be, and that has rather put him out. Has it not?'

'There are others, at all events, less in luck than I am,' answered the young brigand, looking at Walter menacingly, and fingering the knife in his girdle. 'They have not waited for eight o'clock with the old fellow up yonder, and why should we be more particular with this one?'

'Stand off!' cried Santoro sternly, 'and keep your hands to yourself, or I will let daylight through you. I am answerable to the captain for my prisoner here, and you had better not interfere with him.'

'Well, he will not give you much trouble after he gets up yonder,' observed Corbara brutally; 'only, let us be all there before the play begins, remember; that's only fair.' With that they parted, the two brigands moving down the hill, while Walter with his guard continued their ascent.

'Santoro,' said he suddenly, 'will you do me one favour before I die?'

'Very readily, signor,' answered the other, not without a touch of feeling in his tone. 'What is it you would ask of me?'

'Only the loan of your knife.'

'No, no; don't think of that yet, signor. If you will be guided by me, things may not be so bad with you even yet. It is always time enough to kill one's self.'

'Not always, Santoro. Did you not hear what was just said to me?'

'Yes; but that fellow yonder is not everybody. Since you have come back like this, like a man of honour, and since, above all, Joanna loves you, you will not be tortured. She would never stand by and see it done.'

'In that case, I shall not need your knife; but against the other chance, I entreat you to lend it me, Santoro.'

'Will you promise not to use it against any of our own people—except Corbara? for if you have a fancy that way, I would not balk it. I can believe your word, I know.'

'Yes, Santoro; I promise that.'

'Then here is the knife.'

Walter took it, and hid it in his breast. He had a surety now that death would be the worst that he could meet with. Hardly had he concealed the weapon, ere Colletta and another brigand emerged from the trees in front of them.

'Ha! you have come back, then, without the money!' cried Colletta the silent, looking at Walter with sullen disfavour.

'The signor is quite as sorry for that as you can be,' answered Santoro: 'he has done his best, and failed.'

'His best will be the worst for him,' replied the other. 'The captain is out of his mind with rage because of the troops being sent out again; and since he never thought to see this young gentleman again, and, moreover, was indebted to him for their reappearance, he has been taking it out of the old one.'

'Do you mean to say he has murdered my poor friend?' ejaculated Walter with horror. He had heretofore tried to persuade himself that what Corbara had said about the merchant was a falsehood invented to give him pain.

'O dear, no; that would have been letting him off much too easily,' answered Colletta coolly. 'He only hung him up by one arm for an hour or so, with his toes touching the ground. The captain could hardly keep his knife out of the old scoundrel when he saw the troops instead of the ransom, and is gone down the mountain to cool himself by letting some blood.'

'Then who is in command up yonder?' inquired Santoro carelessly.

'The Signora! There are not half-a-dozen altogether; Corrali has sent out the rest of us in pairs, to let the soldiers know that brigands have teeth.'

The meaning glance which Santoro here cast at Walter fell upon barren ground; the young fellow's heart was full of pity for the unfortunate merchant, and it was one grain of solace to him at that moment to think that his reappearance would not be so bitter a disappointment to the captive as he had feared it would be. Mr Brown must already be aware that all hopes of procuring the ransom were at an end.

The two brigands left them as their fellows had done, to take part in the blood-letting (of others), which Corrali had found necessary for his system, or his temper; while Walter and his companion pushed on so quickly that before sunset, and therefore considerably in advance of the time appointed for their return, they presented themselves at the brigand camp. At the sight of them, a murmur of sullen satisfaction broke forth from its inmates, very different from the extravagance of feeling commonly displayed among them; and Joanna herself came forward to meet them with grave face.

'I ought not to say I am glad to see you, Signor Litton,' said she in a low tone; 'yet I can hardly be sorry that you have redeemed your word; I knew you would justify my confidence in it, though my brother scoffed at the idea, and has gone down yonder in the conviction that we should not see you.'

'He was wrong, signora; I am come back as I promised—to my death. All the favour I have to ask of him is, to let it be a quick one.'

'Do not speak of that just yet, Signor Litton,' answered she in a faltering voice; 'the time is not yet arrived.'

'I know it; and yet, before that time, as your people have informed me, some cruelty has been perpetrated upon my unhappy friend, contrary to Corrali's promise.'

'I could not help it,' replied Joanna pleadingly; 'the sight of the troops put my brother beside himself with fury, and when he is here, I am powerless.'

'But when he is not here?'

'Well, I can then do something, perhaps; and you may be sure,' added she tenderly, 'that all the power I have shall be at your service.'

'I would wish, then, to speak with Mr Brown at once.'

A look of disappointment passed over Joanna's face; she had evidently anticipated some request upon his own account; but she bent her head in acquiescence, and Walter moved on without hindrance to the spot which his fellow-captive usually occupied. He found the old merchant sitting on the ground, and guarded by the two men who had joined the band with Joanna. As Walter drew

nigh, he lifted up a pale and haggard face, that shewed such signs of pain as mental agony alone but rarely produces, and a sad smile lit up his features. 'What! Walter, my lad, have you come back?' he murmured.

'Yes, my friend, did I not promise to do so?'

'Ah, yes; but I thought human nature would have been too strong for you. However, if they are not brute beasts, they will surely not treat you with such cruelty as they have treated me. I know now what it is to wish to die.' A groan here escaped from the old man's heart that would have moved any heart save that of a brigand.

'They shall never torture you more,' whispered Walter; 'I have a knife here, which I am about to drop into your pocket. In the last extremity, you will know what to do with it.'

'And you, Walter?' hesitated Mr Brown, as he grasped the weapon.

'I shall take my chance. There are two hours yet before—before they will do us any hurt, unless Corrali should return. And while there is life there is hope.'

The old man shook his head. 'Nothing but a miracle could save us,' answered he; 'it is all over.'

Walter had taken the precaution to bring with him a flask of brandy, and he now offered it to his companion, who put it greedily to his lips. The effect was instantaneous: the flame of life once more sprang up in its socket; and the familiar thoughts that had been numbed within him by despair were set free, and took their accustomed channel. 'How is Lillian, Walter?'

'She is weak and wan, sir, but no longer suffering. She has been very, very ill, unhappily for us all; but I think she is on the road to health. She sent her dearest love, as Lady Selwyn did; but neither are as yet aware of our sad strait.'

'That is well, since nothing can be done. Give me another drink, lad. How was it, Walter, that the payment of the ransom went amiss? Surely Gordon?'

'It was not Gordon, sir; it was Sir Reginald.' And then in a few words he told him what had occurred.

The old merchant listened in silence, save for an interjection or two of indignation and abhorrence. 'I had thought,' said he quietly, when all was finished, 'that there were no men in the world so wicked as these brigands, but it seems I was mistaken. Let us not sully our last thoughts by suffering them to dwell on such a villain.'

But, nevertheless, he could not divert them from the topic, but again and again reproached himself with his own blindness to the baronet's true character, and always contrasting it with that of Walter. At any other time, such comparisons would have been embarrassing, but the fact was, Walter scarcely heard them; his own reflections, unstimulated by the fiery liquor which had made his companion garrulous, were running in a far deeper groove.

The sun had set, and it was near the hour which had been appointed as the limit of Walter's return, when he was roused from his meditations by Santoro.

'Signor Litton,' said the brigand in low but earnest tones, 'the signora would speak to you.'

'Do not leave me, Walter!' exclaimed the old merchant piteously. 'They are going to put us to death; but at least let us die together.'

'Nothing will happen to either of you,' said Santoro, in answer to this appeal, the sense of which, if not the words, it was easy to understand, 'until the captain returns.'

'And then?' inquired Walter.

'Then you will die, and milord here will begin to die.'

Walter answered nothing, for he was sick at heart; but with a face composed and calm, arose, and followed Santoro into Joanna's presence.

#### ABOUT SHARKS.

SHARKS are usually spoken of as the most rapacious and abhorrent of sea-animals. That they are rapacious is undeniable, but why they are so is not generally considered. We will go a little into the matter. The shark, a fish of the family *Squalide*, when quite in his infant state, and only a few inches in length, exhibits a pugnacity almost without parallel for his age. He will attack fish two or three times larger than himself; or, if caught, and placed for observation on the deck of a vessel, he resents handling, and, with unerring precision, strikes a finger placed on almost any part of his body.

Two things contribute to the shark's determinate fierceness. In the first place, we may refer to his teeth, for of these engines of destruction nature has been to him particularly bountiful; and this species of bounty he has a peculiar pleasure in exercising. If he could speak, he would probably tell us that, besides being troubled with his teeth, which he could not help keeping in use, he had been gifted with enormous abdominal viscera, and that, more particularly, a third of his body is occupied by spleen and liver. The bile and other digestive juices which are secreted from such an immense apparatus, and poured continually into the stomach, tend to stimulate appetite prodigiously - and what hungry animal with good teeth was ever tender-hearted? In truth, a shark's appetite can never be appeased; for, in addition to this bilious diathesis, he is not a careful masticator, but hastily bolting his food, produces thereby not only the moroseness of indigestion, but a whole host of parasites, which goad as well as irritate the intestines to that degree that the poor squalus is sometimes quite beside himself from the torment, and rushes, like a blind Polyphemus, through the waves in search of anything to cram down his maw that may allay such urgent distress. He does not seek to be cruel, but he is cruelly famished. 'It is not I,' expostulates the man in the crowd, 'that is pushing; it is others behind me.' The poor wretch must satisfy, not only his own ravenous appetite, but the constant demand of these internal parasites, either with dead or living food; and therefore it is that, sped as from a catapult, he pounces on a quarry, and sometimes gorges himself beyond what he is able to contain.

Having said thus much of the rapacious habits of the *Squalide*, we would have it remembered that every man's hand is against them, and that no tortures are considered too severe to inflict upon them when caught. If they are relentless to man and every living thing around them, their insatiable appetite renders them equally destructive to their own species, and we of the white population of this globe ought to recollect, with some show of gratitude, that they always prefer

an African to a European; for although they are fond of men of any colour, a negro is to them as the choicest venison. Commerson tells us that one of the atrocious amusements practised on board slave-ships was to suspend a dead negro from the bowsprit, in order to watch the efforts of the sharks to reach him, and this they would sometimes effect at a height of more than twenty feet above the level of the sea. Wonderful are the tales that sailors tell of the various things that have been found in a shark's stomach, and it was thought that any substance that would enter its mouth was at all times acceptable. The following, which details a cruel trick, as described in the *Glasgow Observer*, dispels this illusion: 'Looking over the bulwarks of the schooner,' writes a correspondent to this journal, 'I saw one of these watchful monsters winding lazily backwards and forwards like a long meteor; sometimes rising till his nose disturbed the surface, and a gushing sound like a deep breath rose through the breakers; at others, resting motionless on the water, as if listening to our voices, and thirsting for our blood. As we were watching the motions of this monster, Bruce (a little lively negro, and my cook) suggested the possibility of destroying it. This was briefly to heat a fire-brick in the stove, wrap it up hastily in some old greasy cloths, as a sort of disguise, and then to heave it overboard. This was the work of a few minutes; and the effect was triumphant. The monster followed after the hissing prey. We saw it dart at the brick like a flash of lightning, and gorge it instantaneously. The shark rose to the surface almost immediately, and his uneasy motions soon betrayed the success of the manoeuvre. His agonies became terrible; the waters appeared as if disturbed by a violent squall, and the spray was driven over the taffrail where we stood, while the gleaming body of the fish repeatedly burst through the dark waves, as if writhing with fierce and terrible convulsions. Sometimes we thought we heard a shrill bellowing cry, as if indicative of anguish and rage, rising through the gurgling waters. His fury, however, was soon exhausted; in a short time the sounds broke away into distance, and the agitation of the sea subsided. The shark had given himself up to the tides, as unable to struggle against the approach of death, and they were carrying his body unresistingly to the beach.'

Crouch, in his *Fishes of the British Islands*, would indirectly claim some apology for the habits of the shark tribe; in reference to which he asks why the lion and the eagle should occupy the elevated places they do in popular estimation, as the king of beasts and monarch of the air. They live by the exercise of powers similar to those of the sharks, and if insatiable appetites are to take precedence, sharks ought to stand in the foremost rank.

The appearance of sharks occasionally upon our coast naturally creates a certain panic amongst bathers; and we may trace the breakage of the nets of our fishermen to their presence, among other causes. The six-gilled shark, or gray shark, is sometimes eleven or twelve feet in length, and is very destructive among the pilchards on the Cornish coast. The white shark is a formidable fellow; but although his class occasionally send over to our isles deputations of one or two, we have, fortunately, not had to record of late years

such a visitation as that of 1785, when hundreds appeared in the British Channel. This individual is perhaps the most formidable of all the inhabitants of the ocean. Ruysch says that the whole body of a man, and even a man in armour, has been found in the body of a white shark. Captain King, in his Survey of Australia, says he caught one which could have swallowed a man with the greatest ease. Blumenbach says a whole horse has been found in it; and Captain Basil Hall reports the taking of one, in which, besides other things, he found the whole skin of a buffalo, which a short time before had been thrown overboard from his ship. The blue shark is a horrible nuisance to the fishermen, but, fortunately, it is with us only in summer, when it makes itself known by hunting after the fish entangled in the nets, which it does by seizing both fish and net with its keen and serrated teeth, and swallowing fish and mesh together. As it is not always pleasant to have sharks following a ship, it cannot be too well known that a bucket or two of bilge-water has been known to drive them off.

The shark tribe are remarkably retentive of life, and instances are related which would be almost beyond belief, if not vouched for by numbers of witnesses. For instance, an individual was caught with a line; its liver was cut out, and the bowels left hanging from the body, in which state the sailors, as an object of abhorrence, threw it into the sea. But it continued near the boat; and not long afterwards, it pursued, and attempted to devour a mackerel that had escaped from the net. In another instance, a shark was thrown overboard after the head had been severed from the body; after which, for a couple of hours, the body continued to use the efforts of swimming in various directions—to employ the conjecture of a boy amongst the crew—as if it were looking for its head. Next, we have the thrasher, which has obtained the name of fox shark, because of the shape of its tail. The title of thrasher, however, is most appropriate, from its habit of lashing the sea with its tail, by which it has been known to put to flight a herd of sportive dolphins, and even to fill the whale with terror. The porbeagle is another of the shark tribe, and is a common visitor on the western coasts in summer. Then follows that too plentiful and rapacious fish, the toper, known likewise as the white hound, penny dog, or miller dog. However, as it swims deep, it does not do so much injury to the fishermen's nets as some of its congeners. Then we have the smooth hound, or ray-mouthed dog, or skate-toothed shark, which are presumed to come from considerable distances, from the kind of hooks sometimes found in them, which resemble those used on the coast of Spain. They feed upon crustaceous animals, but will take a bait. The picked dog, spur dog, or bone dog, but commonly known as the dog-fish, is the smallest, but unquestionably the most numerous of the shark tribe. It frequents our coasts all the year round, and even in the severest weather. Then there are the spinous shark and Greenland shark, which will not be driven away from feeding upon the blubber of a stranded half-immersed whale, although pierced with spears, but come again to the oleaginous banquet while a spark of life exists. The basking shark also occasionally casts up on our coasts. It is of a large size, is capable of breaking a six-inch hawser, and is only taken with

considerable difficulty. Then we have the rash-leigh shark, the broad-headed gazer, and the hammer-head or balance fish, which may be said to complete the list of these occasional unwelcome visitors to our shores.

And now that we have said so much that is prejudicial to the Squalidæ or shark community, let us see what we have as a set-off in their favour. As a food for man, the toper is found exposed for sale in the markets at Rome; and in Paris, that city of gastronomy, the small kinds of shark, when divested of their tantalising titles, are to be detected as *entrées* in the *menu* of many of the most distinguished families. For some years the dog-fish has afforded lucrative employment during the whole of the summer to the fishermen from the Naze to the Cape. It is, however, mostly smoked, and in this way is considered rather a delicacy. It is also dried and split as stock-fish for consumption in the country, as well as for export to Sweden, where it is greatly appreciated. It is likewise elsewhere a common article of food, amidst the choice of a variety of other fish, especially in the west of England, and, indeed, is valued by some who are far above the necessity of classing it with their ordinary articles of subsistence. It is used both fresh and salted, but when eaten fresh, it is skinned before being cooked. Lacépède, who speaks slightly of its flesh, informs us that, in the north of Europe, the eggs, which are about the size of a small orange, and consist solely of a pale-coloured yolk, are in high esteem. If prejudice could be got over, there is no doubt they would form an agreeable as well as nourishing article of food, as a substitute for other eggs in our domestic economy.

The shark fishery is carried on in many parts of the Indian Ocean, and on the eastern coast of Africa, and recently it has been pursued on the coast of Norway. About Kurrachi, in India, as many as forty thousand sharks are taken in the year. The back fins are much esteemed as a food delicacy in China, from seven to ten thousand of these being shipped to that empire annually from Bombay. In Norway and Iceland the inhabitants make indiscriminate use of every species captured, hanging up the carcasses for a whole year, like hams, that the flesh may become mellow. The liver, however, appears to be strictly prohibited everywhere, as a dangerous article of food.

Mr N. Brabazon in his Fisheries of Ireland, in allusion to the large shoals of sharks which pass annually along the west coast, on their way from the southern to the northern seas, speaks particularly of the basking shark: 'These fish are worth from thirty-five to fifty pounds each; and when so many as five hundred have been killed in one season, this class of fishing should be well attended to for the short season it lasts, if the weather is favourable to it, especially as it is at a time when other fish are out of season. The fishermen have a superstition that the fish will leave the coast if the bodies of those caught were brought to the shore.' Mr P. L. Simmons, in his *Waste Products and Undeveloped Substances*, gives almost incredible statistics of the vast amount of fish-refuse which is either left to rot on the coasts and putrefy the air, or thrown back into the sea unutilised, both on our own and on foreign shores; and he significantly points to its value as a manure not far inferior to guano, of which this country alone requires two hundred

thousand tons a year, and pays upwards of twenty-two millions sterling. Would it not, therefore, be wise for enterprise and capital to begin to turn more attention to the manufacture of fish-guano, of which the débris of the North American fisheries and those of the North Sea would furnish ample material?

### IN THE STILL NIGHT.

SOME years ago, I was appointed supervisor of a district in Ireland in which, for some time past, illicit distillation had been very rife, with special instructions to exert myself zealously for its repression. I took up my residence, accordingly, at a small decaying town not very far from the borders of Tipperary, and put myself into communication with the various officers of constabulary stationed in my district, to concert a vigorous system of detection. The results of this it is not my intention to chronicle. The events of a single night, which made a strong impression upon me, I wish to give an account of.

I had received a message from the sub-lieutenant of constabulary to the effect that his men had discovered an active centre of the illicit manufacture of spirits; that he had set a watch upon the place, and proposed, with my concurrence, to make a search of the premises that night, and a seizure of any unlawful implements, when he had reason to know that the concern would be in full operation. The nearest station to the scene of action was Portanoch, where a car would meet the train arriving at six P.M. to carry me to the scene of action.

At six o'clock, therefore, on a dark November night, I found myself at the dimly lighted station of Portanoch. Two or three peasants, and half-a-dozen squires and squireens, in red coats and top-boots, returning from a day's hunting, alighted with me. Some of these latter had been my companions in the railway carriage, and, during the journey, had been loudly lamenting that, owing to pecuniary difficulties, the master of the county hounds could not hunt his pack this season, and that they were thus obliged to go far afield for their sport.

Outside the station, several dog-carts and phaetons were waiting for the hunting-men; lamps flashing, and horses tossing their heads and jingling their harness impatiently; among the rest, a shabby country jaunting-car, with a rough and unkempt, but active-looking horse in the shafts.

'Are you waiting for me? Did Lieutenant Kelly send you?' I asked of the driver.

'Right, your honour; indeed, he did!' cried the man, briskly drawing up his car to the door. 'Jump up, quick; I'll have you to the barracks like the wind.'

We went bravely along the dark wet roads for some distance, and presently came in sight of the barracks, where a detachment of constabulary, in their dark, soldier-like uniforms, was drawn up prepared for a start. The officer in charge came up, and in low whispered words informed me of the plan of action. I noticed that the driver of the car—whose name I had ascertained was Murphy—seemed to listen eagerly, although he simulated an attitude of careless fatigue, huddled up in his seat, with some old sacking wrapped round him, and his caubeen pulled over his face.

'You'll follow the constabulary, and keep them in sight all the way,' I said, addressing Murphy.

'All right, your honour,' he replied in a low, husky voice.

The police dashed off at a swinging trot, and we followed at the same pace. The night was dark, as I have said, but the moon would rise in an hour or so. The road was good, and well defined between stone walls, and as long as we kept within sight or hearing of our guides, there was no danger of going astray. But the country seemed silent and deserted; there were no twinkling lights from cottage or cabin; no snug hamlets or comfortable roadside inns: all signs of habitation were wanting; we might, as far as appearances went, have been passing through some unpeopled wild.

Somehow, notwithstanding vigorous shouts and cracks of the whip, the horse began to flag, and we fell farther and farther behind the cavalcade. At last, a turn of the road shut them out of sight altogether. As we ascended a slight hill, the horse fell into a walk; and neither threats nor blows, the latter bestowed, I fancied, more upon the shafts than the horse, could move him to increased speed.

'Come, push on,' I cried impatiently; 'we shall be behind altogether.'

'Never fear,' said the man, getting down from his perch, and beginning to walk by the side of his horse—'never fear; don't I know the way a deal better than them blue-bottles!'

'What! Do you know where we are going?' I asked with surprise, for, as far as I knew, this had been kept a profound secret.

'Sure, 'tis for Tullybardine barony your honour's bound,' said Murphy, touching his hat. 'Didn't Captain Kelly give me my instructions! Don't I know a way that saves a mile and a half to the barony; and we'll be there long before them, after all.' So saying, he turned off suddenly up an avenue of trees, that looked appallingly dark and drear.

The short cut known to my friend Murphy was, it seems, across the demesne of Marrowinch, the residence of one Captain Blake, the master of the hounds mentioned by the hunting-men, whose fortunes, it seems, were now under a cloud. The road was a private one, and there was a stream to be crossed twice by plank-bridges that were in a state of doubtful repair; for which reason, no doubt, the constabulary had gone the longer round. But Murphy assured me that he knew every timber of the structures, and would guarantee my safety.

Once upon the firm gravelled road leading to the Hall, we bowled merrily along. We crossed the first bridge in safety, and presently passed the mansion, a huge ungainly building, with a square Cromwellian tower at one angle of it. All was in darkness there, except for one window in the upper stories. As we went by, a man came out from the shade of some trees, and looked scrutinisingly at us.

'That's one of them,' whispered Murphy—'that's one of the boys that wants to get inside the house; but the captain is too 'cute for them.'

It seemed, from what the driver told me, that Captain Blake's affairs were complicated by a claim on the part of a rival family of Blakes, who were trying to gain possession of the Hall; and that, between one and the other, the captain had his hands full.



We were now sheltered from the brisk south-west wind, that had been bringing occasional showers upon us ever since we started; and emerging from my wraps, I began to look about me, for the moon was rising red and fierce over the woods. Then I first became sensible of a very strong smell of fish, that seemed to accompany us. 'It's the salt, your honour smells,' replied Murphy in answer to my complaint.

'It's a very fishy salt, then,' I rejoined.

'Well, there might be a trifle of herrings among it,' Murphy admitted; and on further arguing it seemed that he had taken up a box of red herrings at the station, which was destined for one Widow Maccabe, who lived somewhere in the barony for which we were bound. 'I knew your honour would not mind, being a poor widow, and the smell fine and wholesome—Whisht! what's that?' he cried.

From the wood close by arose a long protracted howl, that sounded mournful and uncanny in the stillness of the night. It was a howl of weariness and pain, that had something about it, too, appealing and monitory.

'Sure, 'tis old Challenger spaking to us from the kennels,' said Murphy, driving on again briskly.

We had gone half a mile, and had just cleared the second bridge, when a cluck, probably at the stables of Marrowinch, chimed out the hour—seven. Instantly, from the woods behind us, arose a tremendous chorus of baying and barking, so sudden and unexpected, that the noise quite unnerved me. There was a savageness and fierceness about the cries quite appalling.

'Poor bastes,' said Murphy, turning round to speak to me; 'tis feeding-time, and this is the fifth night they've gone widout their suppers.'

'Nonsense!' I cried; 'you don't mean to say they are not fed?'

'Divil a morsel since Monday night, barrin' a pair of old brogues some kind soul threw over the kennel wall. The captain can't get out to feed the bastes, and his innies won't.'

'Why, they must be almost wild with hunger!' I said, shuddering.

'Wild's not a word!' said Murphy; 'they're right down ranting raving mad wid it! Hark to the bastes!'

The clamour of those starving hounds was really fearful, ringing through the still night. But it suddenly ceased. There was a space of intense silence, and then arose a more regular and steady, and yet wild and ferocious cry.

'Bedad,' cried Murphy, pulling up his horse, and listening intently, 'the dogs is broken loose!'

After the first loud exultant burst, an almost complete stillness succeeded, with now and then a solitary yelp, that sounded fainter and fainter in the distance.

'God be praised!' cried Murphy fervently, 'they're running the trail backwards.'

'What trail?' I asked breathlessly.

'Why, ours.'

'And why should they follow our trail?'

'Tis the herrings they've got wind of, that's almost as sweet as a fox to them, bad luck; but, glory to the saints! we're out of the reach of them now, as long as they are running away from us.'

'But, is there any danger, really?' I asked, all of a tremble with excitement, and, I confess, a good deal of fear.

'Maybe they wouldn't pick our bones, if they come across us!' replied Murphy.

'Quick, then!' I shouted. 'Drive, man, drive; why don't you drive?'

'Whisht!' said the man impressively, leaning back, and holding up his hand—'whisht! while I listen. Ay, they've come to a check at the brook, where we crossed, and they're puzzled a bit, the bastes. Whisht!' he cried again in a voice that had a tremor of terror in it. The scattered cries of the dogs had ceased; one could imagine them listening intently with uplifted heads, as, in the deep quiet of the night, the mellow ringing challenge of a solitary hound quite near at hand awoke the echoes round about. 'Tis Challenger,' cried Murphy; 'brave dog! he's hit off the scent. Bedad, that's the beautiful dog of them all;' and springing to his feet, he whirled the whip over his head, and roared out in good hunting cadence: 'Hark to him! hark to him! hark to Challenger! Yoioioo!'

Murphy's enthusiasm had drowned all sense of his own danger; but for myself, I saw the position in all its horrors—nothing less than to be pulled down and devoured by this ravening pack, whose cries were every moment borne louder and louder on the breeze. With a perfect crash of voices, the hounds acknowledged the scent, but they were now pouring along almost silent, save for an occasional whimper. In a few moments they would be upon us.

'Drive on, man!' I shouted frantically to Murphy; 'get us to some house, some shelter. Go!' My voice rose to a husky scream; I was like a man overpowered by some deadly night-mare.

'Faith, it's very little use,' replied Murphy, calmly straightening the stump of his whip. 'There's no house near enough for us; it's the will of Providence.'

'Save me!' I cried—'save me! oh, you must save me! Dear Murphy, I'll do anything for you, if you'll get me out of this.'

'Let me see,' Murphy muttered to himself; 'ay, they'll check for a minute at the brook again.—Look here, your honour,' he said aloud, 'there's just one chance for us. The bog lies within a quarter of a mile of us, and once inside that, we'll baffle the bastes; but I'll not insure you from drowning in the bog.'

'Go on, Murphy,' I cried; 'anything is better than the hounds.'

At the word, he lashed up his horse, and started off at full speed.

'Bedad, we'll give them a run for it, anyhow,' he cried; and away we went, the cries of the hounds once more echoing loudly behind us. As Murphy had anticipated, they came to a check at the bridge, and the delay was vital. The inclosed country was now left behind us, and we emerged upon a wide desolate waste, bounded only by the horizon. The moon had now fully risen, and shone ghastly over the scene, revealing a huge dark morass, deep chasms where the winter's turf had been cut, black oozy pools, and quaking quagmires—a horrible place to traverse at night. I shuddered as our car left the rough road that bordered the morass, and ran noiselessly over the slaking, squelching turf.

'There's no scent will lie there,' said Murphy, shewing his teeth with an anxious smile, as our wheels sank into a watery pulp up to the hubs: 'howsoever, we're likely to touch the bottom of the bog this blessed night. See the dogs there beyant, your honour!' Sure enough, they were gathered at the margin of the bog, clamouring loudly at the loss of their anticipated prey.

To any one who did not know the bog thoroughly, a drive like ours would have ended in certain destruction; but Murphy threaded his way with wonderful instinct over all the sound places, and after half an hour of intense peril and excitement, we found ourselves upon a little knoll that rose like an island out of the surrounding bog. Here, at a heap of turfs, hardly to be distinguished from others scattered about, my guide stopped, and gave a low whistle. A door, before unseen, was opened suddenly, and a man's face appeared in the gleam of a shaded rushlight.

'Step in, your honour,' said Murphy, 'and rest while we're sure the bastes is out of the way.'

Gladly I sought the shelter of the cabin; after the intense excitement of the last hour, the revulsion of feeling was almost overpowering. I threw myself on the earthen floor in front of the fire of turfs, resting my head upon a three-legged stool, the only piece of furniture about the place, and fell fast asleep. I fancied I heard sounds about me of trampling and stirring, but I was too thankful and drowsy to heed anything. Presently, Murphy aroused me.

'All's safe now, your honour, and I know an illigant road over the bog that will take you to your friends in a jiffey.'

Once more we took to the car, and after a short drive we were challenged by a police vedette—welcome, reassuring sound!

A lamp was flashed in our faces. 'What have we got here?' said an authoritative voice. 'Oh, only Mr Supervisor and his car. Why, we've been waiting half an hour for you. You'd better take one of the trooper's horses, sir, as the track is a bad one.—Come, start off, Pat, with your car, and wait for the gentleman by the cross-roads.'

I did not enter into any explanation of the cause of my delay, but took my seat on horseback, and followed the column of police again some way into the heart of the bog. As we drew up opposite a little turf-hut, I recognised, with a start, the shebeen that I had just before quitted. In a few moments, the police had penetrated into a small subterranean chamber adjoining the cabin, that an informer had described to them as the illicit distillery. To our disappointment and disgust, nothing was found there to inculpate the inmates. The place smelt strongly of potheen, and there were certain indications that a still had lately been worked there, but nothing to secure conviction.

'Hollo! what's this?' cried a constable, kicking aside a heap of turfs, and revealing a small keg. Without more ado, the head was knocked in, and, behold, the contents were only red herrings!

When we returned, baffled and discomfited, to the cross-roads, where the car was ordered to be in waiting, nothing was to be seen of man or car, and my progress homewards was made very uncomfortably *en croupe* behind a constable.

Well, I had my own suspicions as to the cause of our failure, but I did not say anything about

them, for I didn't feel sure that I should gain any applause by revealing them. But a few days after, I mentioned the fact of the starving hounds having hunted me, to some gentlemen who were staying at my hotel. And it turned out that one of these gentlemen was the very master himself who had been in hot-water. He talked quite freely about the matter, for it seemed he had staved off the evil day, and was prepared to hunt the county once more. But he laughed at me when I talked of the dangers I ran, and assured me that the affair had been vastly exaggerated, and that though the hounds had broken loose one night, and harried a few pigs and sheep, yet that there was no danger to human beings; a fact I beg very much to doubt.

Just before I left the county, being transferred to another station, I met Murphy soon after. He pretended not to know me, but after a while he acknowledged that he was the man who drove me. He was very shy at first, but finding that I was leaving the county, and meant no harm by him, he suffered himself to be treated with some whisky, which presently unlocked his tongue. The truth of the matter was, that he was not the carman ordered to meet me at the station, but had come down on his own account, to pick up a little information—that being hailed by me, whom he recognised as connected with the preventive service, he had at once assumed the character of my guide, and had purposely dropped behind the constables, in order to give warning to some of his friends of what was in the wind—that the herrings were brought for the entertainment of the men who were working the still, and that, by the lucky accident of the hounds getting loose, and frightening me out of my wits, he had the opportunity of taking me to the very place we were in quest of, of hiding the still and tubs in the bog, and carrying off sundry gallons of potheen under the very nose of the excise, in a keg which he exchanged for the one of red herrings that had so nearly proved our destruction.

#### HORTUS SICCUS.

Gone, with their laughter and their silent sorrow;

Gone, with their weeping and their summer smiles;

Never to them will come a glad to-morrow,

Sweet with the dreams that many a day beguiled.

Gayness or sadness in their voices ringing,

Making one love them for the sounds they gave;

Sunlight or shadow in their pathway mingling—

All is now swept into the silent grave.

Nought but their shadowy memory remaineth,

Dim and uncertain through the lapse of years;

Nought their clear image in the mind retaineth,

Saving love's chain cemented by our tears.

Chain that is forged in furnace of our sorrow,

Links knit together by long-cherished hopes,

Infinite strength and beauty thus it borrows,

Strength and endurance with which nought can cope.

Through the soft gleam of many tinted fancies,

O'er their sweet memory such light is thrown,

Sadness divine and tenderness enhancing,

Darkening all other sunshine by its own.

Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, 47 Paternoster Row, LONDON, and 339 High Street, EDINBURGH. Also sold by all Booksellers.

# CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

OF  
POPULAR

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

*Fourth Series*

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS.

No. 599.

SATURDAY, JUNE 19, 1875.

PRICE 1½d.

## MORLEY FELL.

IN TWO CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER I.

IN the whole of Westmoreland there is not, perhaps, a more beautiful bit of scenery than the Vale of Waterthwaite, and yet there is no place in the wide, wide world which Harry Vernon, a few years back, asserted to me he cared less to think about, and yet which more engrossed and occupied his mind. There it was, however, that he occasionally had spent some of the happiest days of his school boy life, for thither, during both the midsummer and Christmas vacations, he was accustomed to run down from town, where his father drove a trade and prospered well, not 'in skins of cats,' but as a lawyer, to his old uncle, who not only kept a good table, but one or two good hacks, which Harry was glad enough to mount, when one or other of the packs of harriers was astir that were kept by gentlemen in the neighbourhood.

The little town or village of Waterthwaite, from which the valley takes its name, is comparatively little known, although several good trout streams, besides an average amount of good moorland for grouse, might induce many to take advantage of its natural resources, and there while away their brief holiday, gun or rod in hand. Rabbits also, as in most parts of favoured Westmoreland, abound; and so young Vernon, who knew how to enjoy most of the good things of this life, ought to have looked back with pleasure in after-time on the days he had passed at Waterthwaite. Indeed, for several years he could never say enough in praise of his pleasant trips down to Westmoreland, as many of his quondam schoolfellows could testify. But few indeed knew how a few hours changed the whole current of his thoughts, nay, the whole tenor of his life, from an incident that befell him during necessarily the last time he staid at his uncle's house.

Poor Harry! we were always chums, and to me alone he intrusted the sad story of his earlier life. The heat of India, where he was ordered with his regiment some years ago, finished him up; he

came home with a broken constitution, which quite seemed to give way, when, on seeking his father's house in London, he was met with the sudden news of his parent's death, which occurred a month previous to his landing; and almost at death's door, he confided to me the events of his past life, a life, once bright, suddenly struck down, and apparently now ebbing away into eternity. How deeply was I moved after hearing the tale I am about to relate! I first made Vernon's acquaintance at school, and as we were in the same class, consequently doing the same work, and also both in the first eleven, we naturally were thrown together, and acquaintance soon ripened into firm friendship. He was a tall, athletic young fellow, and his charges in football became a matter of history in the school after he had left. No one with a good heart could have helped liking him, though there were some half-dozen bullies who were glad to hear that he would not turn up again next half, but the school in general were grieved at his departure. He too felt sorry enough to leave the old place, where he had experienced so many pleasant terms; but go he felt he must, for his nineteenth birthday was close at hand, and it was high time that he devoted a year to hard reading with a private tutor before going in for examination, as, to tell the truth, he cared more for his bat than for his books when with me at Penford under good old Dr Williams. The half-year came to a close. On the morning following the breaking-up, Harry accompanied me to the station to see me off, as my train started about two hours sooner than the one which carried him to King's Cross.

'Well, old man, the best of friends must part,' I said, as I took my seat in the down train for Yorkshire.

'Ah! but I shall in a month's time be down at Waterthwaite,' he cried, as the train began to move off, 'and I will tell my uncle to expect you any time this holidays; you must come.'

With a promise that I would if I could, which, unfortunately, most unfortunately, I now believe, I was unable to fulfil, I retired from the window to the perusal of my penny paper. Little did

I imagine that the next time I saw him I should see quite a different being from the joyous young fellow who had just now parted from me. And, curiously enough, it was in another railway station that I saw him next, about a twelve-month after this, just for a few minutes. I was struck instantly by the great change not only in his face but in his general appearance; even his walk was not the same. To my anxious inquiries, he replied that he had not been very well; but I could see that something had happened, and that at the same time my questions seemed out of place, and painful to him. Although his manner was constrained, still the warm friendship he had previously entertained for me did not seem to have waned, and when I chided him for not writing, he said he hoped soon to have done with all book-work, which had kept him much engaged; and that, when once in the army, he was going to try to get to India, where 'you will be sure to hear from me all about tiger-hunting and pig-sticking, and all sorts of queer adventures.' I never got a line; and the first intelligence I had of his having actually gone out to India, and having returned again after a lapse of three years, was from himself, in a note scrawled in these words:

DEAR LAWRENCE—I daresay you have forgotten me, but if so, it's my own fault. I have just returned home from India on sick-leave, to find that my dear old father a month ago was committed to the grave. I am quite broken down; the doctors give me little hope of recovery; I feel it's true, and I'm glad of it. Do come up and see me, if you are still alive. God grant this may find you. Don't write, but come at once; do not disregard the wish of a dying man and your old chum,  
HARRY VERNON.

As you may well imagine, I was awfully shocked; and it was not until I was being whirled away by a fast express towards London, with a small portmanteau packed with such few necessities as I should require, that I was able to reflect calmly on my sudden and mysterious summons. I had almost forgotten my quondam schoolfellow, inasmuch as nothing ever served to call him to mind, except, perhaps, an old cricket-bat he had pressed upon me in days of yore, and which I never now handled. At first, when I used to look out for the letters that never came, I pictured him as a good type of the insincerity of this world; but for a long time he, of all people, perhaps, had least entered my thoughts. But now, as my mind dwelt on the strong and hearty young fellow, whom I had once so intimately known, the memories of old days flooded upon me. Again I felt myself at school; again I seemed to hear young Vernon's cheerful voice, and felt a glow of friendly exultation thrill through me as he 'drove hard to the off' for a sixer in an all-important match; again I heard his hearty greeting, and felt the hard squeeze of his hand, with which we always met again at school; and now, the tears started to my eyes, and all my old affection for him leaped up again within my heart. Never seemed a train to go more slowly, but at last there we were face to face. I don't know what Harry felt, but I felt as though I would, if I could, have given all in the world, and gone forth a beggar, to have seen him then as in former days, when he could always, either in boxing or wrest-

ling, lay me on my back. But now—his fine form wasted away, his features pinched, and limbs shrunk—he seemed as helpless as a baby. He started up in bed, as soon as he perceived me at the door, but sinking back again from weakness, he exclaimed: 'Thank God! thank God! I knew you would come; you are my old chum still.' Our emotion prevented more for the present. All through that summer's evening I sat by his bedside, and we talked about many things, although every now and then his valet, fondly attached to him, would make some excuse for entering the room, to busy himself about his young master's comfort, while he impressed upon us in earnest, anxious tones the necessity of keeping quiet, and not talking much, 'as it's agon doctor's orders, if you please, sir.' I forebore, of course, from asking if he had any particular reason for having so suddenly summoned me to his bedside, apart from the excuse of old friendship, and a feeling of loneliness, now that he believed himself doomed to die. I seemed intuitively to feel that he wished much to disburden his conscience of some sin, or ease his mind by some avowal, before the grave closed over him, and his secret perished with him. For this must be a terrible thought to the dying, that if words which they wish to utter are not spoken soon, it may easily be too late. How sweet a comfort is it, too, to have some one in this world, if only one, to whom one may with safety disclose the hidden trouble that, perhaps unnecessarily after all, fills the breast and pains the heart! Here, then, lay my poor old chum; and his secret, if he had one, I at once associated in my mind with the wretched and changed appearance which I had noticed in him the last time I had seen him, only a year after his leaving Penford. My conjecture proved right. Believing that I was the only true friend he had in the world—his mother, poor fellow, died in giving him birth—he, after much hesitation, had written to me in the manner I have described; and now, after apologising in a most touching way for his weakness, as he called it, in having given me so much trouble, he began to enlighten me as to the true state of his sad case. His story, however, I shall give in my own words, as frequently, from faintness and excitement combined, Harry was forced to stop in his narration. All his misfortunes occurred from that one unlucky visit he paid to his uncle in Westmoreland, at the close of his school career, and which he had pressed me to undertake with him. As I have said before, would that I had done so; I might at least have prevented some of the mischief. After spending, then, a month in town, he had, according to arrangement, run down to Waterhwaite for an indefinite period. Oh, how during the half-year had he looked forward to this visit! His uncle always received him with open arms, and in his uncle's house he not only felt at home, but, after the murky air of London, the pure fresh breezes of the country infused fresh life into his frame. But, what at that time I did not know, there was a greater attraction still. His uncle and aunt, like some others who have no children of their own, had about twelve years ago adopted and brought up the only child, a daughter, of a widowed lady, who, at the close of her earthly career, earnestly commended her little darling, then in her sixth year, to the care of those friends she had best

loved and trusted in her life. They not only accepted, but accepted with joyful pleasure, both the treasure committed to their charge and the responsibility connected with it. Here, then, was the greater attraction. A young lady in her eighteenth year, Maud Hamilton possessed in an eminent degree all those personal attractions and virtues, adorned with which woman has but to speak, and with man, to hear is to obey. The beauty of her face and figure were but equalled by the beauty of her temper and her mind. I will not go further into detail; suffice it that Harry thought her perfection, and I always thought Harry's judgment perfect. Poor Harry, with his frank and hearty manner, was not one to long conceal his love, not that anything had openly as yet been said, but that guardians of a treasured daughter are seldom blind. In point of fact, they had for some time past discussed the question, and agreed, that could they see these two united, they would have no anxiety about their darling's future when they themselves had gone. Between Harry and Maud, however, there was no anxiety, no misunderstanding, for Harry knew that if he could once obtain his aunt's and uncle's leave, he had no need to search her heart, for Maud, who, with woman's instinct, felt the depth and intensity of Vernon's love, that shewed itself in a thousand ways, found that she too at length could no longer call her heart her own. He had at last, and that, too, during this very visit, opened out his heart to her, and she in return had artlessly and simply told him all. As Harry said, that evening was the happiest of his life. How soon was the joyful dream to be dispelled, how soon the cup of sweetness to be shattered in his grasp!

It was a few days after this, towards the close of a brilliant August, that Harry one evening sauntered across his uncle's grounds, and then, with quicker steps, commenced a walk of one mile towards a small copse at the foot of Morley Fell, which towered up abruptly to the skies on the side nearest to the wood, although still quite passable by a young and active man, whilst, on the other, an easier slope made that side the one generally preferred by all who wished to gain the top, whence a varied and extensive view might be gained; and to those who know England, both Cumberland and Westmoreland certainly carry off the palm for such views of wild and glorious scenery as can be obtained from Morley Fell. Both the copse and a few surrounding acres, together with the steeper side of the fell, belonged to old Mr Vernon, and now his hopeful nephew was about to test a new double-barrelled breech-loader—one of the many instances of his uncle's kind and generous interest—upon the rabbits, that had had it all their own way at Morley Fell from time immemorial. Naturally, therefore, expecting good sport, he was much chagrined and surprised, after skirting two sides of the wood, and after vainly peering about for some ten minutes or a quarter of an hour, to find that, despite numerous traces of the little fellows, not a rabbit was to be seen. 'Somebody must be about,' was his muttered exclamation, as he plunged into the wood; and coming out, after a three minutes' scramble, on the other side, facing the fell, sure enough there sat a man, apparently tying up a ferret or two in a bag, whilst a powerful lurcher was regarding with interest some half-

dozen rabbits lying at his master's feet. There were not more than one hundred yards between them; and no sooner had Vernon advanced twenty paces, than the dog sprang to his feet with a deep growl; not less speedily did the man seize his string of rabbits in one hand, and a stout cudgel in the other, and spring over a low stone wall close at hand, followed by the lurcher, where he turned round to see the extent of his danger. Apparently satisfied that there was not much, as he saw but one man after him, and that not a keeper, he threw down his rabbits again, and calling his dog close to his heels, awaited Harry, who, excited to greater wrath by seeing the fellow flee, a fact which at once stamped him as a trespasser, had put on a regular spurt to come up with him, and now arrived at the wall somewhat puffed, and in anything but a good humour.

'Holloa! you fellow, what are you doing here, giving me all this bother? What do you mean by it? Do you know you're trespassing?' he jerked out.

The 'fellow,' a powerfully built and ruffianly looking vagabond, evidently puzzled what to answer, grasped his stick all the tighter, and then growled out: 'I wasn't a-medlin of you.'

'Confound you! I never said you were. What's that got to do with it? You're trespassing; you know you are. I'll see about this. What's your name?'

'My name, be darned!' shouted the fellow. 'What's yours? What reet have yer a-coomin' about more an me? I've gotten these ere rabbits, and I means to keep 'em,' he added, as he once more laid hold of them, and seemed about to depart.

'Drop them!' roared Harry, as he mounted the wall. 'If you take a single rabbit'—

'If yer tooch ma rabbits, Sandy shall throttle yer,' roared back the villain with equal energy.—'Hie at em, seize em, my lad Sandy!' he cried again as Harry sprang from the wall. There were only a dozen paces between them now, when the savage beast, without any warning, sprang with the fury of a maniac from its master's side at Harry. It was all over in a moment. A puff of smoke, a sharp crack, and there they stood, a remarkable picture. On one side was Harry, his piece presented full at the man's head; on the other was the poacher, literally rooted to the spot with fear, anger, and amazement combined. Between them lay the ferocious Sandy, breathing out his last gasp, shot right through the heart. How like Vernon it was! His boldness and decision did not desert him at a pinch like this, and I believe really saved his life. Harry said afterwards: 'Pluck? Oh, it wasn't pluck; I did it without thinking of it.' But it is just that pluck, in my estimation, which shews itself how, when, or where, as occasion requires, and which is not wanting in the hour of need, which I really call pluck.

'By —, thou shalt pay for this!' at length cried his opponent, advancing a foot, and swinging his club.

'Another step, and you are a dead man,' now came in hoarse but earnest tones from Vernon's mouth. 'You would kill me if you could,' he added; 'and I shall shoot you just as I've shot your dog, in self-defence, if you don't take yourself off immediately.'

Completely cowed, not only by the words and determined voice, but more, perhaps, by the

whole attitude and unflinching eye, which threatened him with instant death, the fellow immediately backed a few paces, and sloping off until out of range, he only halted to shout out some bitter oath, before disappearing altogether in the distance. Harry turned to examine the dog for a minute, 'tremendous still in death,' and thought of the little chance at close quarters he would have had in a struggle with such a beast, especially when a strong ruffian was by with a stake to give him no gentle tap on the skull. He then skirted the wood towards home, and getting one shot at a rabbit, of course missed it, for his nerves were, to tell the truth, a bit shaky now that all was over. On the whole, however, by the time he got to his room, he felt rather merry at the thought of what the good people would say about his adventure at the dinner-table; and at dinner he did tell his tale, and laughed heartily over it; but even his uncle scarce saw much to laugh at; whilst one of the ladies—Harry was rather pleased than otherwise to observe—turned very pale indeed. That very evening also, Mr Vernon despatched a keeper to the place, to see if he could identify the dog; but although the man searched diligently, neither dog nor rabbits were to be found, only a deep crimson patch upon the grass where the scene had evidently occurred.

One week passed away, and Harry, at first really anxious to have a second interview with the savage who would have made such short work of him, had already twice visited the wood in company with the keeper; and his uncle too, out of curiosity to see the spot where the encounter had taken place, had once made one of the party. Three weeks passed away, and with them all recollection of the affair, and Harry, shouldering his gun, once more found himself, towards the close of a September day, on the outskirts of the wood, determined, if possible, to give the rabbits a warm farewell before he returned to town. There were several rabbits out on the feed, and as he sauntered along, getting now and again a really good flying shot at the little beggars as they scuttled towards the sheltering furze, he thought he had never enjoyed anything more, never seen a more glorious sunset, and reflected with regret that this would be the last of his pleasant solitary strolls which he so much delighted in, and which it would be impossible to get elsewhere. Having at length exhausted his stock of cartridges—not anticipating much sport, he had not burdened himself with many—and having strung up his rabbits by ones and twos to convenient trees, intending to send a boy for them in the morning, he paused on the other side of the wood, and gazing rather sadly upon Morley Fell, he thus soliloquised: 'Once more, and now for the last time, do I behold thee! Suffer me but to climb thy shaggy brow, and view around the scenes I love so well. Would I were thee, old fell, to keep a watchful eye upon my darling Maud!' Arousing himself from these and such-like thoughts, and refreshed by the idea of a little muscular exertion, he began to climb, but had not ascended twenty feet, before, with a start and a sensation of nervous apprehension, he glanced rapidly upwards and then around, but nothing seemed to stir but his heart, which beat violently. 'Bah! what a coward I am; I must have been thinking of that affair here before.'

But no; his instinct, as is often the case, was right, and he was wrong. He does not see the danger just at that moment, concealed as it is by the old stone wall, but none the less real danger is menacing him, and now will he have need of all his pluck, of all his cool decision. Had he perceived and understood the peril which was creeping fast upon him, he would not now have stopped to examine that fern peeping from out a niche in the rock, nor plucked the prettiest frond for some one he was so soon to leave. Look how he loiters! will he see his imminent danger in time to avoid it? No; heedless, and with thoughts fixed far away, and mind intent upon the future, he saw not, heard not.

#### A PLEA FOR THE OTTER.

DUMB animals have a great deal to contend with; they can neither rebut nor answer accusations. Too frequently it happens that the 'intelligent gamekeeper' has only to express an opinion of the destructive character of any living thing, to obtain, from his master, *carte blanche* to go forth and destroy that living thing. In this way many comparatively harmless animals have been persecuted to the verge of scarcity, and the vermin which they usefully preyed upon have consequently increased to become a deplorable grievance. It is, to say the least, a dangerous task to meddle with a link in Nature's chain, every one of which is impressed, more or less, with its mission of binding and strengthening the great order of the universe. But when the fiat of extermination goes forth upon the really innocent, it is the duty of the humane sportsman to hold his hand, and the enlightened naturalist to enter his protest against such descriptions of animal slaughter. At the present moment, happily, a change of feeling is taking place with regard to the otter, an animal which has been from time immemorial charged with fatally grave offences. It has been alleged that he not only kills fish, but makes raids upon the farmyards far inland, to feed on poultry, rabbits, and sucking-pigs, and that he will even hunt wild-fowl, and help himself to a young lamb or kid. Now, there is no proof of any of these charges beyond the otter's natural appetite for fish; and circumstances, lately brought to light, almost conclusively shew the utter improbability of his feeding either upon flesh or fowl, in his wild state.

One of the oldest and most observant of trappers affirms that he has frequently seen otters swimming amongst wild-duck, teal, and widgeon, without their molesting the birds, or taking the slightest notice of them beyond giving them room to pass. So assured was he of this fact, that he says: 'I went one evening and took a man with me who is now living. We sat down by the river-side. Being almost dark, the otter came swimming along the stream, which was not above twenty feet broad; and though it was covered with geese, ducks, divers, &c., yet one of them did not rise on the wing; they only opened in the middle of the river, and the otter came swimming through them, as if a frequent visitor; and when he came to my gun's end, I shot him.' With a view to ascertaining whether or not the otter has a partiality

for meat, a friend of ours opened some hundreds brought to him for the purpose, the result of which went to prove that they touch nothing but fish in their natural state. The truth appears to be, that as the otter gives great 'sport' to numbers of every degree, by its instinctive cunning in eluding the dogs, and when beset, its indomitable pluck in holding on to them with a formidable gripe, and carrying them under water torn and bleeding, such attributes are woven into the charge of an unjustifiable ferocity deserving of punishment, not short of torture by impalement alive.

Men, however, who might be supposed to be the last to have a good word to say for the otter, are now boldly coming forward in its behalf. Not mere 'humanitarians,' contemptuously so called, or sentimentalists, but anglers, owners of salmon-waters, and secretaries of river preservation societies. That the otter does kill an occasional salmon, taking a mouthful from it, and leaving it to the next comer, perhaps a poor cottager, cannot be gainsaid; but the labourer is worthy his reward, and is a most useful one, if, as is now strenuously maintained, he does immeasurably more good than harm in keeping down the generation of eels, almost his especial and favourite food; for eels eat, as soon as deposited, the valuable ova of the salmon.

The otter is an extremely graceful creature, and its habits are interesting; but it is most to be admired when watched in clear water swimming and tacking in undulations by the aid of its tail as a rudder, and surrounded by three or more of its young. It has been compared in form to the polecat, but this is not a happy simile, as its head is more blunt, its fur shorter and thicker, and its feet webbed. It is amphibious in its habits, but if kept under water more than a few minutes at a time, is soon drowned, for to live, it must come up to breathe. It is not so famed in architectural skill as the beaver, but it must be remembered that much that relates to the beaver's residence is fabulous. When in full growth, it is about two feet in length from the nose to the tail, which is of itself fifteen or sixteen inches long, and tapers to a point; in this particular, differing from the sea-otter, whose tail is much broader. In colour it is a deep brown, with a light patch on each side of the nose, and one also under the chin. The throat and breast are ash-coloured, the mouth small, the lips furnished with strong moustaches, and the ears short and rounded. The eyes, which are diminutive, and placed near the nose, have a somewhat vertical aspect, which enables it to detect fish while lying below them on the bed of the river. Its neck is thick; the legs are thick, short, and very mobile in their articulations, enabling them to act with all the ease and effect of fins in the water, in which they have great power, as well by the flexibility of their joints as by the strength and muscularity of their members, and also by the close webbing of the toes, which, extending down to the very point, give them great power in swimming or diving. The otter evinces great sagacity in the construction of its dwelling. It burrows under the banks of streams or lakes, sometimes for a considerable distance, and always makes the entrance of its home under water, working upwards to the surface of the earth, and fashioning three, four, or more chambers, which ascend

from one to the other. Nor does it neglect the important consideration of ventilation, as the interior atmosphere would vary in density as the water rose, but makes a few minute holes for the admission of air, generally contriving that these apertures shall be concealed by the gnarled roots of the stump of a tree, or a thick bush. The female is often followed in the season by several males, and the fights of the latter are desperate, often fatal, but they are said never to utter a cry under any circumstances, although the female does occasionally give a shrill kind of scream, particularly when with young. She has sometimes five at a birth, which takes place in a warm chamber or 'couch' deeply lined with moss, where she rears her little ones with extreme affection, assiduity, and caution; for it is seldom they are discovered, although often sought for. Numberless instances, despite of what has been said to the contrary, might be adduced of the extreme fondness of the mother for her young, in defending which, in many instances, she has been known to lose her life. When her progeny has been caught, and kept in captivity, she has been seen to visit them, taking them fish, and at length encompassing their deliverance by tunnelling from some secret spot to beneath their prison.

There is no authenticated evidence of the otter attacking man or dog, as some have alleged, excepting when grievously driven to bay, and then only when attacked, and in self-defence, while its attachment to man, if kindly treated, is so well known as not to need further confirmation. 'We are surprised to find any writer,' says Blaine, 'questioning the capability, not only of taming the otter, but also breaking him to fish-hunting, fish-catching, and to a faithful delivery of those he takes. Very many well-authenticated accounts of this aptitude are on record.' An interesting one is related by Bishop Heber, who, when in India, saw a number of otters, which, being stationed along the edges of the water, were made use of as hunters of the fish, which they pursued so adroitly as to drive them into the nets, and there only. To shew that they perfectly understood what was required of them, we are told by the bishop that they laid hold on the largest, and brought them ashore. Thus has the otter, like the dog, been made a valuable and obedient servant. Buffon details the habits of a female otter which had been reared on milk until it was two months old, when 'it was afterwards so far led by degrees and necessity to partake of soups, fruits, pulse, animal food, and fish; but which last, in accordance with its original nature, it persisted in rejecting if not fresh. It was as tame as a dog it played and ate with, came when called, but was furious against any strange one which approached it; a dislike it may have learned from its canine companion. It is curious to add that, with its newly acquired taste for a variety of food, it had no piscatory talents, having lost its natural habits thus far in its early domestication; indeed, it would not willingly even enter the water.'

The readers of the *Complete Angler* will recollect that Walton makes Venator, Hunter, and Piscator ask whether the otter is a beast or a fish. Hunter observes that he heard the question debated among many great clerks, and they seemed to differ about it; yet most agree that her tail is fish.



And he continues: 'If her body be fish too, then I may say that a fish will walk upon land—for an otter does so sometimes, five, or six, or ten miles in a night, to catch for her young ones, or to glut herself with fish.' If the otter be fish, it can of course be eaten on *maigre* days. Mr Pennant says that he actually saw an otter preparing in the kitchen of the Carthusian convent, near Dijon, for the dinner of the monks. Those who have tasted the flesh of the otter, however, consider the eating thereof more as a penance than a treat, for its rankness requires the strongest piscivorous appetite to masticate or swallow a morsel. But we are glad to find there are people abroad who like the otter in any shape.

It has been recently attempted to justify the use of the spear in otter-hunting by its being the instrument with which the otter is *at once* put out of its misery. But this far from agrees with what we have seen and shuddered at. The poor animal has been transfixed completely through its intestines by the instrument, 'from which'—and we quote a work upon otter-hunting—'it is impossible to escape, as the spring-catch opens after penetrating the animal, and the toughness of its hide effectually prevents his releasing himself from it.' The otter is then held up in writhing agony. But that we may not err at a time when these practices are so energetically denied, we will again quote a recognised authority: 'Many casts with the spears, as may be supposed, are therefore made at him without effect. In the meantime, it is not uncommon for the dogs to seize him, and he is then bitten to death; yet not until he has imprinted some serious, and not unfrequently fatal wounds on a dog or two. Although the otter may be bitten, and bitten to death, it is but seldom he is broken up, except to be left exposed to the fury of the hounds, for a considerable time. In all other cases, such is the tenacity of the hide, that it is impenetrable to the common bite of even these vermin-biting dogs. Among the most energetic otter-hunters it is, however, the wish of each to signalise himself by piercing the game with his own spear. It is truly surprising to see how effectually the well-practised sportsman at this chase wields this weapon, in many cases delivering it in such a manner as to pass directly through the otter, and fix him either to the bank, or otherwise to the bottom of the river, from which, however, his dying efforts usually release him. But from the barb-spear itself no exertions can free him, as the barb, or barbs, form an insurmountable obstruction to its extraction. The spear is then recovered, the otter raised on high, and amidst the shoutings of the men and the barking of the dogs, he is thrown to the pack, and left to their mercy.' Are practices of this kind anything short of atrocious cruelty?

Should these authors be considered to deal in exaggeration, we would refer to the works of our artists, generally faithful in their delineations of field-sports, who, at the heel of the hunt, draw the otter raised as above described, writhing in its prolonged death-throes, and biting the spear in its frenzied agony.

An enthusiastic writer upon field-sports tells us that all animals possessing a mephitic nature are designed by nature to be hunted by dogs! This, however, need only be noticed to be dismissed. We have attempted to shew that the otter is a harmless creature, more sinned against than sin-

ning; the helpmate even of man if kindly treated, and which some of our leading water-farmers are willing to confess, is necessary to the welfare of our streams, as aiding in the maintenance of Nature's unerring balance.

## WALTER'S WORD.

### CHAPTER XLV.—LEAP-YEAR.

It was already dusk as Walter and Santoro crossed the camp, and where the few trees grew, the light was so feeble that faces could scarcely be discerned; it was more, therefore, by the stature of Joanna than by her looks that Walter recognised the sister of the brigand chief, as she received him standing in the shadow of some beech-trees. Santoro, in obedience to a gesture from his mistress, had at once withdrawn, and they were quite alone.

'I have sent for you, Signor Litton,' said she, in a strange and trembling voice, 'to say what it does not become a woman's lips to say, though it delights her ear to listen to it. The peril in which you stand, the imminence of it, and—something in my own heart, must plead as my excuse: I love you!'

The fact was not certainly unknown to Walter; but the confession of it, made thus abruptly, and under such abnormal circumstances, astounded him—perhaps with that amazement with which an English marriage service credits young persons of the opposite sex. Having heard thus much, he did not doubt that the proposition hinted at by Santoro—that he should save his life by wedding Joanna, while at the same time adopting her profession—was about to be made to him.

'Joanna'—he began.

'Pray, let me finish ere you answer me,' interrupted she, in the same trembling tones, but with an earnest pleading in them that gave them force. 'It cannot be but that you scorn me at the outset, but I can bear your scorn, since it is for your own sake that I provoke it. From the first instant that I saw you, I became your prisoner, though you were mine; my woman's heart acknowledged you its lord; the courage you have shewn, the honour you have exhibited, it took for granted without trial. I should have known them, had I died that moment, as well as now, when they have been proved so gallantly, and at so great a sacrifice. When I shewed you the secret of our cavern, and bade you depart, if it so pleased you, it was but a girl's artifice to shew her trust, for I felt that I ran no risk of losing you that way; and later, when I became, as it were, bail for your returning hither, though it pained me to see you go, I knew you would return and redeem your promise, as certainly as I know it to-day. O signor, what was it but love that told me so! Here, in my bosom, I keep the picture that you drew of my poor self; but nearer yet, and within my heart, is your own image, and will remain there to my dying day, though that indeed will be soon, if you die. Oh, why'—here her voice grew passionately earnest, though her tone was little above a whisper—'should we speak of death, we two, when it can be averted from us both!'

'I see not how, Joanna,' answered Walter gravely.

'Ah, but I can shew you how. For your sake, I am content to give up—it is not much, you will say, but it is all I have—my place among my people, and its power; to exchange this free air and untrammelled life, for an existence that must needs seem cramped and submissive; my native land for yours; if only you will let me call you mine! Oh, do not scorn such love!'

She stopped for an instant, overcome with emotion, and Walter said: 'I do not scorn it, Joanna.'

'I thank you, signor, even for that much of kindness,' continued she submissively. 'I pray you hear me out. Corrali, look you, though he is black in your eyes, is my brother, dear to me as the only kin I have, and one who has avenged my wrongs; yet, to wed you, I will desert him, returning evil for good. I have no bent for this dishonest life; my hand is free from blood, and it is yours if you will but please to accept it. I cannot flatter myself, alas! that you would do so, if you were free to choose, but since it holds your life in it, signor, my love may help to make it worth your taking.'

During the latter part of Joanna's appeal, the passionate eloquence with which she had at one time urged it had quite failed her, though the plaintive tenderness still lingered. Doubtless she read in Walter's face not only that her love was unreturned, but that it could never be so. Or perhaps the humiliation of having to offer so huge a bribe, for what she would have vainly obtained without the asking, quenched all her natural fire. This despondent pleading, however, by no means lost her ground with him to whom it was addressed. Walter had, it is true, no love to give her; but he had pity, which is said to be akin to it; and gratitude, which tends towards it; while, above all, the natural desire for life—life almost at any price—was pulling at his heart-strings. If he should promise to wed Joanna, he would hardly be forsworn, since to the girl he would have wed he was already dead—or would be so in a few hours; marriage with Lilian was an impossibility; then why not save his life, by marriage with Joanna? Men marry every day without affection, to gain much less; nor in his case—a mere Bohemian without kith or kin—were the social objections to such a union—stupendous as they would have been with some men—by any means unsurmountable. The only member of society who was likely to have any voice in the matter—namely, Jack Pelter—would probably hail with enthusiasm the addition of a female brigand chief to their *ménage* in Beech Street; or regard her at worst as a gratis model of the Salvatore Rosa class, and an admirable addition to the establishment. These thoughts, practical and even humorous, flashed upon Walter's brain, in spite of himself, though death was hovering over him, and genuine if misdirected love was demanding a final answer to its appeal. But they came and went in a second of time, and left him calm and steadfast. As to purchasing his personal safety at this price, or any price, that, had it stood alone, would have been his own affair, to be settled with his own conscience. He was not so quixotic as to hold Lilian's love as plighted troth, when death itself had put in, as it were, a priority of claim to him; in any case, he could not be Lilian's, and therefore it was unreasonable that he should accuse himself of faithlessness in wedding another. But there was a feature in this case which made it easy

indeed for him to come to a just decision. How was it possible for him to return to Palermo a free man with such news as he would have to bring with him? Could he tell Lilian that he had saved his life, on the condition of marrying Joanna, but had left her father to perish by unheard-of tortures at the hands of men made still more furious by his own escape? Would not the twofold woe be her death-doom, and the life he had thus basely purchased for himself, become intolerable, from shame, as that of Sir Reginald himself? He had not the shadow of a doubt of it, and therefore no hesitation as to what it became him to reply.

'Joanna,' said he, 'so far from scorning the love which you offer me at so great a sacrifice to yourself, I am deeply sensible of it, and thank you for it with all my heart; but the last words spoken by yonder unhappy man: "Do not leave me, Walter," and which are still ringing in my ears, have greater force than even those which promise me life and liberty. I cannot accept these gifts, for they would be worthless to me, since they would have been purchased by the desertion of my friend.'

For a full minute Joanna was silent; then she took a step towards him, and laid her hand upon his shoulder. 'Walter,' she said, 'rather than lose you I will save your friend. It will be difficult, and very dangerous, but I will do my best to do it. I had promised to desert my brother, though you will not desert this man, who is not even of your blood; but I will do yet more—I will play Corrali false, and rob him of what he holds to be his just revenge. For your sake, and to win you for my own, I will become a traitress. This very night—nay, within this very hour, for we have no time to lose—I will place you both in safety, if you will pass your word to be my husband. Oh, what can woman's love give more? Hark!'

Through the stillness of the night was heard the firing of musket-shots at a great distance. 'Yonder Corrali speaks. He will be up here shortly, wild with rage and loss. No power of mine will then avail to save you. Quick, quick! give me your Word!'

Again a torrent of contending thoughts swept through Walter's brain. The circumstances in which he was now placed had become strangely altered. If Joanna could carry out her present offer, Lilian would lose indeed her lover (though not, alas, his love), but she would at least have left to her her father. It would be no longer for his own sake, but for hers, that he would become another's. His hand he could not offer her, but in its place he would give her her father's life.

Again was heard a dropping fire of musketry, but the sound was more distinct. The combatants were evidently coming nearer.

'Walter, your hand?' whispered Joanna eagerly; 'in a few minutes more it may be too late.'

'I give it you, Joanna. If you will save the old man's life, I promise to make you my wife.'

Never surely was betrothal made under circumstances so ill-assorted and inapt; nor was there one moment to spare for its tender ratification.

'Santoro, Colletta,' cried Joanna in loud and commanding tones, 'let both the prisoners be fast secured.'

This was done at once, with ropes that bit into their arms; and helpless as infants, Walter and Mr Brown were placed side by side upon the

ground. The brigands crowded round them with wrathful and excited looks, which the noise of the firing had doubtless evoked; they imagined that vengeance was already to be taken upon their wretched captives.

'Corralli is beset down yonder,' exclaimed Joanna, 'and we must send him succour. Now these men are bound, we women are their masters, and can be left to guard them. Let each take his musket and do his part; and when it is done, you will find us here in charge.'

There was an instant of hesitation, but used to the habit of obedience, the men moved to where the arms were piled, and each one took his weapon. Santoro alone remained standing beside the women.

'Get you gone, Santoro; it is you who will be in command till you join my brother,' said Joanna imperiously.

'No, signora; I remain here at all hazards,' answered he in low significant tones.

'You disobey, then, my express orders?'

'For the present, signora, yes. I venture to think the captain would wish the prisoners to be left with a stronger guard than yourself and Lavocca.'

'If you remain, you will do so at your peril.'

'That I quite understand, signora. Corralli will decide when he comes up the hill again as to which of us was in the right.'

By this time the band were ready to march, and, in their presence, all controversy was to one, at least, of the disputants out of the question.

'You will obey Colletta, men, till you fall in with the captain,' said Joanna steadily; 'upon second thoughts, I will keep Santoro to guard the camp.'

'Good!' exclaimed Colletta, who was well content to find himself in the unwonted position of commander. 'There is no knowing what prisoners may not be up to.—Now, then, my fine fellows, step out.' And off started the brigands at their 'double,' which was a run about twice as fast as that used by regular soldiers, and, of course, without the least pretence of order, which, indeed, the nature of the ground would itself have rendered impossible. Santoro watched them disappear, then with a grim smile turned round upon Joanna: 'It was well schemed, signora; but I am not quite such a fool as Lavocca has doubtless represented me to be.'

'On the contrary, Lavocca has always spoken well of you in that respect. "You have plenty of wits," she says, "but, unfortunately, no heart."

'No heart? I, who love her with all my soul, and would lay down my life for her!'

'Oh, she has heard you say that, doubtless, perhaps a thousand times. But when it comes to the proof of your affection, then it is that you are found wanting.'

'Begging your pardon, signora,' answered the brigand, reddening, 'and with all due submission to you as Corralli's sister, you are speaking what is not the truth.'

'You talk of submission, and yet you remain here in defiance of my orders!' returned Joanna contemptuously. 'You talk of love, and yet it was Lavocca's wish, as well as my own, that we should be left alone here!'

'Ay; to let those birds yonder out of the cage, or, at all events, the one that, to your ear, seems to sing so sweetly. You would doubtless find your

own account in such a plan, signora; but what advantage would it be to Lavocca, who would only share the transgression and the punishment?'

'It is love, then, and not duty, that keeps you here, Santoro?'

'It is both, signora,' answered the brigand, smiling, for, at a sign from her mistress, her companion drew near, whose presence to his rugged nature was as the sun that daws from a barren soil unlooked-for signs of graciousness and fertility: 'it is duty to yourself, and love for Lavocca.'

'Then what I have now to ask of you, Santoro, will be easy to grant,' continued Joanna. 'It is my intention to set loose these captives, and lead them to Palermo. You may oppose it, of course, but it will be at the loss of one of our two lives; and if you should kill me, you will not find it easy, I think, to win Lavocca.'

'I would not marry him, if he did, though there was not another man in the world,' interposed Lavocca resolutely; 'I would even rather marry Corbara.'

'She would marry Corbara!' exclaimed Santoro, lifting up his hands, as if in appeal to universal nature against an idea so monstrous.

'But, on the other hand,' continued Joanna, 'if you will come into our plans, and assist us to escape, Lavocca will marry you as soon as we set foot in the city. A free pardon will easily be obtained for us, in consideration of this service to the Englishmen.'

'And your brother would flay us alive before the week was out,' interrupted Santoro.

'If he caught us; I don't doubt that in the least,' answered Joanna. 'But mind yonder will place you on board his yacht, and you will never leave it, until you and your wife are landed in England, where he will provide for you handsomely. Of course, there will be danger in getting down the mountain; but if you will not run some risk to win Lavocca, you, who were talking about laying down your life for her'—

She did not finish the sentence, because Lavocca had with the most opportune judgment precipitated herself into her lover's arms, and he was covering her comely face with kisses: the noise they made, however, was so very slight, that Joanna felt justified in taking it for the silence that gives consent. 'Come, come,' said she; 'you will have leisure enough for that to-morrow. You must earn your reward, Santoro, before enjoying it!' Yet, nevertheless, she left the fond pair together while she flew across the camp, and with a sharp knife cut the ropes that bound the prisoners, at the same time whispering a few words into Walter's ear.

'Is it then come at last?' cried the old merchant feebly: 'is death awaiting us?'

'No; life and freedom, if you have only the courage to take advantage of the opportunity,' replied Walter. In the excitement of the moment, he had almost forgotten the price he had agreed to pay for them, and had bounded to his feet like a deer. 'Give me a weapon, Joanna.'

She drew a pistol from her belt, and gave it him. 'Santoro yonder is on our side, dearest, and will lead us down the mountain. If we part again, it will not be your death alone that will separate us, but mine also.'

He answered, not with the caress which perhaps she expected, but with a silent pressure of his hand.

## CHAPTER XLVI.—THE ESCAPE.

In a few minutes the whole party had left the camp and plunged into the shadow of the trees that thickly covered the mountain, and which at that hour as effectually concealed them as though the earth had swallowed them up. The foliage, however, was intermittent; large spaces of exposed ground had presently to be crossed, where the dusk of a Sicilian night afforded them but a scanty cloak; and when this happened, Santoro and the two women walked in advance, that their dress might deceive the eyes of their late comrades, and cause them to be taken for a portion of the band under Colletta. They were only too likely to fall in with some of these, since it was the brigand habit when entering into action to scatter in pairs; though, on the other hand, this might enable the fugitives to overcome opposition. Having once embraced their cause and his Lavocca, Santoro could be depended upon to fight for them, and, indeed, he had gone too far to render return to his original allegiance possible. His untiring step fell as noiselessly upon the rock as on the turf, his keen eyes roved from tree to tree with unceasing vigilance, and, though the night was cloudy and their way without a path, he never lost the true direction of their course; only, when shots were heard, he would stop and listen, and turn to the right hand or the left, in order to avoid the combatants, from whose neighbourhood they were still, however, at a considerable distance. Three out of his four companions, albeit two were women, took step for step with his own; but for the fourth—Mr Christopher Brown—the whole party had not seldom to halt, while he panted for breath, or begged for a drop of water to quench his thirst. His age and constitution were but ill fitted for a night-march of such speed and duration, and, moreover, the terrors and privations of the previous fortnight had much enfeebled his frame. In his own mind, Walter felt but too sure that in case of their having to fight their way, the poor merchant must needs succumb to adverse fate, and would never survive to enjoy that liberty which he had so loyally striven to procure for him.

They had descended about two-thirds of the mountain, and, consequently, had reached what was the most dangerous part of the journey, namely, the locality where, in all probability, the brigands' line intervened between them and the troops, when suddenly 'the call' was heard very soft and low, immediately in front of them. Walter and Mr Brown, who were just issuing from a copse into an open space, at once stepped back among the trees; but the three others, who had advanced farther, and whose appearance had doubtless evoked the signal, moved boldly on, Santoro, with admirable presence of mind, at the same time giving back the answering note. The next moment they were confronted by Corbara. Of all the band, next to Coralli himself, this man was the most to be dreaded; for not only was he a most determined and relentless ruffian, and possessed of vast physical strength, but he was especially hostile to Santoro. On the other hand, he was probably unaware of the succour sent by Joanna, and would, therefore, not be so suspicious of her presence as if he had known she had been left in charge of the prisoners; and what was

also hopeful was, that he appeared to be alone. Santoro, who had already loosened his pistols in his belt, would have shot him down at once, but for fear that he might have comrades near him; and the most bitter repentance that he had ever experienced seized his soul because he had parted with his knife to Walter.

'Ha! Santoro, how comes it that you are down here?—and La Signora 'also!' Here he stepped back with a movement of suspicion. 'What has caused you to leave the camp?'

'We are come to help my brother,' answered Joanna coolly; 'the firing came so quick that I felt he must be hardly pressed.'

'He is only fighting because he likes it,' answered Corbara gruffly; 'for my part, it seems to me that there is blood enough to be spilt for the present, without losing our own in return.'

This was a reference, as Joanna well understood, to the promised fate of the captives, and in her ignorance as to whether they were not even at that moment within sight of the speaker, she felt that her presence of mind was being tried to the uttermost; fortunately, her nerves were like her muscles, strong as steel.

'I hope there has been no loss amongst us?' inquired she earnestly.

'As to loss of life, I don't know, though, when there are bullets singing about our ears as plentifully as birds in June, it is more than likely; but I for one have lost blood enough.'

'Well, here is she who will bind up your wound, Corbara, and give you more comfort than the best surgeon in Palermo,' and Joanna signed to Lavocca to approach the lieutenant. As she did so, Santoro whispered: 'Your knife, your knife!' and the young girl slipped it into his hand as she moved past him towards his rival.

'It is but a scratch in the right shoulder, my dear,' said Corbara, in a tone which he intended to be tender; 'and if you have got a handkerchief — What's that?' A piercing cry broke from the covert from which they had just emerged, and almost at the same moment a groan from Corbara, who staggered and fell forward on his face; a blow from Santoro's knife, struck between the shoulders, had cloven his heart in twain.

'Hark, hark!' cried Joanna; 'there is mischief behind us; see to Signor Litton.' She was herself the first to reach the spot where she had left Walter and his companion, and where were now three persons. The youth Colletta lay on the ground, felled by the butt of Walter's pistol, though not before he had uttered a cry for help, which was already answered to left and right of them; they could even hear the noise of men forcing their way towards them through the brushwood.

'Quick, quick!' cried Santoro; 'straight down the hill every one of you.' And all five ran forward together, though it seemed that such a movement must cast them into the very arms of their foes. Again and again a sheet of flame flashed out upon them, and one at least of their number toppled over. It was not Mr Brown, Walter knew, for he was holding the old man firmly by the arm, and helping him on, as a father helps his child to keep up with his longer legs; and it was not Joanna, for she never left his side, and at each flash seemed as though she would have interposed her own lithe form between himself and

the bullet. Thus they held on their headlong way for a considerable time, when the old merchant suddenly fell exhausted on the ground, with the last breath he had to spare bidding Walter leave him to his fate, since another yard he could not run. Then, for the first time, they missed Santoro. The noise of the firing had ceased; there were no signs of their pursuers; and the gray dawn was slowly breaking over the eastern hills. Yet self-congratulation was by no means the prevailing feeling with their little band.

'Where is he?' cried Lavocca wildly. 'He was close behind me all the way, and again and again bade me be of good courage. If he has fallen into their hands, I will avenge him yet!'—and the determined girl had actually begun to reascend the mountain, when Joanna seized her arm.

'He is not in their hands, Lavocca, but with the saints, I trust,' whispered she tenderly; 'I saw him leap into the air, ten minutes back, killed by a bullet through his brain.'

'You saw him die, and yet you ran on? Oh, cruel, cruel!' cried the unhappy girl.

'What aid could we have given him, dear Lavocca? Would you have had us make the triumph of his murderers still greater by becoming their prisoners? His dearest wish, if he could now express it, would be that you should effect your escape. Let us now think only of obeying him, and mourn him afterwards.'

Accustomed to submit in everything to Joanna's will, Lavocca was to all appearance herself again before they resumed their flight; she shed no more tears, but instead of using her former vigilance, kept her eyes fixed on the ground, as though she cared little now what fortune happened to her, and lagged somewhat behind the rest. It was a harsh blow of fate that had deprived her of the being who was so soon to have been her husband, but, as a matter of fact, she had been by no means passionately devoted to poor Santoro; the love, as in her mistress's case, had been almost wholly on one side, only in the reverse order as to sex; and, moreover, Lavocca was a coquette in her way, with no stronger feeling of any kind than that of exciting admiration. Joanna, indeed, was as much grieved as she, at their late companion's death, for she could not but be aware that she herself had been the involuntary cause of it. But on the other hand, now that the pursuit of those whom she had such good cause to fear was over, or seemed to be so, and while the reward, for which she had fought so hard, seemed within her grasp, her heart had scarce room for grief. The dawn had broadened into daylight, and from where they stood, upon a low spur of the mountain, some portion of their city of refuge was to be seen. 'See, Walter,' whispered she triumphantly, as they moved side by side together; 'yonder is Palermo; the troops are not far from hence; but in any case, in one hour more, you will be free, and I shall be bound only by the sweet ties of love and duty.'

The words had scarce escaped her lips, when a line of fire, accompanied by a splutter of musketry, broke out from a small thicket close to the right of them, and she dropped down at his feet like a stone. When the blinding bitter smoke had rolled away, Walter, kneeling by her prostrate form, found himself surrounded by a crowd of soldiers, astonished to see the young Englishman moved to tears by the just retribution that had overtaken one of his

captors. Lavocca, whom they took for a boy brigand, was bound hand and foot; and Mr Christopher Brown was drinking brandy as though it were water, from a flask which the officer in command was holding to his lips.

#### CHAPTER XLVII.—'HE IS WORTH ALL LOVE CAN GIVE HIM.'

Joanna was not dead; but she had received more than one wound, which the surgeon of the detachment pronounced to be very serious. As soon as they were bound up, and she could be moved, a litter was brought, in which she was conveyed slowly towards the town; and beside it walked Walter and Lavocca. A brief explanation of the matter had, of course, been given by the former, and the two women at once divided the interest of their captors with those whom they had been sent out to rescue. Poor Mr Brown, indeed, as he limped along, all dragged and torn, with anything but that smooth, starched look which distinguishes the rich citizens of London, was by no means an attractive object; but since his pecuniary value was well understood, he did not lack attention. Altogether, the procession was a sombre one, very unlike what the return of an expedition should be which has accomplished its object. For the soldiers were aware that they had not only 'encumbered with their assistance' the persons whom they had gone out to succour, but had inflicted a grievous wrong on her to whom the escape of the prisoners had been owing; while Mr Brown was too exhausted, and Walter too overcome with pity for his preserver, to shew any symptom of satisfaction. As she was lifted speechless into the litter, she had feebly held out her hand to him, and he had carried it to his lips, and retained it still. The soldiers thought that the young Englishman was but expressing his gratitude by so doing; but he would have done the same, had it been an open sign of their engagement. He was too full of commiseration and thankfulness to her, to abate one jot of an exhibition of affection which evidently gave her an intense pleasure; nor, whatever his unbidden thoughts might have been, did he permit himself to speculate upon what fortune might have in store for him should her wounds prove mortal. His whole existence was for the time devoted to her; the remembrance of his former life, including even his late experiences while in Corrali's power, were all swept away, to make room, as it were, for the absorbing reflection that this girl had given to him her love, and had proved its genuineness by sacrificing for him all she had—even perhaps to life itself.

At a small village on their way, a mule was found, whereon Mr Brown was lifted, which enabled him to converse as well as keep pace with his late companion.

'Walter Litton, you are henceforth my son, remember, whatever happens,' were his first words, spoken with great feeling. 'I mean,' added he, as the young painter stared at him, half-dazed with woe and wonder, 'whatever happens as respects dear Lillian.'

How strange it seemed that such a communication should give him pain; but yet it did so. He only bowed his head, by way of acknowledgment; then turned to Joanna in terror, lest she should have understood the old man's words.

Whether they referred to Lilian's state of health, or her feelings towards himself (of which he had never spoken openly to her father), he did not know, but it brought her home to his remembrance, and in so doing, seemed to do a wrong to his wounded charge.

'This young woman, to whom we owe so much,' continued Mr Brown, misunderstanding his glance, 'will of course be taken to our hotel, to be tended by my daughters like a sister.'

'Indeed, she deserves no less, sir,' answered Walter solemnly.

Nothing more was said until they drew near the city, when Mr Brown once more broke silence: 'I wonder whether that scoundrel Selwyn will venture to look me in the face?' The old merchant's mental vigour was evidently returning to him, now that he had reached the confines of civilisation; while Walter, who had been the leading spirit throughout their common dangers, felt, on the contrary, more perplexed and subdued with every footfall. Notwithstanding the earliness of the hour, a great crowd, upon whom Joanna's dark eyes rested without seeming to observe their presence, accompanied the procession to the hotel, where the good news had already penetrated, and on the steps of which stood the landlord, to do honour to their arrival.

'Is Sir Reginald Selwyn within?' was Mr Brown's impatient inquiry, delivered in very disinherited tones.

'No, sir; he left yesterday by the steamer to Messina. Her ladyship, your daughter, however, did not accompany him.'

In another minute, ere he reached the head of the stairs, the old man was clasped in Lotty's arms. To his astonishment, and still more to that of Walter, Lilian herself, pale and trembling, and looking like one risen from the grave, was standing at the doorway of the sitting-room. But ere she could shape the words of welcome, her eyes fell upon the litter, as it was slowly borne up-stairs, and concluding, doubtless, that it contained Walter, sick or wounded, her feeble strength forsook her, and she would have fallen senseless on the floor, but for her father's aid. He kissed her tenderly; and then, still hugging her to his breast, observed to Lotty: 'You will have two patients to nurse now, my girl, instead of one.—This is a woman—though you wouldn't think so,' continued he, pointing to Joanna—'and one to whom Walter and myself are indebted for our lives. And here is another young person in male attire. We have been in very queer company of late, as you will conclude; but these two are by far the best specimens of it, I do assure you.'

It was quite curious to see how quickly the old merchant had recovered from his late depression, and how naturally he reassumed the position of host and master, which he had occupied before his late misfortunes. Poor Lavocca, on the other hand, bereft of her lover, alarmed for the fate of her only friend, and overcome by the strangeness of the scene, so different from those of her mountain-life, looked piteous and disconsolate enough, and kissed the hand which Lotty held out to her with grateful humility.

'Now, Walter, my lad,' continued Mr Brown, 'you had better go home and make yourself comfortable, while I do the like, and then come up here to breakfast, and hear the doctor's report. I

have sent for the best in the place; and if money can save her, Miss Joanna shall not want for life, or anything that life can give her.'

Walter would have hesitated to obey this order, for he felt that his place was by the side of the wounded girl, whom he had promised to make his wife; but the arrival of the surgeon, who instantly ordered the patient to be conveyed into the inner room, and the apartment to be cleared, put the matter beyond his power, and compelled him to retire to his lodgings. Here he remained in a strange state of anxiety and suspense, scarcely knowing what to hope or what to fear; now moved with tender pity for Joanna, now filled with still more tender regrets upon Lilian's account; and very ill inclined to listen to the congratulations with which Baccari and his son overwhelmed him, but which gratitude compelled him to acknowledge. For it was indeed to the interest which Francisco had taken in him, and the promptness with which he had acted, upon seeing him depart with Santoro, that his rescue had been due. The lad had entertained some suspicion of his not being a free agent, during those last days he had spent in Palermo, and had watched his proceedings accordingly; had dogged him to the gate of the cemetery, and contrived to overhear the name of the locality where Corrali had pitched his camp. Then, when convinced of the young Englishman's departure and its object, he had hurried to the consul with the letter Walter had left behind him, and had also delivered that for Lilian into the hands of his mistress, her attendant. In consequence of these rapid measures, the troops had been sent out forthwith, with better information than usual as to the direction in which to march, and with orders to surround the mountain. The impatience and fury of Corrali himself had done the rest. But besides sending out the troops, the tidings thus disseminated by Francisco had roused public indignation, not only among the British residents, but with the natives themselves, against Sir Reginald; and it was amid a storm of hisses and execrations that he had embarked on board the steamer on the previous afternoon. He had not indeed been driven to do so by the general indignation; his natural courage would probably have been too high for that; but after having witnessed Walter's departure, he had felt inaction insupportable. To stay in Palermo and await the news of the massacre that he could have prevented by the mere signing of his name, was something that even his iron nerves refused to face; and therefore he had taken his place for Messina. He would willingly have carried Lotty with him, since, in her despair and wretchedness at the coming catastrophe, she was only too likely to drop some hint that would lead to his inculpation; but, on the other hand, to tear her away at such a time from her sick sister, was an act which would set every tongue wagging against him, and still more certainly arouse suspicion. So Sir Reginald had gone alone, to the great relief of all concerned, save the mob, who wished to duck him, and Mr Brown, who—no longer restrained by sentiments of respect for the baronet of the United Kingdom—yearned to give him a piece of his mind.

In the midst of these details came a message from the hotel, to say that Walter's presence was required there at once; he hurried thither, and found Lotty awaiting him in the sitting-room alone.

'I don't understand the matter at all, Mr Litton,' said she nervously. 'Everything has been so strange and terrible, that it may well have done away with my poor wits; but this poor brigand woman, it seems, is dying; and though Lillian is most unfit to be her companion under such circumstances, she has insisted upon being with her, and now you have been sent for to see them both—alone.'

Walter's heart was too full to speak; he only bowed, and followed Lotty through the door that led into the sick-room. She ushered him within it, and then immediately withdrew, taking Julia and Lavocca with her; and Walter found himself alone with the two women, to each of whom—but out of devotion to one of them—he had plighted his troth. Joanna, looking strangely unlike herself in feminine garb, and with features from which the near approach of death had chased every touch of harshness, and left all womanly, was lying on Lillian's couch; while Lillian—with cheeks as pale as those of her companion, and which she in vain strove to keep free from tears—was sitting in an arm-chair by her side. She signed to him in silence to draw near Joanna.

'I have sent for you, Signor Litton,' began the latter, in weak and broken tones; when a gentle hand was suddenly placed upon her arm, and a soft voice interrupted her with: 'Why not call him Walter?' 'Ah, you have a good heart,' murmured the dying girl. 'Yes, I will call him Walter, since it is for so short a time.—Walter, I have sent for you, to bid you farewell. The doctor tells me—though indeed I felt that it was so before he came—that I am dying. It is better that this should be, even on my own account, for what had I to live for save a love that could never be returned; and upon yours, how much better, since it will set you free.'

Walter's eyes were fixed upon her with an ineffable tenderness and pity, as he replied: 'Do you suppose, then, that I wish you to die, Joanna, you who have just preserved my life?'

'No; you are too generous, too unselfish, to wish that; but, nevertheless, my death will make you happy, and therefore death is welcome to me. It was but a mad dream of mine—but I am a poor ignorant foolish girl—that I could ever win your love. I see that now. Yet you won mine, all that I had to give, Walter, and you will keep it still; not like this other one's' (here she smiled on Lillian); 'yet something not altogether worthless to think of now and then, and draw a sigh from you. I hope that I shall not be quite forgotten, Walter?'

'You will never be forgotten, Joanna, while the life that you have given still abides within me.'

'And if I had lived, you would have kept your word?'

'I would have made you my wife, so help me, Heaven!'

'Brave heart, brave heart!' continued Joanna. 'He tells the truth to man and woman.—You knew this before, Lillian, but he did not know you knew.—Give me your hand, Walter. This hand is mine,' she murmured, carrying it to her parched lips, 'and I have the right to dispose of it.—Now, Lillian, give me yours.' Then she took Lillian's hand, and placed it in Walter's. 'You are worthy of him; you will make him happy, as I never could have done. May Heaven bless you both!'

The physical exertion she had used had been very slight, yet she seemed greatly exhausted.

'Indeed, Joanna, you must say no more,' whispered Lillian, caressing her. 'Walter must go away for the present; you are doing yourself harm.'

'As you please,' murmured Joanna with a sad smile, 'though I do not think I can take harm. But before he goes—he is yours now, Lillian; I have made him over to you—may I ask of him to kiss me?'

Walter bent low, half-blind with tears, and gave Joanna his first kiss: it was his last one also; for she died within an hour or so, quite suddenly, in Lotty's arms, whom she took for Lillian, whose scanty strength had succumbed to the late excitement.

'Be good to him, dear,' were the poor girl's last words. 'He is worth all love can give him.'

### NARCOTICS.

THE indulgence in narcotics—something to dull, stupefy, and soothe the nervous system—is a predominant human weakness. Nature has been ransacked for narcotics. Tobacco, opium, betel-nut, Indian hemp, even some kinds of fungi, are employed for the desired object. When tobacco was first introduced into Europe, its use was nearly everywhere looked upon with dislike by the authorities. The efforts that were made to suppress it amounted to nothing less than persecution, and their want of success furnishes a curious illustration of the uselessness of legislative interference with the individual's legitimate freedom of action. It serves also to illustrate in some measure the strong hold which the taste for narcotics obtains over the mind, especially as tobacco is one of the mildest narcotics in use. Amongst ourselves, not to mention King James's well-known *Counterblast*, many petty restrictions were laid on the sale of tobacco during that monarch's reign, and the import duty was raised from twopence to six shillings and tenpence a pound. In England and elsewhere, remonstrance and penalties were equally unavailing. Tobacco made its way steadily into favour, and is believed to be now in use among not less than eight hundred millions of the human race.

Measures of a severe nature have been tried in China to check the use of opium, and have been quite as unsuccessful. However apathetic the Chinese may be in respect to most things, they will not submit to the withdrawal of their favourite narcotic. But in case of so dangerous a poison, some restrictions are as much needed as they are on the sale of spirituous liquors amongst ourselves; for the effects of habitual excess are not less deplorable than those of habitual drunkenness. Of forty prisoners confined in the House of Correction at Singapore, thirty-five were found to use opium; and of these, seventeen, who had been in receipt of eighteen shillings a month as wages, spent twenty-four shillings on opium, the difference being obtained by theft. From a sanitary point of view, the results are equally sad. The confirmed opium-eater in the East seldom lives beyond the age of forty, and may be recognised at a glance by his trembling steps and curved spine, his sunken glassy eyes and sallow withered features. The muscles, too, of his neck and fingers often become contracted. Yet incurring even this penalty



will enable him to indulge his vice only for a certain length of time. Unlike the healthy enjoyment which we derive from our appetite of hunger, and which Nature herself renews periodically, the enjoyment of the opium-eater gradually diminishes as his system becomes habituated to the drug. From time to time he must increase the quantity which he takes, but at length no increase will produce any effect. Under these circumstances he has recourse to a dangerous expedient: he mixes a small quantity of corrosive sublimate with the opium, the influence of which is thus for a time renewed. Then these means also fail; when the victim must bear the miserable condition to which he is reduced, until probably, sooner or later, he sinks into the grave. On the excitable temperament of the Malays and Javanese, a strong dose of opium causes a state of frantic fury amounting almost to madness, and this often ends in that homicidal mania which has been called 'running amuck'; in other words, in the individual attacking with his crease or dagger every one whom he meets, so that it becomes necessary to shoot him down with as little compunction as we do a mad dog. In Java, opium is not allowed to be sold except in an adulterated form, the risk of these evil consequences being thus in some measure lessened.

So far as the effects of opium on the system are concerned, it is almost entirely a matter of indifference in what way the drug is used. Whether it be taken in the solid form of pills, in the liquid form of laudanum, or inhaled from a pipe as heated vapour, it speedily exerts its pernicious and almost irresistible influence over the mind; so that few possess the iron will needed to relinquish the habit when it has once been fairly acquired. How completely even the most intellectual and cultivated minds may become enslaved was well illustrated in the cases of Coleridge and De Quincey, whose highly coloured descriptions of their experiences are said to have been productive of much evil amongst the educated classes of this country. These descriptions must not, however, be regarded as safe criteria of the usual influence of opium on the colder temperament of the North European. According to Dr Christison, it seldom produces a more striking effect on the Anglo-Saxon constitution than the removal of torpor and sluggishness, thus rendering the opium-eater a pleasant and conversable companion; but these small advantages, in turn, are purchased by a period of subsequent pain and depression, the misery of which it would be difficult to exaggerate.

Opium, besides acting as a narcotic, possesses a remarkable power as a restorative. By apparently checking the natural waste of nervous energy, it enables the system to support fatigue, beneath which it must otherwise inevitably have sunk. For this reason it is much used by the Halcarras, the palanquin bearers and messengers of India, who journey almost incredible distances, furnished with nothing more than a bag of rice, a little opium, and a pot to draw water from the wells. The Tartar couriers also use it to sustain them, when compelled to travel night and day in crossing the arid deserts of Central Asia; and in some parts of the East it is administered as a restorative even to horses.

It is difficult to come to any definite conclusion as to whether the physical character of eastern

races who habitually use opium as a narcotic has deteriorated in consequence. No doubt the general belief is that even moderate indulgence must necessarily be injurious, and it is easy to point to the enervated character of the Turks and other oriental races as a probable result of the habit. But at the same time it is a disputed point among physiologists how far this belief correctly represents the truth. The opinions of many men well acquainted with the East might be quoted in opposition to it; for example, Dr Eatwell, formerly of the East India Company's service, in writing to the *Pharmaceutical Journal*, has affirmed that, as regards the great mass of the Chinese, no injurious effects of the opium they consume can be noticed, the people being generally a muscular and well-formed race. Dr Macpherson has given similar testimony in respect to the Chinese, and Dr Burnes in respect to the natives of Scinde and Cutch; whilst, on the other hand, Dr Little of Singapore is of opinion that the native population of that island would be in danger of becoming extinct from the use of opiates, were it not constantly recruited by immigration. It is, however, evident that the question can only be satisfactorily answered by knowing the real extent to which opium-eating prevails among the different eastern populations, and of this no reliable statistics can be obtained.

There is a similar want of definite information in respect to the United Kingdom. Attention was partially drawn to the subject so long ago as 1844, by an inquiry that was made into the state of large towns in Lancashire; and since that time there is every reason to believe that the evil has largely augmented. The increase in the quantities of the raw material imported would alone be sufficient to render this probable; for whilst, in 1852, the importation amounted to 114,000 pounds, it had grown to 356,000 pounds in 1872. No doubt a large portion of this enormous quantity is employed in the manufacture of morphia or other alkaloids, and is either exported or employed for legitimate medicinal purposes; but it is difficult to account for an increase in twenty years of two hundred per cent., except on the supposition that the drug is more largely used as a narcotic than is generally believed. The facility with which this form of vice can be concealed, renders direct evidence on the subject difficult to obtain; but such evidence as can be procured tends to prove that the above supposition is correct. We have recently been informed by the medical attendant to the workhouse in one of our larger cities, that a week rarely passes without a case of opium-eating coming to his knowledge among those who seek admission to the workhouse; and that he has known women, when suffering from the depression consequent upon their enforced abstinence, even go down on their knees to beg that he would administer to them an opiate. Again, there is reason to believe that opium is a favourite stimulant with many underfed and overworked artisans and labourers; and from inquiries made by parochial officials, clergymen, and others, this would appear to be especially the case in agricultural districts. In the fenny districts of Lincolnshire, a belief being prevalent that opium acts as a preservative against the effects of a damp climate, many of the inhabitants have in this way become addicted to its use.

Another and even more reprehensible form of the opium evil among the lower classes is to be found in the practice of administering soothing mixtures to young children for the purpose of keeping them quiet. In one instance, a mother, because her child was unwell, has been known to place a piece of crude opium in its mouth to suck, the death of the child being naturally the consequence; and though cases of such gross and culpable ignorance as this are no doubt rare, it is certain that the administration of soothing sirups and cordials is too commonly resorted to. In large manufacturing towns, where mothers are often employed in factories during the day, their infants are frequently placed for the time in the care of nurses; and these women seldom feel any compunction in administering an opiate to a child who is troublesome. It cannot be too widely known how greatly such a practice tends not only to the direct increase of infant mortality, but also to the permanent injury of the constitution, by inducing convulsions and other similar nervous diseases.

Opium in one of its forms enters largely into the composition of many of the pain-killers and patent medicines so freely advertised for domestic use in the present day, and for this reason the greatest care is needed in having recourse to any of them. Taken, perhaps, in the first instance, to alleviate the torments of neuralgia or toothache, what proves to be a remedy soon becomes a source of gratification, which the wretchedness that follows on abstinence renders increasingly difficult to lay aside. The same must be said of narcotics, such as bromide of potassium and hydrate of chloral, frequently resorted to as a remedy for sleeplessness; the system quickly becomes habituated to their use, and they can then be relinquished only at the cost of much suffering. Indeed, the last-mentioned of these two drugs obtains over the mind a power which may be compared to that of opium, and is, moreover, liable to occasion the disease known as chloralism, by which the system ultimately becomes a complete wreck.

Looking at the whole question of the medicinal use of narcotics, it is perhaps not too much to say, that they should never be employed except with the authority of a competent medical adviser.

Turning again to the narcotics of savage or but semi-civilised races, we find a species of fungus (*Amanita muscaria*) employed by the natives of Kamtschatka and the adjoining provinces of Siberia. It grows plentifully in parts of Kamtschatka, and is there generally prepared for use in several ways. The inhabitants either gather it during the hottest months, and hang it in strings to dry in the open air, or leave it to ripen and dry in the ground, when it possesses stronger narcotic qualities. Small-sized specimens, covered with warty excrescences and deeply coloured, are also considered more valuable than the smooth pale ones. Sometimes it is eaten in soups and sauces, or is taken mixed with the juice of the whortleberry; but the more usual method is to swallow it whole, rolled into the form of a pill, and a single large-sized toadstool thus taken is sufficient to cause the narcotic effects during a whole day. These bear a very close resemblance to those of ordinary intoxication, and, like them, often end in complete insensibility. Whatever may be the natural temperament of the individual shews itself with unusual distinctness. A man who is fond of music

or of talking will be constantly singing or chattering; and secrets often thus slip out, the disclosure of which is the source of much subsequent trouble. In this form of narcotism, too, the power of estimating the size of objects is temporarily destroyed, so that a man wishing to step across a straw or a small twig will raise his foot as though about to step across the trunk of a tree.

The Siberian fungus is not the only narcotic in which this last peculiarity is found. Similar erroneous impressions are caused by the Indian hemp, which, though it is used in south-western Asia, and indeed, in the Brazils as well, is more properly the narcotic of the African continent, where it is known to the native races from the Mediterranean to the Cape of Good Hope. It is the same plant that is grown in Europe for the sake of its valuable fibre; for, though probably indigenous to India, it is able, like the potato and the tobacco plant, to adapt itself to a great variety of climates, and is grown even in the north of Russia. Its narcotic virtues depend on a resinous substance contained in the sap; and this is much more abundant in tropical climates than it is in temperate. Indeed, the European plant is almost devoid of it, though it possesses a strong odour which has been known to make people ill who have remained long in a hemp-field. Thus, when the dried plant is either smoked or eaten, its effects are both rapid and powerful. In Morocco, where the dried flowers are generally smoked, a single pipe not larger than an ordinary tobacco-pipe is sufficient to intoxicate. Among the Arabs and Syrians, the usual method is to boil the leaves and flowers in water mixed with butter to the consistence of a syrup, which is called *haschisch*, and as it has an extremely disagreeable taste, is eaten in a confection of cloves, nutmegs, and other spices. But however the narcotic may be used, the pleasure it affords is much the same in character. It has been described as consisting in 'an intense feeling of happiness, which attends all the operations of the mind. The sun shines on every thought that passes through the brain, and every movement of the body is the source of enjoyment.' But the most remarkable peculiarity of the Indian hemp has yet to be mentioned: a dose of the resin has been known to occasion that strange condition of the nervous system called catalepsy, in which, notwithstanding the force of gravity, the limbs of the unconscious patient remain stationary in whatever position they may be placed.

The use of the coca-tree as a narcotic in Peru and Bolivia is of very great antiquity. When the Spaniards landed under Pizarro, they found the natives chewing the dried leaves, in exactly the same way in which they have continued to chew them down to the present day. Efforts were indeed made, soon after the subjugation of the country, to put a stop to the practice, for the plant had acted an important part in the Peruvian religious ceremonies, and its use was looked upon by the conquerors as an obstacle to the spread of Christianity. Nevertheless, the Indians persevered in spite of every prohibition and severity. Before long, too, the owners of mines and plantations discovered that it was to their interest to connive at the habit, as, with its aid, their labourers were able to perform more work on a given quantity of food than they could do without it. It has thus gradually

become the universal custom to allow from fifteen to thirty minutes, three or four times a day, for the purpose of chewing. At these times the first object of the Indian is to make himself as comfortable as possible, for the coca fails to produce its effect unless the chewer be perfectly quiescent. He stretches himself at full length in the shade, on a couch of dry leaves or soft turf, and rolling a few of the coca-leaves into a ball, conveys them into his mouth; adding immediately, to bring out the full flavour, a small quantity of unslaked lime, or of the alkaline ashes of certain plants. When thus engaged, the apathy he displays to everything around him is something marvellous. No entreaty on the part of his employer will induce him to move, and if he be a confirmed *coquero*, he is indifferent even to drenching rain or the roar of wild animals in the neighbouring thicket. In what way the pleasures of the coca-leaf manifest themselves is not known, but they must evidently be of a very seducing kind, thus to render men insensible to personal danger.

Notwithstanding the wide prevalence of the use of narcotics, little or nothing is known of the way in which their different effects are produced on the system; and the problem is complicated by the number of active substances that enter into their composition. Opium, besides other more ordinary ingredients, contains no fewer than eleven peculiar organic compounds, all of which are believed to share in producing its usual effects. It has, however, been noticed that many symptoms of narcotism bear a close resemblance to those of insanity. The wild laughter of a man under the influence of the deadly nightshade cannot be distinguished from that of a maniac, and the false impressions as to the size of objects, caused by the Indian hemp and the Siberian fungus, are a permanent feature in the malady of many lunatics. It has been suggested by Dr Carpenter that much light might be thrown on the connection between the mind and the body by studying the phenomena of drunkenness, and it seems probable that those of narcotism in different parts of the world might be made to yield equally rich results. Of one thing we may be quite certain. The use of tobacco has become a positive vice. The wastefulness of money which it causes, without a compensatory advantage, is alone deplorable.

### PENNY ICES.

IN going through the busy streets of London, one cannot help noticing a new trade that has been struck out—the sale of penny ices, conducted by means of wheeled barrows on the side of the thoroughfare. Likely enough, the vendor is surrounded by spendthrift little boys, who lap in the frozen ‘cream’ as blissfully indifferent to its composition as they are unconcerned about the process by which the phenomenon of freezing is brought about under a boiling sun. This happy indifference is not exactly confined to young gentlemen who take their refreshment at barrows in the streets, and perhaps it is as well that it should not be. As a general rule, it is perhaps better not to inquire too closely into the production of what we eat and drink. But the freezing of cream at a time of year when dogs are popularly supposed to go mad from heat, and

people are every day falling down from sunstroke, is a phenomenon of so striking a character, that, but for our familiarity with it, it would probably arrest the attention of most of us.

It is one which certainly ought to arrest attention, for it is one which illustrates in a very interesting way not only the operation of natural forces which are continually working mighty and innumerable changes on the face of the earth, but—what will probably strike most minds as something even more curious and interesting still—it shews how the Creator has, as it were, interposed to check the too violent operation of His own laws, and to arrest the rapidity of changes which, without some such check, would speedily reduce this beautiful earth of ours to a condition of chaotic ruin and utter desolation.

Nothing can be simpler than the actual process of freezing adopted by our locomotive manufacturers of penny ices, and indeed by confectioners generally. It consists merely in putting into a metal cylinder whatever is to be frozen—new milk, fresh eggs, loaf-sugar, and fresh butter, are the ingredients which the Confectioners’ Journal gives for ice-cream—surrounding it with equal quantities of broken ice and salt, and rapidly spinning it round, so as to produce a little friction.

Now, everybody knows, or may know by trying it, that ice alone would not freeze the contents of the cylinder. It would simply melt slowly away, of course making whatever was near it very cold, but not cold enough to freeze. Indeed, it would seem ridiculous to suppose that the temperature which would melt the ice could possibly freeze the cream that was in the middle of it, especially when we raised that temperature by causing friction. Common-sense might suggest that while the cream got colder, the ice and the water around it would get slightly warmer, and that the result would be the immediate temperature of the two.

The supposition, however, would not be nearly so ridiculous as it would appear, and common-sense would be quite wrong as to the facts of the temperature.

The cream certainly will not freeze with ice alone around it, but it will come a great deal nearer to freezing-point than might be expected; for, although it will keep on giving out its heat to the surrounding ice, it will not make the ice in the slightest degree warmer, even though the process be aided by friction. So long as a particle of ice remains unmelted, the ice itself and the water it is in will stand at one fixed temperature, however much heat may be imparted to it; and unless the cream is in contact with something that ever communicates warmth to it, it will continue to get colder and colder so long as an atom of ice remains near it.

The explanation of this is to be found in a law which, like that of gravitation and many other natural laws, we can see in operation, without in the least degree comprehending it. The law is this: that where a solid body like ice becomes a fluid body like water, a certain amount of heat is always absorbed and concealed by the fluid. In the same way, when a liquid like water becomes a vapour like steam, a certain amount of heat is absorbed and concealed by the steam. The cream in the cylinder gives out its heat to the ice; but instead of the heat making it warmer, it helps to melt the ice, and then totally disappears in the

water. It does not make the water warmer any more than it did the ice; it is hidden or *latent* heat. It cannot be detected in any way either by the sense or by the thermometer; but it is quite certain that it is there, and if we convert the water back again into ice, it will immediately make its appearance, and will affect the thermometer.

A solid is never converted into a liquid, or a liquid into a vapour, without the consumption of more heat than would be required to effect the change, if it were not for this mysterious provision of nature; and if we can contrive to produce the rarer body from the denser—the liquid from the solid, or the vapour from the liquid—very rapidly and abundantly, as we do when we mix ice and salt together, and set a metal cylinder rapidly revolving in the midst of it, everything near it, including the cylinder and its contents, will be speedily robbed of its warmth, and reduced to a temperature below freezing-point.

Thus it is, then, that we are able to produce frozen cream in the London streets during 'dog-days.' We take advantage of two natural laws, with one of which everybody is familiar enough. Everybody knows that when water is reduced in temperature to 32° Fahrenheit it becomes ice, and that when ice is exposed to a temperature above 32° it is converted into water. Everybody knows that from the surface of the ocean water rises into the air in the form of vapour; that when the vapour comes in contact with something colder than itself, such as a stratum of cold air or the top of a mountain, it condenses into clouds, and if still further chilled it falls in the form of rain, or as snow, sleet, or hail, to be again melted and evaporated. But, by itself, the law which effects these changes would bring about the most disastrous consequences. It would produce them all by a series of violent shocks, which would often be more terrible and destructive than earthquakes. Seventeen volumes of water will expand into about eighteen volumes of ice; and even with the slow and gradual process of freezing—which nature has arranged for us, we see that water-pipes are burst, vessels of all kinds, from bottles to reservoirs, are riven and cracked, and even rocks and mountains are rent and torn by the irresistible force of the expansion. But suppose all this took place instantaneously; that the first cold gust of wind that swept across a body of water after it had cooled to 32° froze it at once into a solid mass; or that the water filling a crevasse in a mountain-peak were thus suddenly congealed and expanded; or that the tremendous volumes of water that are often rolling over our heads in the form of clouds were liable at any moment to congeal into ice, and come crashing down by the ton! And a thaw would often be even more ruinous than a frost. An accumulation of snow and ice on a mountain-peak or a rising ground, or even a house-top, would be simply a reservoir liable to burst at any moment, and come down in overwhelming and devastating torrents. All these and a thousand other disasters are prevented by the wise and beneficent interposition of the other law which we see at work on the ice-vendor's barrow.

Nature ordains that in every fluid a certain amount of heat shall be hidden away as a reserve force, to be brought out wherever there is a danger of too sudden a change. Nobody could tell that

the heat was there; but the moment the surrounding cold becomes so great that the fluid is in danger of being suddenly congealed into a solid, the latent heat at once betrays itself, mitigates the cold, and renders the process a slow and gradual one. On the other hand, the solid which the ice-vendor puts around his tins no sooner begins to dissolve, than the fluid it produces begins to absorb heat with such rapidity that everything around it is robbed of its warmth, and liquefaction is arrested. The change, which but for this would have been almost instantaneous, is effected slowly and by degrees; and if, notwithstanding this loss of heat, we still keep up a rapid thaw by adding salt to the ice, and by revolving the vessel, the cream within it, and everything else around, must be laid under contribution, and must part with its warmth, even though it be frozen hard, and that in a sultry thoroughfare on a broiling August afternoon.

#### HE GIVETH HIS BELOVED SLEEP.

BY ANTONIA DICKSON.

A LITTLE child rests on a bed of pain,  
With an aching head and a throbbing brain;  
A feverish flush on the soft cheek lies,  
And a wistful look in the sweet blue eyes,  
As the sick child moans: 'How the slow hours creep!  
Will the Lord not send to His little one sleep?'

And the mother smoothed from the child's brow fair  
The clustering locks of her golden hair,  
And murmured: 'My darling, we cannot tell;  
But we know that the Father doth all things well;  
And we know that never a creature in pain  
Addressed a prayer to His mercy in vain.  
Time has no line that His hand may not smooth;  
Life has no grief that His love cannot soothe;  
And the fevered brow shall have rest at last,  
In the healing shade from the Death Cross cast.  
Look up, my precious one; why shouldst thou weep?  
The Lord giveth aye to His loved ones sleep.'

And the little one gazed with a glad surprise  
In the loving depths of those patient eyes,  
Then lifted her lips for one long embrace,  
And turned with a smile on her weary face.

And the mother smiled as the early morn  
Marked the deep peace on the childish form,  
And cried aloud in her thankfulness deep:  
'The dear Lord be praised, Who hath given her sleep!'

Ay, mother—she sleeps, in that charmed repose,  
That shall waken no more to earth's pains and woes,  
For the Saviour hath gathered His lamb to His breast,  
Where never life's storms shall her peace molest.  
His dear love willed not that Time should trace  
One sorrowful line on that innocent face;  
Others, less favoured, might suffer their share  
Of the midnight toil and the noontide glare;  
Others might labour, others might weep,  
But 'the Lord giveth aye to His loved ones sleep.'

Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, 47 Paternoster Row, LONDON, and 339 High Street, EDINBURGH.  
Also sold by all Booksellers.

# CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

OF  
POPULAR

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

*Fourth Series*

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS.

No. 600.

SATURDAY, JUNE 26, 1875.

PRICE 1½d.

## SOME EARLY RECOLLECTIONS.

### SECOND PAPER.

IN looking back to these long-past times in the little country town by the Tweed, I have hardly done justice to that respectable body, the local militia, or 'locals,' as they were familiarly called, who came into existence two or three years before the regular militia made their appearance in the place. I think the date of the locals was about 1808. The period of the year chosen for their drill was in June, when the days were long, the weather was fine, and there was no particular pressure in rural occupation. The turnips had been all sown, and little would be in hand till harvest. Now was the time for that pleasant outing which could not but be acceptable to farm-labourers—a holiday for a fortnight in the county town, in circumstances varied and agreeable. Changing their rustic attire, they were for fourteen days to exhibit themselves in the attractive guise of soldiers—a red coat, white breeches, and black leggings, with a row of leaden buttons to the knee. It was a good turn-out, superior to the slovenly trouserings, which did not come into fashion till the conclusion of the war. To get into the locals was a kind of privilege, not only on account of the exemption from ballot, but for the pleasure of an annual holiday. During the fortnight, the members of the corps were billeted at free quarters, were provided with rations, and had absolutely no work to do but to pipeclay their breeches and belts, and scour the barrel of their gun. The parading, marching, and firing were mere amusement.

The higher class of officers were county gentlemen or their sons; the subalterns were well-to-do tradesmen. The sergeants were mostly men who had been in the army, and were preferred from their knowledge of regimental business. To one old sergeant of particular mark was assigned a double duty. He took charge of all the dresses and accoutrements in an adjoining feudal keep, and on annually taking the field, was, as a good disci-

plinarian, intrusted with the command of the 'awkward squad.' The squad usually consisted of about a dozen individuals, who, though unchallengeable in bodily aspect, laboured under the misfortune of not readily knowing their right foot from their left. When put in the ranks, there was no getting them to keep the step, and they were otherwise so odd in their movements, that they were remitted for cultivation to the old sergeant, who, in a secluded part of the town green, had a desperate job in bringing them into anything like decent military order. From the perplexities in which they were, as to managing their legs, standing upright, and looking straight forward, the awkward squad were objects of daily amusement to the school children.

In their drill, when in line, the locals were often commanded to 'fire a volley and charge bayonets after it,' and in this, with little practice, they acquitted themselves wonderfully; there being no enemy in front to charge against. Firing at targets with ball-cartridge was less successfully executed. But we have to bear in mind that the gun was the old 'brown Bess,' with which instrument, it has been said, not more than one in sixty bullets ever took effect. On one occasion, at this ball-practice, there occurred a misadventure. Willie Paterson, a weaver, noted for his buckish appearance on Sundays with a pair of boots, which, according to fancy, sometimes figured with tops, and at other times with tassels, became a member of the locals, no doubt with a view to escape being balloted for the militia. He was not quite aware of the dangers attending ball-practice. In grounding his musket after loading, Willie accidentally touched the lock with his foot. The weapon went off, and shot him in the shoulder. Willie dropped, and was carried home. The case roused general sympathy. He was viewed as a martyr to duty. Presents poured in upon him, and he was like to be killed with kindness. Instead of being a misfortune, the wound, which was by no means severe, proved to be the luckiest thing that could have happened. From the gifts of money he received, he was able to build a house, and set up as a small shopkeeper. In this

last respect, he was not particularly qualified by scholarship. I can recollect that some fun was caused in the town by his having, in writing to a merchant, requested him to send a gross of *organs*, instead of a gross of *oranges*. Willie Paterson has long since passed away, but I see that his neat two-story house remains as a memorial of the fortunate misadventure in the locals.

Among my early recollections are those connected with French prisoners of war. To the little town a few had been sent to live on parole in 1803, and there they continued in the light of familiar inhabitants for a period of eight or nine years. Though called French, only two or three deserved that appellation. The most of them were Dutch, Walloons, or Danes—unfortunate men who had been captured in connection with the French service, and sent to spend their lives on a small weekly allowance in an inland Scottish town. The two or three Frenchmen walked about in a quiet genteel way, doing nothing in the shape of work. One of them was a slim gentlemanly looking man of middle age, with gray silk stockings to the knee, and a small queue dangling over the neck of his coat. His name was Monsieur Boutelle. He lived in the close adjoining my father's house, and there my brother Robert and I, taking an interest in him, and occasionally doing him a trifling service, such as presenting him with a dish of small trouts, had the honour of making his acquaintance, and familiarising ourselves with the French language. The Dutchmen sent as prisoners on parole naturally took to the river and its tributaries, in which they employed themselves fishing for trout or eels, the boys in the town helping them to dig for worms as bait, and pointing out the spots where they were likely to be successful in their pursuit. They seemed to have no difficulty in learning English, and became at length quite companionable with the natives. The Walloons and Danes were a different set. They occupied themselves as weavers, and as such were almost merged in the general class of artisans. Two or three years later came a *détenu* of a different class. He was seemingly the captain of a ship from the French West Indies, who, by some special grace, had been permitted to bring with him his wife and a negro servant-boy named Jack. Black Jack, as we called him, was sent to the school, where he played with the other boys on the town green, and at length read and spoke like a native. He was a good-natured creature, and became a general favourite. Jack was the first pure negro whom the boys at that time had ever seen.

None of these classes of prisoners broke his parole, nor ever gave any trouble to the authorities. They had not, indeed, any appearance of being prisoners, for they were practically free to live and ramble about, within reasonable bounds, where they liked. In 1810, there was a large accession to this original body of prisoners on parole, to whom, however, on account of some special circumstance, I shall afterwards refer. Meanwhile, therefore, I pass on to a remarkable episode in connection with prisoners of war who were not on parole, but kept under restriction.

In the heat of the war in Spain, depots for the reception of crowds of the common class of prisoners were established in various parts of the country. The nearest of these, and which I on one occasion visited with my father, was at Penicuik, about ten miles from Edinburgh. Here, on a level space in the depth of a valley, was a group of barracks, surrounded by tall palisades, for the accommodation of some hundreds of prisoners, who, night and day, were strictly watched by armed sentries, ready to fire on them in the event of outbreak.

The day on which we happened to make our visit was a Sunday, and the scene presented was accordingly the more startling. Standing in the churchyard on the brink of the hollow, all the immediate surroundings betokened the solemnity of a Scottish Sabbath. The shops in the village were shut. From the church was heard the voice of the preacher. Looking down from the height on the hive of living beings, there was not among them a vestige of the ordinary calm of Sunday—only *Dimanche*! Dressed in coarse woollen clothing of a yellow colour, and most of them wearing red or blue cloth caps, or party-coloured cowls, the prisoners were engaged in a variety of amusements and occupations. Prominently, and forming the centre of attraction, were a considerable number ranked up in two rows, joyously dancing to the sound of a fiddle, which was briskly played by a man who stood on the top of a barrel. Others were superintending cookery in big pots over open fires, which they fanned by the flapping of cocked-hats. Others were fencing with sticks amidst a circle of eager onlookers. A few were seated meditatively on benches, perhaps thinking of far-distant homes, or the fortune of war, which had brought them into this painful predicament. In twos or threes, some were walking apart to and fro, and I conjectured they were of a slightly superior class. Near one corner was a booth—a rickety concern of boards—seemingly a kind of restaurant, with the pretentious inscription, '*Café de Paris*,' over the door, and a small tricolor flag was fluttering from a slender pole on the roof. To complete the picture, fancy several of the prisoners, no doubt the more ingenious among them, stationed at small wickets opening with hinges in the tall palisades, offering for sale articles, such as snuff-boxes of bone, that they had been allowed to manufacture, and the money got by which sales procured them a few luxuries.

Altogether, the spectacle to me, as a boy, was very extraordinary, and has left an indelible impression on my memory. What has since struck me as the drollest thing about the scene, was, that the multitudinous diversions and occupations should have been going on at full blast in the hollow of a pretty Scottish dell on a Sunday forenoon, almost within the sound of psalm-singing in the parish kirk. I venture to say, at least, that the congregation in the church, if they had cared to listen, could not have failed to hear the merry strains of the vivacious French fiddler. In the present orderly times, when everything is inquired into and debated, we cannot imagine that the eccentricities of the prisoners would have escaped public censure. The very circumstances specified serve to illustrate the exceptional condition of affairs during the war. Society was too much taken up with the question of national safety to

seriously concern itself about the conduct of these Frenchmen; while the government was probably fain to let them amuse themselves any way they liked, so long as they were amenable to discipline, and did not attempt to make their escape. Possibly the prisoners were not without visits from religious instructors, but I did not see or hear of any evidence to that effect.

Though far from being ill-treated, yet, hemmed in pretty much like wild beasts in a menagerie, and with literally nothing to do in the way of useful employment, the prisoners at Penicuik could not but fret, and, in despair, try to get out. They were under no parole, and perhaps felt that they were entitled to procure their liberty if they could do so by any species of artifice. Occasionally, two or three made the attempt, at the risk of almost certain death; for the sentries were vigilant, and authorised to fire upon any one trying to make his escape. What were the efforts which these unfortunate *détenus* made to burst out on a large scale, may be judged from the following incident.

One afternoon, on coming out of school, and emerging on the main street, my companions and I were startled with the spectacle of a party of French prisoners of war under a military escort. Even to boys, who are not very sensitive, it was an appalling scene; something at least which I can never forget. The poor wretches in their miserable attire, mostly without shoes, and faint from hunger, walked slowly and painfully within the circle of soldiers towards the county jail, the only place of security in the town. There they were immured for the night, and succoured with some provisions, which they thankfully received. Soon it became known that they had escaped from Penicuik, and in a way interesting to record. From one of the barrack-like buildings in which they were confined at night, they contrived to excavate a tunnel beneath the courtyard, the palisades, and the outer promenade for sentries, as far as the woody bank beyond. There were some serious difficulties in the undertaking. The excavators had to work with imperfect tools, such as bits of the iron hoop of a barrel. A greater difficulty consisted in getting rid of the excavated earth without exciting suspicion. This caused a great deal of trouble, but somehow the pocketful of loose stuff that were brought to the surface were happily got rid of. There was another very serious difficulty. Digging the tunnel in the required direction, and just as wide as would allow a man to creep through, it was almost impossible to determine on the point where the exit could be safely effected. By burrowing too far, they would get under the steep bank, and be unable to emerge to the surface. If they emerged too soon, even by a few feet, they would be exposed to the fire of the sentry. The whole enterprise was critical. It was a matter of death or life, and only certain daring spirits, ardently sighing for liberty, would engage in the terrible risk. One may imagine the months of agonising labour, digging night after night in that hideous tunnel, the dimensions of a common drain—the constant apprehensions of discovery—the trouble in carrying away and concealing the excavated material—the fears, the hopes attending the final issue.

So skilfully were matters managed, that none of the guards or prison officials was aware of the bold

attempt at escape that was to be made. The tunnel was completed; everything was ready for bursting forth. So far there had been an extraordinary success: the worst was to come. All things considered, the idea of getting clear off was little better than madness. The party were twenty-three in number. All were dressed in the yellow prison garb, which would everywhere reveal their character. They were unacquainted with the country. No more than two or three of them could speak English. The project was absurd, pitiable. The only rational conjecture I have been able to form regarding the apparent hopelessness of the attempt was, that the party designed, if possible, to reach a humble cottage, known as the Clay House, at Acrefield, in the immediate neighbourhood of the small town in which I lived, and where by some private understanding prisoners of war were received, and aided in escaping from the country. But even to get to the Clay House, without being seen, would be no easy matter. It was ten to twelve miles distant in a southerly direction, and was obscurely situated away from the main thoroughfare.

Whatever might be the scheme of operations, the party selected a moonlight night for the enterprise. With the prime engineer and leader in advance, the party, in single file, crouching down, and following close at one another's heels, stealthily crept through the tunnel to its extreme end, where it was thought to be safe to burst into the open air. The calculation as to the proper spot for issuing just within the loose scattered wood on the bank had been pretty correct. The leader, having cautiously loosened the earth until he saw the glimmer of the moonlight, pushed the incumbent mass upwards with his back, and in an instant was on his feet on the open ground, and hastening away among the trees up the acclivity. The others, one by one, followed, but not with equal success. The nearest sentry, seeing the torrent of fugitives, levelled his musket and fired, killing one dead on the spot. The alarm being thus given, other sentries fired. Following in pursuit, five were captured, and taken back to prison. The fugitives were now reduced to seventeen.

We may conceive that the hurried scrambling flight of the poor wretches, with dropping shots of soldiery in their rear, formed an exciting scene. It appears that one of the party, named Deschamps, had at times, under escort of a soldier, been permitted to visit shops in the village on errands connected with the prison, and had thus, by looking about him, and talking to the natives, learned the nature of the country around. His knowledge so acquired was now brought into use. After pausing for a few minutes to gain breath in the woods to the west of the village, he represented the propriety of pushing on in a southerly direction across a wild moory plain, full of peat-mosses, where some refuge could be obtained; and thereafter by crossing a hill get into a valley, in which was a small river tributary to the Tweed. His guidance was implicitly followed. Before dawn the party had ensconced themselves in the deep cuttings of the moss, where, in momentary apprehension, and peering across the heather, they were on the watch for pursuers. The only food they had was a little bread, which they carried in their pockets, supplemented by morsels of a raw turnip, which one of them had picked from a field



in the course of his flight. So passed over the first day, without any cause for alarm.

After dusk, they stole from their hiding-places in the moss, and, under guidance of Deschamps, crossed the hill above Leadburn on the south, and got into the vale of Eddleston Water. Holding down the valley, they reached the picturesque and secluded recess of Cowie's Linn. It was an admirable hiding-place, but its very seclusion rendered it untenable. They had nothing to eat but turnips, on which alone they subsisted the second day. To make matters worse, Deschamps, as scout to the party, had slipped down a rocky bank, and lacerated one of his legs so badly that he was scarcely able to walk. In the extremity to which they were put, it was evident that unless they reached the neighbourhood of a town, they must perish of starvation. At night, they resolved to advance, even at some risk of detection. Still pursuing their way down the valley, Deschamps limping dreadfully and half dragged on between two companions, the party at about two o'clock in the morning reached the farm-steading of Winkston. There, without leave, and in sheer desperation, they took refuge in a barn among straw, in which they buried themselves and fell fast asleep.

At this point they were within a mile of the Clay House, and if it was their intention to push their way thither, the feat might have been accomplished by turning down a byway to the right. For the time being they enjoyed some repose in the barn at Winkston. Here was an opportunity, such as seldom occurs, for a man doing a kindly act to houseless and forlorn strangers—criminals they were not—offenders in any degree they were not—but victims of a war into which they had been dragged by conscription, and whose heroic efforts to escape, as well as their destitution and sufferings, were enough to rouse the feelings of any one with a spark of humanity. The farmer was a person of a coarse nature—anything but a favourable specimen of the tenants in the district. When in the morning he was informed who were his guests, he proceeded to take a look of them in the barn, and found them to be in about the most abject condition possible to be endured by human beings. Did his conduct resemble that of the good Samaritan? Quite the reverse. Roughly, he asked them why they were there. One of the party, who could speak a little English, earnestly besought shelter for a few hours and something to eat—they would pay for bread and milk. Without a word in reply to the sad appeal, the farmer sullenly turned the key upon them—locked them up in their agonising distress—left them, it might be, to die. He forthwith despatched news of their capture to the military at Penicuik, and had the miserable satisfaction of delivering up the whole to a company of soldiers. How this hard-hearted man—whose name I suppress—was for years afterwards execrated throughout the neighbourhood! Conscious, perhaps, of the disrepute into which he had fallen, on account of his cruelty to the poor Frenchmen, he shrunk into a gloomy recklessness of character. The simple people about said he was 'under a feydom'—a familiar Scottish phrase only to be translated by saying that he was 'under the dominion of fées or fairies,' something supernatural. At all events, this unhappy person had a dismal ending. One night, he madly attempted to cross the Tweed

on horseback at a particularly dangerous ford, when the river was roaring 'from bank to brae' in full flood, and was swept away and drowned.

In the deplorable condition already described, the party of French prisoners reached the little town, and, as has been said, were secured in the county jail. Refreshed with food and a night's rest, they were brought out of the prison in the morning about nine o'clock, and by the military officer in command were ordered to march back to Penicuik. From the crowd of boys and townsfolk who were spectators of the scene, there arose something like a cry of horror. The unfortunate wretches could not march; they could barely stand; and piteously implored compassion. Deschamps, who had figured as a leader, presented a sight which is fresh in my remembrance after an interval of more than sixty-four years. Drawing up the leg of his ragged trousers, he, with dramatic gesture, called the officer's attention to the state of his limb. It was a universal ulceration. Though speaking in French, he required no interpreter. The words were the voice of nature, which all could understand. The officer felt the force of the appeal. He ordered carts to be procured. There was accordingly a lull in the proceedings until the carts and horses made their appearance.

Let us, if possible, picture the grouping on the occasion. In the centre, in front of the jail, stood or sat on the street the woe-begone prisoners. Hanging about on their skirts, but ready for action, were the soldiers, the officer with sword drawn pacing backwards and forwards. Outside, at a respectful distance, were the miscellaneous onlookers. Among these was May Ingram, a tall woman of masculine character, who, though married, was known only by her maiden name. In the 'dear years,' she had headed a meal-mob. Yet May, with all her exterior roughness of character, had in her the milk of human kindness. On this memorable morning, she put to shame persons of higher pretensions. Perceiving that Deschamps was helpless, and suffering from a frightful sore, May rushed away to her poor home in quest of rags and emollient salve; and returning in time, bound up the wound, and aided in imparting a degree of comfort to the unfortunate Frenchman. The carts arrive. The cavalcade moves off, and we see it disappear round the corner at the east end of the town, on its way to Penicuik. In the throng who linger behind, May Ingram pathetically expatiates on the nature of her surgical operation and the sufferings of the poor creatures generally. French as they were, she observed, 'they were aye somebody's body!' Looking back on this occurrence in my boyish days, the painfulness of the recollection is assuaged by a remembrance of this poor woman's truly Christian act of charity to a totally friendless being.

The next time I visited Penicuik was long after the conclusion of the war. The site of the prison was entirely changed in character. It was a scene of peaceful and prosperous industry, consisting of the extensive paper-manufacturing works of the Messrs Cowan. Around it were still the woody banks which had been the scene of the extraordinary escapade of the band of *détenus*. Near the foot of the bank was seen among the trees a handsome monumental structure, erected almost entirely through the munificence of the late Alexander

Cowan, a man noted for his generous yet unostentatious benefactions. It bears an inscription in English and French, with a line in Latin from a Roman poet, believed to have been suggested by Sir Walter Scott. We read with interest, as follows :

The mortal remains of  
309 prisoners of war,  
Who died in this neighbourhood  
Between 21st March 1811 and 29th July 1814,  
Are interred near this spot.

*Grata quies patriæ, sed et omnis terra sepulchrum.*  
[Grateful is it to repose in one's own country, but all the world is a tomb.]

Certain Inhabitants of this Parish, desiring to remember that all Men are Brethren, caused this Monument to be erected in the Year 1830.

*Près de ce lieu reposent les cendres de  
309 prisonniers de guerre,  
Morts dans ce voisinage  
entre le 21 Mars 1811 et le 26 Juillet 1814.*

*Nés pour bénir les vœux de vieillissantes mères,  
Par le sort appelés  
À devenir amants, aimés, époux, et pères,  
Ils sont morts exilés.*

Plusieurs habitants de cette Paroisse, aimant à croire que tous les hommes sont frères, firent élever ce Monument l'an 1830.\*

W. C.

## WALTER'S WORD.

### CHAPTER XLVIII.—HOMEWARD BOUND.

FOR a few days after the return of the captives, it seemed probable that Walter would have lost not only his plighted bride, but her also to whose loving arms she had bequeathed him. The knowledge of her father's sufferings in the brigand camp, and of the fate which he had so narrowly escaped; her rival's death; and the disclosure of Reginald's perfidy, had so tried Lilian's feeble frame, that it almost lost its foothold upon existence. For weeks she lay, prostrated as before, and only able to see Walter for a few minutes; and it was well nigh winter before she could get about, and, leaning on his arm, face the mild rigours of the Sicilian air. In the meantime, he was, of course, thrown much into the society of Mr Brown, who seemed as though he could never sufficiently shew his contrition for having so unjustly banished him from it, upon that memorable evening at Willowbank. The merchant had recovered his old ways and habits of command with miraculous elasticity with respect to other people, but to Walter he never failed to exhibit a deferential as well as an affectionate regard. It was, however, expressed in a characteristic way; not demonstratively as to words and manner, but in a sober practical fashion, such as

\* Near this spot repose the ashes of 309 prisoners of war, who died in this neighbourhood between the 21st March 1811 and 26th July 1814.

Born to bless the affections of aging mothers, designed to love and be loved, to become husbands and fathers, they died in exile.

A number of the inhabitants of this parish, happy to believe that all men are brethren, caused this monument to be erected in the year 1830.

became a pillar of commerce. 'I had never believed,' said he one evening, as they were smoking together on the veranda of the hotel, 'that the phrase, "His word is as good as his bond," could be taken in a literal sense; but you indeed have proved it to be so. That you should have come back again from all this life and liberty'—he pointed to the swarming Marina, and the sparkling bay that bordered it, flecked with many a sail—to death and torture, just because you had given your promise to do so, without an inch of stamped paper, is a very fine thing, my lad. I had come to know you better by that time; but yet I never thought so well of you as to believe you would have returned empty-handed to that den of thieves.'

'Well, as to my word being as good as my bond, Mr Brown,' answered Walter, laughing, 'that is not so great a compliment as it seems, for I fancy my bond would not be worth much.'

'It would be good for fifty thousand pounds, my man,' observed the merchant gravely.

'How so, Mr Brown?'

'Because that is the sum I am going to give you and Lilian for your marriage present. Why not, sir? If I had escaped Corrali's hands by any other means save those you contrived for me, I should have paid the money into the brigand treasury; and surely one may at least prefer to put it in the pocket of an honest young Englishman. Then the saving my life may be reckoned as some value received, I suppose; not to mention my daughter's life, which, had I been put to death, would, I verily believe, have been sacrificed. Moreover, I am under an immense obligation to you for unmasking that scoundrel, Sir Reginald. What a pretty existence he would have led poor Lotty, and how all my hard-earned gains would have been frittered away on the race-course or the gambling-table, if it had not been for you, my lad! No, no; I won't have a word of thanks, for the obligation will still be upon my own side, after all is done. Pooh, pooh! The money shall be settled upon Lilian and her children, then, if you wish it to be so; though there will be plenty more for them, I daresay. What's hers will be yours, you know, and being a prudent young fellow, I daresay you'll find the income sufficient.' And Mr Christopher Brown chuckled, as, at one time, not so long ago, and in a certain locality, now white with snow, which he could almost catch sight of from where they were sitting, he had hardly thought to chuckle again.

'Have you heard anything more of Sir Reginald, lately, sir?' inquired Walter, after some more talk to the same effect, in which the baronet's name had again been mentioned.

'Yes; I have had a telegraph from his lawyer, inclosed from Naples, this very day: "*My client accepts the terms proposed to him, and will give the undertaking required.*" Of course he will. So long as he gets his thousand a year, paid quarterly, he will be content to remain separated from his beloved wife. She will be free enough from any molestation from him, you may depend upon it.'

Walter nodded, and sighed; he was thinking of the old times when Reginald Selwyn had been a hero in his eyes at school and college. Had he been base from the beginning? he wondered. Was it a false glitter that had dazzled all eyes concerning him, or had his nature deteriorated from circumstances? Had want of money made him value it

too highly? and when fortune seemed to be within his grasp, had he been unable to resist the temptation to snatch at it? He had been always selfish, and somewhat hard, but surely not so heartless and cruel as these last days had proved him to be. Nor could Walter forget the impulse of old friendship that had caused the wretched man to follow him along the Marina yonder, as he went to his doom, and strive to save him from it—though only by making him partaker of his crime.

'I am afraid,' sighed he, 'Lotty will not receive this news with the same satisfaction as yourself, Mr Brown. After all, this man was her first-love.'

'First fiddlesticks!' exclaimed the old merchant impatiently. 'You would try to persuade me that my daughter is a fool, to my face! What has she ever got from this man but hard words and insults? Why, I have seen her start when he spoke to her, as though a gun had gone off. No, no; if first-love ever lasts for ever, man, it is only when one has had no experience of it. Not that I mean to say you will soon get tired of Lillian, you know; that's quite a different matter.'

'Indeed, sir, I think that I shall not do that,' answered Walter, blushing; for he could not but reflect who had been his first-love, and how it would astonish his future father-in-law to learn that it had not been Lillian, but that counterfeit presentment of her (as she had been), her sister. Ill-usage, and the destruction of her brightest illusions, had altered poor Lotty, indeed, since that memorable occasion when he had travelled in her company to Penaddon; but, for the moment, he seemed to see her as she had looked that day.

'Has Sir Reginald returned to London?' inquired Walter, after a long pause, during which, both he and his companion were deep in thought.

'No,' replied Mr Brown; 'or, rather, he did return, but found the place too hot to hold him. The news of his conduct here had arrived before him. I hear, from one of my correspondents, that he was cut at his club, which, it appears, is the severest chastisement society can inflict, though I daresay he is too thick-skinned to feel it.'

'You are wrong there, sir,' answered Walter gravely; 'that is just what he would feel—the very punishment, of all others, under which his undoubted courage would not sustain him.'

'Still, it would have been more satisfactory to learn that he was hanged,' observed the old merchant grimly; 'instead of which, he has only been transported.'

'Transported! How do you mean?'

'Oh, I forgot I had not told you. He has gone to live in Paris, with—with—it was Mr Brown's turn to blush now, and he did it in a very unmistakable manner—'with that aunt of his, of whom we used to see so much at Willowbank, Mrs Sheldon. There must be something good about that woman, to make her thus stick to him in his disgrace, and give him what countenance she can.'

'Doubtless; yet I think she was a designing woman.'

'Very likely,' answered Mr Brown dryly; 'widows often are.'

Then there was another pause, even longer than the preceding. 'Walter, my lad,' observed the old merchant, as he threw away the end of his cigar, 'what on earth was it made you come to Sicily?'

'Well, sir,' answered Walter, smiling, 'I was ad-

vised to do so.' Of course there would have been no harm now in confessing the true reason for his exodus, but that would have reopened the whole matter of Reginald's ill conduct—the suspicions that Lillian had entertained of him, &c.—and the topic had been already sufficiently debated.

'Advised? What! by a doctor, do you mean? Considering how fortunate the issue has been for me, I think he deserves a fee.'

'Well, no, sir; it was not a doctor, but a very good friend—a painter. If it had not been for his suggestion, I certainly should not have had the opportunity of doing you the service which you are pleased to value at such a fancy price.'

'Then that man's pictures shall never want a buyer,' cried Mr Brown excitedly. 'What's his name and address?'

'His name is Pelter, and he occupies lodgings in the same house with me in Beech Street. He is a very good artist, though by no means a very successful one; his style'—

'I don't care what his style is,' interrupted the merchant in his old arbitrary way, 'for I mean to like it, whatever it is. I shall buy what he can't sell, and give him orders for all he paints for the future. If he is your friend, my lad, he is my friend, and I shall make a point of patronising him.'

'Indeed, sir,' answered Walter, smiling, 'I hope you will not attempt to do that.'

He had a letter from his friend, in his pocket, at that very time, the second he had received from him—though Jack was as dilatory with his pen as with his brush—since the Corrali affair had been noised abroad; preaching Bohemianism and independence of all sorts, with a private and particular exception in favour of a man who had won an heiress, as a simple knight of old might carry off a king's daughter in a tournament, by his courage and conduct among brigands. 'I was convinced, my dear Walter, from the first, that, sooner or later, you would swerve from the faith, and become a domestic character. You will have trouble in the flesh—not to mention the spirits—but I spare you. I believe nature intended you to be a married man in what is satirically termed "easy circumstances;" nor should I be surprised to see you (afar off) glistening in the sun, even as those who wear polished boots in the daytime. It is the privilege of some, whose friends have been thus turned away from them, to become godfathers to their children, but I am afraid I am hardly fit for even that connection. Still, there will be a link between us, old friend, though it may not be publicly acknowledged. I am indebted to you for many an hour of "sweet companionship," the memory of which will always be a treasure to me; the old house here is desolate enough without you, and I dare not go into your rooms; yet it is well for me that I have known and loved you. But "this is sentiment, sir," as old Tintac says, when he has concluded his bargain, and can eulogise "a picture of the affections," as his own. Talking of pictures, Nellie Neale has been here to break to me the news that she can no longer be a model, except of the domestic virtues. She is going to be married to a respectable young fellow in her own rank of life, with which prospect she bids me tell you she is quite content. This is to me a "dark saying," unless, indeed, she flatters herself that she might have had Walter Litton, Esq. for the asking. With

that young gentleman, it seems it is always Leap-year. Your relations with the Self-made One are indeed a subject for congratulation, and must have afforded you enormous opportunities; surely, surely you have not neglected to take sketches of him when in captivity. Let me suggest a series—*Corralli after Brown: Brown before Corralli: Brown on the Mountain; a Storm: Brown in female Brigand Costume, escaping: Brown laid lifeless by (the wind of) a Musket-bullet.* Keep these by you in the rough; and if anything should disturb your present relations with him, threaten to touch them up—in which my assistance may be of some service, and publish them. *Verbum sap.*

This was a letter, though very significant of the writer, which Walter could hardly shew in its entirety to Mr Brown, so he confined himself to a *viva voce* description of his friend's characteristics.

'I see,' observed the old merchant good-humouredly; 'this young gentleman is as proud and independent as his friend; he will have no patron but the dealers, won't he? Then the dealers shall buy them—for me.'

The old merchant was as good as his word. It was most surprising—and to no one more than to Jack himself—how very much the demand for Mr Pelter's pictures increased among the trade from the spring of that date; the effect of which did not much appear indeed in the attire or mode of life of that modest artist, but was very perceptible in the furniture of his studio; for, partly hidden, partly bulging forth under the folds of a picturesque Spanish cloak, hung low, for the purpose of concealing it, was always to be seen in that apartment a vast circular object bound with iron hoops. Jack took in his stout by the barrel.

His apprehensions of a separation from his friend, let us add, were altogether without foundation. Lilian was by no means one of those women who exhibit their devotion to the object of their choice by isolating him from all whom he held dear before his marriage; she made his friend her friend, and bound her Walter closer to herself, if that were possible, by that new tie. Jack was a frequent and welcome guest at Willow-bank, and had at least one prejudice in common with its proprietor: they stood shoulder to shoulder against the practice of putting on evening attire, except on very great occasions. At dinner-parties in the dog-days, Mr Brown was compelled to wear black broadcloth, whereas Jack sent his excuses, and sat at home in his shirt-sleeves, with his kind heart full of pity for the victims of society. He had the run of the house, except one Bluebeard's chamber, in which were hung his own pictures, until one day a great City magnate, who knew what was good when he saw it, even out of a soup-tureen, offered to buy the whole lot for twice the fancy price that his host had given for them. Mr Brown hesitated as to whether he should sell, and send the difference by cheque to Jack—which would probably have cost him his friendship. As it was, he adopted another plan. The next time Jack came, he was shewn into that very room, and just as his brow was getting black with pride and shame (for he guessed all in a moment)—'No wonder you are rather moved, Mr Pelter,' said the old gentleman, 'for I could make fifteen hundred pounds by those pictures to-morrow. However, old Ingot has taken

a fancy to your works, and I reckon I shall never get another bargain out of you again.' A remark which had not only delicacy but truth to recommend it, for there is now many a R.A. whose signature on canvas counts far less than that of plain Jack Pelter. 'It is as good as my name on stamped paper,' boasts Mr Christopher Brown, 'or as our Walter's word.'

But we are sadly anticipating matters. These things occurred of course long after the two chief personages in the history had been made one.

In the early spring-time, when the flowers were thick upon the grave of Joanna, which was in the very spot which he whom she loved had at one time thought himself to rest, Walter and Lilian were married. It was a very quiet wedding, and yet it was a double one, for Francisco and Julia were united on the same day; nor did the merchant forget the share which the young Sicilian had had in effecting his release from captivity, or that his bride had been Lilian's tender and faithful nurse for many a weary week. Her place as attendant upon Mrs Walter Litton was supplied by a handsome young woman, wearing the garb of woe, which, however, became her admirably, and who was not so prostrated by the loss of one swain but that she had already given hopes to several others that they might occupy his shoes. A more charming *soubrette*, in fact, than Lavoeca was transformed into—nor a more modest one withal, in spite of her little flirtations—it would have been difficult to find. She left, however, all native lovers despairing, and stepped on board the *Sylphide* fancy-free. The whole party went straight to England in the yacht, their original idea of visiting Rome being abandoned. In vain the banker and other English friends painted the beauties of Italian scenery, and the interest of classical antiquities, in the most attractive colours, as also the safety of the high-ways and railroads. There were brigands in Italy as well as in Sicily, and Mr Brown was resolved to run no risks. The state of Lilian's health had alone detained him thus long upon foreign soil, and he was heartily glad to quit it. He had lost, not indeed fifty thousand pounds, he was wont to say, but still a good many pounds—of flesh—while partaking of the hospitality of Captain Corralli, and his health needed to be recruited at home.

Let us take a last look of our friends as they stand upon the deck of the *Sylphide* and wave their hands in farewell to those upon the quay. The consul is there, who strove so gallantly, although in vain, to assist poor Walter in his strait, and who has long got to know and like the young fellow; the banker also, at whose hospitable table—though he little thought to have been able to accept an invitation from him—Walter has often dined, and talked over with him that matter of the 'Brown Ransom,' which is to this day the stock story of the house of Gordon. Francisco is there with his new-made bride, and kisses his brown hand in graceful good-bye, while she sheds silent tears. Signor Baccari is also in tears, by no means silent ones, but his grief at the departure of his lodger is no less genuine than demonstrative. Again and again he commends Walter to the protection of the saints, and bids him beware of brigands—a baleful product, which he fancies to be indigenous to every soil. The yacht is loosened from her moorings, sail after sail clothes her delicate spars, and off she glides towards

England. The figures of those upon the quay grow fainter and fainter, till only the fluttering kerchief can be made out which marks Julia's presence; but the noble hills which are being left for ever are still discernible. To one of these, that stands up straight and sheer to eastward, Walter points in silence, and presses Lillian's arm.

'Yes; that was once my prison,' she answers, for in it was Joanna's cavern. 'I do not, however, regret my captivity, since but for it you would not have been mine, Walter.'

Here she pauses, gazing up into his face with inexpressible love; then, as if remorseful for forgetting the woes of others in her own exceeding happiness, her eyes wander to Lotty—husbandless—deprived of what she has gained. 'She is happier thus, than she could ever have been with him,' whispered Walter, in answer to her thought. And indeed, as she stood smiling cheerfully, with her hand upon her father's arm, and in loving converse with him, it might well be hoped that that well-nigh broken heart would heal.

THE END.

### THE FLORA OF MADAGASCAR.

THE forms under which life manifests itself in the great African island excite deep interest in the mind of the naturalist. He who visits it after having explored Africa and India, will find himself in a new world; the plants have a peculiar aspect, often of a type which is unknown in other countries. When the traveller lands at Tamatava, his attention is at once arrested by the beauty of the trees and strangeness of the plants. The ground is one mass of verdure; bushes and reeds spring out of the tufts of grass, cocoa-nut palms rise to a great height, and the mountains bathed in blue vapour complete the picture. Lemon-trees—peculiar to the country—offer a welcome shadow from the heat; the Indian acacia showers a profusion of its yellow blossoms; the beautiful *lochnera*, allied to the periwinkle, throws out its long stems, terminating in a mass of rose-coloured flowers; and the *Palma christi* displays its large leaves, sometimes green, sometimes purple.

On the shore, the *Pandanus* attracts attention, trees of a singular appearance, abounding in the marshy parts of Madagascar. They possess large roots, which issue from the trunk up to a considerable height, in appearance like ropes, and attaching the stem to the ground. The wood is very poor, with a smooth bark, and long pointed leaves; one kind bears clusters of sweet fruit, which the natives hold in great esteem; this species grows to the height of twelve or sixteen feet, with the leaves at the top spread out like a parasol. In most damp places grows the kind of palm which is invaluable to the inhabitants—the *Sagus*, or sago-tree. When old and dry, the leaves cover their huts; when young and tender, they are made into mats and ropes, and also form an excellent food. From the interior of the trunk the starch is extracted known through the world as sago.

Near the rivers, or in damp valleys, the eye is enchanted by the splendid foliage of the *Ravenala*, or traveller's tree, one of the most characteristic representatives of Madagascar. Truth and error have alike made a poetical legend of it. When it is spoken of, the imagination pictures the exhausted traveller dying from the agonies of thirst, restored

at once by the pure water of this tree. Alas for this fiction! it only grows where there are plenty of springs. Sailing on the river Jarouka, and stopping to climb the hills, a beautiful landscape presents itself to the eye: the ravenalas cover all the valleys, some rising to the height of thirty feet; and at the top of the strong stem, a gigantic fan spreads out, of fifteen, twenty, or twenty-five enormous bright leaves, on stalks from two to three yards long. Between these, a few branches appear, bearing flowers and fruits; the latter, on opening, shew about thirty seeds wrapped in a silky envelope of a bright blue or violet. The reservoirs of water are very simple: the rain which falls on the leaves runs down a trench in the flower-stalk; these are large at the base, and retain the liquid. When this is pierced with a lance, a stream runs out, and the natives at work in the heat, draw from this source, to save the trouble of going to the neighbouring torrent. It is, besides, a most invaluable tree: the leaves are made into plates and cups; they serve to cover the roofs and walls of houses; the bark is made into planks, and the trunk into beams. Unique of its kind, those who have seen the Malagaches use it say it should be named the builder's tree.

On the edge of the forests the *Strychno* is generally to be found, its poisonous seeds furnishing the alkaloid but too well known as strychnine. There is, however, one kind which bears fruit about the size of the quince, wrapped in a hard envelope, the sweet flavour of which is much prized by the natives. It is on the borders of these forests that the botanist will stand in ecstasy before a wondrous sight. Over the old trunks, or on some decayed tree, fall long stems of large and strange flowers, orchids of the genus *Angraecum*. They take possession of the trunk and branches, bury their roots in the bark, throw out gracefully twined stems, with two rows of bluish-green leaves, and four or five flowers unequalled for beauty, firm as wax, of milky whiteness, and a spur like an enormous tail about a foot in length. Here, too, are the passion-flowers, with edible fruits; some growing as shrubs, others as climbing-plants, having magnificent violet flowers, and seeds as large as eggs.

In the larger forests, the superb trees, unknown out of Madagascar, towering above all the vegetation around, are the *Chrysopias*. The top is spread out like a parasol, and the branches terminate in bunches of flowers, formed of five petals, of a dazzling purple, contrasting admirably with the foliage. When the bark is cut into, a yellow juice flows abundantly, which thickens when it comes in contact with the air, and makes an excellent resin for fixing knives into the handle. Out of one of the trunks of this tree the Malagaches make a pirogue, or boat. Everywhere on the eastern coast there grows a tree of remarkable elegance, with panicles of small rose-coloured flowers; it is the *Taughinia*, the most dreaded tree in the island. The fruit furnishes a deadly poison.

As a general rule, aquatic plants of the family of *Naiades*, so widely spread over the streams and pools of Europe and Asia, do not attract particular attention; it is necessary to go to Madagascar to see a very remarkable specimen of this type. In the torrents and streams near Tamatava grows the *Ouvirandra fenestralis*—according to Sir William Hooker, the most curious production of nature. It

has thick roots, extending in all directions, and forming numberless crowns; from this base rise tufts of large leaves, which float on the surface of the water, supported on stems longer or shorter in length according to the depth of the stream. From the centre of these rises a stem in the flowering season, which divides into two, and bears small red flowers. The leaves are real specimens of living lacework, graduating through every tint, from the palest green to the darkest olive, and give to the plant its singular beauty and strange character. The veins in them are disposed with regularity, and look like the frames of well-lighted windows. During the dry season, the whole withers away, only to spring up again when the rains pour down, and the torrent rushes along. It furnishes to the natives a good vegetable, the root being much esteemed. For a long time this plant was believed to be unique in its peculiar class; but about thirty years ago, M. Bernier, an ardent student of natural history in Africa, met with a second species, though much less singular in appearance; and a third kind has since then been observed in Senegal.

In the eastern part of the island, where rivers are abundant, the traveller often comes upon most delicious landscapes when the morning sun shines upon them. Green water, the banks covered with beautiful flowers, small scattered villages, trees reflected in the lakes, palms, and every variety of fern, with the fresh dewy meadows, make up an enchanting picture. Besides the reeds and aquatic plants which abound, is a curious type discovered by M. Petit-Thouars, who named it *Hydrostachis*. It consists of a tuft of leaves hanging down into the water; from the centre rise stems of small flowers arranged like ears of corn. Of a very modest appearance, they require the eye of a botanist to perceive the difference existing between them and the forms found in other countries. The well-known and exquisite blue African water-lily is spread in profusion over stagnant waters. As in India, the bamboo occupies a large place; near the shore, at the least breath of wind, these slender canes bend, the long leaves are agitated like feathers, and a sort of shiver seems to pass through the entire field.

In the more desolate regions where sandy plains stretch far away, trees are few and stunted, but there is something to interest the botanist even here. Beside the aloe, grow varieties of the caper tree, one having leaves of a brilliant green, spotted red stems, and white flowers; another, covered with a woolly down, bears yellow flowers. On the chalk hills grow *Dombeyas* and *Bignonias*, which have not been found in any other land. Even in this sad region M. Bojer has discovered a splendid tree, the *Colvillea*, unique of its kind. It reaches the height of twenty yards, with an elegant foliage, the crown of branches clothed with red bark spotted with brilliant scarlet; the flowers, hanging upon red stems, are grouped in splendid clusters, of a yellow orange shaded with purple. The effect is truly magnificent.

After climbing the hills near Maroumby, the forest of Analamazaotra is reached, which passes through the whole centre of the island, varying in width. Trees, shrubs, creepers, ferns, plants of all kinds, are here massed together, and form an impenetrable thicket. Where man has cut a road, ravines, marshes of mud, quagmires, lakes, precipices, and

rocks, make the work most painful. In the presence of this sublime disorder, the luxury of vegetation spreads shade and freshness, or, at intervals, permits the bright rays of the sun to penetrate. Without doubt, many new specimens would be found here by the side of those well known to other parts of the island, but no botanist has yet installed himself in a grotto for a season or two to study this rich entanglement.

A different aspect altogether is described by the few travellers who have scaled the hills, crossed the great central forest, and reached the highest summit of the chain. Here, it seems like a different land; palms and ravenalas have disappeared with all tropical vegetation; the height above the level of the sea is considerable, and the climate is that of the temperate region. Nevertheless, the uneven soil and heaped-up rocks produce a grand effect; and when the highest point is gained, an imposing sight astonishes the gazer, as the immense plain of Ankay, bounded by two chains of mountains, stretches before him. When a brilliant sun lights it up, and strongly defined shadows bring out the smallest details, the panorama is magnificent; the eye rests on the village of Mouramanga, where the different roads meet; these, like a ribbon of ochre, cross the valley, and winding round the sides of the hills, appear again in the distance as a golden thread till lost in the blue mountains.

The *Cratæva excelsa*, thirty yards in height, grows in the mountains, and is a magnificent tree, of the caper family. Strength, grace, and beauty unite to make it a splendid addition to this richly dowered land. At the base the trunk is nearly two yards thick, and at the top the branches extend in a nearly horizontal line; the leaves are of a bright green veined with red; whilst the young shoots are altogether purple, and wave under the slightest breeze upon their long thin stalks. At the season of the year when the foliage is in its greatest beauty, the clusters of flowers appear of a pale scarlet rose tint. The natives use this tree to cut very wide planks for shutters. The *Astrapea cannabina*, which is distinguished by large oval leaves and white pendent flowers, is very common in the mountains, and is valuable, as the bark takes the place of hemp.

For several centuries past the Malagaches have cultivated rice in many varieties; it is supposed to have been introduced by the Arabs, and grows well in the low grounds, as also on the hills. The ignama, with its enormous roots, is most valuable as a vegetable. It is of the same family as our wild arum, but grows to a great height, with large leaves and pretty flowers, producing a good effect when grouped in masses near a picturesque site. Cultivated from time immemorial in India and the South Sea Islands, it is probably from thence that it has been transplanted to Madagascar, as well as the great cardamom, which has become so abundant, a beautiful plant, bearing very elegant flowers and scarlet fruit, with a slightly acid and agreeable flavour.

Nature has here bountifully supplied the native with all his simple wants: he can gather fruit and dig up roots for his food, and procure leaves and bark, which supply materials for his dress, with wood for his dwelling. The strangeness of the vegetation of Madagascar would almost lead one to believe that this island has never been united to

Africa or Asia ; though so near to the former continent, it has few resemblances to it, and may be considered as vying with the tropical richness of Asia.

### MORLEY FELL.

#### IN TWO CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER II.

SCARCE had he set his foot upon the fell, than, issuing like shadows from the wood he had so lately left, there came forth two men, speedily joined by a third.

'Well, Bill,' muttered one of the two to the last comer, 'this is a rum go : our game's gone to earth somewhere.'

'Ay, curse him! the bird's flown,' responded Bill, who was none other than our former acquaintance, the master of the deceased Sandy. 'I tould thee we suld be o'er late ; but I'll be even wi' em yet.'

'Hist!' whispered the third man, clutching Bill by the sleeve, and pointing towards the fell.

'By —, there he goes!' uttered Bill in great excitement. 'Noo, ma lads, let's all slip awa to th'ould wall. We maun keep together; he's a devil to deal wi'.'

Without more ado, they soon gained the wall; and had Harry gazed more earnestly, on looking round, he would have seen them half-concealed, just about to slip over it. On they went; they reached the fell; step by step, each choosing his own path, up the side they crawl, carefully picking their way, and pausing to rest only behind the larger boulders of rock here and there jutting out. They are desperate men, bent upon a desperate task. Revenge pure and simple actuates one man—he is Billy. He had easily induced his companions—his companions in more than one outrage which might have sent them all swinging—to join him in his plan, a plan which promised them some fun, and which, at anyrate, promised one of the three the possession of a good breech-loader. And now they are but a short way below him. O warning instinct, warn him once again! But instinct now is quiet. Ah, nothing now can save him! On they stealthily creep, those lawless men. God alone knows what treatment Harry will experience at their hands. How must his guardian angels with pitying eyes look on, that one so young, so promising, should die. Can nothing save him? God alone can save him now. Then let us be content; if God is for him, who can be against him? Harry is climbing unconsciously but pretty vigorously now; but the men are gaining fast upon him. Already they are pausing for a supreme effort, before they make their rush, when, in the providence of God, Harry, in scrambling along, loosens a large stone; he nearly slips, but recovering himself, turns to see how soon in mad career it may reach the bottom. An instant more, and he had been too late. With a startled shout of alarm, he sees two men only a couple of yards below him, and had he not by some half-dozen springs, light and rapid as the chamois, leaped into comparative

safety, they would have had him in their grasp. In that one glance he had seen enough, and more than enough, to convince him of his dangerous position. In the upturned face and vindictive eyes of the man just below him, he recognised clearly enough the villainous features of his old antagonist; and now, as he rested for an instant to get his wind, he saw not only one but three men straining every nerve to come up with him, and heard their eager shouts as they followed in pursuit. Recovering his breath and his nerve at the same time, he now turned, and commenced to climb steadily, knowing the fatal consequence of one false step; he tried hard and successfully to steady his nerves, and husband his strength by not giving way to hurried haste. So on they scramble. His heart beats quicker as he feels that they are rapidly gaining on him; he is fast losing wind and courage, for, as they struggle panting nearer and nearer, he can tell that they mean no play.

Suddenly his foremost pursuer halts, apparently almost beaten. Now is Harry's chance once more to collect himself. He immediately sits down, facing the man below him, and pulls out his flask—empty—every precious drop gone! Billy eyes him without speaking, but with the ferocity of a wild beast. Harry wisely does not waste his breath in talking. Billy is the first to move, followed by his companions; he does not plunge away now as he did at the beginning of the chase, but quietly and yet with speed works his way up. Harry too sets himself deliberately to work; he knows that his only chance now is to gain the top at least a minute before the men come up, for he has already had experience of the way in which hill-men can in an incredibly short time make their way to the bottom again. A very awkward and abrupt piece of climbing comes now, which Harry at any other time would have gladly shirked; but the difficulty is past, and he turns with a degree of assurance he has not felt before to see if it will in any way damp or hinder his pursuers' ardour, while he gains once more his breath. His breath is nearly all knocked out of him again, though, by seeing his pursuers strike off to the left, and climb with redoubled vigour and seeming ease a path circling round the projecting rock, and which he wonders that he missed seeing. It was evident the men knew their ground, and poor Harry shuddered to think of the consequences, if, by unforeseen difficulties, he is at length brought to bay. The weary chase once more proceeds. Harry rather sickens at the thought of being hunted in this way, and I am proud to believe his statement that in that awful hour he thought of and wished for me. He could hardly credit his senses—Londoner as he was—that all this was taking place in England. Once more he halts, and planting himself firmly on the ledge formed by a sheep-run, he awaits the human hounds running steadily on the trail. For the first time he challenges Billy as he draws near, and aiming his gun, cries: 'Stop! If you come on, one of you must die.'

Billy's comrades pull up, but only for an instant. 'Gun ain't loaded,' he sputtered out, knowing that Harry would have used the same persuasion long



since, if the piece had been really charged. Harry seized the gun by the muzzle, and whirling it over his head, threatens a smashed brain-pan to the first who comes within reach; his higher ground too makes him look formidable. But the undaunted Billy, signing to the two ruffians beside him to climb up right and left, creeps a little closer, but quite out of Harry's reach. This was too much for Harry: that three men should make a simultaneous attack upon him on all sides in such a place must be fatal to him, he knew, should he manage to dispose of even one or two of his antagonists. He turned and fled. Once more he struggles gamely on; he nears the summit—the top is gained; no: the fell rises up still higher. His throat is parched, his legs feel not his own; climbing, and such a climb as this, they have not been accustomed to. Faint and in despair, he almost gives up; the thought of Maud, however, comes to help him; while there's life there's hope; he springs to his feet, and now the real summit is close by. With hands bleeding, clothes torn, blinded by his terrible exertions, and scarce hearing, with a terrible singing in his ears, another feeble struggle lands him on the top. At full length he lies for a few seconds, while the cold breeze invigorates his exhausted energies, and then, with a murmur of thanks to God, he hastily crosses the ridge, about thirty yards broad. As he sees the huge stones and fragments of rock scattered here and there, he has thoughts of trying the effect of hurling them upon the wretches below; but again thinking that they must be close upon him now, and feeling quite unequal to the desperate task of settling three men in as many minutes, he dashes to the other side, and steadying himself by sitting on his heels, he begins to slide at a good pace down the slope, made slippery by the short and stunted grass. No sooner had he got well under weigh, than his pursuers reach the top on the other side, and despite their anxiety to commence the descent, where, from greater practice in sliding, they hope at length to attain their object, like Harry, they are compelled for a minute to stop, before they resume the chase. On glancing below, Billy chances to see poor Harry in difficulties. He had been sliding along fairly well, when the ground suddenly became rougher, and loose stones more frequent; he was compelled, therefore, to assume an upright position, and scramble down as best he could; but as every one knows who has tried it, it is easier to start than to stop when once one has set off. Harry was delighted at the rapidity of his new motion, as compared with the slower rate of sliding; he had good legs, and kept his feet where many would have lost them; but faster and faster he went; his strides down the fell-side were almost ludicrous, had they not been so dangerous. In vain he tried to moderate his pace; he went like the wind; he felt in another instant that he would be dashed to atoms; his only chance was to throw himself backwards. This he barely accomplished, for he was almost powerless, but his heel catching in a small tuft of gorse at the same moment, he spun round like a top, and turning a few somersaults, he only came to an anchor by laying hold of another tuft. He felt himself terribly bruised, and out of breath; and perceiving a warm something gushing down his cheek and neck, he found, by putting up his hand, that the hard rock had inflicted a fearful wound upon his scalp; he had

a large gash too upon his forehead. Billy from above scarcely observed all this, before, with the swoop of an eagle, he rushed upon his prey; the other two men evidently feared a like catastrophe with that of Vernon, if they shewed too much haste, and they felt that the matter was secure in Billy's hands. On looking up, Harry saw that he must arouse himself, or all would soon be over.

The ground was here smoother, and he tried the sliding down again, directing his course towards his gun, which had been hurled from his grasp by the fall. Scarce had he seized it as he swept quickly by, than, by the stones and rubble which tumbled pell-mell past him and upon him, he knew that Billy in another second or two would reach him. O Harry, you have struggled nobly; do not give in now! But Harry's progress not only becomes slower; he suddenly stops, comes to a regular stand-still as he crouches on a little patch of furze. He must be lost. Billy, excited, furious, triumphant, comes like a thunderbolt upon him. Why, the very shock of a heavy man like that would simply smash him. At the very moment that Billy, with the spring of a tiger, actually launches himself in the air in his furious downward course upon the very spot, Harry, by a slight movement to one side, is saved. Billy makes a convulsive clutch at him as he goes crashing by, and then, after a couple of somersaults in the air, comes down with a heavy thud, and lies motionless and still. Harry is upon him in a second, and, with upraised stock, is about to give him his quietus, sufficient at anyrate to put an end to the pursuit, when, starting from the fallen form, he continues a headlong course to the bottom of the fell. The man's face had been towards him, and in the staring eyes and open mouth, from which blood was pouring fast, he saw death, death!

How he reached his uncle's house he knew not; faint, dizzy, and covered with blood, he had a confused idea that two men were hard after him. As a matter of fact, he had been pursued for quite half a mile by Billy's companions, now eager to despatch him, and to give them time to quietly leave the country, for a moment's inspection had assured them of their leader's fearful end, and they dreaded the consequence of immediate discovery. Poor Harry! he hastened through the shrubberies, and then leaning against a little iron gate leading through the garden, he paused for a moment to collect himself, and thought of his miraculous preservation. As he passed his hands through his matted and blood-stained hair, the frightful appearance he must present occurred to his mind, and the necessity of gaining his room before any alarm should be given to the house. He therefore bethought him of the easiest by-path that would conduct him most quickly and secretly round, not through the open grounds. With wary eye and anxious breast, he sped along, and on sharply turning a corner, he nearly ran into Maud's arms. There was one dreadful scream; it was heard all over the place. 'My darling, it's nothing, it's nothing,' he cried; 'I'm all right;' but as he advanced, his face turned as into stone; with open eyes, parted and blanched lips, Maud seemed to repel him with her hand, and then, with another piercing and heart-rending shriek, she fell senseless on the ground. At that instant there appeared upon the scene the gardener, a housemaid, Harry's uncle, and the butler. Of course

the housemaid went off into hysterics. They bore poor Maud indoors. In less than an hour she awoke to consciousness, but not to reason. Day after day she would lie and murmur: 'Poor Harry! poor Harry!' Harry, poor fellow, returned that weak to town. His uncle had heard his explanation; in his grief, had pitied, reproached him; had kissed him, and cursed him. But when, on sending a body of servants to the fell, no trace of the dead man was to be found, he broke out into bitter words of grief and invective, hard to be borne. Nothing was to be heard of the three villains at all; the scramble for life must have been an hallucination or an invention of Vernon's own brain, after meeting with an accident which had left such severe marks upon him. Such a man as Billy had, indeed, been noticed in the neighbourhood, and now most of all when dead, he might have been expected to remain for a few hours on the fell, until he was discovered; but he was nowhere to be found. Harry returned to his sympathising but perplexed and distracted father. Billy preceded him to town by three days, accompanied by his allies, without having accomplished much during their poaching expeditions in the country. He bore such a mark upon his visage as made him look more ruffianly than before the adventure, which had caused the breakage of a blood-vessel and temporary insensibility. It is satisfactory to know that he not long afterwards paid the penalty for being concerned in some fresh misdemeanour against the laws of the land in which he lived. A certain deep scar upon his face gave conclusive evidence as to his identity, and he was transported for life. Harry yearned for the good news which never came; Maud continued in the same wretched state. Before the year was out, to crown the misery which preyed upon poor Harry, his uncle died; he had never recovered from the shock of that day, which brought such wretchedness to his house.

In answer to a letter which he at length ventured to his aunt, he was told that Maud was under more careful treatment than his, and that she should prefer to hear no more from a murderer and destroyer. Young Vernon, for a few weeks, gave way to an indescribable melancholy, and it was only through the tender sympathy of his father that he survived. He then devoted himself to hard reading, passed a very creditable examination; and to his men and superior officers alike in India, as a young lieutenant, was only known as the strictest disciplinarian, and the sternest and most uninteresting companion in the mess. The unhappy state of his mind had the usual effect on his health, and hence his return to London, and his appeal to my sympathy and friendship. As a dying man, he requested me, when he was gone, to search out his aunt, and convey to her his last message of forgiveness for the harsh treatment he had experienced at her hands; whilst he assured me that if by his death he could have secured health and happiness to his once bright and merry darling, he would have died long since. And now at length his tale was told. He gazed at me with earnest eyes. I could only press his wasted hand, and promise that I would sacredly carry out his wish. He slept. I watched over him that night. The succeeding day he slept continuously. Towards evening the doctor called. He had seen from the first that he could do little in such a case. He

looked fixedly at his patient as he lay in a sound slumber, felt his pulse, and then, turning to me, said: 'You are Mr Lawrence?'

'Yes,' I replied, 'I am.'

'Ah!' he said, 'I've heard him mention you. You see what your poor friend is suffering from? Well, stay with him as long as you can, please. You've done him pounds worth of good already.'

And what had I done? By being a quiet and sympathetic listener, I had brought that feeling of relief to the poor sufferer which undoubtedly ensues when the burden of sorrow is lightened by being borne on the shoulders of two, instead of being endured by the strength of one alone. Harry and I spent that week quietly enough; he slept, and I read and thought. When awake, he always sought me with an anxious look, which immediately changed to a peaceful smile, when I cheerfully spoke or affectionately pressed his hand; but he never spoke of getting better. When he thought of life, the old wretched look came back; when he thought of the grave, eternal rest seemed all that he desired. My thoughts at last took a definite shape. I explained to Harry that he must allow me a day for business in the country, and that then I would return to him. The next day I took the train for Stonebridge, a small town in Devonshire. Acting upon what I could glean from Harry's uncertain information, strengthened by the *Postal Directory*, I was about to play the last chance. Mrs Vernon had, some time since, sold everything, and left the neighbourhood of Waterthwaite; and now, as I walked through the principal street of Stonebridge, and neared the good lady's supposed residence, I felt as though walking into the lion's mouth.

'Does Mrs Vernon live here?'

'Yes, sir,' answered a very respectable-looking housemaid; 'but she's out for a drive, sir, and won't be back for some time.' I had pulled out my card-case; and seeing me look very much annoyed and perplexed, as indeed I was, she added: 'But if it's anything important, Miss Hamilton is at home, sir.'

'Miss Hamilton!' I exclaimed; 'Miss Maud Hamilton?'

'Yes, sir,' timidly replied the astonished maiden.

I knew not what to think of it; the girl must be an idiot to imagine that I could have any business with the poor imbecile Maud. However, stirred by some inward feeling, perhaps only a wish to see the unfortunate lady, in whom I now felt, on Harry's behalf, so great an interest, I sent up my card, and requested to learn from Miss Hamilton's lips when I might expect the return of Mrs Vernon, as I had important news. This was followed by a request to walk up-stairs into the drawing-room; and in another second, a side-door opened, and a young lady advanced most gracefully into the room. She looked pale and very thin, but if sadness reigned in those beautiful eyes, reason reigned there too. My gaze must have been too earnest, for, with a slight blush and a little confusion of manner, she expressed her regret that Mrs Vernon was out, and feared that she would not be at home for an hour or more. My resolve was taken. 'If you will be so good as to seat yourself,' I said, 'I daresay I can explain the nature of my visit to you quite as well as to Mrs Vernon; I come from an old friend of Mrs Vernon.'

'Oh, indeed ; pray, be seated,' she said.

I had conned over and over what I should say to Mrs Vernon, but I had hardly expected to meet with Miss Hamilton. I began quietly and cautiously ; but I had scarcely spoken a few words, when I saw that she had guessed my errand, had understood that Harry Vernon was the subject of my thoughts. I had a difficult task to perform ; she had turned deadly pale, and clung to the cushions of the sofa on which she was seated for support.

'I feel rather tired with my journey,' I broke in with : 'may I ring for a glass of wine ?' I rang the bell, and the poor girl had sufficient strength of nerve to say : 'Bring in some wine.' I hastily poured out a glass of sherry, which I forced her to take ; and then, as the cat was out of the bag, I quickly concluded all I had to say. I did not tell her how desperately ill and near death's door Harry was ; but her tears flowed freely, and she held out her hand to me, to express the thanks which she could not then utter, as I told her enough to convince her that it depended on herself whether misery or happiness was to ensue from my visit. Of course I had to wait for Mrs Vernon's return, and of course that lady was much surprised to find me at her house, and her daughter in an excited state of mind. The tale was once more and more connectedly told ; and my urgent appeal to humanity's affection and sympathy, added to Maud's tears, had the desired effect. The old lady was softened ; she burst into a flood of tears over her unfortunate nephew, and it ended in my leaving by the last train at night for London, to prepare Harry for their coming up to see him, to forgive him, and to be forgiven. I could hardly contain myself for joy, and any passengers in the compartment of the carriage next to mine must have been rather astonished by my bursts of laughter, my little shouts of self-congratulation, and my snatches of old songs, all the way from Stonebridge up to town. I was never so jolly in my life, and I'm afraid I gave Harry but little preparation. I could not conceal my gladness. 'Well, old man, I've done my business capitally ; I feel quite jovial ;' and I laughed again. 'Where do you think I've been ?' He stared at me with his great hollow eyes, as though he would read my soul. 'I've been to Stonebridge !'

'No, you haven't !' he almost shouted.

'Yes, I have,' I said, smiling ; 'and capital news too.' I then proceeded to tell him my adventures, not exactly at first as they occurred, for I first told him that his aunt was prepared once more to receive him with open arms. At last the great good news of Maud was told. He had two days in which to prepare himself for their arrival. Those two days did wonders, and though he looked like a ghost of his former self, yet he was able to receive them sitting in a chair, beside a cheerful little fire. No one witnessed the meeting between himself and Maud. I had quite enough pleasure in imagining it ; indeed, I could not have controlled myself to see it. It is needless to speak further of my delight, that best happiness of making others happy.

Mrs Vernon had the ultimate and satisfactory pleasure of at last seeing sunshine behind the black clouds which had so long beset her house ; and in her old age she stood with me beside the altar to witness there the union which had once so often been the earnest desire of her heart. Both

Maud and Harry looked older and graver than they might at such a time of life ; but if they were rather aged by early sorrow, they at least knew better how to appreciate every moment in after-life of true love and happiness.

## THE MONTH : SCIENCE AND ARTS.

It is perhaps not widely known that among the numerous scientific societies of this country there is an Anthropological Institute, that is, an association which devotes itself to the study of everything that tends to bring to light the history of mankind. In this Institute are merged two previously existing Societies, the Anthropological and the Ethnological, and the combination is likely to do more for the special object in view than could have been achieved by three separate bodies. Concentration of knowledge and power, including, of course, money power, is as important in science as in war ; and there are other societies, some of them archaeological, which might lay this fact to heart with advantage to all concerned. The Institute accepts facts from all quarters, for Great Britain and Ireland are comprehended in its scheme, illustrations from foreign sources are readily entertained, and the results are published in a *Journal*. For example, we find, in the last number of this publication, particulars of flint implements from various parts of the world—of a neolithic implement from Antrim—of incised flints—of non-historic stone implements from the Mediterranean—on the discovery of stone implements in Egypt—on skulls from Palestine, Tiflis, and Ashantee—on the Beothucs (a native people) of Newfoundland—on Indian remains from Labrador—on the Serpent in primitive metallurgy—on prehistoric and protohistoric comparative philology—on ethnic psychology—on mythological birds ethnologically considered—on school statistics—on the extinction of families—on the development of the mental function in man—and on the mental difference between the sexes. From these instances, the general scope of the Institute may be apprehended ; and as they are published in full, with the discussions for and against, and with lithographs and engravings to make the subject clear, intelligent readers have the opportunity to make themselves acquainted with much that is interesting in the scientific progress of ethnology.

Another association, scientific only in the antiquarian or philological sense, is the Society of Biblical Archaeology. The results of their studies are published in *Transactions*, and in a style which to many readers would be highly interesting. Inscriptions, cuneiform and Egyptian, are translated and discussed ; ancient legends are examined, dates are rectified, and such important subjects are treated of as the Synchronous History of Assyria and Judaea, and the Astronomy and Astrology of the Babylonians.

Dr Mann, in his annual address to the Meteorological Society, told the members that they must make up their minds to allow for the influence of

the sun, in all their meteorological observations. The importance of this remark may be judged of from the fact, that the sun's heat which falls on the earth is sufficient to keep 543,000 million steam-engines of four hundred horse-power, each working continuously. The central heat is such that the most stubborn metallic and rocky substances are fused and reduced to vapours. These vapours blaze; and by aid of the spectroscope, these substances can be identified, and the bright flames can be seen leaping up from the sun to a height of fifty thousand or a hundred thousand miles; thus, henceforth, the spectroscope will have to be used side by side with the thermometer and barometer. If the sun undergoes fluctuations, may we not suppose that the weather of our globe fluctuates more or less in sympathy therewith? To this question many observers now devote themselves, and every year throws a little more light on the problem of the connection between sun-spots and rainfall—as to their effect on heat and light—and on weather phenomena generally. Mr Meldrum, of the observatory, Mauritius, believes that he has discovered that a maximum of cyclones, and a maximum of rainfall, in the Indian Ocean, are coincident with a maximum occurrence of sun-spots. From these few particulars it may be seen that in solar phenomena there is a most promising subject for investigation, even though, as Dr Mann says, 'weather prophets may not be able to read in the sun's face the forecasts of tempests and of benign seasons; yet meteorologists will find there an interpretation of physical secrets that belong properly to their domain, and a field of philosophic generalisation that will add a power and dignity to their own grasp of their special methods of intellectual research.'

At Kromsminster, in Bavaria, weather observations have been made for more than a century. Discussion of these observations, and of other observations made in Saxony, leads to the conclusion that there is a periodicity in thunder-storms as well as in some other natural phenomena. Von Bezold says, in his paper on the subject, that in years when the temperature is high, and the sun's surface relatively free from spots, thunder-storms are abundant. Since, moreover, the maxima of the sun-spots coincide with the greatest intensity of auroral displays, it follows that both groups of phenomena, thunder-storms and auroras, to a certain extent supplement each other, so that years of frequent storms correspond to those auroras, and *vice versa*. It is pointed out that this 'connection between sun-spots and storms does not by any means sanction the supposition of a direct electrical interaction between the earth and sun, but may be simply a consequence of a degree of insolation dependent on the sun-spots.' The changes of insolation manifest themselves successively in different latitudes, and not contemporaneously.

Mention has been made in former columns of this *Journal* of the connection between fluctuations of the barometer, and storms, and the occurrence of explosions in coal-mines. The observations made, establish the fact that explosions follow a change of pressure and a change of temperature; and in the new Coal-mines Regulation Act it is now required that, 'after dangerous gas has been found in any mine, a barometer and thermometer shall be placed above ground, in a conspicuous position, near the entrance to the mine.' Of

course, the intention is that the instruments shall be watched, and precautionary measures taken in accordance with their indications. It is remarkable that explosions are fewest when the wind blows from the north.

A nautical contemporary points out that there is an 'analogy between the causes of explosions in coal-mines and the causes of the principal casualties to shipping;' and the conclusion is that observation of the barometer and thermometer may be as beneficial in one case as in the other. Much has already been done towards making the value and importance of these instruments known among our seafaring population, but much remains to be done, and the more widely the knowledge is spread the better.

In the last part of the *Journal* of the Royal Agricultural Society is an instructive paper by Mr Lawes on the valuation of unexhausted manures. If a tenant gives up a farm before the effect is exhausted of the fertilisers which he has put into the soil, it seems but reasonable that he should be compensated for that reserve of effect. But the question is a difficult one, for the nature of the manure, the nature of the soil, the method of farming, and other particulars, have to be taken into account. As Mr Lawes explains, 'wheat has been grown, without manure, and by different descriptions of manure, in the same field, for thirty-one years in succession, and with very similar results. Mineral manures alone have given very little increase of produce; nitrogenous manures alone, in the form of ammonia salts or nitrate of soda, have given considerably more produce than mineral manure alone; and the mixture of mineral and nitrogenous manures has yielded much more still, and more, of both corn and straw, than the annual application of farm-yard manure.' The most valuable manures are thus those which contribute most nitrogen to the soil and the crops.

The conclusions with which Mr Lawes ends his paper are, that, 'in the existing state of our knowledge, no simple rules, applicable to various soils and subsoils, climates, seasons, crops, and manures, can be laid down for the valuation of the unexhausted residue of previously applied manures which have already yielded a crop.' In the numerous discussions on this subject, it never seems to have occurred to any one that the simplest of all rules is to make everything a matter of contract between landlord and tenant. What more could any one have?

The result of Mr Lawes' experiments and other experiments recorded in the Society's *Journal*, which does not surprise us, is to demonstrate in the clearest possible manner, that grain crops may be grown year after year without injury to the soil, provided that the land be properly tilled, and that the right kinds of manure are made use of.

From time to time facts are discovered which add to the existing evidence that there is a rise of the land going on in the southern circumpolar regions: in Australia, Tasmania, and New Zealand, the phenomena are remarkable. Owing to the rise of the land in one place, certain lakes and a river disappeared. The natives, who had sold the land, squatted immediately on the places that had been occupied by the water, contending that they had never sold the lakes. In another place,

on the western coast of New Zealand, the high-water mark of the year 1814 is now two hundred yards inland, and many other facts might be cited. They prove, as Mr Howorth says, in a communication to the Royal Geographical Society, that the masses of land round about the south pole 'are at present areas of upheaval,' and that 'the earth's periphery is being stretched or extended in the direction of its shortest axis.' He draws attention to the 'very remarkable fact, that in all this area, exhibiting so many signs of rapid upheaval, there should be such a marked absence of volcanoes,' for the two or three in the north island of New Zealand, those in Tierra del Fuego, and Mount Erebus, are but few in so vast a circle. 'If,' says Mr Howorth, 'if volcanoes be the violent efforts of the eruptive forces of the earth, it is remarkable that they should be absent, or only present in such feeble examples in this area, and that we shall search such markedly rising areas as Australia, Tasmania, and South Africa in vain for them. My explanation,' he adds, 'of this absence, which involves some very heterodox views on the subject of volcanic energy, I must reserve for a future occasion.'

*On Iron as a Constructive Material*, is the title of a paper read before the Institute of British Architects by Mr Driver, who contends that false notions prevail with respect to the use of iron in building. One of these false notions is, that iron should be disguised, covered with lath and plaster, to make it fit for architectural purposes; which implies that iron itself is too intractable a material either for feature or ornament. As a case in point, Mr Driver takes the ordinary shop front, where a sheet of plate-glass and a wooden fascia appear to support the weight of three or four stories of brick or stone. The weight is in reality supported by an iron girder behind the fascia; and it is clear that the girder might be brought forward, and so constructed with panels and mouldings, that it would be sufficiently ornamental, and at the same time have the appearance of strength essential to proper architectural effect.

It is a prime condition of the use of iron in architecture that it should look like iron. Imitations are too much the fashion of the day. Iron, by reason of its strength, is susceptible of constructive effects alike new and beautiful; notwithstanding that so many distressingly ugly railway bridges and railway stations favour the impression that iron and ugliness always go together. Readers interested in the subject should get Mr Driver's paper as published by the Institute, and study his designs for pillars, bases, capitals, ribs, ties, brackets, for the heads even of bolts and rivets; they would then become aware of the great adaptability of iron as iron to the art of building and of architecture.

At a recent meeting of the same Institute it was mentioned that the glazed tiles made at the Doulton Works, Lambeth, will resist the destructive atmosphere of London. Architects and builders are unfortunately too well aware that ordinary glazed tiles crack or flake off after exposure to the weather, and have often longed for some of those indestructible materials with which the architects of the middle ages appear to have been well acquainted. What an advantage it would be if tiles of imperishable glaze could be produced! The surfaces of buildings might be

coated therewith; all the moulded and ornamental parts might be made of the same material; dust and soot would not lodge, or would be quickly washed off by the rain, and the beauty of the architecture would be displayed through long generations. The Lambeth Works have won a well-deserved reputation by shewing that pottery and modelling may be developed into exquisite forms of art; and if glazed tiles that never alter can be produced, there will be a further claim to distinction.

The heavy mineral baryta is now used largely in the arts: white lead or paint is adulterated with it to the extent of twenty-five or thirty per cent.; chlorate (which produces a green flame) and nitrate of baryta are employed as ingredients in fireworks; in the form of sulphate it makes a beautiful white coating for collars and cuffs and other articles of dress, and for cards. This permanent white, as it is called, is manufactured to the extent of five thousand tons a year. Carbonate of baryta is a strong poison, and is much used for killing rats. In France, the beet-sugar manufacturers use caustic baryta in sugar-refining; and a preparation of baryta is used by chemists in the production of peroxide of hydrogen, which is a valuable article in bleaching operations, in changing the colour of dark hair to light, and as a medical reagent.

Thirty years ago the digging of iron in Cleveland, north-east Yorkshire, was a very small affair. Last year (with deduction of a strike of two weeks) the quantity of ironstone raised in the same district was 5,435,233 tons; not without risk, for twenty-five miners were killed by accidents. We have it on the authority of the Iron and Steel Institute that the Cleveland 'output' was nearly one half of the whole production of iron ore in England and Wales in 1874.

In Mr Selwyn's Report on the Geological Survey of Canada, information is given of coal deposits in Canada, that is, in the Saskatchewan region. The coal is described as 'hard and bright, and jet-like,' in horizontal beds; and the area of the coal-field is stated as 25,000 square miles. We learn too that good coal has been discovered in Patagonia, at a point in the Strait of Magellan, where it is being worked under a concession from the Chilean government.

Professor Le Conte, of the University of California, has recently described what he calls 'the most extraordinary lava-flood in the world.' In Middle California, he says, it appears as separate streams; but in Northern California, in Oregon and Washington, it becomes 'an absolutely universal flood, beneath which the whole original face of the country, with its hills and dales, mountains and valleys, lies buried several thousand feet.' This great outpour of eruptive rocks extends from Nevada and Montana to British Columbia, and covers an area of from 200,000 to 300,000 square miles. Professor Le Conte is of opinion that it was all produced by volcanic eruptions in the Cascade Mountains. From this we learn that the more Western America is explored, the more does the magnitude of its natural phenomena become apparent.

The *New York Medical Journal* states that, in the Mount Sinai Hospital in that city, acute rheumatism is treated and cured by applications of cold. The method, we are informed, 'consists in

the use of cold baths, combined with icebags, to the inflamed joints. Every patient does not bear well the cold baths; but the icebags always prove grateful, and always remove the pain. The very curious point has been noticed, that if blankets are placed over the patient, or if in any way sweating is promoted, the cold loses its efficacy. It is found also that if the icebags are removed from the inflamed joints, the pain sometimes reappears, and when it does, a return to the icebags again relieves the patient.

In Paris, carriagee, or Irish moss, has been used as a substitute for linseed meal and other kinds of poultices, with good results. It does not ferment, and remains moist and inodorous for sixteen or eighteen hours when properly prepared by chopping and soaking.

Professor Dewar, in the conclusion of a lecture on the physiological action of light, delivered at the Royal Institution, remarked that 'it is possible, by experiment, to discover the physical expression of what is usually called in physiological language fatigue.'

How greatly would the prosperity and happiness of nations be increased, if quarrels could be adjusted by arbitration instead of the sword.

The Peace Society's Annual Report, just issued, shews that the active propagation of its principles, both at home and abroad, under the leadership of Mr Henry Richard, M.P., continues to be attended by an amount of success which must be very encouraging to its friends. Notwithstanding the recent disturbing war rumours, which are happily subsiding, it is clear, from the declarations which have come from various Continental States, that there is nothing which the peoples of Europe desire so much as peace. The Society's Report shews that the example set by the British House of Commons, in July 1873, in adopting Mr Richard's Motion on Arbitration, has been followed, during the past year, by the Legislatures of the United States (both the Congress and the House of Representatives), Belgium (the Upper and Lower Chambers), and Holland, all of which have adopted similar motions. The Canadian parliament has, this year, favourably entertained a resolution in support of international arbitration, although it was not pressed to a division. The subject is also about to be brought before the attention of the Danish legislature, on a proposal submitted to that body by three of its members. Several striking practical illustrations of the growing prevalence of pacific diplomacy as a substitute for war, have been afforded during the year. One was the case of China and Japan, which nations, when on the very point of hostilities, consented to accept the arbitration of the English ambassador at Peking, in November last, by whose award the threatened war was entirely averted. A dispute as to frontier territory, between Italy and Switzerland, has been amicably arranged this year, by the arbitral decision of the United States ambassador, at Rome; whilst the dispute between the British and Portuguese governments on the question of Delagoa Bay, is, while we write, under the arbitration of Marshal MacMahon, President of the French Republic. And at New York a New Court for Commercial Arbitration has been established, with the prospect of important good results.

The Report also refers with satisfaction to the growing interest taken in the Conferences for the

Reform and Codification of International Law, which have been annually convened in Belgium, Switzerland, or elsewhere, for several years past. The Society has continued its diligent use of the platform and the press. Amongst its special supporters, its *Herald of Peace* circulates monthly, forming a valued channel of intercommunication and information. By means of the Society's agents, about three hundred and twenty lectures and meetings have been held within the twelve-month. The Report further acknowledges the valuable foreign co-operation which the English Peace Society receives from kindred organisations and fellow-labourers in the United States, France, Holland, Belgium, Italy, and Switzerland.

We wish for the Society God-speed in its beneficent work.

#### GOING OUT WITH THE TIDE.

RAISE me up in my bed, wife;

There's the sound of the sea in my ear;

And it sings to my soul in a music

That earth is not blessed to hear.

Open the little window, wife,

Then come and sit by my side;

We'll wait God's sweet flood-water

To take me out with the tide.

I see the harbour-bar, wife,

And my dear little boat in the bay;

But who shall be able to guide her

When her master hath passed away?

I know that her helm, so trustily,

Will answer no other hand

As it answered mine, when I knew, wife,

You were waiting for me on the strand.

Our boys are all before us, wife;

Wee Jack is beneath the wave,

And blue-eyed Freddie sleeps, wife,

In yonder yew-bowered grave,

Where the early daisies cluster

Around his baby bed,

And the thrush sits chanting softer

In yon tree that shades the dead.

There's a chill runs through our hearts, wife,

When the harbour-bar doth moan;

But a darker grief will be yours, wife,

When you're left in the cot alone;

But a few more flows of the sea, wife,

And a few more ebbs of the tide,

Then God's sweet flood shall bring you

Again to your old man's side!

The red sun is low in the west, wife,

And the tide sinks down with the sun;

We will part with each other in love, wife,

For sweetly our lives have run.

Give me your hand, my own love,

As you gave it in days of yore;

We will clasp them, ne'er to be sundered,

When we meet on the far-off shore!

Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, 47 Paternoster Row, LONDON, and 339 High Street, EDINBURGH. Also sold by all Booksellers.

# CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

OF  
POPULAR

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

*Fourth Series*

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS.

No. 601.

SATURDAY, JULY 3, 1875.

PRICE 1½d.

## SOME EARLY RECOLLECTIONS.

### THIRD PAPER.

MEMORY carries me pleasingly back to a particular Sunday evening in the summer of 1810. I had been at the parish church twice during the day, with my father and mother, and brother Robert. In the forenoon 'diet of worship,' as it was called, R. and I, to our shame be it said, instead of attending minutely to Dr Lee's scholarly discourse, slyly occupied ourselves in scratching with a pin the initials of our names on the book-desk. At the afternoon 'diet,' what with the effects of 'kail' for dinner between one and two o'clock, and the intense smell of sprigs of peppermint and southernwood, which the lads and lasses brought with them to the kirk—and perhaps also from the want of ventilation—it was barely possible to keep awake; the somniferous tendency being powerfully aided by the delightful hum of the preacher's eloquence. About two-thirds of the congregation, accordingly, took their nap, notwithstanding the snuff-boxes, which were covertly handed about. Poor R. was at this time a fair-haired boy of eight years of age, and I was two years older. Our age, perhaps, offered some excuse for a marked degree of irreverence: with our heads leaning on the bench before us, we fell sound asleep.

Having gone through the day in a perfectly constitutional manner, the inhabitants of the town felt that, towards evening, they might, in a mild and quiet way, indulge in a little recreation—not amusement by any means, only a smell of the fresh air. All depended on slowness and quietness. Anything like laughing, whistling, singing, walking hurriedly, or boisterous behaviour, was proscribed. You might do almost what you liked, provided it was done slowly and quietly, as if you were not doing it. The sin consisted in making a noise. A particularly industrious shoemaker in the town, in closing his week's labours on Saturday night, did not mind working an hour or two into Sunday morning, but always

quietly. Addressing his son, he would say: 'Get a' your chappin' ower before twal'; signifying that he must not on any account make a noise hammering his leather after twelve o'clock, but confine himself to the silent occupation of sewing—as if in that there could be nothing wrong.

On Sunday evenings, from the proceedings of the day, everything was agreeably calmed down to an unchallengeable quietude. People who had gardens walked out quietly—if by back-doors so much the better—and with their hands in their pockets quietly made their observations on the growth of the cabbages and gooseberries. Others quietly took a sauntering sort of walk to the river, and in a manner not to provoke discussion, spoke of the prospects of fishing for the season; perhaps introducing a somewhat playful anecdote about catching a salmon, but always in a subdued tone of voice, and never venturing beyond a smile. Some took a fancy for going a little more afield, and leaning over gateways, quietly made remarks on the crops, and threw out speculations as to the probable price of meal and potatoes after next harvest. A number, otherwise bent, took a fancy for visiting the churchyard, where an hour was quietly and pleasantly spent in making observations on 'the poor inhabitant below,' in the respective newly made graves. To all this there may be fault-finders. As long as human nature is what it is, I can imagine nothing more decorous or reverential than these modest and leisurely Sunday evening musings.

My father had no garden to speak of. His tastes did not lie in that direction. At all odd hours he fastened on books and devoured them. He was a diligent reader of the *Edinburgh Review*, by which, like others in remote places, he kept ahead on subjects of general importance. The *Quarterly*, which he would have equally devoured, had not yet appeared in the place. The only newspaper of which I have any familiar remembrance at this early period, was *The Edinburgh Star*. It was a twice-a-week journal, and, as things went, had a good circulation. My father could not afford to subscribe for *The Star*. All he could do was to be



a member of a club to take in the paper, which was handed about to one after the other, each member being allowed to have it in turn for a certain number of hours. Such, in the days of taxed and dear newspapers, was an almost universal practice, and in our community it was no way singular.

By some chance, which I am unable to explain, my father's tenure of the Friday's *Star* began on Sunday evening, at six o'clock, when the natives generally were out on their quietly sauntering perambulations. For three days he had heard nothing satisfactory of the war, and in his anxiety had watched the face of the alabaster timepiece on the wall of our little parlour, to see when the paper could with propriety be sent for. The hands on the dial having at length pointed to a quarter to six, I am requested to go for *The Star*. At the time, I am seated at a window trying to commit to memory that Scripture paraphrase of matchless beauty, which my mother prescribed to me as a study:

Few are thy days, and full of woe,  
O man, of woman born—

Laying the book aside, I obey the command to go for *The Star*, and, on the whole, being glad to get into the open air, I hurry off with a leather cap on my head, and a crisply plaited frill down my back in as good preservation as snoozing at church had permitted. I knew all about the mission, for it was not the first time I had been so employed.

The person to whom I was sent was a respectable candlemaker—his surname of no consequence. He was a short, stoutish man, who filled the office of Dean of Guild, which contributed to give him a certain dignified position in the town. Ordinarily, however, he was best known as 'Candle Andrew.' As a bachelor, though advanced in life, Andrew lived with his sister, who acted as housekeeper and shopwoman, and was usually called 'Candle Nell.' It was altogether a successful arrangement. The brother and sister made no sort of show. The business was conducted quietly and cheaply. In the front was the shop, in looking into which, over a half-door, you saw square bins full of candles of various dimensions and qualities, from penny dips up to moulds and long sixes. Candle Nell did not wait in the shop for customers. That would have been a downright waste of time. In the pauses of business, she occupied herself in a side-room, or in the kitchen behind, and only came out of her den when summoned by a bell, the string of which was a piece of whipcord, to which was attached an old key by way of handle. I have had the honour of pulling the key, and buying from Nell a pound of long sixes.

On the present occasion, being Sunday, the shop was shut, and entrance to the premises was by a side-door, the first on the right-hand in going down the close as you went to the candle-work. To that door I proceeded. It was opened by Nell, and I was ushered into the kitchen until she announced the object of my visit. All was quiet

and decorous. I was invited to step into the room. Here sat Candle Andrew in his Sunday's best, with an under red-silk waistcoat, and his bald head lightly powdered. Before him lay a large open folio volume of Matthew Henry's Bible, covering nearly the whole table. Above it, and just about the same size, lay *The Star*. This was a peculiarly convenient arrangement; for Matthew Henry could be made uppermost or undermost according to the character of the visitor. The shift could be effected at a moment's notice. It being only 'Willie for the paper,' all was right. Matthew Henry was undermost. Candle Andrew, whom I esteemed to be a great man, as Dean of Guild, with his powdered head and red under waistcoat, was so kind as speak to me, and what he said (while folding up the newspaper) was momentous. 'Great news, Willie, my man—terrible battles in Spain—thousands o' French prisoners—a number o' them brought to Leith wi the *Thetis* frigate, and I wadna wonder if some were sent here. However, there's *The Star*; and please to give my compliments to your mother.' Little did I think that what Candle Andrew had hinted at was destined to shape the whole existence of my brother and myself, indeed the whole family, father and mother included.

Inspired by the notion that there was something important in the intelligence, I hastened home at perhaps too high a rate of speed to be quite legitimate on Sunday evening. Before I arrived, my father had received a glimmering of the news. A neighbour had called to say that there was to be immediately a great accession to the present French prisoners of war on parole. As many as a hundred and eleven were already on their way to the town, and might be expected in perhaps a day or two.

There was speedily a vast sensation in the place. The 'locals' had just been disbanded. Lodgings of all sorts were vacant. The new arrivals would on all hands be heartily welcomed. On Tuesday, the expected French prisoners in an unceremonious way began to drop in. As one of several boys, I went out to meet these new prisoners of war on the road from Edinburgh. They came walking in twos and threes—a few of them lame. Their appearance was startling, for they were in military garb, in which they had been captured in Spain. Some were in light blue hussar dresses, braided, with marks of sabre-wounds. Others were in dark-blue uniform. Several wore large cocked-hats, but the greater number had undress caps. All had a gentlemanly air, notwithstanding their generally dishevelled attire, their soiled boots, and their visible marks of fatigue. They were accompanied by no guide, but had seemingly been told to find their way to their destination as they best might. Before night, they had all arrived; and through the activity of the agent appointed by the Transport Board, they had been provided with lodgings suitable to their slender allowance.

This large batch of prisoners on parole were, of course, all in the rank of naval or military officers. Some had been pretty high in the service, and seen a good deal of fighting. Several were doctors, or, as they called themselves, *officiers de santé*. Among the whole there were, I think, about a dozen midshipmen. A strange thing was their varied nationality. Though spoken of as French, there was in the party a mixture of Italians, Swiss, and Poles; but this we found out only after some intercourse. Whatever their origin, they were warm adherents of Napoleon, whose glory at this time was at its height. Though not greatly fraternising with the prisoners of war who had been already in the town, they were benefited by their experience, and the knowledge they had acquired of the language. Receiving friendly hints from these previous residents, they settled down in a wonderfully composed manner. Obviously, the new-comers were a distinct class from the older set. They were lively, with minds full of the recent struggles in the Peninsula. Expressively, they spoke of the treachery they had experienced in Spain, where, as prisoners of war, they were constantly exposed to the assassination of those who affected for them the greatest friendship. I recollect one of them saying that every Spanish lady carried a dagger, which she would not scruple to use. Perhaps the atrocities committed by the French troops in Spain might have been pleaded in extenuation of this general reproach on the country. Now, matters were very different, for which these strangers appeared thankful. Drifted by the fortune of war into a small and hospitable Scottish town, they felt themselves in a haven of rest.

It was a material assuagement of their condition to find that the keeper of the principal hotel was almost a countryman. He was a Belgian, spoke French, and was in many ways useful to them. One thing disconcerted them. There was no billiard-table in the town; and, Frenchmen generally, without the solace of billiards, are in a hapless condition. The privation was got over by the spirited enterprise of a grocer, who believed he might turn the penny by getting up a billiard-table. It was a bold and rather costly venture, and I am far from certain that it answered commercially. The billiard-table was procured, and set up in a small building near the Tweed, and it became the daily rendezvous of the Frenchmen during the whole time of their stay.

People may amuse themselves playing at billiards, but the recreation cannot exactly be called a means of livelihood. How did these unfortunate exiles contrive to live—how did they manage to feed and clothe themselves, and pay for lodgings? Thereby hangs a tale, which we will by-and-by come to. The allowance from government was on a moderate scale. I doubt if it was more than a shilling a head per diem. In various instances two persons lived in a single room, but even that cost at least half-a-crown a week, which made a considerable inroad on revenue. The truth is, they must have been half-starved, but for the fortunate circumstance of a number of them having brought money—foreign gold pieces—concealed about their person, which stores were supplemented by remittances from France; and in a friendly way, at least as regards the daily mess, or *table-d'hôte*, the richer helped the poorer, which was a good trait in their

character. The messing together was the grand resource, and took place in a house hired for the purpose, in which the cookery was conducted under the auspices of M. Lavoche, one of the prisoners, who, as is not unusual with Frenchmen, was skilled in cuisine. My brother and I had some dealings with Lavoche. We cultivated rabbits in a hutch built by ourselves in a back-yard, and sold them for the Frenchmen's mess; the money got for them, usually eightpence a pair, being employed in the purchase of books.

Billiards were indispensable, but something more was wanted. Without a theatre, life was felt to be unendurable. But how was a theatre to be secured? There was nothing of the kind in the place. The more eager of the prisoners managed to get out of the difficulty. There was an old and disused ballroom. It was rather of confined dimensions, and low in the roof, with a gallery at one end, over the entrance, for the musicians. In the days of yore, however, what scenes of gaiety had it not witnessed! Walter Scott's mother, when a girl, I was told, had crossed a dangerously high hill in a chaise from the adjacent county, to dance for a night in that little old ballroom. Now set aside as unfashionable, the room was at anybody's service, and came quite handily to the Frenchmen. They fitted it with a stage at the inner end, and cross-benches to accommodate a hundred and twenty persons, independently of perhaps twenty more in the fiddlers' gallery. The thing was neatly got up, with scenery painted by M. Walther and M. Ragulski, the latter a young Pole with artistic tastes. No license was required for the theatre, for it was altogether a private undertaking. Money was not taken at the door, and no tickets were sold. Admission was gained by complimentary billets, distributed chiefly among persons with whom the actors had established an intimacy.

Among these favoured individuals was my father, who, carrying on a mercantile concern, occupied a prominent position. He felt a degree of compassion for these foreigners, constrained to live in exile, and besides welcoming them to his house, gave them credit in articles of drapery of which they stood in need; and through which circumstance they soon assumed an improved appearance in costume. Introduced to the family circle, their society was agreeable and in a sense instructive. Though with imperfect speech, a sort of half-French, half-English, they related interesting circumstances in their career. R. and I, desperately keen to learn, but with poor opportunities of doing so, listened with greedy ears to the discourse of the Frenchmen, which had the double advantage of increasing our stock of facts and improving us in the knowledge of the French tongue.

How performances in French should have had any general attraction may seem to require explanation. There had grown up in the town, among young persons especially, a knowledge of familiar French phrases; so that what was said, accompanied with appropriate gestures, was pretty well guessed at. But, as greatly contributing to remove difficulties, a worthy man of an obliging turn, and genial humour, volunteered to act as interpreter. Moving in humble circumstances as a hand-loom weaver, he had let lodgings to the French captain and his wife, with the black boy,

and from being for years in domestic intercourse with them, he became well acquainted with their language. William Hunter—for such was his name—besides being of ready wit, partook of a lively musical genius. I have heard him sing *Malbrouk s'en va-t-en guerre*, with amazing correctness and vivacity. His services at the theatre were therefore of value to the natives in attendance. Seated conspicuously at the centre of what we may call the pit, eyes were turned to him inquiringly when anything particularly funny was said that needed explanation, and, for general use, he whisperingly communicated the requisite interpretation. The actors, of course, looked upon him as a valuable appendage to the establishment.

At the small French theatre, so extemporised, my brother and I had the pleasure of seeing performed some of the favourite comedies of Molière, and other dramatists. The actors did not attempt the lofty tragedies of Corneille, nor pieces in which there is a host of characters. They confined themselves chiefly to what was comic, and requiring at most half-a-dozen performers. A favourite with them was a piece by a French dramatic writer now little heard of, in which there appears a buffoon called Jocrisse, whose performances always raised shouts of laughter. The actors had a difficulty as regards the female characters, which was only got over by dressing up two or three of the more effeminate-looking as actresses. One of these was M. Avril, who acted the part of young heroines. By means of attire borrowed from my mother, and a proper amount of padding and painting, he made a fair appearance in the character of Lucinde in *Le Médecin Malgré Lui* (The Physician in Spite of Himself), by Molière. In this grotesque piece, the character of Sganarelle, who acts the sham physician, was well represented by one of the taller and more robust of the prisoners, M. Lestange. Geronste, the father of Lucinde, who pretends to be deaf and dumb, was played by Gotto. I remember the laughter which burst from the French part of the audience when Sganarelle imposes on Geronste by that famous passage as to the situation of the liver and the heart. At one time, he said, the liver used to be on the right, and the heart on the left side, '*Mais nous avons changé tout cela.*' The natives present who were unacquainted with the language, appealed to Hunter. 'What's that—What's that he says, Will?' 'He says it used to be the fashion to have the liver on the right, and the heart on the left side, but that the doctors have changed all that now!' So put up to the joke, the natives heartily joined in the laugh, though rather tardily. Dear old William Hunter, with his ready dexterity in illustrations of Scottish humour, how my brother and I in later years regretted his loss! As for the French plays, which were performed with perfect propriety, they were to us not only amusing but educational. Life, to be worth anything, is made up of happy recollections. The remembrance of these dramatic efforts of the French prisoners of war has been through life a continual treat. It is curious for me to look back on the performance of pieces of Molière, in circumstances so very remarkable.

Ragulski, the clever scene-painter, who executed charming sketches in water-colours, was fated not to finish as a prisoner of war on parole. He was one of the few midshipmen, all of whom were

suddenly ordered to lose their parole, and to be confined with the common class of prisoners in the depot at Penicwick. To subject a number of persons in the rank of gentlemen to this cruel indignity may seem to be almost incomprehensible. In that rancorous war, however, the British government, with all its noted generosity of character, felt constrained to lay aside common principles of action. The alleged cause for the extraordinary procedure was that Napoleon had withdrawn the privilege of parole from English midshipmen held as prisoners by the French, and that this severity took place by way of reprisals. However that might be, the blow fell heavily on Ragulski, and a number of others; all of whom received orders to assemble at the market cross at six o'clock on a certain morning. In obeying the peremptory summons, poor Ragulski called in passing, with a wallet on his back, to bid farewell to my father and mother. It was a melancholy parting scene. I accompanied him down the street to the cross. Here, several of those prisoners who were not ordered off, attended the departure of their less fortunate companions. One of these sympathising friends was Captain Durisi, who, I observed, had some confidential talk with Ragulski at parting. There was much shaking of hands, and kissing on the cheeks. A company of soldiers that had been sent for the purpose, with fixed bayonets, environed the party; and all were marched off. I saw them no more, but have reason to believe that Ragulski contrived to escape from the prison—a step he probably considered to be no way dishonourable, seeing that he was now bound by no parole.

There was a hue of romance in the affair. A lady in reduced circumstances in the town, with two daughters, who were dressmakers, had let lodgings to Captain Durisi. Between Emily, one of the daughters, and the young Frenchman, there sprang up a fervent attachment, and through her connivance, as it was always understood, Ragulski and another escaped prisoner found a refuge for a time at that conveniently obscure retreat, the Clay House. There they remained, until they succeeded in getting out of the country. It is pleasant to know that Emily was not unrequited for her obliging succour to the friends of her admirer. She in due time, when circumstances were a little more propitious, became Madame Durisi, and for years afterwards gracefully figured among the fashionable society of Paris. Lately, in passing down a by-street in the little town, I glanced at the window of a modest dwelling at which I recollect having seen Emily industriously pursuing her work as a seamstress, and thought of her strange transition thence to a brilliant salon in the Rue de Bac.

It might not have been a great sacrifice for Ragulski to have suffered confinement; for, as it happened, it would only have been for a short period. Moved, perhaps, by a relaxation in the severe measures of Napoleon, the British government released the French midshipmen whom they had imprisoned, and stationed them at various places on parole. Not foreseeing this act of clemency, Ragulski and another prisoner, as just mentioned, made their escape. At the close of the war in 1814, all the French prisoners of war whatsoever were set free to go where they pleased; those at Penicwick being sent home in shiploads from Leith.

Previous to this event, at the beginning of 1812, the party of prisoners on parole, of whom I have been recalling fragmentary remembrances, were ordered to depart to a town in a south-western county. The order sent a shiver through the community. The Frenchmen were generally liked. Those among them who were doctors, or *officiers de santé*, had often lent their aid in medical consultations with local practitioners. Above all, a number of the *détenus* were in debt to the townspeople, who, by their abrupt removal, foresaw an irretrievable and ruinous loss. To some of the original prisoners who had come to the place as early as from 1803 to 1806, the order conveyed no comfort. They had, as it were, become naturalised, and did not wish to go away. Monsieur Boutelle was inconsolable. All his relations in France were dead, and he looked forward to closing his days in this the place of his exile, and to being buried in a green spot in the churchyard known as the 'Strangers' Nook.' It was hard for him, at his advanced age, to migrate to a new and unknown scene, leaving friends behind him. What should he do to demonstrate the depth of his emotions? There was an interval of a week for preparation for the journey. During that time, he daily and most assiduously gathered fir cones in a neighbouring plantation, and brought them home as fire-lighters in pocketsful to his old and infirm landlady. In his poverty, they were all he could offer her in acknowledgment for years of friendly attentions.

No vehicles were provided for the transit of the prisoners to their place of destination, sixty miles distant. They might find their way thither the best way they could. At his departure from the narrow close, where for eight years he had tranquilly passed his existence, Boutelle was a sight to move any one. With his thin legs protected by black gaiters, the little bit of queue peeping over the collar of his brown great-coat, a bundle in one hand, and a stick in the other, he seemed to be ill fitted to undertake a journey, which could not be effected, even with occasional rides in a cart, in less than three or four days. I escorted him for a couple of miles on his route, relieving him for that distance of the weight of his bundle. At parting, the warm shake of the hand, and the courteous bow of the aged gentleman, can as little be forgotten as his last words: '*Dieu vous bénisse!*'

The departure of the prisoners of war on parole was the signal of my father's doom. He struggled on awhile, but it was useless. In his credulity, he had given the Frenchmen credit far beyond what was discreet or reasonable; for in their peculiar position they were in no respect legally amenable to ordinary obligations. They left a profusion of promises, but these came to nought. My own conviction is, that a number of them perished at Waterloo. At anyrate, they were no more heard of. Now that they were gone, arose agonising considerations. Ruin, dark pitiless ruin, impended over my father and his family. No hand was held out to save. None offered a word of sympathising compassion. Then came the storm which swept everything away. Yet, was not this fierce hurricane of commercial ruin and domestic anguish a beneficent act of Providence? Out of the disaster caused by an imprudent confidence in these exiled Frenchmen came, in good time, something to excite a high sense of gratitude. Driven, with his chil-

dren, to seek fortune elsewhere, my father brought them to Edinburgh, and there, after a long course of years, one of them lingeringly remains to record these imperfect Early Recollections. w. c.

### ABOUT CROWNS.

THERE were times when his crown was the indispensable companion of every king. Not that he always wore it, like the monarchs of melodrama, but it was his personal property, always kept within easy reach. He carried it with him on his journeys; when he rode at the head of his feudal chivalry on the battle-field, a jewelled coronet on his helmet took its place; he wore it at his court; it was the one great mark of his royal dignity by which men could feel he was a king. It would seem that some of these old sovereigns slept with the crown upon a table beside their beds; there is, however, no reason to suppose that they actually wore it during the hours of repose, though they are often represented as doing so by the illuminators of mediæval manuscripts. Of course, this is only a conventional sign indicating that the sleeper is a king, for assuredly the head would lie very uneasily that wore a crown for a night-cap.

The oldest of the crowns of Europe is the Iron Crown of Lombardy, now restored to its resting-place of centuries in the cathedral of Monza, the sunny little town, which, from the Alpine slopes, looks down upon imperial Milan, whither many a time its treasure was borne to be placed on the brow of a German Kaiser at his second coronation. His first was at Aachen, by the tomb of Charlemagne, where he received the silver crown of Germany; his second at Milan; his third at Rome, where the pope conferred on him the golden crown of the Empire. But the Iron Crown was the most venerable of all. For thirteen hundred years the Iron Crown has held the foremost place amongst the diadems of Europe, for it was formed by the skilful hands of Roman goldsmiths in the sixth century, and sent by Pope Gregory the Great to the Gothic Queen Theodolinda, when she had freed Lombardy from the Arian heresy. Its form is simple, as one might expect from its ancient date. It is a broad flat ring or diadem of gold, adorned with enamelled flowers and precious stones; stones not cut into facets, as in modern jewellery, but emeralds, sapphires, and rubies in their rough uncut form as they came from the mine. But inside this circle of gold and jewels is a thin band of iron, from which the crown takes its name, and this iron, tradition asserts, is one of the nails of the true cross hammered out into a ring. Long and angry have been the battles fought by antiquaries on this point. Those who deny its authenticity, headed by Muratori, certainly bring weighty arguments to the support of their view; but the tradition has survived all their learned folios, gallant champions have fought pen in hand in its defence, and still, in the language of the people the crown of Monza is called *il sacro chiodo*, 'the holy nail.' It graced the imperial front of Charlemagne and a long succession of German emperors, ending with Charles V. But the last sovereign who wore it was Napoleon I. In May 1805, he assembled at Milan the dignitaries of the Empire, the representatives of his royal and imperial allies, and a splendid

circle of marshals and generals, and in their presence he placed it on his head, repeating the proud motto of the Iron Crown: 'God has given it to me; woe to him who touches it!' In 1859 the Austrians, retreating from Lombardy, took the Iron Crown with them to Mantua, and subsequently to Vienna. There it remained until, by the treaty which ceded Venetia to Italy in 1866, it was restored to its old home in the sacristy of the cathedral at Monza, and there it rests to-day amid the other treasures of Theodolinda—her jewelled comb, her golden hen and seven chickens (the symbols of Lombardy and its seven provinces), and the crown of her husband Agilulph.

Next in age to the Iron Crown, but far exceeding it in value and beauty of workmanship, are the crowns of the old Gothic kings of Spain, discovered seventeen years ago near Toledo. They were found in some excavations which were made in an ancient cemetery at Fuente di Guerrazar, two leagues from that city. They are eight in number, and their intrinsic value is estimated at two thousand pounds. The largest, a splendid circle of gold one foot in diameter, bears the name of King Receswinthus, who reigned in the middle of the seventh century. This diadem is adorned with fine rubies, pearls, and sapphires, and round it runs a row of little crosses of carnelian and gold. From these crosses letters of gold and carnelian are suspended by golden chains, and these form the words *Receswinthus Rex Offere*—King Receswinthus offers (this). From these again hang twenty-four drops of gold and pearls, and below these are twenty-four pink rubies, each cut into the shape of a heart, so that a gorgeous fringe of golden chainwork and jewels adorns the crown, and a large jewelled cross is suspended from it in front. The second crown, supposed to be that of his queen, is not so rich as the first, but it too is adorned with precious stones, and fringed with rubies. The other crowns are of a very plain pattern, and are supposed to be the coronets of Gothic nobles. The inscription on the crown of Receswinthus shews that it was offered to a church, for it was not an uncommon thing for kings in the middle ages to hang their crowns above the altars of some famous sanctuary. Thus Canute gave his crown to Winchester Cathedral, and many of the cathedrals of the continent either have, or formerly had, royal crowns in their treasures. On one of the smaller coronets there is an inscription indicating the church which possessed these splendid crowns. The inscription is in barbarous Latin, and it may be translated: 'In the name of the Lord, Sonnita offers this to Santa Maria di Abaxo.' Now, a church of that name stands at the foot of the hill on which Toledo is built, full two leagues from the cemetery. How, then, did the crowns make their way to it? Not by theft, or they would not have remained there long. Probably, when, fifty years after the reign of Receswinthus, the Moors came pouring into the valley of the Tagus, and took Toledo, some Gothic priest or noble removed the crowns from the church, to save them from the plundering infidels, and, unable to take them with him in his flight, buried them in the cemetery of Fuente, hoping, doubtless, to come back for them at no distant day. But years on years passed before the Christians returned to victory from the Asturian hills, and then no one knew where the rich treasure was concealed, and

there it lay for eleven hundred years, until in our own days an accident brought the buried crowns to light, and the bright jewels which had passed long centuries in darkness, once more flashed in the sun.

Another ancient crown now in the regalia of the Austro-Hungarian empire has a singular history. It is the famous 'Sacred Crown of Hungary.' Tradition says that it was formed by the hands of angels for the sainted King Stephen; but history gives us the true story of its twofold origin, for the crown is partly Roman, partly Byzantine, and is, in fact, two crowns united, one above the other. The first was sent by Pope Sylvester II. to Stephen when he was crowned in 1001. It was a golden diadem, enriched with pearls and precious stones. Seventy years later, Duke Geyza, one of the Hungarian nobles, received as a present from Michael Ducas, emperor of the East, a splendid Byzantine crown; and when he became king of Hungary, he joined this circlet to the diadem, so as to make of the two a single crown. From the broad jewelled ring which forms its base spring four arches of gold. At the base of each is an enamelled portrait; the largest represents our Saviour; the others, Geyza himself, and the emperors Ducas and Constantius Porphyrogenitus. Four smaller enamels on the front of the crown represent the archangels Michael and Gabriel, and saints George and Demetrius. Besides the pearls, the stones which adorn it are sapphires, amethysts, and rubies, many of them rough and uncut, like those of the crown of Monza. At the back is a very large sapphire, surrounded by four green stones, on the precise character of which jewellers are not agreed.

This crown was regarded as the palladium of the Hungarian nation. It was more than a mere mark of sovereignty. They seemed to look upon it with a superstitious awe, as almost a living thing. It had its palace in the castles of Ofen or Vizegrad; the two nobles who were responsible for its safe keeping were among the highest officials of the kingdom; and under their orders they had a strong guard of picked men, who garrisoned the palace honoured by the residence of the Sacred Crown. No king could rule until it had been placed on his brow; if he died between his election and coronation, his name was struck off the roll of kings; and even a pretender acquired a quasi-right of sovereignty if he could, by fraud or force, secure possession of this double crown. In 1301, there was a disputed election to the vacant throne. The rival claimants were Robert of Anjou and Naples, and Prince Wenzel the Younger of Bohemia. War raged between the rival parties, and the prince had suffered some defeats, when his father Wenzel, king of Bohemia, came to his aid. Marching into Hungary, he occupied Ofen, seized the Sacred Crown, and taking it with him, returned to Prague, accompanied by his son. The Hungarians then gave up both claimants, and elected Otho of Bavaria; and, by some means which history does not record, most probably by paying down a good round sum of money, Otho succeeded in inducing old Wenzel to give him up the crown, without which his election would have been of little use to him.

In order to reach his new kingdom, he had to pass through the territories of Austria. Now ensues a series of strange incidents scarcely credible regarding the crown, which was for a time

contended for by rival kings, and at length lost. At last, being found, Joseph II. brought it to Vienna, but it was soon sent back to Hungary. During the revolution of 1848 it was in the hands of the Provisional Government, and on the defeat and flight of Kossuth, it mysteriously disappeared. Some said it had been brought to London, others that Kossuth had broken it up, and sold its jewels in Turkey. Neither report was true. A few months after, a peasant offered for a sum of money to restore the missing crown, and pointed out a tree, amongst the roots of which Kossuth and his friends had buried it, in order to deprive the Austrians of this symbol of sovereignty. It was solemnly restored to the castle of Ofen. 'It is only now,' said an Austrian statesman, 'that we are really reigning again in Hungary.' Only a few years ago the crown was brought from its castle under happier auspices, to be placed on the brows of Francis Joseph, as a symbol of the reconciliation between two great nations, when, after the crushing blow of Sadowa, Austria yielded all the claims of Hungary.

The ancient crown of Scotland, now in the castle of Edinburgh, has had adventures not unlike some of those of the Hungarian diadem. It is supposed to have been made for King Robert Bruce, and is formed of two circles of gold, the upper one being surmounted by a row of crosses and fleurs-de-lis, while the lower and broader ring is adorned with precious stones in their rough unpolished state. From this rise two arches of gold, which unite in a ball and cross. Even when the Stuarts became kings of England, they came to Scotland, after their English coronation, to receive this crown at Scone. Charles I. indeed wished to have the crown and regalia of Scotland sent up to London, in order that the ceremony might take place there, but this was regarded as an infringement of the rights of the kingdom, and he had to come to Scotland, where he was crowned, June 18, 1633. When, after his father's death, Charles II. asserted his rights in Scotland, he was crowned at Scone on January 1, 1651. On Cromwell's advancing across the Border, the crown and regalia were sent away from Edinburgh to the strong castle of Dunnottar, on the shores of the North Sea, lest they should fall into his hands. They were placed under the protection of a picked garrison, commanded by the Earl Marischal and Ogilvy of Barras, a veteran soldier. Several guns were sent to reinforce the castle, amongst others Mons Meg, and the great embrasure through which this monster was fired is still shewn at Dunnottar. On the 3d of January 1652, the Cromwellian general, Lambert, having closely invested the castle, summoned it to surrender. The summons was rejected, and the siege began. Ogilvy had previously asked that a ship might be sent to carry off the crown, sceptre, and sword of state; but Charles had not been able to comply with his request. It soon became evident that the castle could not hold out long, and it was therefore necessary to devise some plan for saving the regalia. The chief agent in the plot was the wife of the Rev. James Granger of Kinneff, a small church four miles from Dunnottar. She obtained from General Lambert permission to pass through his lines, in order to visit the lady of the castle, and on her return secretly brought away the Scottish crown. Her maid followed her, bearing two long bundles of lint, as if for spinning, but in one

of them the sword of state was hidden, and in the other the sceptre. On reaching Kinneff, she gave them to her husband, and that night they went into the church, raised a flag of the pavement in front of the pulpit, dug a hole, and buried there the crown and sceptre. In another part of the church they hid the sword in the same way. When, on the fall of the castle, the regalia were found to be gone, great was Lambert's indignation. Tradition says that he suspected the Grangers, and tortured them in vain in order to extort their secret. But suspicion was at length lulled to rest by the report that the crown had been sent abroad. Occasionally, the minister and his wife went by night into the church to change the cloths in which the crown was wrapped, in order to preserve it from the damp; and at the Restoration they gave up the regalia in safety to Charles II. A grant of two thousand marks rewarded Mrs Granger for her faithful service. After the Union, when, on account of the strength of the Jacobite party, the English government very unwisely exhibited, on many occasions, the mistrust with which they regarded the sentiment of Scottish nationality, the crown and regalia, as its most striking emblems, were shut up in a strong coffer in the crown-room of Edinburgh Castle. This took place in 1707, and there they remained for more than a century, until they were again restored to light by the commission appointed for that purpose in 1818.

Of the modern crowns of continental Europe, perhaps the most remarkable is the well-known triple crown or papal tiara, or perhaps we should say tiaras, for there are four of them. The tiara is seldom worn by the pope; it is carried before him in procession, but, except on rare occasions, he wears a mitre like an ordinary bishop. Of the existing tiaras, the most beautiful is that which was given by Napoleon I. to Pius VII. in 1805. It is said to be worth upwards of nine thousand pounds. Its three circlets are almost incrustated with sapphires, emeralds, rubies, pearls, and diamonds; and the great emerald at its apex, said to be the most beautiful in the world, is alone valued at sixteen thousand francs.

Napoleon had another magnificent crown made for himself in 1804. It was this crown that he so proudly placed upon his head with his own hands in the cathedral of Notre-Dame. It is a jewelled circle, from which spring several arches, surmounted by the globe and cross, and where the arches join the circle there are alternately flowers and miniature eagles of gold. After his downfall, it remained in the French treasury until it was assumed by another Bonaparte, when Napoleon III. made himself emperor in 1852. It is now in the regalia of France, which have only just been brought back to Paris from the western seaport to which they were sent for security during the Prussian invasion, just as the Scottish regalia were sent to Dunnottar. If we may judge from some of the German photographs of the Emperor William, the crown of the new German Empire is of a very peculiar shape, apparently copied from the old Carolingian diadem. It is not a circle, but a polygon, being formed of flat jewelled plates of gold united by the edges, and having above them two arches, supporting the usual globe and cross.

There are several antique crowns in the churches of the continent. One of the most interesting is that in the treasury of the cathedral of Aix-la-



Chapelle, which is an offering sent there by Mary, Queen of Scots. It is a gold circlet adorned with jewels and pearls. A still older crown is preserved in the great church of Namur. It is that of the Crusader king, Baldwin of Jerusalem. It consists of a jewelled diadem of gold, ornamented with leaves and trefoil, and in two of these ornaments are thorns said to have been taken from the crown of our Saviour. The tradition recalls the words of another king of Jerusalem, the chivalrous Godfrey de Bouillon. When, after the taking of Jerusalem, the crusaders made him king, and offered him a crown, he is said to have put it aside, saying: 'I will never wear a crown of gold in this city, where my God once wore a crown of thorns;' a reply worthy of Tasso's hero, the deliverer of the Holy Sepulchre.

### STEPHEN BELL, THE USHER.

IN EIGHT CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER I.

IN Onslope, a market-town not very many miles from London, stands, or did stand, some years ago, Hanover House, a large and flourishing academy for what is termed middle-class boys, who there received a middle-class education. There were about a hundred and fifty boys at Hanover House, and what they were taught—in the days before such minute and worrying inquiries about education were made—did very well; in fact, quite as much was done as any reasonable parent could expect, whether in teaching or feeding, for thirty-five pounds a year.

At this academy was an usher named Stephen Bell, who was the junior usher in two senses; he was the most recent addition to the staff; and as he taught no accomplishments or classics, but was simply an arithmetic and English master, he ranked below some of the others. But in another sense he was not a junior, as he was about fifty years old, and looked fully his age. He was a tall, hard-featured, silent man, who was seldom seen to smile, was not known to have any acquaintances beyond the few he had made in Onslope, or any friend in the world save his meerschaum pipe; and as he had repelled the advances of the far more fashionable and gentlemanly persons who were his coadjutors, he was regarded by all as a morose sullen fellow. Yet no particular ill-temper or vindictiveness was ever laid to his charge, and so it seemed that his was rather a solitary than a sullen temperament; at anyrate he was a lonely and avoided man in his little circle.

Few duties were more distasteful to the staff at Hanover House than one which fell according to *rotas*, to each in turn—always excepting the Rev. Josias Hamden, B.A., who, as a sort of exhibition or prize tutor, was exempt. Each in his turn, had to stay at Hanover House through the vacations, to take charge of such pupils as did not go home. The academy having a West Indian connection, there were usually several boys who had no English home; and, as newest comer, Stephen Bell had passed his Christmas holidays without a murmur at the school. But when midsummer came, Mr Barfield, the second master, was dreadfully mortified to know that it was his turn, and that the tour on the continent he had so long planned was still impracticable. Great, then, was his delight on finding that Mr Bell had

not the slightest objection to repeating his vacation stay, and in fact seemed rather pleased at the option of doing so being allowed him. In an hour he was the most popular of the ushers, for each of his comrades saw an escape from the most detested part of his duty. It is true that among themselves they suggested reasons which detracted from the credit due to Bell, such as reminding each other that he could save his board for five weeks, as the vacation-usher was, of course, provided for at the academy; and they hinted, too, that such an unsocial being was hardly likely to have many invitations. Nevertheless the fact remained the same, that he was the only man among them who was ready, of his own free-will, to pass in a house they all hated, and in a town of which they had all grown heartily sick, the period of the year when liberty was most coveted. Mr Barfield in the fulness of his heart proposed making Mr Bell a very handsome present, which he could well afford to do, as he was the wealthiest among the ushers—the pupils, indeed, whose friends, as a rule, were not extremely affluent, talked of a brewery in which his father was a partner, and of the fabulous riches which, in consequence, he owned—but Bell would accept nothing more than some choice tobacco from a certain eminent firm in London. This Mr Barfield ordered directly he knew his comrade's wish; and Bell, who probably looked forward to five weeks' uninterrupted enjoyment of his meerschaum—for he was much addicted to the weed—was soon gratified by the receipt of a large parcel of his favourite mixture.

Now the vacation approached, and all the young heads, which will to all time be upon young shoulders, were turned with delight at the prospect of going home; a thousand invitations were given and accepted, which were never afterwards kept or thought of; those who were leaving the school cemented eternal friendships, which did not last over the threshold of Hanover House; and, strangely enough, all the West Indian boys were this half-year invited by friends, relations, or merchants who were the English agents for their parents, to pass the holidays away from school. This was the first time such a thing had ever occurred, and had it not been arranged that little Alfred Rainwood, the youngest boy in the school, was to stay during the vacation, the usher would have had no one in charge at Hanover House. Alfred Rainwood was not yet ten years old, and was a slight and delicate child for his age; he had no father or mother, but was placed at the school by a firm of solicitors somewhere in London. He was so young that he had not reached Mr Bell's classes, as he and a few other juveniles were taught by an articled pupil, so the usher knew very little of him, and he knew very little of the usher.

The tender age of the solitary lad made it impossible for Bell to set him any but the lightest tasks during the holidays; indeed, had it been known earlier that he alone would have remained, none of the masters would have been kept back on his account. As it was, the vacation began with all the usual bustle of departing boys, their uproar and glee; the last box had been dragged out, the last hat waved from the last omnibus, and Alfred and the stern-visaged tutor alone remained to represent the school. The poor little scholar wiped away a few natural tears which rose



to his eyes as he gazed from a window on one side of the schoolroom, down the high-road in the direction of the railway station. His eyes had filled on seeing the last crowded omnibus disappear, but his grief was only momentary; for he had never known a dearer home than this school, or a kinder friend than Mrs Garney, the master's wife, who was, in truth, a kind and motherly soul, fit to have the charge of young children; and very much liked and respected by those who were older. So in his case there was not the exquisite bitterness which some poor boys have felt, when the hollow bang of the closing doors has shut the last gay holiday-maker from their sight.

Alfred was at one window of the schoolroom, at another was the silent usher, looking in the same direction as the boy looked, but doubtless with very different thoughts; he seemed, indeed, quite unconscious of his companion's presence. The child glanced timidly up at his teacher once or twice, as though anxious to address him, but the face never turning round, he at last slipped from the form on which he stood, and very quietly, with sidelong glance at Mr Bell, stole from the room. The usher, who hardly remembered his little charge, continued to gaze from the window long after the last vehicle had disappeared: then, filling his inseparable pipe, he sauntered slowly in the wide gravelled area, which formed the playground at Hanover House, and slowly paced its limits until the sound of the familiar bell—which usually appealed to so many expectants—called him in to tea.

The next day the usher, who was not a resident tutor, presented himself, with his invariable punctuality, at five minutes to nine, although Master Rainwood's studies were only to occupy from ten until eleven, and three till four o'clock, with an allowance of half-holidays entirely at Mr Bell's discretion. When ten o'clock came, came also the child, timidly, as was his wont, up the long, white, and empty schoolroom, to where Mr Bell sat, thoughtfully pulling his whisker, and looking, in the eyes of the scholar, very grim and terrible; but he spoke gently to the boy, more gently than seemed in keeping with his hard lined face. The easy lessons were gone through, and Alfred was then told he might amuse himself as he pleased, until the afternoon.

The boy again disappeared quietly, the usher lighted his meerschaum, and strolled about the playground, seeming to have no inclination to leave the premises, which, to his associates, felt so much like a prison. After a while, however, he sauntered with his aimless, listless walk, into a library which the boys had for their use, and there he stood gazing on the books, as though debating which to choose; in reality he had sunk into a reverie, which rendered him quite unconscious of the books, the room, the school. Suddenly, a small hand was laid upon his, and a very weak voice said: 'If you please, sir, may I have a book?'

Recalled to himself, the usher looked round, and looked down, and there was the childish face, the light hair, and blue eyes of the scholar. 'Have a book, my boy!' responded Mr Bell, with a sort of heartiness in his tone, which was assuredly not usual with him; 'certainly. What kind of book would you like?'

'Any one, sir,' said the child; 'any one that has

a good deal about pirates, or robbers, or wild beasts, or uninhabited islands, or shipwrecks.'

The usher took his pipe from his mouth, and looked with a strange smile at the frail little pigmy who was speaking, and then he stroked the boy's silken hair.

'Pirates, robbers, wild beasts, and shipwrecks!' he said. 'Uninhabited islands too! I suppose it is natural, though. Did you ever read *Masterman Ready*?'

'No, sir,' said the child. 'Is it very pretty and dreadful?'

The usher smiled one of his quiet smiles again, and again, with a thoughtful air, stroked the boy's curls, and looked at him as though he was looking far beyond him. He made a long pause ere he spoke. 'It is a wonderful book,' he said at last. 'But you shall read it, and tell me what you think about it then.'

'Is it true?' was of course the next question.

'Well, I won't say that everything happened as there set down,' returned the usher; 'but I can say that I never read it without believing every word of it.' He took the book from the shelf, and gave it to the child; and as he did so, moved by some sudden impulse, he stooped and kissed his forehead; then taking a volume for himself almost at random, he again sought the playground, and walked or sat, and smoked and read, save for the afternoon lesson and his tea, until twilight.

On the next day, at the conclusion of the morning's lesson, the usher said: 'I think I shall go to Lord Oakmount's park to-day, and fish. Would you like to go with me, Rainwood?'

The boy assented with a flush of surprise and pleasure which told how few had been his excursions.

'Very well, then,' continued Bell; 'I will let Mrs Garney know; and if she has no objection, I will take you with me; and that we may have a good long day, I will obtain permission for cook to pack up our dinners, and we will take them with us.'

This, as a delicious gipsying idea, somewhat like their being outlaws too, and certainly very like parts of *Masterman Ready*, so delighted the boy, that he could not say how pleased he was, but his smile told all.

Mrs Garney's consent was soon obtained, and indeed that kindly soul told the cook, when giving instructions about the dinner, that she was heartily pleased to see Mr Bell taking so much to poor Alfred, and that she should go to Margate—for the Garneys were quite fashionable people in their way, and made nothing of spending a fortnight or three weeks at a watering-place. It was owing to the pleasure she felt, probably, that the usher found, when he came to unpack the basket, a small flask of Mr Garney's particular port wine. But this is anticipating.

The two went together to Lord Oakmount's park; a splendid demesne of some seven hundred acres, with preserves and fish-ponds which were the envy of every sportsman and angler for a dozen miles round; and though it was excessively difficult for even the farmers thereabouts to obtain the right of a day's fishing, yet the usher had unlimited leave. His influence was with Walter Lamsett, the chief-keeper, a man well stricken in years, and reputed to be of a surly temper; he lived at the lodge. The lodge, by-the-bye, was by no means a

small house; it had been built by the earl specially for the use of Lamsett, after he had married and a family was growing up around him, so that it was much larger than is usual with lodges. Here lived the keeper with his only unmarried daughter, who, although his youngest child, was well past thirty years of age; and a certain service which the usher had been able to render him, had induced Lamsett not only to regard Bell as a friend—to which result the usher's taciturnity had perhaps contributed—but had caused him to obtain the freedom of the fish-ponds for his benefactor.

The heavy gate swung behind the usher, and its noise brought to the door Priscilla, the keeper's daughter. She greeted Bell very warmly, yet respectfully; indeed, there was a sort of awe in her manner, which, however, the usher seemed in no way to notice. Miss Priscilla begged him to take a cup of tea at the lodge on his return; and on his hesitating, said that she was sure the young gentleman would be tired, and require rest; her father too was out, and he would be so vexed if Mr Bell went back without sitting down in the lodge for a few minutes; indeed, he might think she had not made him welcome. Bell listened to this, looked at the boy's small white face and large eyes, with the grave absent manner which was so natural to him, and then accepted the invitation, much to the gratification of Miss Priscilla, who blushed like a much younger woman, while speaking to him. For was he not one of the masters at Hanover House, supposed, from that fact, to possess extraordinary powers of watching for mistakes and blunders in the conversation of those who spoke to him! Then the usher and his companion went on, and were soon lost in a wilderness of trees, ferns, and under-wood, nor did he once look round; had he done so, he might have seen, unless the flowers on the window-sill had hidden her, Miss Priscilla watching them as long as they were in sight.

The usher fished, and Alfred read *Masterman Ready* for some hours, and then, when the sun had dipped pretty low in the west, they prepared to leave. Not a dozen sentences had been spoken between the seemingly ill-assorted companions, but it was perhaps the happiest afternoon Alfred had ever passed. There was a sense of wildness and of forest-life, in lying there under the giant trees, by the side of an unknown lake, with mystery in the thickets beyond, but with a feeling of safety too in having his elder with him; freedom in the soft breeze which played around him, and in the carolling of the birds, and the occasional scamper of a hare or rabbit. The two, as already said, had scarcely spoken, save when Bell pulled in a fish; then the boy's eyes would sparkle, and he would utter an ejaculation of delight, which the usher would notice by a sympathetic smile: and so had the day worn until it was time to leave the lake.

So the boy closed his *Masterman Ready*, over which he had been furtively crying for several minutes, for he had nearly finished the book; the usher gathered his tackle, and they returned to the lodge. Here was their tea set out in great state; not only all the best china service, but Miss Priscilla too was seen in her Sunday black silk, and adorned with her watch and chain, for a visit from a master and a scholar at Hanover House was no ordinary matter. Little Alfred had never been

made so much of in his life, and he thought Miss Priscilla the nicest and kindest lady he had ever known, as he told Mr Bell when they came away. When they did leave, the keeper's daughter, in a somewhat old-fashioned style, thanked them for the honour of their call, and begged them to accept two beautiful nosegays, to remind them of their visit. Alfred kissed her very heartily for the flowers, while Bell, relaxing from his usual hardness, assured Miss Priscilla that he needed nothing to remind him of Oakmount Lodge and its inmates, but that he should, nevertheless, prize the flowers very highly. As Alfred said, when they got into the high-road, Miss Priscilla turned so beautifully red when they were bidding her good-bye, that she was like a rose herself, and it was in following up this remark that he pronounced her to be the nicest and kindest lady he had ever seen.

More the child might have spoken, but just then they were overtaken by a strange gentleman, who was walking a little faster than their sauntering pace, but who slackened as he reached them.

'Had much sport, sir?' said the stranger, with a glance at the usher's basket.

'Not a great deal,' returned Bell.

'I believe, however, that the ponds at Oakmount are reckoned very good,' continued the stranger. 'You are a privileged one, I presume, as I hear it is not easy to get a day's fishing there.'

Bell, as was his wont, stole a half-furtive glance at his new companion, in lieu of answering. He was a smartly dressed man, who was not very young, but who had a style about his attire which seemed to indicate a wish to be thought so. He was dark; wore plenty of jewellery; his moustache was too black and glossy to be quite natural; he had dark, quick eyes; and a profusion of black hair. This much Bell noticed before the stranger spoke again.

'And are you going to make an angler of this young gentleman? One of the pupils from Hanover House, I presume?—I thought so; but surely it is almost holiday-time.'

'Yes,' returned Bell, 'it is now the vacation; but he remains at the school during the holidays.'

'Indeed!' exclaimed the stranger.—'And do you like the school, my little friend? Don't you wish you were going home, eh?' With this, he sought to take Alfred's hand; but the child shrunk from him, and crept closer to the usher.

'He is a very shy child,' said Bell, in an undertone; 'and he has no home to go to, such as you are thinking about.'

'Oh, indeed!' said the other, elevating his eyebrows, as though he understood the reason of the boy's shrinking. 'But let me ask, have I the honour of speaking to Mr Bell?'

'My name is Bell,' said the usher; and a somewhat deeper glow flushed for a moment into his cheeks, as though the inquiry startled him.

'I thought so,' exclaimed the stranger. 'Pray, do not think me over-free; but I have heard of you. I am staying at the *Oakmount Arms*; and you know how, in these little country towns, the people will talk; so they talked of you among others, and very highly they spoke of you. I am out of tobacco, I find; and as I fancy I am a judge, I should like to try that mixture you are smoking.—Thanks.' He took a pouch from Bell, and filled his pipe. 'This is very capital tobacco,' he continued; 'but I think I have some as good at

my rooms. You will come round there to-night, and try it. Do promise.'

'I fear, not to-night,' said Bell slowly. 'I have one or two little engagements.'—

'Then to-morrow,' interrupted the stranger. 'Come, now; it will be a charity. I have been here a week, and shall have to stay some time longer; and really I don't know what to do with myself. This makes my invitation but a poor compliment, I know, but indeed its acceptance will be a charity.'

'I do not see how'—began the usher; but the other broke in with energetic arguments; and finally Bell promised to call at the inn on the next evening, at which the stranger expressed his delight, and gave him a small thin card, on which was engraved, 'Mr Lawrence Prior.'

## CHAPTER II.

The following day passed as its predecessors had done; the usher heard the pupil repeat his easy lessons, sauntered and smoked a few hours in the playground, had a long talk about *Masterman Ready*, and then, in the evening, found himself at the *Oakmount Arms*. Like many other silent men, and like the famous parrot, if he spoke little, he thought the more: the usher had many times during the day speculated upon the reason, if reason there were, of Mr Prior's taking such a sudden fancy to him. But when he kept his appointment, his first impression was that the stranger had really made his acquaintance from not knowing what better to do with his time; at anyrate, he was very glad to see Bell, and made him particularly welcome. Although he spoke of the nuisance of being obliged to pass several weeks in a wretchedly dull town like Onslope, he did not explain what his business was; but, whatever its nature, it justified or compelled his keeping a very handsome dogcart and very fast trotter, which were placed unreservedly at the teacher's service, if a ride of a dozen miles were at any time agreeable to him. This proposal was specially pleasing to Bell, who rarely had such a treat; and a certain dislike which, he was compelled to own, he had at first felt for his new friend, soon wore away, and, either at the *Oakmount Arms*, or behind the fast trotter, he found himself in his company every day for a week after their first interview. A freer, more generous man than Mr Prior—from a tavern point of view—it would be impossible to conceive; he appeared absolutely hurt if his friend offered to pay for anything, and his well-filled purse was ostentatiously displayed, to shew that he had the ability as well as the will to do the honours.

They parted somewhat earlier than usual one night with an agreement to meet the next afternoon, early, and drive to Cradley Common, there to dine at a certain woodside tavern, famous for the views it commanded. The teacher went a little out of his way to call at Hanoover House, partly to let the housekeeper know that he would not be there the next day, partly to see Master Rainwood before he went to bed. He left his message, and saw Alfred, who kissed him, and bade him 'good-night,' saying, as he did so: 'I wish, Mr Bell, you were going to sleep in my room. I should like you to tell me about all the books you have ever read.'

Bell laughed, and, as had grown his habit, passed his hand through the child's hair, and then patted his head. 'Good-night, my boy,' he said; 'you will hear enough of my stories some day, I warrant. When we go fishing again, if you ask me, I will tell you some strange stories of a friend of mine, who went abroad, and had some strange adventures.'

'Then we will go soon!' exclaimed the frail little fellow, who, like most delicate boys, had a craving for narratives of life and scenes he was the least fitted for.

The usher went home to his lodgings, two very humble rooms, in a small unfinished street at the country end of the town, where his reputation as a scholar, and his quiet, unobtrusive habits, had made him a great favourite. He enjoyed a quiet turn in the garden, with his beloved pipe, for twenty minutes before he went to bed; and as his landlady drew the curtains and closed the shutters of her back-parlour, she deemed that her lodger, as he paced thoughtfully round and round the little domain, was revolving in his mind deep and profound subjects, known only to scholars. But the good lady was much mistaken; he was thinking of the interviews past, and the interview coming, with his generous friend, Mr Prior. If Mr Prior supposed that the quiet, dull manner of his new acquaintance indicated a slow and unobservant temperament, he was very much mistaken, but perhaps Mr Prior had no such opinion; however this might be, the usher's reflections had reference to his new friend. 'If he has anything special to say to me,' he thought, 'he will say it to-morrow. The place is a very lonely place, and fit for confidential talk; he could say anything he pleased at the inn, of course, but some men feel a sense of freedom in getting to a lonely, out-of-the-way spot. He *must* have something to say. Why has he been so carefully sounding me as to my position, prospects, and whether I am in debt, unless he wants— And yet I don't know.' Bell smoked and walked with a still more thoughtful air. 'Not a night have we been together,' his reflections continued, 'but he has been artfully, and unsuspectingly, as he thought, pumping me. Telling me all his own affairs, too, with such candour; it's a pity some of his anecdotes did not agree with each other. I wonder who he is.'

It is evident from this brief abstract of the usher's train of thought, that unbounded faith in his new friend was not one of his weaknesses. Nevertheless he was punctual to his appointment on the next day, as was Mr Prior; the fast trotter and the dogcart were duly brought round, and away they rattled to the admiration of the three or four loungers who saw their departure.

The day was brilliantly fine; a little too warm, perhaps, for complete enjoyment, but the fast trotter conquered even that objection, by rattling the dogcart along so swiftly as to raise a breeze, and in some forty minutes they were at their destination. The *Plough*, for such was the name of the hostel they sought, was, as has been said, but a roadside public-house, but it was a roomy old-fashioned one, and being so situated that it commanded an extensive prospect, it was much frequented by pleasure-parties and excursionists. The favourite spot within its limits was an arbour, which was built on a knoll at the end of its

bowling-green, for here the visitor could sit and gaze over the greater part of three rich English counties; and here, then, sat Mr Prior and his friend, at tea. Tea had been ordered in deference to Bell's simple tastes; he was an old-fashioned fellow, he owned, but go without his tea he could not, and would not. This at first rather vexed Mr Prior, who was anxious to outshine himself in liberality this day, and proposed that, in honour of the exquisite scenery which lay before them, they should have out champagne, if the house kept it; or, failing this, they would have port or sherry. This temptation not sufficing, stronger drinks were proposed in turn, but steadily declined by the usher, and so perforce, tea was ordered.

Looking round somewhat quickly, Bell fancied he caught his companion's eye fixed on him with an expression almost savage; but as their glances met, Mr Prior broke into a laugh, and said: 'Do you know what I was thinking about, old fellow?'

The usher looked at him for a few seconds without replying, but this was not uncommon with him, and then said: 'No.'

Simple and natural as this reply was, there was something in the manner of the speaker which disconcerted his companion, who coloured a little as he went on: 'I was thinking what a queer fellow you would be on the seas, or in any loose-living country—I have been in some of the kind myself. Why, you couldn't live among the people for a week, with your old-maidish ways.'

'As the twig is bent, the tree is inclined, you know,' returned Bell; 'and I believe I was always fond of a cup of tea. Yet I like a social glass too, as you are very well aware.'

'But you are so confoundedly cautious—I mean particular,' urged Prior, who hastily checked himself, and changed the expression; 'one would think that you were a bishop at least. But here comes our tea, so now you will be happy.'

Bell smiled, and they sat down to the meal, which in his quiet way he seemed to enjoy, but which Mr Prior scarcely touched, although he extolled the quality of everything; nor, although he said twenty times more in praise of the scenery than did his companion, appeared he to be at his ease, for his speech wandered now and then, as though his mind was not in harmony with it, and he would rise and sit down again, and change his seat continually.

When tea was over, they strolled about the grounds, and over the common outside, for a long time, Mr Prior being again most pressing in his offers of stimulating liquor, till at last they had some. In obedience to his orders, wine was brought to where the trunk of a felled tree lay at the edge of the common, and there they sat watching the sun sink behind the woods, and the moon rise on the opposite side, without very much being spoken, save when Prior occasionally pressed more wine on his companion. The teacher drank pretty freely, but it was remarkable how closely he watched his friend as he poured out the wine; and once, when Bell had risen to get a light for his cigar, he found on his return that his glass had been filled: he feigned an accident to spill it. Prior was very sorry for this, and was anxious to supply the loss, but Bell refused to allow him, as there was but one glassful left in the bottle; and by an exercise of friendly authority he made

Prior drink it himself. The latter then went to the inn for another bottle, for, as he said, it would be a pity not to enjoy themselves thoroughly while they were about it. The night being very warm, he left his hat on the tree, and directly he was hidden from sight, Bell took it in his hands, hastily turned up the lining all round, and then replaced it. 'He seems all right,' he muttered; 'but I have been half afraid all the time that he was trying to put some powder in my drink. I thought it might be in his hat; I suppose I must be wrong, for I don't see what he could get by it. However, here he comes.' Mr Prior returned, and by the time the second bottle was finished, the moon was high in the heavens, and it was time to leave.

'Let us have just one turn round the common before we go,' said Prior; 'I will tell them to put the horse in the trap, and we shall be back by the time all is ready.'

'Agreed,' said Bell; and the order was accordingly given.

Prior was extremely anxious that they should have just one glass of brandy neat, to keep the wine down, before they started for their final stroll; but Bell was firm, and the idea was abandoned. They sauntered on in silence until their walk led them over the crest of a low hill, where they paused for a while to admire the beautiful effect of the moonlight, and each remarked upon the silence and solitude of the spot. While they stood there, Prior, as though he had that instant made up his mind, flung away the cigar he was smoking, turned suddenly to Bell, and said: 'Now, old fellow, will you make your fortune? You can do it, if you like.'

Bell, who had drawn hastily back at the other's unexpected movement, recovered himself at once, and answered coolly enough: 'How is it to be done?'

'Easily,' returned the other. 'But before I go any further, and say what I cannot unsay, just answer me this—are you tired of being poor, and are you willing to be rich without being too nice about the means? And are you willing to leave England for good and all?'

'You know that I am poor,' returned the usher; 'you have taken care to assure yourself of that; and I suppose you judge me to be a man of few scruples, or you would not be talking to me in this strain.'

Prior nodded, and smiled.

'I have very little to keep me in England,' continued Bell; 'the only bond I have is my situation, which I would throw up to-morrow, if it were made worth my while.'

'So far, so good,' said Prior; 'but that is not all. I want a man who is willing to do what is required of him, without caring whether it is strictly legal or not. A man who will carry out instructions, so long as he is himself safe and well paid, without troubling his head about the risks or motives of those who employ him.'

'You need say no more, to indicate the kind of man you want,' returned Bell; 'but allowing I am your man—and I believe I am—how came you to pick me out?'

'Because no one could do the work so well as yourself,' replied Prior; then lowering his voice, a perfectly needless precaution, he continued—'because you have the care of young Rainwood, and he must be got out of the way.'

Despite the habitual self-possession and command which Bell possessed, he turned with an exclamation of amazement at this speech.

'He must be got out of the way, as I said, for good and all,' repeated Prior, very slowly, and fixing his eyes with a searching expression on the other's face.

'Do you want me to kill him?' asked Bell, in his usual calm tone.

'No; I don't,' bluntly replied his companion. 'So far as I am concerned, I should be glad if he were dead, and would pay any one well who brought it about; but the preposterous scruples of those for whom I act, bar this plan. No; simple kidnapping and absconding are all that is wanted. Take him to South America, we will say, and bring him up there. He may still be called Rainwood, if you think it better, for it is no more his name than—than'—

'Than Prior is yours, probably,' said Bell quietly, finding the other paused for a comparison.

The man laughed, and said: 'I will not say whether you are right or wrong. But if you go into this business, you shall deal with persons whose names you may know, and who are solvent parties. Once for all, too, remember this—that if any accident happens to the brat, in any unhealthy country, you won't be held to blame. There are some who are too puritanical to agree to the safest course, but who would be thankful to any one who exceeded his commission a little when he was away. That, however, is a matter for the future; all we need talk of to-night is how to secure him; his living or dying afterwards will not affect you, except that you can never come back to England while he is alive, I should fancy.'

'You talk like a man of business,' said Bell; 'and evidently consider that I am one; but you have given me no hint yet as to what I am to have if I join you.'

'By Jove! sir,' exclaimed Prior, seizing and shaking his companion's hand, 'you are the man for me. No beating about the bush, but coming straight to the point. Now, then, for particulars.'

In the conversation which followed, and which lasted beyond the time at which they had intended to start, Prior unfolded his plans more minutely, and with every appearance of candour. He said that Alfred Rainwood was the grandson of a rich man, whose son had made an imprudent marriage. The son's wife was dead, and the young man, having seen his folly, would now contract a very eligible marriage, to his own benefit and his father's gratification, but for the existence of this child. Alfred would be heir to the entailed property, let his father marry whom he pleased, and have what children he might. Now, if he were away, say to a country from which he was never likely to return; away, too, from all danger of being recognised by those who knew the secret and who might make money, Prior owned, by threatening to betray it; then, circumstances would be changed. If even he came back in twenty years' time, the speaker urged, it would be next to impossible for him to find a clue, or to follow one if he had it. But a judicious man would prevent all possibility of such an occurrence, if that judicious man knew that he was to receive an annuity as long as the child lived, and as much by way of compensation, in case of his death, as would amount to ten times the yearly amount in one

sum; that man, if he possessed half the faculties his friends gave him credit for, would see that no such accident as his returning was possible.

The usher listened very gravely, and showed a perfect understanding of the scheme, and at its conclusion, asked whom he was to see on the matter beyond Mr Prior, and when his share in it was expected to commence. Prior reiterated his vehement expressions of delight at the other's remarkable capacity for business, and at once handed him a card bearing the name and address of a firm of solicitors known to stand among the highest in the country. 'You shall see the principal,' he said; 'I suppose such a man will be sufficient for you; but, of course, he will only talk of remuneration for the care of Master Rainwood, whose health requires him to go abroad, with compensation in the case of his death, or of his being removed from your care. You are not to discuss with him as to how the youngster comes into your charge.'

Bell signified his assent; and as the dogcart had long been ready, they mounted; and during the drive home, Prior was in wonderful spirits; indeed, the wine seemed to have taken much greater hold of him than it had done of the usher. He boisterously expatiated on the wild enjoyments of life in a new country, depicting scenes which might, perhaps, have roused a man of half Bell's age, but which were hardly so potent at his time of life, and so the usher reminded him.

'Don't you think,' he remarked, at the conclusion of one of these rhapsodies, 'that I may have seen as much of this kind of thing as I care to see? I am not a boy, you know.'

'Boy! No, of course not!' exclaimed his companion; 'I don't do business with boys; give me men with heads too old to be easily turned. But you have the life and pluck of a dozen green boys in you, and when you get abroad— But there! it is impossible to make a man who has never been in foreign countries, understand their pleasures and delights.'

A very curious smile stole for a moment over the usher's face, or so his friend imagined; but it might have been the mere effect of drawing afresh at his cigar, or the shade of a tree by the roadside, for ere Prior could assure himself that he was smiling, his face was as grave and cold as ever. They shook hands warmly at parting, and agreed to meet on the morrow; then Bell turned, and walked up the long silent High Street, which lay still and white in the moonlight; he was visible for a long time, a black spot moving slowly on, until a bend in the road shut him from Prior's view. For the latter had stood and watched him thoughtfully, with no trace on his features of the uproarious glee he had so lately exhibited; and when he lost sight of his quiet companion, he said, with something like a sigh: 'I am glad it's done. I knew my man, however; I was sure of him from the first. But he is a cold, selfish beggar, and as suspicious— How he watched me to-night! If I had been going to rob him, he could not have been more on his guard. But I managed him. I knew I should. You can always lead a greedy man—that is one comfort. Other weaknesses or passions are eccentric, and sometimes puzzle you, but love of gain never does. You have only to bid high enough, and it is a solved problem. But hang it! I am getting philosophical and oracular. Problems too! That comes of talking to a school-

master, I suppose.—Just a drop of brandy, my dear, in a bottle of soda; I shall not take any supper to-night.' This last phrase was addressed to the barmaid, for, during his soliloquy, he had sauntered up the inn-yard to the bar; and after this cooling draught—from which no human being surely ever derived the slightest benefit, despite its traditional sobering powers—he went to bed, feeling, as he mentally owned, 'rather floored' with his day's exertions.

### C A T S.

Cats from time immemorial have been favourites with the old and the young, the rich and the poor; and though at times persecuted by some thoughtless schoolboy, have upon the whole been received into the 'bosom of the family.' Dr Johnson sent out to purchase oysters for his pet Hodge when he was old and sick, and fancied no other food; and the poet, not content with cutting one hole in his library door to let his mouser in and out, fashioned a second smaller hole for the necessities of the kitten. What would Whittington be in history, or in our love and reverence, without his cat? Puss, however, generally falls to the favour of womankind. The Arab endows the cat by miraculous interposition at the beginning of the world, with the spirit of a gentle woman; and Dr Stables, with whom cats are 'darlings,' assures us in his book on *Cats*, that one sitting purring on the hearth-rug to the music of the hissing tea-urn, blinking her eyes before a bright fire, is the very personification of feminine virtue. Indeed, in this favourable view of pussy's lady-like character, he was preceded by Mr Broderip, who tells us, in his *Zoological Recreations*, that the cat is closely connected with the untranslatable word 'comfort'—a word that has neither name nor representation out of Great Britain. The doctor gives us but little if any, reverse to this amiable picture; but surely out of doors all likeness to womankind must cease, for we cannot be so ungallant as to follow the simile on to the tiles, or compare a cat parliament, with its unearthly noises, to the sweet and dulcet vocalisms of the gentler sex, however gossiping may be their tendency. If cats could always be kittens, redolent of fun and mischief as a school-girl, we might be disposed to admit some resemblance, but the comparison becomes flighty and far-fetched when it reaches our chimney-pots. However, cats are so greatly petted under the doctor's pen, that they can afford a little wholesome detraction. It is an interesting sight that of a cat teaching a kitten its future duties, in which domestic cleanliness, as well as mice-hunting, bears an important place. Some instances are given in which greediness is reproved by the mother, but not one in reproof of the errors of late hours. What open atmospheric influence is it that changes cats' nature, swearing and spitting at each other—fur-pulling and blood-letting being then their great delight, which nothing short of a descending boot or the discharge of a loaded blunderbuss seems sufficient to disturb?

Their self-denial under the harsh and trying treatment of children is one of the cat's greatest traits. Baby may squeeze Tom almost flat with the grasp of an infant Hercules, drag him by the tail, and otherwise cause cries of anguish to escape from the patient creature; but during all this manifest

suffering, its formidable talons remain sheathed in 'the velvet of its paws.'

We are told that the temper of a cat is to be known by the demeanour of its tail. When the tail is erect, it is pleased; when angry, it lashes it; and when excited and about to spring, the tail quivers. Mr Broderip says the tail changes in its expression as its owner outgrows its early innocence, and develops its treacherous and cat-like nature. The tail of the kitling before the blood of mice has reddened its incipient whiskers has no deceit or malice in it; it is carried about honestly bolt upright, rigid or oscillating in a paroxysm of fun. It lengthens or limbers, until, as the mature puss sneaks round the chicken coop or prowls in the larder, its air and motion betray all its changeable nature. The tail of the veteran mouser varies as content or passion sways its owner. Purring in your lap, puss waves it coquettishly, or droops it in drowsy satisfaction. But the same tail, when its proprietor is cornered by your terrier, becomes a veritable bottle-brush, in which each particular hair stands on end, as if electrified with anger.

A cat's liking for fish is proverbial, and its aversion to water equally so. Yet cats have often dived after fish and brought them ashore, and they have been known, after being transported many miles, to swim rivers, in their irresistible anxiety to return to their homes. How artfully a cat will pick a gold-fish out of a glass globe! Indeed, some admirers maintain that fish is puss's only weakness, which alone prevents its being perfection. We knew a cat that went grayling-fishing with its master, and would, if allowed, have gone in and landed every fish, in defiance of the hook.

A black cat was always associated with witches, for 'they together went to sea, each one in a riddle or sieve, and went in the same very substantially with flagons of wine, making merrie, and drinking by the way in the same riddles or sieves.' The two or three white hairs which almost invariably shew on the chest of black cats, if taken in ale, was supposed to be a sure protection against sorcery. Superstitious notions about cats are endless; but are happily now dying out. At one time, it was actually believed that if a cat were admitted to a nursery, it would let blood from a child's temple by licking it with its rough rasp-like tongue, under which operation the child would become exceedingly drowsy, and waste gradually away.

An old farm-house in Derbyshire obtained the notoriety of being haunted. It was visited by a member of the society for the 'laying of ghosts,' who, sitting up with a goodly supply of toddy, and a broomstick, routed the goblin at the deadly hour of night, having found her swinging to the bell-handle, which communicated with most of the chambers, and to which bell-pull, country fashion, a hare's foot had been attached. The habit of cats lifting latches has frightened many a lone woman, for the animal has the cunning to hide until the door is opened, and then to creep in unobserved. Cats attracted by cream will get their heads fixed in the mouths of jugs, and then the noise made by their attempts to release themselves, will suggest to the shivering wakers the notion of burglars; while housebreakers, in their turn, have been known to imitate the noise of cats, to cover the operations of their picks and files. It may, however, be well to know how to remove the noise

of cats from a too close approximation to your windows. A few sprigs of valerian thrown on a distant meadow will collect them in conclave for many nights together. They are likewise passionately fond of the little garden-flower nemophila. They no sooner scent it, than they throw themselves upon it, and roll over and over with the greatest sense of enjoyment.

Chickens are a cat's *bonne bouche*, and eggs they do not despise. A butterman gave a cat a broken egg. Fatal gift! from that day puss would seize every opportunity to roll an egg off the counter. If the smash was unheard, she would lap up the yolk, rubbing the shell amongst the sawdust, to prevent discovery, and then mount again amongst the eggs, to repeat the character of Humpty Dumpty.

That birds, however apparently safely hung in cages, are unsafe from the skill and cunning of the cat, may be gathered from many instances of the extraordinary leaps they are capable of making to attain their prey. We are told by a reliable authority that when his cat was a year old, he was seen several days in succession to take his position on a show-case four feet high, licking his chops, while watching a canary in a cage, suspended from the ceiling eight feet from the case. The ceiling was eleven feet high from the floor, and the cage an ordinary cylindrical one. While thus observing the cat, and thinking how remote was his chance of plunder, the animal suddenly sprang at the cage and caught his claws in it. His weight swung the cage up against the ceiling, spilling seed and water, and terrifying the canary. After swinging to and fro for several times, the cat dropped to the floor uninjured. Our informant measured the distance from the top of the cage, and found it to be ten feet; so that the cat made an ascent of six feet in eight, or upon an incline of nearly thirty-five degrees. The surprise here is that the bird escaped; for it is during its terror, and while beating itself from side to side of the cage, that the hooked claws of the cat are prepared to receive it; and if any portion of the bird is caught, it is rapidly pulled through the wire, and the cat and bird disappear before the spectator can recover his astonishment.

It is supposed that hitherto the culinary value of cats has been confined to China and Japan. Our Eastern friends may have long held the monopoly, but the Parisians now follow suit. According to *Galignani*, there are a few cat-butchers in that city of gourmands, who will give a good price to the rag-pickers for a puss dead or alive, provided it be fresh and fat; their skins are sold to the furriers, their fat to the frying-shops, and their flesh to the low eating-houses. A certain amiable naturalist who has tasted almost everything under the sun, says, that a well-fed cat is superior to an Ostende rabbit. Prodigal as we are of cat-life, kittens were recently quoted in the New Zealand price-lists at from one to three pounds each, and a grown cat from four to seven pounds. A tortoise-shell Tom exhibited in Piccadilly a few years ago was valued at a hundred guineas; and the Rev. A. W. advertises one for sale, in the *Animal World* of February 1875. 'A cat perfectly black, nine months old,' is likewise offered for sale on April 1st in the same journal. As long ago as the days of 'Howell the Good,' in the year 948, that Welsh king enacted that the price of a kiting before it

could see was to be a penny; till it caught a mouse, twopence; and when a skilful monser, fourpence. Those who stole or killed a cat that guarded the royal granaries were to forfeit a milch ewe, its fleece and lamb, or as much wheat as when poured on the cat, suspended by its tail (the head touching the floor), would form a heap high enough to cover the tip of the tail. A short time since, 'the rage set in so strong in Brussels for Angora cats that fabulous prices were asked, and dealers stole the cats that were bought from them one day, and sold them again the next, to satisfy the demand.'

Cats have been known to assume the office of protectors, and to have sprung at persons who have attempted to assault their masters or mistresses. A cat in a suburb of London accompanies two children in their perambulator. Should a dog approach its protégés, apparently under the conviction that the daily diet of the canine tribe is babies, it bushes its tail; and if the warning not to come nearer is not taken, it springs upon the back of the intruder, sticks its claws and teeth into its hide, and sends it off faster than it came.

When cats once take to the coppice after game, the habit becomes incurable, and the keepers consider themselves justified in knocking them over. Cats sleek and fat, having no excuse for poaching, have been known to take to these predatory practices, which usually brings them to an untimely suspension on the gallows-tree.

The tenacity of life in cats is marvellous, and they are known to have survived the most brutal treatment. But let us hope that this is of the past. It is no longer permitted to set the bull-dog or the terrier after every stray cat, neither are they hung up in couples by their tails over a clothes-line to tear each other to pieces, nor shod in walnut-shells, thrown from church towers with a blown bladder tied to their necks, sent to navigate the horse-pond in a bowl to be hunted by curs; for such 'games' would be now visited with severe penalties. Doubtless, therefore, with a more healthy feeling of humanity, one may soon hear of a Feline Asylum, as in Florence, supported by aristocratic and wealthy patronesses, as is now the case with us for our other domestic companion, the dog.

A cat will leap from an immense height to escape from confinement, and the way she comes upon her feet, says Dr Stables, is curious. When she first leaps—too often barbarously kicked—she turns over belly upwards in a semicircle. To avoid coming down thus and dislocating her spine, she extends the muscles of her back and stretches her legs. The convexity is now reversed, and with it the centre of gravity, and in this position she alights on her feet. Professor Owen's experiences would, however, not endorse this statement, for he tells us that he had a cat which fell from a tower of his villa, and although having plenty of time to take a turn, came down upon its head, and knocked out one of its eyes.

Several anecdotes are told by Dr Stables of the affection of cats unto death, and he more than confirms that of Mr Broderip by similar facts, such as how a favourite cat would not be parted from its dying master—was with difficulty driven from the sick-chamber—and even after the body was

Compounded with the dust whereto 'twas kin,



would return again and again to the grave, although repeatedly chased from the churchyard, and there lie braving cold and hunger for hours.

Knowing what we do, we are not disposed to be credulous in regard to one or two of the anecdotes related by Dr Stables. For instance, we are inclined to believe that some other explanation might be found than the one which he attributes to his own favourite puss, which, having a liking to sit upon paper, distinguishes between two journals of different politics, preferring the Liberal organ to the Conservative! Her preference is so manifest and decided, that if she by accident lies for a moment upon the Conservative sheet, she immediately detects it, and removes for a comparatively permanent doze to that of the broader tendencies. As if anticipating scepticism on the part of his readers, the doctor gives a long list of names and addresses of his living authorities, as vouchers for the authenticity of the anecdotes he relates.

The chapter devoted to 'Feline Ailments' appears to have received great care, and treats apparently of every ill that cat is heir to, with their remedies, amongst which is grass, which in towns should always be gathered and placed within their reach. Fits, consumption, diarrhoea, bronchitis, mange, the yellows, dysentery, milk-fever, and inflammation, together with diet and housing, and amputations, are in this chapter, the reading of which has made us feel more than ever a sympathy with poor puss, and inclines us to forgive her selecting, say, our wife's velvet bonnet, or carefully folded shawl, as a litter for her kittens. If, however, cats do not share a perfect paradise on earth, the poet has prepared for them a feline Elysium:

There shall the worthies of the whiskered race  
Elysian mice o'er floors of sapphire chase,  
Midst beds of aromatic marum stray,  
Or raptured, rove beside the Milky way.

The following is a good story, told in the *Ladies' Own Journal*, of a robbery being detected by a cat. A lady in Liverpool had a favourite tabby which always received her with manifest pleasure upon entering the house. One Sunday, however, upon returning from church, she was surprised to find that pussy was not there to greet her, and its continued absence made her a little uneasy. The servants had not seen her, and a search was instituted. Upon the mistress descending to the basement, her calls of 'puss' were answered from the wine-cellar, which had been properly locked, and the keys placed in apparent safe custody. As the cat was in the parlour when the lady left for church, it was unnecessary to consult a 'wise man' to ascertain that the servants had clandestine means of getting into the wine-cellar.

A few instances are current of cats attaching themselves to persons and accompanying them from one lodging to another, and even from hotel to hotel in a long tour; and there are others in which cats have made their way through crowded towns to regain their homes. The following, in relation to the latter, we give upon our own responsibility. Our family removed from Camberwell to Pentonville, the first a south-west suburb of London, the other north. A cat, which was much attached to our dog Dandy, was accidentally left behind.

After the first day at our new abode we missed Dandy, and great was our grief. Two mornings afterwards, just at sunrise, we heard his favourite signal-bark, and hastening down to open the door, in walked Master Dandy, accompanied by the cat; the dog repeatedly running backward and forward between us and the cat, to explain his absence. Nor was he satisfied, early as was the visit, until he had reintroduced the cat to every one of the household. These two faithful companions must have jogged together through numberless streets, even in the dead of night, when these were not altogether free from dangers to the feline tribe. This dog Dandy is made honourable mention of in J. H. Fennell's *Natural History of Quadrupeds*.

And this reminds us to venture upon a special word for puss, when master and mistress are removing to summer quarters. In the hurry and bustle of packing for the country, many things are forgotten, and amongst others, sometimes the cat. Uneasy at the unwonted stir, puss will often retire from her accustomed hearth, kitchen, or laundry, and wander in quest of quiet. This is natural to it; but—unless having provided otherwise—let not that cause Materfamilias or Jack to forget to provide a basket, and take puss too. The summer quarters may be too remote even for Dandy.

#### A MOTHER'S PRAYERS.

FROM THE GERMAN, BY ANTONIA DICKSON.

THE sweetest sound heard through our earthly home—  
The brightest ray that gleams from heaven's dome—  
The loveliest flower that o'er from Earth's breast rose—  
The purest flame that, quivering, gleams and glows—  
Are found alone, where kneels a mother mild,  
With heart uplifted, praying for her child.

The stream of tears can never cease to flow  
Long as Life's sun shall shine on us below;  
And many angels have been sent by God  
To count the tear-drops wept upon Life's road;  
But of all tears that flow, the least defiled  
Are when a mother prays beside her child.

Because it is to mortal eyes unseen,  
Ye call it foolishness, a childish dream.  
In vain; ye cannot rob me of that thought,  
That legend, with such heavenly sweetness fraught,  
That blessed angels have for ages smiled  
To see a mother praying for her child.

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Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, 47 Paternoster Row, LONDON, and 339 High Street, EDINBURGH. Also sold by all Booksellers.

# CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

OF  
POPULAR

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

*Fourth Series*

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS.

No. 602.

SATURDAY, JULY 10, 1875.

PRICE 1½d.

## A PLEA FOR THE SEAL.

No one could have walked the streets during the late winter and spring without observing the prevalence of seal-skin jackets as an article of female attire. The wearing of skins, no matter of what kind, as closely fitting garments, is of course seriously detrimental to health, by excluding exhalation from the body. But on that we are not going to expatiate, well knowing that where female fashions are concerned, all remonstrance is useless. What we propose to speak about is the extraordinary trade in seal-skins which has sprung up in consequence of the universal mania for dressing in these articles. We all know that skins cannot be manufactured like calico, but come from the backs of animals, and that at best there is a limited supply. Hence the prodigious prices given for seal-skin furs. When procured, the skins are usually, in the first instance, sent to London, where periodically large sales at auction take place, which are attended by dealers from all parts of England and the continent. A few months ago, at one of these sales, two seal-skins brought as much as eighty-four pounds—the highest price, it is believed, ever attained in the London market.

Seals, we need hardly say, cannot be reared like sheep, nor do they naturally congregate on sea-coasts in a temperate climate. They are to be found in some of the northern British isles, particularly Shetland, but only in small numbers. To procure them in abundance, we need to go much farther into Borean regions, such as Greenland and the north-west of Norway. Incited by the mercantile demand, the seal-fishery in the North Sea has latterly been carried on upon a scale so extensive as to threaten the annihilation of the animal. Horrid cruelties are practised. The seals which have just brought forth their young are killed wholesale, leaving their helpless progeny to perish. The custom has been to begin the seal-fishing—more properly seal-killing—in March; but reasons have been shewn for postponing the butchery till April. Female seals,

about to produce young, are swimming about in great numbers, preparing to take up their temporary abode on the ice, over shoals frequented by their favourite food. But the vessels are lying in wait, and begin their ruthless work. In two or three days, thousands of young seals are heard piteously crying after their slaughtered mothers. Even supposing the mothers to be as valuable as usual for their skins and oil, such is not the case with their poor helpless progeny, who are worthless when newly born. So destructive in this respect was the fishing twelve months ago, that the captains feared that the number of young left in a condition to furnish a supply for the present season (1875) would be seriously diminished. They all agreed that they committed this error, but each excused himself because the others did it. The difficulty is to get a united action among the different nationalities engaged in this cruel and destructive procedure.

Moved by the prospects of a ruined trade, as well, perhaps, as by motives of humanity, the proprietors of sealing-vessels in Norway, Scotland, and other countries have had some conferences on the subject. The question has also been under consideration by the Board of Trade and Foreign Office. It has been proposed to have a close time; but unhappily there are different opinions as to when the close time should terminate. A common opinion is, that April 5th and May 15th should be named as the opening and closing days respectively. The Swedish minister for foreign affairs, M. Björnstjerna, has stated that the Norwegian vessels from Tönsberg and Christiansund are about equal in number to the Scotch from Dundee and Peterhead; that the chief seat of the fishery is at and near Jan Mayen Island; and that the produce of the fishery is gradually lessening, owing to the reckless mode of conducting it, by the killing of the mothers before the pups are old enough to cater for themselves. (We may here remark that Jan Mayen Island is situated between Iceland and Spitzbergen, and is described by Lord Dufferin in his *Letters from High Latitudes*.) M. Björnstjerna points out that a treaty between England

and Sweden would not alone suffice, because sealers belonging to other nations would not be bound by it; and suggests that the Earl of Derby should open communications with all the maritime governments interested in the matter. When, early in the present year, the resolutions arrived at by the Dundee Conference were communicated to the Norwegian sealing owners and captains, the latter almost unanimously declared that the opening date above named was too late, and the closing date too soon; that a much longer time than forty-one days may safely be allowed for the fishing; that most of the pups are born about March 22d or 23d; and that, if the opening of the fishery were delayed beyond the 1st of April, it would frequently happen that all chance of a successful result would be sacrificed, either by the breaking up of the ice or the setting in of warm weather. Still more decidedly did they assert that May 15th was too early to close the fishing, as there are numbers of seals well worth capturing for some weeks after that date. Out of twenty-six Norwegian owners and captains, twenty-four recommended the dates April 1st and June 30th—thus giving ninety-one days of open fishing instead of the Scotch proposal of forty-one days! A woful difference this, shewing how much has still to be done before the experienced doctors will be able to agree about the mode of treating a malady which they all admit to exist. A commercial reason is assignable for the difference of opinion here expressed. The Scotch vessels are mostly larger, and employ more hands than the Norwegian; the captains wish to get their seal-fishing over as soon as they can, in order to proceed afterwards to fish for whales—an arrangement which does not so well suit the Norwegians. There have been some negotiations with a view to a remedy during the present year, but as yet nothing is done. The slaughter goes on as far as it can be effected, and will probably do so, till the colonies of seals in the North Sea are exterminated. The sufferings that meanwhile must be experienced by the poor motherless seals, wailing for food, and calling, we may say, for pity, are too painful to contemplate. The wearers of seal-skin jackets do not seem to be aware of the cruelties inflicted on these harmless and unfortunate animals.

So much for what we may call the ordinary seal-trade. We turn from it to give some account of the method of seal capture and traffic in the Pribylov Islands, a group connected with the province of Alaska, which was purchased by the United States from Russia in 1867. Here, things appear to be better managed. Although the Pribylov Islands embrace only an area of less than sixty square miles, they have, up to the present time, proved to be of greater commercial value than the half-million square miles contained in the territory on the mainland; for these islands—or rather two of them, there being four in all—are the principal resort of the seal in the northern hemisphere. Indeed the number of fur-seals which annually

visit the island of St Paul, in lat. 57° 8' north, long. 170° 12' west, is computed at between five and six millions.

Another of the islands, St George, about twenty-six miles to the south-east of St Paul, is the resort only of some quarter of a million seals; while the remaining two islands, Otter, five miles south of St Paul, and Walrus, six miles to the east of the same, are frequented principally by the walrus, and at certain seasons of the year by huge flocks of sea-fowl.

The trade in furs has always been one in which the first cost of the article has borne a singularly small proportion to the price it ultimately commands in the market. The late John Jacob Astor, reputed, at the time of his death, to be the richest man in the United States, laid the foundation of his enormous fortune (estimated at ten millions sterling) by his success in the fur-trade. He was wont, indeed, in his latter years to declare, that when, as a young man, he went into the wilds of the state of New York with his pack on his back, he had often purchased of the Indians for strings of beads, each of which had not cost him quite sixpence sterling, skins which, when cleaned and dressed, had commanded in the London market as many guineas. Of course the skins passed through the hands of various individuals, each of whom made a profit on them, before they were sold at the last-named price. Still, making every allowance for this fact, the gains of Astor were enormous in proportion to his first outlay. Even at the present time, although the profits realised in the fur-trade seventy years ago are no longer to be obtained, the difference between the first cost of a skin, or *pelt*, as it is technically termed, and the retail price is very considerable. For instance, the natives of St Paul are paid a uniform sum of forty cents (about one-and-eightpence sterling) for each seal-skin they procure, while the value of the same skin in London, before it is cleaned or dressed even, ranges from twenty-five shillings to two pounds; and when dressed it is worth from three to eight pounds, according to the quality.

We may mention, incidentally, that the North American fur-trade generally is at the present time in a state of transition. The monopoly so long enjoyed, and so jealously guarded, by the Hudson's Bay Company, of the products of the vast territory that owned their sway, having terminated, the Americans have pushed their way over the frontier, and established factories in various parts of the settlement, some of their stores being situated on the banks of Red River, almost under the shadow of the walls of Fort Garry itself. By this means, thousands of skins are annually collected from the native trappers and hunters, and forwarded *via* St Paul's, Minnesota, to New York, for shipment to Europe. Formerly, the delay and expense had to be incurred of sending the furs the whole distance from York Factory to England by sea; and the inhabitants of the Hudson's Bay Territory had to await

the return voyage of the ship for such supplies as they required from Europe. Now, the round trip can be, and is frequently made by the route above indicated, in less than forty days. The result of the greater facilities thus afforded for reaching the European market has been a considerable extension of the trade; several thousand more skins being forwarded to England annually, than were shipped by the Hudson's Bay Company when the business was exclusively in their hands.

After Alaska and the adjacent islands had become the property of the United States, several mercantile firms, with the enterprise characteristic of the American people, at once sent vessels, properly fitted out for sealing, to the Pribylov Islands; and so great was the number of individuals to whom the idea of doing this had simultaneously presented itself, that, had not Congress promptly intervened, the traders, in their eagerness for an immediate profit, would simply have exterminated the seals in a very few years.

A recent American writer indeed says: 'With the exception of our seal islands, there are none others of much importance in the world; the vast breeding-grounds in the antarctic having been, by the united efforts of all nationalities, misguided, short-sighted, and greedy of gain, entirely depopulated. Only a few thousand unhappy stragglers are now to be seen on the Falkland Islands and contiguous islets, where millions once were found; and small rookeries are protected and fostered by the government of Buenos Ayres north and south of the mouth of the Rio de la Plata; but the seal-life on the Pribylov Islands—thanks to the foresight of the Russians—has been preserved to the present day in all its original integrity.'

Congress wisely adopted the plan of leasing the islands to a Company, upon the condition, that not more than one hundred thousand seals should be killed annually, and of these none should be under one year of age. A lease embodying these stipulations was granted to the Alaska Commercial Company of San Francisco. It was for twenty years, from 1st July 1870; and the Company agreed to pay a royalty of two dollars fifty cents (ten shillings sterling) per pelt, in addition to a fixed rental for the islands of fifty thousand dollars (ten thousand pounds) per annum. Thus the United States government derives an income of very nearly sixty thousand pounds from this property; whereas Alaska itself, we believe, so far from contributing one penny to the federal treasury, has up to the present time absolutely been a charge upon it, though it is probable that this will soon cease to be the case.

The operations of the Company are confined for the present exclusively to the island of St Paul; and the period chosen for capturing the seals is from the date of their first arrival in June up to about the end of August.

The killing and skinning of the seals is done for the Company entirely by the natives of the island; and so rapidly is the work executed, that last year the whole hundred thousand were secured in rather less than thirty-five working days.

One portion of the island is used by the seals as a breeding-ground. Adjoining this spot are long stretches of sandy beach, upon which are found the 'holluschickie' or bachelor seals in tens of thousands, packed, usually, quite close together. The men to whom the task of capturing the day's

quota is intrusted, come down to the shore from the village, which is a short distance inland; and after a careful examination of the densely crowded masses of seals, select two or three thousand of the most suitable animals, usually males, between the ages of two and four years. Half-a-dozen men suffice to separate the seals selected from their companions; and they are then driven, precisely as sheep would be, to the village. Their powers of land-travelling are much superior to those of the common seal (*Phoca vitulina*) of our coasts; they move forward at the rate of about half a mile an hour with the most perfect docility, requiring only occasionally a little gentle urging. Stretched out in long files as they travel, a drove of three thousand will frequently be upwards of a mile in length.

Arrived at what are termed the 'killing-grounds,' which are two or three sandy fields in the outskirts of the village, the seals are allowed to cool; for the journey heats them, and if killed while in that condition, their fur either falls off, or can be pulled out easily. When the poor animals have recovered from the fatigue of their journey, twenty or thirty men, armed with heavy clubs, despatch them, by well-directed blows on the head, in batches of three or four hundred at a time. The seals are skinned as soon as possible after they are killed, for if the weather be at all warm, the bodies will become so swollen and decomposed in a few hours as to injure the quality of the fur.

The natives are very expert at their work, and some of them will take the hide off the body in less than two minutes; but the usual time required for the task averages from four to five minutes. The skins are then taken to the salt-houses of the Company, where they are spread out on benches in layers, one over the other, with salt thickly sprinkled over the inner surface of the skins; and after lying in pickle ten days or a fortnight, fresh salt is thrown over them before being done up in bundles for shipment.

The fur in its natural state has a very different appearance from that presented by the prepared skin; for, while in course of being dressed, the overhair is pulled out, and the fine close, soft, elastic fur is changed, by dyeing, from its original yellow or ochre hue, to a rich dark brown. Great care is required in doing this, and indeed it is said that only half-a-dozen furriers in Europe understand the art of properly dressing seal-skins.

We have drawn attention to the American system of carrying on the seal-trade in Pribylov Islands, in order to shew how much less destructive it is than that pursued by European sealers. The reason for this is obvious. It is conducted by a company, who act under statutory obligation, and who, for their own interests, take care to preserve the breed for future seasons. They are not so infatuated as to 'kill the goose that lays the golden eggs,' but keep the goose laying. Such are the advantages of fixing on a rational plan of operations, which is in all respects more profitable, as well as more humane, than if the matter were left to chance, or regulated only by private greed. We do not hear of those piteous wailings of young motherless seals in the Pribylov Islands, such as, with heart-rending inveteracy, are reported in connection with the North Sea fisheries. The cruelties there practised, chiefly for the sake of oil, are

simply a disgrace, of which all concerned, we think, cannot fail to be considerably ashamed.

[Since writing the above, an act of parliament has been passed, authorising the British government to adopt measures in conjunction with Norway and other countries to regulate the capture of seals, and restrain the destructive cruelties complained of.—Ed.]

## STEPHEN BELL, THE USHER.

IN EIGHT CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER III.

ALTHOUGH Mr Stephen Bell had walked so long and so late in the garden at his lodgings as to excite the alarm of his landlady, causing that sympathetic old person to lie awake for hours, and to peep cautiously from her window, and to say to her husband that Mr Bell would drive himself into a fever with so much study—although he walked so late, he was up at his usual time in the morning. In answer to his landlady's kind inquiries, he assured her he felt very well; but the good lady was not to be so deceived, and told her husband that Mr Bell looked worried and anxious, as if he hadn't been to sleep all night.

At his appointed time, too, the usher was at Hanover House, and on his way to the schoolroom he met the cook, who said: 'You'll excuse me, I know, Mr Bell, but if I was you I shouldn't let Master Alfred do his sums and that, this morning.'

'I will not, cook, if you think he should not study,' returned Bell. 'But is he ill?'

'O no! not exactly ill,' exclaimed the cook; 'but he has got a bit of a headache, and it would do him more good to go for a walk, I know. But, lor bless you, Mr Bell, he is that anxious to please you—for he has took to you wonderful—that if he was a-dying, he wouldn't ast you to let him off his lessons.'

The master smiled, and assured the cook that he would see the little fellow amused himself out-of-doors for that day. He went on to the schoolroom, while the cook, returning to the kitchen, told the housemaid what had passed, and added, that there was a feeling heart in Mr Bell, as nobody would think, to look at him.

The object of this eulogium found, on entering the schoolroom, his little pupil awaiting him, with book and slate in readiness. 'Suppose, Alfred,' said the usher, 'that instead of doing long division this morning, we go for a walk. What do you say to that?'

'Oh, that would be beautiful!' exclaimed the boy, brightening and colouring at once.

'Then, where shall we go?' continued the usher. 'Shall we go across the fields to Marley Copse, or walk over to Friar's Mills? Which shall it be?'

'I should like, if you would not mind,' said the child, 'to go to that beautiful park again, where we went the other day; if you don't mind, you know.'

The usher having no objection, in a very few minutes Alfred had put the books out of sight, and the pair had started for Oakmount Park.

All the way there the boy talked of *Masterman Ready*, and the adventures of the family on the island. His tutor led him on to talk, and seemed to take a great pleasure in listening to his wishes, crude and childish though they were, to see foreign lands. At the lodge gates they met a very big, stern-looking old man, a man whose hair and whiskers were white, but whose eyes were fierce and dark, and who was altogether of the harsh aspect that Alfred had always decided Paul Jones and Captain Kidd must have possessed. Mr Bell, however, shook hands with the big man, who asked who the 'young gen'tman' was. On being informed, he patted Alfred's head, and told him to be a good boy, and mind his book, for learning was a wonderful thing. 'And that reminds me,' he continued, 'that I saw the surveyor yesterday with his lordship, and his lordship says: "Mr Rule," he says, "here's your friend Lamsett.—Well, Lamsett," his lordship says, "have you beaten any more surveyors or architects lately?" His lordship will never forget that joke. I knowed I was right, Mr Bell, all along; but if you hadn't a come up and worked out them calculations, and drawn that plan in the manner you did, I should have been beat. Come in and have a glass of ale and a crust.—Nonsense, man; my ale never hurts nobody. And I'll lay something, Pris can find a gooseberry tart, or something of the kind, for little master here. Lor,' he muttered, 'what a little creature it is!'

While speaking, he had led the way, followed by the others, into the lodge, where Miss Priscilla was preparing for dinner. The keeper's daughter appeared to more advantage in her neat cotton dress, with her smooth, dark hair pushed back, and in her plain white linen collar, than in her garment of state, even her black silk. Her father's commands were obeyed with great alacrity, and a lunch, somewhat more substantial than the invitation had foreshadowed, was soon spread. As before, Miss Priscilla was very attentive and kind to the child, who, on his part, appeared to grow very fond of her. On hearing the usher say that he had promised Alfred a stroll through the grounds, Priscilla said that Mr Bell would doubtless meet his friend there. 'My friend!' echoed the usher; 'if I found a friend anywhere, it would surprise me greatly; but I do not know whom you mean.'

'O Mr Bell,' exclaimed Priscilla, 'do not say so; you must have many friends, I am sure. But I spoke of the gentleman from the *Oakmount Arms*.'

'From the—from the *Oakmount Arms*!' cried Bell. 'Why, how does he come here, and why do you call him my friend?'

'I call him your friend, because he calls himself so,' said Miss Priscilla. 'He applied at the lodge, about half an hour before you came, for permission to walk in the park, and used your name as his introduction.'

'The dence he did,' said Bell. 'Well, if so, it was like him.'

'Oh, that was the young fellow I saw as I came

down the slope, was it?' said the keeper. 'I was going to ask about him, only seeing Mr Bell put it out of my head.'

'He is not so very young, father,' returned Priscilla, 'although I fancy he tries to look so: looks like what—from all I have read of them, for I have never seen one—an actor looks when off the stage.'

'You are right, Miss Lamsett,' said the usher; 'that is just what he does look like.—Well, Master Alfred, would you be willing to stay a little while with this lady?—You would not mind taking charge of him, I am sure.'

Of course Priscilla could make but one answer to this, and so it was arranged that Alfred should stay at the lodge, while Bell went for a stroll in the woods by himself, with the desire, as he owned, of meeting the gentleman from the *Oakmount Arms*. So he went on, and looking back from the top of the slope, waved his hand to Alfred and Priscilla, who were already very busy picking peas in the garden. 'He may as well be there as anywhere else,' muttered the usher; 'the poor little creature seems to have no friends who care a groat whether he lives or dies, so if I—— Oh, there he is then.' At this moment he caught sight of the object of his search, stretched at the foot of a tree, in the shade. Whether he had seen Bell or not, the usher could not be sure, but he gave him credit for having done so, and for dexterity in assuming surprise, when hailed by name.

'Why, this is an unexpected treat!' he exclaimed, as Bell drew nigh. 'I took the liberty of using your name at the gate, and found it a perfect passport. Rather queer people there, I fancy, the male party especially; looks a regular old rough.'

The other frowned, as though this criticism was not exactly to his taste, and without another word, Mr Prior changed the subject.

'I suppose you still mean business,' he said, 'for you don't seem one of the men who take up a thing overnight, as if they were red-hot, and who drop it in the morning, as if it had grown red-hot instead.'

'My mind has not changed,' said Bell.

'No, of course not; I knew that,' continued Prior, yet he seemed a little relieved on hearing Bell say so. 'Then we can talk here as well as at my place. Now, I suppose you want to know the next step to be taken?'

'I do,' returned his companion. 'I am, of course, pretty certain that you are here under a feigned name, but for that I care little. If I knew your right name, I probably should be no wiser, and no more inclined to take your word than I am now. I mean, you see, because I should know really no more of you. But these lawyers I can trust. They may be ever such scoundrels, and I daresay they are, but Maine, Firth, and Maine have a reputation to keep up, and to keep it they must preserve faith with all who do business with them. Now, when can I see them?'

'To-morrow,' responded the other promptly.

'Shall you go with me?' asked Bell.

'No,' said Prior. 'I will write to the head of the firm, to insure his being in the way, and he will be there, never doubt that, when he hears you are coming; but I shall not go, for the fewer the merrier, in cases like these.'

'Very well. I see nothing to prevent me from

running up to-morrow,' said Bell thoughtfully. 'I need not call upon you this evening as arranged, for we can settle at once as to the time of my seeing Mr Maine. Then I will leave you, for little Rainwood is at the lodge, waiting my return.'

'What!' exclaimed Prior, raising himself on his elbow—'what! the child himself! Why did you not bring him here?'

'Well, I don't know,' returned Bell. 'I thought I should find you; and as we might have a little confidential talk to go through, that perhaps he had better not come.'

Prior rose quickly to his feet, laid his hand on his companion's arm, and speaking with a look on his face differing very much from his usual lazy careless air, said: 'I ask you why you did not bring him here? No shilly-shally with me—it won't do.'

'What do you mean?' exclaimed Bell, shaking him off, and returning his angry look with a scowl, for which his harsh features were specially adapted, and which caused Prior, even in his excitement, to recoil a pace.

'I mean this, you know,' continued the latter, with an attempt to maintain his air of threatening; 'that it is of no use your being mealy-mouthed with me. You must not pretend to wonder what I mean, and all that; and you must remember that we are all swimming in deep waters—yourself as much as any of us.' Although his words were 'brave words,' yet the tone in which he spoke had an unsound ring, and as he finished, he drew farther from the usher.

The latter spoke after a very brief pause. 'Don't prate to me,' he said, 'of your swimming in deep waters, and such mad talk. What I promise to do, I shall do as I like, and not as you like. Be careful you talk no more to me in that way about the boy, or suppose that because I am in the scheme, I shall let you dictate to me. And understand me once for all'—here he swore a terrific oath, the first Prior, or any one in the town of Onslope, had ever heard from his lips, and its sound, with the fierce expression of his face, caused Prior to turn as pale as ashes—'understand me, I say, that whatever I agree to do with the boy, I agree to do myself, and that I mean to hold him safe from every one else; so, if you are wise, you will neither threaten him, nor meddle with him, for if you do, and but a hair of his head suffers, I will kill you. I don't mean any figure of speech, my man; I swear I will kill you. So now we are clear on that point.'

'Clear!' gasped Prior, passing his hand across his forehead, as though he felt the sweat upon it—'clear! What an unnecessary burst you have indulged in. I—I only wanted to see the youngster. But I can make allowance for a man who thinks he has been unduly interfered with, and I don't bear any ill-will. Come! we are as good friends as we were before. I hope?'

'We are,' said Bell emphatically. 'I give you my word, and you may safely pledge yours, that we are quite as good friends as we have been at any time since we have known each other. Now, tell me at what time I am to see your London lawyer.'

Upon this a brief conversation ensued, and at its conclusion, with very little leave-taking, the usher turned abruptly from his associate, and strode down the hill towards the lodge. Prior

watched his progress, and muttered some half-intelligible sentences, which were not very complimentary to his friend. 'A selfish brute,' he said. 'I believe he would kill me, as he says, even if he came back from the antipodes to do it. Yet that makes him all the better man for our purpose. I like one of your stubborn characters, for if he would murder me, as I am sure he would, he is just the man—for all his pretence of defending his charge—when it suited his purpose, to'—Here he checked himself, and seemed afraid, even in his solitude, to finish his reflection aloud.

The same style of greeting and the same offer of hospitality as on the previous occasion, were shewn at the lodge, and Alfred seemed fonder than ever of his new friend, who, on her part, asked the usher to allow him to spend the whole of the day, at least once during his holidays, at the park. Bell hesitated, and made the stereotyped objection that he feared it would be troubling them too much; but Priscilla pressed the invitation, and the usher, with some abruptness, gave consent. He left the lodge with Alfred, and, at parting, pressed Priscilla's hand more warmly than he had ever pressed it before. But the thoughts that appeared to be in his mind as he did so, need hardly have crimsoned her face, or caused her to sit in a reverie for ten minutes after he had gone.

'Do you remember your father or mother, Alfred?' said Bell, breaking a silence which had lasted for the greater part of the way home.

'No, sir,' said the boy, looking wonderingly at his questioner; 'I don't remember anybody but my friends at the schools. Sometimes I think I can remember my mother coming to look at me when I was in bed; but I am not sure; it might have been a governess. I used to go to a girls' school, you know, before I came to Hanover House, and I never had any vacations.'

'What!' exclaimed Bell, looking down at his tiny companion; 'did you never have any holidays at all?'

'Once I did, and that was such a nice one,' returned the boy, his eyes sparkling at the recollection of the treat. 'I went home with Master Brownlow; his mamma told him to ask me for a week. We did have such fun there, to be sure.'

'Ah, I daresay you did,' said Bell, who seemed willing to let him talk. 'It was very kind of his mamma.'

'O yes,' assented Alfred; 'and she is such a nice lady. She keeps a public-house, you know.'

'Indeed,' said Bell, as the child paused after this announcement.

'Yes, a public-house,' repeated the boy; 'and we used to have such games in the stables. They had a lot of pigs too, and once I fell into the trough, and made myself in such a mess. But Mrs Brownlow was not in the least angry.'

The usher made no response, and, lacking his encouragement, the conversation flagged; but the tenor of his thoughts was evident from his glancing more than once at his companion, and ejaculating just above his breath, 'Poor boy, poor little boy.'

When the afternoon lessons had been duly gone through, Mr Bell left, first informing the house-keeper that he would not be at Hanover House next day.

For on the morrow he had important business

to transact, the first part of which consisted in calling on his friend at the *Oakmount Arms*; and having been furnished by him with a letter of introduction to the lawyer, he took train for London. The address given was in a respectable street—an aristocratic street it had always been considered—near a West End square; for the greater portion of the firm's business lay among a circle which preferred to transact it at what they considered the private abode of the principal, rather than in the more orthodox region where the regular office was situated. Whether these private clients gained anything by their privilege, they were better able to tell at the conclusion of their business, than at its commencement.

On knocking at the door, Bell was admitted, not by a clerk, as he had supposed he would be, but by a fashionable and imposing footman; the hall, too, upon which the door opened, was so spacious and gorgeous a place, that Bell, not usually impressionable, was rather staggered, and doubted if he had not made a mistake. 'I was to call here, I think,' he said, 'to see Mr Maine, of the firm of Maine, Firth, and Maine; but'—

'What name, sir?' asked the man; and on being answered, continued: 'Quite right, sir. If you will be good enough to step into this room, Mr Maine will be with you directly. He is expecting you, I know.'

So Bell was shewn into the great lawyer's study, and a very comfortable room he found it; but some time elapsed before Mr Maine appeared. At last he came, accompanied, as Bell rightly guessed, by his head-clerk. Mr Maine was a very old gentleman, and his clerk was nearly as old. The lawyer was stout, bald-headed, very short-sighted, and asthmatic: the clerk was a tall, thin, very quiet man, who seldom looked up, or around him; indeed, Bell doubted if he had even noticed that there was a third person present, when he first entered the room.

The conversation need not be detailed; it was of the most commonplace description; it was no matter what Mr Maine thought, he evidently did not intend to let anything escape him, and it was equally clear that he did not intend to allow his visitor to travel out of the record. One or two attempts which Bell ventured upon, to see how far Maine and Prior were working together, were completely snubbed, and the usher tried no further. After about ten minutes' conversation, Mr Maine gave his attendant certain instructions as regarded the drawing up of a deed which Bell was to sign on a future day. 'Whether do you think,' continued the lawyer, 'a week or a fortnight will be the most convenient time for your journey?' This very slight hint, if indeed it were meant as one, was all he suffered to escape him, as shewing that he knew of, or guessed at, possible difficulties in the way. Bell said that a fortnight would probably suit him best; and then, while his clerk was jotting down the heads of his work, the old gentleman asked Bell many questions about the country around Onslope, which he seemed to know thoroughly; and the usher interested him very much by telling of his success in the fish-ponds at Oakmount Park, for the lawyer had been in his day an expert angler. At last, the instructions were completed, and Bell, having now nothing to wait for, rose and took his leave—the clerk not having spoken once during the whole time.



## CHAPTER IV.

The holidays were now really holiday-time to Alfred Rainwood, for he had no lessons to learn, and nearly every day he was with his new friends at the lodge, to the great delight of the cook, who, in the absence of Mrs Garney, reigned supreme. She thought it was a great deal better for the boy than poring over his books, and was greatly pleased to find that Mr Bell agreed with her. The usher had grown still more silent and reserved than before, and even little Alfred understood that he must talk less to him now, although, when Bell spoke, his tone was kinder than ever. Mr Prior, too, found a difference, for Bell, so far from seeking his society as a man with an interest in common might be supposed to do, decidedly avoided him. They saw each other, nevertheless, every day, and Prior always had the hearty, boisterous welcome for his friend; but it was quite understood on both sides that this was only a hollow show, a mere pretence of keeping up a friendly connection. It may seem strange that Prior should tarry at Onslope, under the circumstances, but it might be that he was determined not to lose sight of his coadjutor until things were more in train; or perhaps he felt that he acted in some degree as a spur to his resolve. Be that as it may, he remained at Onslope, and it was wholly owing to his contrivance that he and Bell met nearly every day.

A week of the fortnight had elapsed, and during that time the usher had once again visited London; the day after this visit, too, was the only instance in which he had sought Prior. He went to the *Oakmount Arms*, where he was pretty sure to find him, and without any preface, put several cards into his hand, saying briefly: 'I was there yesterday.'

Prior glanced at them; they were all from shipping agents and outfitters, and he nodded his approval. 'That is what I do so like about you, Bell,' he said; 'you are such a fellow for business. I had not spoken to you three minutes, on the first day we met, before I had entirely made up my mind about you. I hear you told Mr Maine that you could go in a fortnight. How time flies! Why, it is half-gone already.'

'If you had noticed the dates,' returned the other, 'you would have seen that no ship sails for San Francisco—it is there I mean to settle—quite so early. You need not look spiteful over it, as the delay is very trifling—and we cannot help it.'

'My dear fellow,' exclaimed Prior, 'take your time; pray do not imagine for a moment I wish to hurry you. Nothing is further from my thoughts, and—talking of hurrying reminds me that you must have time for a social glass this morning. It is so seldom that you will join me.'

Bell smiled the quiet smile which Prior liked so little, and complied, his companion all the while telling him what articles would be of most use where he was going, and urging him to take a couple of good revolvers, the proper management of which he would shew him. He dilated, too, a great deal on the character of the society Bell would meet at San Francisco, and the best mode of dealing with it; but it turned out that, in reality, he had never been to California, and only spoke from a kind of general newspaper knowledge of the place.

Much sooner than Prior wished, Bell rose from the social board, and left, directing his steps to Oakmount Park, and as he walked thither, fell into a reverie deeper than were his customary thoughts; so absorbed was he, that on turning an angle in the road not far from the park gates, he stumbled against a man, whom he recognised as the 'boots' at Hanover House. The man touched his hat when he saw who it was, and Bell, with a sort of half-apology, went on, vexed at his own stupidity. He found Alfred busy in old Lamsett's garden, and it was wonderful what an improvement the last few days had wrought upon the child. He had lost much of the paleness which had seemed natural to him, and had gathered something of the nice ruddy glow which an English boy should always wear.

'I am going to run away with your little friend for a short time, Miss Lamsett,' said the usher. 'I shall take him for a walk in the wood; and to-morrow, I think, I shall take him to London.—How would you like to go to London for a day, Alfred?'

It need hardly be said that the boy's eyes glistened at the idea, or that he at once asked whether they should see the Queen and her palace, and St Paul's, and Westminster Abbey, and the British Museum, and twenty other famous places about which he had read; and then gladly left the garden to go with the usher. They struck off from what may be called the main road of the park, and pushed their way through ferns and underwood where the trees made a gloom in every direction, and suggested to Alfred Indian jungles and North American forests, where tigers might roam, or warriors with their tomahawks and scalping-knives might lurk. Starting off on these themes, the usher listened to the boy's animated prattle with a pleased yet melancholy attention.

At last they came out on an open place, in the centre of which lay a small lake, and here Bell told the boy they would rest. As it was just the place for an ambush if an enemy were near, or for the hunter to await the lion coming to drink, it suited the imagination of the child.

'Do you like these walks with me?' asked Bell, very suddenly.

'O yes, sir, very much,' returned Alfred. 'I never was so happy before.'

'I suppose not,' said the other, musingly, and looking thoughtfully at the child. 'Then if some fairy—but you never speak of fairy tales, I notice—should appear, and order that we were to go, by magic, of course, to some foreign land, all wild like this, only of immense extent, you would not be frightened?'

'Frightened!' laughed the boy; 'I wish the fairy would come now.'

'Perhaps she may,' returned Bell, smiling in turn, but his smile was very different from the boy's. 'Fairies are often nearer than we think, I daresay.'

'I wish she would appear, then,' continued Alfred. 'I do so like to hear of foreign countries, and pirates, and——O Mr Bell, do you remember that you once promised to tell me some stories about a friend of yours? I like to hear true stories, you know, like *Musterman Ready*—at least,' faltered the boy, seeing his mistake, 'stories which sound true, like that does, you know.'

'Well, Alfred,' said the master, after a pause, 'I

will tell you something about my friend, whom you may see some day.'

'See him!' exclaimed Alfred; 'then he is still alive!'

'O yes, he is alive,' replied the usher; 'and I will tell you what happened to him many years ago. He was a—a Frenchman.'

'I am sorry for that,' struck in Alfred, 'because, you know, Frenchmen are not so brave and enterprising as Englishmen.'

'This was a very unusual kind of Frenchman, Alfred,' returned the usher gravely; 'in fact, you would have taken him for an Englishman. But you may some day alter your notions about Frenchmen, Alfred. Well, this Frenchman—my friend, you know—could not thrive very well at home, and so he decided on leaving England, and going to Ceylon, where he had obtained an appointment.'

'Oh, he lived in England, then?' said the boy.

The usher stroked his upper lip, as a man does who wears a moustache—a trick he often had, although he wore none—before he replied: 'Yes, he lived in England. I forgot to tell you that. He sailed for the East Indies in a very much smaller vessel than usually made the voyage, but it was cheap, and he was poor. His wife went with him, but they left their only child, a pretty and interesting girl of thirteen years old, in England.'

'Was his wife a Frenchwoman?' asked the child, who evidently could not get over this unfortunate nationality.

'No,' said Bell; 'no; she was a good, affectionate, devoted English wife beautiful in her husband's eyes, at any rate. They had married when but boy and girl, and her only fault was in loving him too much. It was a dreadful pang to part with their little girl, but she was delicate, and they dreaded the climate on her account, and so they left her behind. The little vessel had a very fair passage until long after they had rounded the Cape, but then there arose one of the fiercest and most prolonged storms that the oldest sailors on board had ever known, and she was driven an immense distance out of her course. When at last the crew regained the mastery over the ship, she was not far from the southern coast of Arabia—you know where that is upon the map. It was thought desirable to run her close to the land, to find some sheltering inlet where the damages received in the storm could be repaired. They had not, however, been on the coast many hours before a ship hove in sight, which proved to be a pirate.'

'A pirate!' echoed Alfred, whose eyes grew larger as the story increased in interest.

'Yes,' returned Bell, 'a pirate. Not such a pirate as you read of in story-books, but they were a cunning and bloodthirsty crew, nevertheless. Had the ship not been disabled, or had she been as large as the East Indianmen usually were, this vessel would have passed on, and carried such cargo as it had to some market, and waited for another opportunity; but as it was, the temptation was too great for the pirates, and they came up before the light wind very fast indeed. The English crew made signals, and fired their only cannon, to attract the stranger's attention; but it was soon evident what kind of a craft she was, and how much better it would have been had she not seen them at all. She was crowded with a half-naked set of Arabs, and in

every hand a sword, or knife, or long gun could be seen. The English captain tried to get away, but in vain; and some of the crew determined to defend the ship, although they were hardly more than one to ten; so they armed themselves as well as they could, and signalled to the Arabs to keep off, but, of course, to no purpose. On came the vessel as fast as ever, and two or three of the English fired at her, in the desperate hope of checking her course; but no one—very fortunately for the lives of the Europeans—was hurt by the weak volley. It was enough, however, to draw a heavy fire from the Arab ship, which was now within a hundred yards of them. The crew saw their pieces levelled, and all instinctively crouched behind the bulwarks—the bulwarks are the sides of the ship, Alfred.'

'Yes, yes; I know,' said the boy impatiently.—'I know all about ships. Please, go on.'

Bell continued: 'They crouched down, and so escaped harm. My friend was among them; but scarcely had the sound of the firearms been heard, ere a piercing shriek arose from behind him. He knew at once what had happened, and springing up, was just in time to catch his wife as she staggered forward. Roused by the noise of the firing, she had run upon deck to see what was the matter, and a bullet—Here the speaker paused, and smoked his meerschaum steadily for a few seconds, looking fixedly the while into the wood beyond the little lake. The lad was about to urge him to continue, but there was something in his companion's face which prevented him. 'A bullet struck her,' continued Bell, as though he had not left off at all—and he did not seem aware that he had done so 'in the breast; and when he caught her, she was a dead woman. You will not understand if I tell you that my unfortunate friend has thanked Heaven a thousand times that it was so. In an instant, with fearful yells and cries, a hundred dark figures flung themselves upon the ship's deck, as the pirate craft struck with tremendous force against her sides. No resistance was offered, it was so evidently hopeless; but two or three of the foremost seeing an English lady fainting, as they thought, dashed forward to secure a still greater prize than they had expected. My friend, desperate with his loss, struck—though only with his clenched fist—the first brute who touched his wife, and was himself instantly cut down by the sword of a pirate. He would have been killed on the spot, but that they saw the lady was dead, and murderers and robbers as they were, they guessed the truth, and spared her husband. He lay for a time insensible, for they had no doctors there, and the gash was a severe one, extending from the crown of his head down below his temple; but he did not die. The men among whom he had fallen were not wholly pirates, and they had a sort of rude faith and honour with them, which, especially after he again lived among civilised beings, my friend has more than once admiringly dwelt upon. They did not massacre the crew; they let them go, and ransacked the ship; but my friend they detained for two reasons—first, because he was wounded in defence of his dead wife, and then because, as he was not dressed like a sailor, they thought he was a priest, and so rendered more respect to him.'

'When once they had decided upon keeping him at all, they took jealous care that he should not get away, lest he should carry information to

European nations of their haunts. So he lived with them until he became at last a desperate man, and at length threw in his lot with them. He professed their religion, wore their costume, and went on their expeditions; though he never joined them against his own countrymen. This they might not have allowed; they might have insisted on his fighting when they pleased and with whom they pleased, but that the man who had cut him down, and who was a powerful sheik, or chief, protected him. The chief was influenced to do this by another person; and could the stranger really have made up his mind to take the Mohammedan religion, as he feigned to do, and dwell as an Arab on the Arab coast, he might have been at this day a powerful chief also.

'But he never married again,' said Bell, speaking in a higher key, after another brief pause, and, as the boy thought, striking very unexpectedly into a reflection which had nothing to do with his story; 'and after many weary years, during which he had fought more than twenty times in desperate and bloody, but nameless skirmishes, and had seen such fearful deeds and awful retaliation as would make we will say our friend Mr Prior,' he continued, with his quiet smile, 'tremble but to hear of them; when he had grown to regard his life carelessly, charmed though it seemed to be, as a thing he might lose any day or any hour, the old sheik spoken of gave him his liberty. That the old man should do so, was the dying request of the most gentle and amiable member of his family; and so, very quietly, for some would have prevented him, the Frankish stranger was placed on board a vessel from the United States. He had acquired some wealth, partly from his share in successful forays, and partly from trading; not a very great deal, but enough to set him above actual want for his life, although he concealed the fact from all whom he came afterwards to know. It was well that it was so, for when, after a very short stay in California, whither his ship was bound, he landed in England, he found that a penniless man had better be in Arabia.'

'What did he come to England for? Why didn't he go to France?' said Alfred.

'To France!' returned the usher. 'What did he want in France? O yes—I forgot; you mean because he was a Frenchman. True; but then, you see, his little girl was in England. He did not, however, know where to look for her. The proprietors of the school at which he had placed her, of course would not keep her when the term for which they had received payment had expired. These proprietors were dead; but with much trouble he found an old servant who remembered his Kate—her name was Katharine, so was her mother's. This old servant recollected that she had been apprenticed to a milliner, but the milliner was gone away, and nearly all trace was lost. At last he heard that his daughter was dead, had died very unhappily too; and then he stood alone in the world, without a soul with whom he could claim kindred. Now, Alfred, you see that all stories of fighting with pirates do not end so brilliantly in real life as they do in story-books, for my friend would be glad, after all his adventure and strife, glad and proud, Alfred, if he knew he had won the love and esteem of even a poor little orphan schoolboy like you.'

He ceased, and rising from the grass, led Alfred back towards the lodge, neither speaking for some time; but Bell, although an observant man in many respects, fell into the very common error of underrating the penetration of a child. A childish mind is sometimes as capable of drawing inferences, especially where it is interested, as that of a man thrice its own age; and Bell never dreamed that Alfred had often wondered why there was a large bare seam on the usher's head, over which he carefully brushed his hair; or that, while he was telling the story, his little companion's eyes were continually examining part of a terrible scar visible just below his hat. Alfred knew as well that Bell was relating his own history as the usher himself did; and a gentle pressure of the hand which held his own small fingers was a mute way of shewing how the boy loved and sympathised with his friend.

They reached the lodge, and there was old Mr Lamsett as bluff and hearty, and yet as fierce-looking as ever, and as energetic as ever in his invitation, which the usher eventually complied with. The keeper added another to the claims he already possessed in the child's eyes of being regarded as a sort of woodland outlaw, by shewing that the buttons of his waistcoat were all composed of real foxes' teeth; from these the transition, in Alfred's mind, was so easy to wolves and bears, that he quite resolved to place Mr Lamsett along with the heroes of the rifle and the bow, with whom his memory was well stocked. But Alfred wondered to hear the keeper invariably refer to the victory gained by the usher over Mr Rule the surveyor; indeed, it appeared to be considered by him as one of the most memorable events in his life. It was plain, even to the child, that Lamsett was a very ignorant, though shrewd man, and that he consequently held scholarship—as he kept terming it in high respect; therefore, the fact, that Mr Bell had been able to beat the surveyor with his own weapons, proving him wrong, and the keeper right, evidently raised the usher very high in the keeper's opinion. Alfred's expedition to London was of course spoken of, and the keeper, after expressing his wonder that any one could live in such a 'mizmaze' of a place, gave the boy a bright half-crown to spend. This was the largest sum of money Alfred had ever possessed at once; pocket-money, indeed, he had none, for the dole of three-pence each Saturday, authorised by most parents whose sons went to Hanover House, was not allowed in his case. The school-bills were paid the week after they were sent in; and whatever clothes were required, were at once ordered, but nothing more than this; nothing in the way of pocket-money, or the smallest parcel, ever came to Alfred—save from a very unusual source. Mrs Garney contrived that the lad should sometimes have pence to spend, and, finding out his birthday, made him then a considerable cake; but other friendly attentions he had known none. So he immediately arranged, in consultation with Miss Priscilla, for the purchase of a number of articles much coveted by boys, and which would probably cost about seven or eight pounds, all of which was to come out of his half-crown. To these details the cook at Hanover House was also an attentive listener, as he sat with her for half an hour before going to bed, and very pleased was cook to find that the child was making friends.

On the next day, they went to London; and on the bewilderment, delight, and almost fear, with which Alfred rode through the great city, we need not here dwell. It will be sufficient to say that Mr Bell devoted himself to amuse the boy more earnestly than might have been expected from one of his saturnine disposition: every place they had visited, and every wonderful sight they saw, being duly detailed to cook by Alfred on his return, tired as he was, ere he went to bed; and to Miss Priscilla, on the following morning. Among other strange things which he narrated, was how he went into an immense shop, which was quite as large, he should think, as Onslow church, and where there were millions on millions of coats, and all that; and there Mr Bell had bought, oh! so many clothes; and for fun, they had made Alfred dress himself in such strange coats and cloaks. But this incident was merely an episode in the day's adventures, and of far less consequence than the steamers, and the omnibuses, and the crowds in the streets.

After Alfred had gone back to the school that evening, and twilight had fallen on the dusky avenues and glades of Oakmount Park, Mr Bell presented himself very unexpectedly, at the gates, and seeing Miss Lamsett in the distance, walking with the two huge dogs for company's sake, he went to her. It was well for him that the dogs knew him, or their clumsy gambols of welcome might have been changed for an attack against which no man could have defended himself. Miss Lamsett smiled pleasantly when she saw who it was, and explained that she frequently walked in the park in the cool of the evening. 'Although the place is lonely, it is safe,' she said; 'and even if it were less so, my escort would be sufficient.'

Bell said a few words in reply, and then added, very abruptly: 'Miss Lamsett, I am here to-night to ask you a favour.'

'Indeed!' exclaimed Priscilla, and her colour changed, although the gloom of the evening hid it. 'I can promise beforehand that I, or my father, will be only too proud to grant it.'

'If any one will do it, it will be you, I know,' continued Bell; 'and in asking the boon, I am compelled to reveal my plans to you; but I know how truthful and discreet you are. I believe, Miss Lamsett, that I shall soon leave here, probably never to return; and I want you always to think well of me, if you can, and at any rate, when I am gone, always to speak well of me, or not at all.'

'Mr Bell!' ejaculated the young woman in amazement.

'Such a request sounds ridiculous,' resumed the usher; 'nor would I, for any inducement, make it to any one else. I have lived in many wild places, and endured many strange trials, until I have become hardened, and there is none in the world with whom to part would make my heart ache, or from whom I would rather receive a blessing than a curse—save your father and—yourself.'

'Oh, do not speak so wildly, sir,' remonstrated Priscilla; 'you wrong yourself and your nature. Why, if you were to go—which, I hope, is not to be—you would grieve to part even from little Alfred, who has grown to love you as he might have loved the father he has never known.'

'His case is very different,' said Bell, with a stern gravity: 'of him I say nothing. But in your little home, Miss Lamsett, I have always

been received with openness, with kindness, with sincerity. Over-rating every trifling service I could render you, forgetting all your own lavish returns, I see in you both, the kindly hearts which are as sure to encounter ingratitude and deceit, as water is to run down hill. If I were a younger man, and had a career before me; if I were more worthy'—He checked himself here, and they passed as he spoke into an opening where the roads crossed, and the moon, which had now risen, shewed Priscilla's face turned sadly to his own, and that her eyes were brimming with tears.

With a perceptible effort, she said: 'What you ask, we must do, Mr Bell, because we know it to be no favour whatever, but that it will always be our duty to speak of you in the highest terms. If you are going away, I shall of course keep your secret, as you desire it, but I shall feel that I am about to lose the best friend I ever had in my life; and when you speak of a person more worthy of the esteem of any one, man or woman, you speak of what I, and father, consider an impossibility.'

They turned on the homeward journey as she finished speaking, and walked in silence for some little time, save that Priscilla was sobbing, as Bell could distinguish, in spite of her efforts to subdue the sound. The usher naturally felt embarrassed; he had known for a long time that Priscilla was partial to him, that she regarded him as a second Admirable Crichton, for, in her solitary and uneventful life, he was probably the most gentle and accomplished visitor she had ever seen within the walls of the lodge; and he had been very guarded in his conduct, lest he should encourage this feeling to go too far. But he also liked the girl better than any one he knew; she had been always friendly to him, and now that he was about to part from her, probably for ever, he felt almost as much regret as did Priscilla herself. He thought, as he glanced sidelong at her, how well her trim dress, her carefully smoothed hair, her open candid face, would become his home, should he ever establish one, on the other side of the American continent. He felt, too, that she would go with him anywhere, and wait any time; and that, as she was not too young a woman, it would be difficult to find a partner so suitable to him. Nevertheless, he did not wish to involve her in the risks of his future life, and so he began what he at the outset only intended to be a little fuller explanation, carefully avoiding all mention of Alfred Rainwood. But Priscilla listened with so much sympathy, and spoke with a voice in which it was so very plain that her brave desire of encouraging Bell was struggling with her irrepressible sorrow at parting with him, that the explanation took a different form. Ere they reached the lodge he was her accepted suitor, and she had promised, betide what might, to go out to any country he should choose. In answer to his mention of her father, to whom Bell wished the engagement immediately to be made known, with a caution to keep it secret, Priscilla said: 'Fear no objection on his part, Mr Bell; he likes you better almost than his own sons; and, but that he could never bear the thought of dying out of view of Oakmount, I am sure he would come to you also. I pledge my word for him; and only trust for myself that I may prove worthy of the honour and happiness you have given me.'

This was a rather 'set' kind of speech, but poor

Priscilla's little learning was all derived from books, and not from intercourse with the world ; so, following the precedents which appeared to be common, she fully believed it was a very proper speech to make, and that a great honour had indeed been conferred upon her. She gave her lips frankly to be kissed when they parted at the park gates, and then hurrying into the lodge, she threw herself on her bed and wept for joy.

## MRS FLETCHER.

THE autobiography of this lady, recently published, offers no startling incidents, nor, indeed, much out of the ordinary run of domestic life ; but in her story, if we may call it so, there is the charm of truthfulness and simplicity, with revelations of high principle, and a remarkable vigour of character ; on which account, alone, the work would be worthy of commendation, independently of the interest derived from notices of political and literary characters in the early years of the present century.

Eliza Dawson--such being the maiden name of the authoress--was the daughter of a respectable yeoman at Oxtou, near Tadcaster, in Yorkshire, who farmed his own small estate, and was a man remarkable for his taste and intelligence. At her birth, in 1770, Eliza had the great misfortune to lose her mother, and was thrown on the affections of her father and other relations. A few years later, she received the kind attentions of her mother's early friend, Mrs Brudenell, whose history in itself was sufficiently sorrowful. As Miss Hebburn, and an heiress, she had the bad fortune to become acquainted with, and to marry the Rev. Edward Brudenell, who, from being an aide-de-camp in the army, entered the service of the church for the sake of a good living. Profligate, and devoid of proper principle, he soon rendered his wife miserable, and she felt constrained to leave him ; having for subsistence only a small allowance from what was substantially her own property. Sympathising with Mrs Brudenell in her unhappy fate, Mr Dawson let her have a cottage on his estate, and there, as a duty, she devoted herself to the elementary education of Eliza, cultivated her taste for poetry, and excited an interest in historical narratives. Improved under this friendly tuition, she was, at eleven years old, sent to rub off her rusticity, and acquire what are called accomplishments at a boarding-school at York. Eliza's reminiscences of this school-life are not agreeable. The management was a routine of despotism and dissimulation. Four volumes of the *Spectator* constituted the entire school library. From the strength of her good principles, Miss Dawson escaped the dangers incidental to this pretentious and wretched establishment.

Returning home, Eliza was, at sixteen years of age, indulged by her father with a trip to the Highlands of Scotland, in the course of which she visited a school friend, Mrs Mellis, in the neighbourhood of Perth. On how small a matter is a young lady's fate hinged ! A year afterwards, Mrs Mellis introduced to her Mr Archibald Fletcher, a practising Edinburgh lawyer, on his way through Yorkshire to London. Fletcher, a Highlander by birth, was a cadet of an old Argyllshire family, Fletcher of Dunans. At this time,

he was forty-three years of age--rather too advanced in life, one would say, to entertain the notion of marrying a girl of seventeen ; notions of this kind, however, are not always regulated by age. Mr Fletcher was mightily taken with Miss Dawson's acute intelligence and literary tastes ; while she was flattered by his attentions, more particularly by his sending her a gift of a handsome copy of Ossian's poems, and a letter inviting her remarks on the work. Next year, Mr Fletcher again paid a visit to Tadcaster. 'I do remember,' says Eliza, 'that when I received his note from the inn, saying that he would do himself the honour to call and spend the evening with us, I did resort to the toilette to curl my hair with rather more care than usual. I was more struck than ever with the good sense and good taste of his conversation, and much interested in his animated account of the splendid speeches he had heard at Westminster Hall, at the trial of Warren Hastings. My own mind had perhaps made some advance in knowledge and reflection, and I enjoyed this visit more than I had done before.' Matters were now in a fair way for a mutual attachment.

In 1789, Eliza again visited Mrs Mellis, near Perth, and thither Mr Fletcher shortly afterwards proceeded ; and then, she adds, 'the opportunity of conversing much together confirmed the attachment he had entertained for me from our first acquaintance in 1787, and converted the sentiments of respect and high esteem I had felt for him into those of a tenderer nature. I thought I had never met with a person of such real elevation of mind, and such independence and worth of character ; and a happy union of thirty-seven years as his wife served to confirm me in that opinion. It was agreed that he should come to Harrogate in the autumn of that year, and thence to pay us a visit, when he had my permission to make his wishes known to my father.' Proposals were accordingly made, but rejected. The father 'had formed splendid expectations for the child, on whom he doted. He could not think of parting with me to such a distance. He could not think of my marrying a man altogether without fortune, and where there was so great a disparity of years.' Eliza considered the objections to be sound and rational, yet she did not give up Fletcher, corresponded with him, and hoped still to be his wife. Her admirer was not without sentiment. He nourished the fancy that in appearance, manners, and character, she bore a resemblance to Sophia in Fielding's *Tom Jones*, and he began to call her by that name in his correspondence. It was clear the marriage could not be indefinitely postponed. It took place on the 16th July 1791 ; the father offering no further obstacle, yet not giving his consent, nor honouring the ceremony with his presence.

Removing to Edinburgh, a new life opens on Eliza, now Mrs Fletcher. She is introduced to men of talent and literature, and to many women of rank and fashion. Soon, however, she discovered that her husband was somewhat looked down upon on account of his political principles, and that she came in for a share of the obloquy. Archibald Fletcher, to whose nobleness of character Brougham and Cockburn have referred, had been an ardent admirer of the first principles of the French Revolution. Like many others, he imagined that there was about to dawn an era of civil liberty and social perfectibility. The horrors

of the Reign of Terror disenchanted general expectations of this nature, but there were lingering hopes that matters would speedily rectify. Mrs Fletcher, with political leanings similar to those of her husband, speaks of the prodigious advantage likely to ensue from the breaking up of large properties and the compulsory division of heritage among children in France. How fallacious were such notions! Living more than eighty years after the event, we know that the minute division of lands in France has reduced the country to a nation of ignorant peasant proprietors, who are biassed and guided by political adventurers and demagogues; so that healthy political action becomes an impossibility. The Fletchers, of course, did not foresee either this or the rise of an intermediate despotism under Napoleon, and they, perhaps, expressed themselves too freely on the possible benefits of the revolution. At all events, they were kept at a distance by many who would otherwise have befriended them; in point of fact, Archibald Fletcher's professional prospects were injured, though he continued to be generally esteemed for his upright conduct.

It was a great happiness to Mrs Fletcher to be visited by her father in 1792, and her happiness was increased the same year by the birth of her eldest son, Miles Angus Fletcher. This was the beginning of a flow of pleasant circumstances. 'In the spring of 1794, my father made us a present of an excellent house in Queen Street, No. 20, and came down himself in the summer with my aunt and Mrs Brudenell to spend a month or two with us. His little grandson, Miles, was now able to talk to him, and such was his delight in looking on this child that I could not find in my heart to refuse his request to take him along with them when they left us. . . . My father saw me surrounded with many blessings. . . . He saw that I had confided my happiness to one most deserving.' We pass over notices of the births of several other children, and also the distress caused by the death of Mr Dawson in 1798. Family prospects, however, begin to look up. A cottage at Morningside is taken for summer quarters. Here Mrs Fletcher is visited by an old friend, Mrs Millar, who had gone to America with her husband to escape political turmoil. The cure proved worse than the disease. Millar died, and his wife returned to Scotland with all her prospects clouded. 'She interested us much by her animated and graphic descriptions of America, and of men and manners in the United States. She had often seen and conversed with the greatest man of his age—General Washington, Philadelphia being then the seat of the Federal government. She described his demeanour as calm, mild, and dignified, and his domestic character as excellent.' In the spring of 1801, Mrs Fletcher accompanied her husband to London, her first visit to the metropolis. Here she becomes acquainted with Mrs Barbauld and the gifted Joanna Baillie at Hampstead. Speaking of Joanna, she says: 'I found her on a Sunday morning reading the Bible to her mother, a very aged lady, who was quite blind. Joanna's manners and accent were very Scottish, very kind, simple, and unaffected, but less frank than those of her elder sister. She seemed almost studiously to avoid literary conversation, but spoke with much interest of old Scotch friends and of her early days in Scotland. I was much interested

in her, having but a short time before read her *Plays on the Passions* with deep interest. . . . With the brilliancy and power of Mrs Barbauld's conversational talents my husband and I were greatly delighted. She took the same views that we did on public affairs, and had felt deeply, as we had done, disappointment in the disastrous turn of the French Revolution. . . . Mr Fletcher had at this time some interviews with his political friend, Mr Sheridan, whom, however, I did not see.'

Back to Edinburgh to look after her children, and to send her oldest boy to the High School, Mrs Fletcher touches a point in literary history. 'The latter part of the year 1802 was interesting to us in a public way by the commencement of the *Edinburgh Review*. We were fortunate enough to be acquainted more or less intimately with several of the earliest contributors—Brougham, Mr Jeffrey, Dr John Thomson, Mr John Allen, Francis Horner, and James Grahame, the author of *The Sabbath*. James Grahame was a much valued friend. He united to a highly refined and cultivated taste much general information, a very sincere and elevated piety, and the greatest simplicity of manners. I, who knew Edinburgh both before and after the appearance of the *Edinburgh Review*, can bear witness to the electrical effects of its publication on the public mind, and to the large and good results, in a political sense, that followed the circulation. The authorship of the different articles was discussed at every dinner-table; and I recollect a table-talk occurrence at our house which must have belonged to this year. Mr Fletcher, though not himself given to scientific inquiry or interests, had been so much struck with the logical and general ability displayed in an article of the young *Review* on Professor Black's Chemistry, that, in the midst of a few guests, of whom Henry Brougham was one, he expressed an opinion (while in ignorance as to the authorship) to the effect that the man who wrote that article might do or be anything he pleased. Mr Brougham, who was seated near me at table, stretched eagerly forward and said: "What, Mr Fletcher, be anything? May he be Lord Chancellor?" On which my husband repeated his words with emphasis: "Yes, Lord Chancellor, or anything he desires." This opinion seems to confirm Lord Cockburn's words concerning young Henry Brougham of the Speculative Society, that he even then "scented his quarry from afar."

We have next a somewhat droll anecdote of the gentle James Grahame, the poet of *The Sabbath*. Mrs Fletcher says he 'was so susceptible of the tender passion that he fell in love at first sight with a young lady whom he saw first ringing at our door, then No. 20 Queen Street. He came in a little afterwards, and asked me many questions about the dark-eyed beauty, who, he said, had thrown the "glamour over him." I invited him to meet her; she completed her conquest, and at the end of two months they were married.' About this time she began a friendly intimacy with Thomas Campbell, author of the *Pleasures of Hope*, adding: 'Life at this time glided on with us calmly and satisfactorily. My husband's professional emoluments, though very moderate, were amply sufficient for us, combined with my inheritance from my father's property, which was left to me in life, and was entailed on our children. We had no vanity to lead us into expense, our circle of acquaintance

was very limited, consisting chiefly of old professional friends of Mr Fletcher, their wives, and families—with occasional gleams of more literary and distinguished persons. Of these, was the Hon. Henry Erskine, whose wit, and whose graces of mind and manners, placed him at the head of good society in Edinburgh.' Her course of domestic life is thus described, and we may take it as that of a model wife and mother: 'I do not remember to have had any stirrings of worldly vanity or ambition. My delight in feeling that my sympathy in my husband's public feelings contributed much to his happiness, and my just pride in the lofty integrity of his character, and the affectionate kindness of his heart towards me and our children, formed my happiness. These children, too, were my "mirth and matter;" I was wrapped up in them; and though I never could command the patience that qualified me to be their teacher, I delighted in making them my happy and confidential companions.'

In 1804, it was a relief to learn that Mrs Brudenell had been relieved of the unworthy husband who had been the blight of her existence. Thankful to be rid of him, she put on no mourning, affected no grief. 'By his death, she became possessed of her hereditary estate of Hebburn, in Northumberland; and at her earnest desire, Mr Fletcher and I accompanied her to take possession of it. I think one of the most melancholy days of my life was that on which I accompanied this once gay and light-hearted woman to the hills and ruined castle of her ancestors. She who in youth had bounded over those fields the heiress of a fair domain, full of life, hope, and promise, now, at the age of sixty-six, came back a shattered, feeble old woman—without strength or spirits to enjoy the goods of fortune. She felt this incapacity of enjoyment with an intensity proportioned to the exquisite pleasure she would have had in being able to exercise hospitality, and to spread cheerfulness around her.' Such is the touching account of a life wrecked by an unfortunate marriage.

For the summer of 1810, the Fletchers occupied the pleasant country-house of Frankfield, about a mile above Lasswade. Here they met some interesting strangers. One evening, after Mrs Fletcher and her daughters had been weeping over the last chapter of *Clarissa Harlowe*, and could think and speak of nothing else, she says: 'We were sauntering about on a bank above the Esk, called the Whinny, when who should we meet but Professor Playfair, his then pupil Lord John Russell, Mrs Apreece, afterwards Lady Davy, and Miss Hannah Mackenzie (a daughter of the "Man of Feeling," Henry Mackenzie). This very agreeable party returned with us to drink tea to Frankfield, helping us to forget the creations of Richardson's genius in the sparkling vivacity of Mrs Apreece, and the taste and refinement of her companions.' In the autobiography there occur a number of agreeable snatches of this kind.

The authoress remarks that about 1812, a change for the better came over the social meetings in Edinburgh. 'Large dinner-parties were less frequent, and supper-parties—I mean hot suppers—were generally discarded. In their place came large evening-parties, where card-playing generally gave place to music or conversation. The company met at nine, and parted at twelve o'clock.

Tea and coffee were handed about at nine, and the guests sat down to some light cold refreshments later on in the evening; people did not in these parties meet to eat, but to talk and listen. There you would see a group (chiefly of ladies) listening to the brilliant talk of Mr Jeffrey; in a different part of the room, perhaps, another circle, amongst whom were pale-faced, reverential-looking students, lending their ears to the playful imaginative discussions of Dr Brown, while Professor Playfair would sometimes throw in an ingenious or quiet remark, that gave fresh animation to the discourse. On other occasions, old Mr Mackenzie would enliven the conversation with anecdotes of men and manners gone by.' We may contrast this rational and inexpensive method of spending the evenings, with what now prevails—ceremonious, heavy, and costly dinners, lasting from seven till ten o'clock, and devoid of any general intellectual converse; the whole thing usually a piece of show, which leaves no pleasing recollection, and is valueless for social intercourse.

Years pass on, and we are feelingly told by Mrs Fletcher of family bereavements, the first loss being that of Grace, the eldest daughter; the second, that of her husband, in 1828; and the next, that of Miles, her eldest son, in 1831. In the latter part of the autobiography, we are introduced to a number of literary personages, all of whom have latterly passed away. Not the least interesting portions of the work are the letters to and from intimate friends of the family. These letters, along with various notes, have been embodied in the text by Mrs Fletcher's daughter, Mary, Lady Richardson, wife of the arctic voyager. To her, as editress, the world may be said to be indebted for this very delightful book, which we commend for perusal to all who relish records of domestic affection and elevated principle.\* Mrs Fletcher's life was drawn out beyond the span of ordinary existence, and though enduring some sorrows, she had the pleasure of enjoying many blessings, not the least of these being the advancement in life and happiness of her grandchildren. She died from exhaustion of nature, without any bodily pain, and in a gentle sleep, on the morning of the 5th February 1858, having then entered on her eighty-ninth year.

#### A TRIP BY RAIL IN THE TROPICS.

'HERE, mister; the colonel sent this to you and your friends with his compliments.'

It was an order for free transit for self and party to cross the Isthmus of Panama per rail. A most agreeable compliment too; for five pounds, the fare for a journey of forty-seven miles, was too heavy a sum to be thought of for a pleasure excursion.

'And I guess,' added the messenger, 'you'll have to be peart sharp, for she starts at five to the exact instant.'

Arrived at the station, and having presented our authority, and shaken hands with every official, from the guard to the porter, wearing a white skin, we take our seats in an empty van, the guard kindly placing chairs for us, and supplying us with cigars and his company. The town of Colon, or Aspinwall, or Navy Bay, for it rejoices in a

\* *Autobiography of Mrs Fletcher*. Edited by the Survivor of the Family. Edinburgh: Edmonston & Douglas. 1875.



variety of nomenclature, was our point of departure. How we got away without destruction to human life, is one of the things that remain unanswered, for the line runs through the only street which constitutes the town, close to the houses; and as every house is an hotel, and every hotel crowded both within and without; and as human beings black and white, mixed with dogs, pigs, and turkey buzzards, crossed the rails in every direction—it still remains a mystery how we cleared the town without accident. However, we did so, without even touching a feather of a crowd of turkey buzzards that are holding high carnival. Talking of turkey buzzards, these birds flourish wherever garbage exists, floating almost motionless at an immense altitude in the clear blue tropical sky. They detect carrion from afar by their keen powers of vision, and a dead horse or ox is soon a seething mass of fowls, eating until gorged, when they lazily hop away, to make room for fresh arrivals.

The first portion of the rail to Panama runs through a deep mangrove swamp; heavy and green, the tangled roots and branches swarm over the poisonous waters, which ever exhale the death-bearing malaria; here and there the mangroves leave open spaces, which are greedily seized upon by gigantic reeds and rushes, netted and intertwined by water-lilies. At intervals, mighty trees, loadless, black, and gnarled, stand alone, shewing the pestiferous effects of the swamp; but these are not unadorned; from every bough hang ferns and orchids of various and beautiful growth; conspicuous among the latter is the Santo-spirito, with its down-like pistil and stamens. The dangers attending the laying out of this railway were so great that it required no great stretch of imagination to comprehend the statement, that every 'sleeper' on that part of the line at all events, cost a human life!

Hérons, bitterns, and wild-ducks find a home here, not to speak of water-lizards, snakes, and alligators. Onward we speed, now through swamp, now through ancient forest, where the gigantic silk-cotton tree spreads its magnificent branches to the sky, yet seems almost swallowed up by parasites, which in festoons hang from its boughs, or writhe like snakes round the stem. Clouds of parrots and parrakeets fly across us, screaming most inharmoniously, drowning the sound of the steam-trumpet, as it announces our arrival at Monkey Hill Station. Here we stop to take in water, for all the water for Colon must be brought from Monkey Hill. On again through the tropical forest. Our next station was Lion Hill, called so, probably, because there are no lions there. However, as far as roaring is concerned, the absence of the king of beasts is immaterial, for the Howling Monkey (*Myiotes ursinus*) keeps up a continual concert in the woods. The stranger is indeed at first startled by the sound, as, from its depth and loudness, the cry very much resembles that of the larger carnivora.

The kindly offer of the station-master to take us in charge for the day and shew us some of the wonders of the forest, determined us to remain, and go on by the afternoon train. Our host turned out to be a Scotchman; his speech betrayed him at once, for the pleasant north-country accent still hung on his tongue, though his expressions, from some years of absence from his native hills, were not in every instance Doric. With him we got on

famously, and ere we parted, we were on the most familiar terms. A great collector of natural history specimens was Mac—not, indeed, that he knew much about them, but then they were worth so many dollars to non-scientific collectors. How he had pitched here with his wife and comely daughter, I know not. Whether it was that auld lang syne affected the maiden's heart, or the sight of a young man (for dried-up Yankees were her only acquaintances) was pleasant to her sight, it is not for this historian to say; but whatever the cause, through Jenny I obtained from her father some rare specimens, chief amongst which was the King Fly-catcher (*Muscivora Mexicana*).

A hurried luncheon of salt-fish and bananas, and gun in hand, we sallied out into the sombre forest. Flocks of black 'witches' (*Crotophaga*) accompanied us on our way; green parrots screeched in every direction; trogons whistled softly in the shade; golden orioles popped in and out of their nests, which hung like purses from the tips of the branches; the magnificent scarlet woodpecker hammered away, recalling to mind Mr Moule and Mrs Gamp. Deep in the forest roared the howling monkeys. And such a forest! Trees, the lowermost branches of which surpassed in size the trunks of our largest elms; and so dense their foliage, that in places the gloom approached to darkness. Underneath, flourished the cactus and aloe, presenting an absolutely impenetrable barrier to the wanderer, except where the deer or other wild animal had wound through.

Ninety degrees in the shade soon becomes intolerable even to the most enthusiastic of wild Nature's worshippers, especially when the mid-day siesta has become a habit; even the birds retire at noon, and silence falls on the forest for the next three or four hours. In the middle of the forest is a solitary dwelling, inhabited by a solitary personage whom Mac knew, and by whom we were introduced. He welcomed us to his abode and invited us to the hospitality it afforded. After our forest-rambling, it was pleasant to lounge in the cool verandah, jalousied, to admit the air without the sun. Cigars, coffee, and American rocking-chairs added to the comfort.

'Would any one like a hammock?' asked our host. Yes, one of us would. A grass hammock was accordingly fetched, and about to be slung, when out sprung a small snake, and glided away.

'Nesty vermin; I hate them,' said Mac. 'I always shudder at them, since an adventure I had this very time last year.'

'An adventure; what was it?' from everybody.

'Weel,' returned our Scotch host (warming up at the recollection of something, and giving free play to many Scotticisms, the greater number of which I now forget), 'I call it an adventure at anyrate. Ye see, I had been out all the morning with the gun—Jenny minding the signals, and as I was returning, I stopped down bye at the brook to have a dip. The day was melting. The path to it was shady, and runs through a grove of mango bushes, and being fond o' the fruit, I was looking for it wherever I saw a likely tree. Weel, I picked and ate, and better picked and ate, till I could eat no longer, and had just pulled the last, when what should dart down from the tree, full at my face, but one of these nesty black constructors. Luckily I put up my right hand and caught him by the neck before he had time to

bite. I knew the vermin weel, and had shot plenty o' them, and to tell the real truth, their hug's waur than their bite, for they don't belong to the poisonous kind. But they are fashious enough for all that, for if they come to close grips, it takes a pretty stout chiel to untwist them.' Here our worthy host paused to refresh, a few moments being allowed for the operation.

'Weel, ye see, I was telling ye about the constructor,' continued Mac (persisting in the *u*), 'and mind ye, what I'm telling is a true bill.'

'Proceed, Mac; we're all attention.'

'Weel, as I had the vermin safe by the neck, I didna fash myself very much, beyond wonderin' whether I would kill him or take him home alive. Mind ye, all the time he was dabbin' an' dabbin' at me, wi' that forked tongue o' his glintin' in and out o' his ugly mouth, like the telegraph needles. Kill him, thinks I. But first to swing him off, for by this time he had the grip, and wasna like to yield. I soon found that there were twa to that game. Try as I might, my gentleman would not budge an inch. I tried my full strength, but na. I cried to Jenny to fetch something, for I was not far off the station, but she never heard. I was beginning not to like the way things were going, for the beast was grippin' aye the closer, and the arm that held him was getting tired. Besides, the grip was round the other arm, which I could only move below the elbow. The beast was coiled over my left shoulder, then round under my right arm, and then across my waist, binding, as I've told ye, my left arm. If once I let go, I knew he would strangle me, and to tell the truth, I could not hold out much longer. I always carried a knife, which I knew was in the pocket of the flannel shirt I was wearing, and my only chance lay in getting at it. I could just reach it by bending my left arm, and I daurna let go the right. And as I fumb'l't and fumb'l't it gave me a terrible turn to find that the vermin had steekit my pocket as firm as if it had been sewn up. That made me grue.'

'Excuse me a moment, Mac,' interrupted I. 'What do you mean by "steekit"?''

'Steekit? Weel, I fancy it's the plain English for shut, or maybe closed.'

'Thank you, Mac; your northern English is capital. But there was another—let me see'—

'What? "Made me grue"?''

'Ah, that's it—"made me grew." What's "grew"?''

'Were ye ever in an ugly fix and didn't know how to get out of it?' returned Mac, characteristically.

'Many a time,' I replied; 'and indeed such a fix as the one you are describing would have made my flesh creep.'

'That's it,' cried Mac; 'it would have made ye grue.—Weel, I was just comin' to the bit, when the gentleman interrupted me. My right wrist was getting weaker and weaker with holding the snake, and faith, the constructor knew it as he girmed and hissed at me, and darted fire out o' these ugly een o' his. I was sair left to mysel. Thinks I: "Mac, ye've got your match at last." I didna care so much for my chest, for all his cuddlin'; but my throat, once around that, and I would have said: "Mac, ye're a deal man!" All this time, the vermin was trying to get to my throat, and as I found him winding up, the perspiration broke over

me. What was to become o' the wife and Jenny—and me awa? That was an anxious thocht to me at the time. Weel, just as my gentleman was working for my throat wi' his coils, he gave my pocket the slip, and left it free. I felt my arm growing strong again. "Feel for the knife now, Mac," says I to myself, and in two cracks it was in my hand. Then bending my head to meet my hand—I know the brute thocht I was done—I unclasped the gully with my teeth, and in an instant after, it was slipped in between him and my body, with the edge turned out.'

'Just in time, Mac,' said I, 'for I think the snake was having the best of it.'

'Ay, ye're richt there, sir; but if I got a fright, yon constructor got anither, for in a jiffie I had him in two halves! I must have got an unco fleg; and the last thing I mind, was something going off like a paper poke. When I came to out o' my dwam—for I had fainted richt off—the vermin was bye with it—past any more capers—and Jenny says to this day, I may be thankfu' the beast didna slang me.—But now, gentlemen, it's time we were moving towards the station, if you wish to catch the next train.'

So, after thanking our solitary host and bidding him adieu, we wound our way back again to the railway, and just as the train was moving off, with us cosily seated in the van, Mac whispered: 'If ever ye're in Tillicoultry, just speer for'—

But what followed was drowned by noise, and so we left Mac and his wife and comely daughter, and proceeded on our way.

Paraiso Station, the last on the line, was our destination, where we were to stop for the night. The sun had sunk behind the hills when we reached it; and after coffee and the everlasting bananas, we 'fixed' ourselves as best we might for rest and sleep. Daybreak found us fresh and ready for our start up the mountains. A small hand-cart, worked by four negroes, awaited us on the rails outside, and whilst the gloom of night still clung to valley and hill, we set out, bowling along at a good twelve miles an hour. Paraiso Station is on the decline towards Panama, to which we turned our backs, and a few minutes brought us to the highest part of the line; here a little mountain stream divided into two streamlets, one winding its way to be lost in the broad Atlantic, the other coursing in the opposite direction, to add its mite to the waters of the Pacific. Troops of deer, tempted by the young grass along the line, dashed into the bush as we rattled by. A three-toed sloth obstructed our path for a moment, but was quickly accommodated with a seat in our car—doubtless, he never travelled so fast in his life before. The sun was just gilding the tops of the forest when we stopped our rapid journey, and leaving the slender track of civilisation behind, we plunged into the bush. Hot and fatiguing was our toil through bush and forest; through deep ravines, where the sun's rays never pierced; round the crests of cliffs all covered with the most luxuriant vegetation, as we breasted the mighty range of the Cordilleras.

It was with a sense of considerable relief that we completed our walk at noon, and lay down to rest under the pleasant shade of a banana leaf-roof. We were now in a clearing in the great primeval forest: a mountain-stream gurgled its tortuous way at our feet, limpid pure water, running over

golden sands; and under the influence of 'yellow fever,' this clearing had been made. Unfortunately for the prospectors, though gold did undeniably exist, there was too little of it, and the place was deserted—a couple of vagrant negroes taking up their residence in the neglected sheds. It was something new to us to wash for gold; so, after a short rest, we got the negroes and the washing apparatus into the stream; but even gold at the rate of sixpence-worth in the hour is not remunerative, so a couple of hours under a broiling sun satisfied our curiosity.

There is something very solemn in the night stillness of the tropics. As evening falls, the forest sounds change with the hour; the shrieking of the parrots is exchanged for the monotonous chirping of the tree-crickets, or the melancholy hoot of the owl; and the wail of the goat-suckers is followed by the howling of the ocelot. All the strange sounds seem to make more weirdly the weird stillness. Sleep was impossible. The strangeness of scene, for, in the clear starlight, the surrounding forest was visible like a black fortress on every side; the eerie sounds; and last, but not least, the mosquitoes. If ever there existed an item created for no conceivable object, the mosquito surely is one. With no protection other than some rails to keep out midnight visitors, they besieged us in thousands, their horrid ping-ping being almost as annoying as their bite. What seems most curious about these torments is, that they are to be found far away from the haunts of any animal on which they could possibly feed, yet they pounce upon the first unfortunate visitor as if his blood were their daily accustomed rations. What curious instinct guides them? and what did they live on previously?

The gur-gur of the wild turkey was a delightful salutation as the day broke; and we started early on our return journey, in order to do some shooting; but little else than the sound was our reward for tearing through the cruel under-wood; and on our arrival at the station, our bag consisted of one hen-turkey, a Curaçao bird, a couple of brace of partridge, a toucan, and two squirrels. As to our clothes, the greater portion was left in small fragments on the cactus and wait-a-bit thorns; in fact, every growing thing in the tropics appears to have thorns—from the aloe, with spears to every leaf, down to the tiny creeping mimosa, which closes its leaves at the very tread of the pedestrian.

Back again to the town (for Colon is called a town) of hotels and aroma, convoyed by our friend the guard, who shakes hands with us, as if years of intimate friendship had existed. I must not forget, however, the very last of our Scotch friend at Lion Hill, as the train stopped for a few moments at that station on its return journey.

'Well, Mac, here we are again, you see.'

'Ay, gentlemen, and a good journey to you; and as I was saying to ye, if ever ye happen to be at Tillicoultry—just ask for—Angus Macfarlane.'

Colon at last.

'Have a liquor, guard?'

'Wal, I calc'late I could hide a drain.'

'Tall or short?'

'Now, mister, I guess I have a thirst on me that I wouldn't sell for five dollars.'

So the barman having brewed a tall sangaree for

the guard, and a short cocktail for the rest of us all round, we shake hands again most affectionately, and return to our tubs and civilisation on board our ship, which was now getting up steam, and in an hour hence would be ploughing the deep waters of the Spanish Main.

#### DARLING DOREL.

[Dorothea Sibylla, daughter of John George, Margrave and Elector of Brandenburg, married John, Duke of Brieg, in 1610. She is described as a pattern of goodness, common-sense, virtue, and piety, and on account of her kind and genial ways was universally beloved. Children were her especial delight, and whenever she passed through the town of Brieg, they would welcome with infinite zest their bountiful benefactress. The following verses shew how the Duchess of Brieg came to be called the *Darling Dorel*.]

She came with her innocent beauty and grace,  
An angel in heart and an angel in face,  
As quaintly the old German chronicles tell  
The picturesque story of Darling Dorel.

Some faces are bright like the sunbeam of day,  
Wherever they shine the clouds vanish away,  
While Sorrow's pale phantom glides back to its cell;  
And such was the face of the Darling Dorel.

Some hearts are so full of the treasures of love,  
The beautiful gifts of the Giver above,  
Their riches overflow into others as well;  
And such was the heart of the Darling Dorel.

Some lives are like chords under music's control,  
Each incident harmony blends with the whole,  
Until on the ear in full concord they swell;  
And such was the life of the Darling Dorel.

Whenever she passed through the streets of the town,  
No story-book queen with a sceptre and crown,  
But gifted with graces that none could excel,  
The natural guards of the Darling Dorel,

Her ladies would bring with them comfits and toys  
For the bright little maidens and brave little boys,  
While the children would follow love's magical spell,  
And hasten to welcome their Darling Dorel.

The Duchess knew not of her pretty new name,  
Though far it was spread by the heralds of fame,  
Till at length, as it happened, one day it befell  
That she learned they called her the Darling Dorel.

'Twas breathed by a child's yet impolitic lips,  
Which often the wisdom of sages eclipse;  
The Princess had asked if her name she could tell;  
'Your name,' said the child, 'is the Darling Dorel.'

The courtiers all stared, half in wonder, half sport;  
Such a name savoured more of the cot than the court,  
But their mistress said, smiling through tears: 'It is well;

Henceforth let them call me the Darling Dorel.

'The proudest of titles that monarchs can shew  
Are those which the love of their people bestow;  
And not for an emperor's crown would I sell  
The title mine give me of Darling Dorel.'

Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, 47 Paternoster Row, LONDON, and 339 High Street, EDINBURGH. Also sold by all Booksellers.

# CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

OF

POPULAR

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

*Fourth Series*

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS.

No. 603.

SATURDAY, JULY 17, 1875.

PRICE 1½d.

## ADVENTURE ON THE APPIAN WAY.

It was a lovely bright morning when we, consisting of a party of four ladies, drove out of the Piazza di Spagna at Rome on an excursion to see the famous ancient tombs on the Appian Way. The driver of the vehicle, a native of Rome, was well acquainted with the route; and as for guides, we were provided with Bædeker and Murray. Rolling gaily along, we pass the ruins of the Roman Forum, and the majestic remains of the Colosseum. We were now outside the city, and almost immediately on the ancient paved way, on each side of which, at irregular intervals, stood memorials of long past times.

Onward we sped. To our right lay the long flat plains of the Campagna, lost in the distance, and only bounded by the sea. As we proceeded, our driver became more and more taciturn. He appeared reluctant to give us any information, and reminded us that we had only to consult our books. One word, however, had impressed itself on his memory; he told us we should soon see the 'Corrasce.' What that was, we could not tell. Presently, to our right rose two great circular mounds. Here was the Corrasce. How stupid, we all exclaimed, not to remember the graves of the Horatii and Curatii. In a moment we were out of the carriage, and gaining the top of the grassy mounds, had an extensive view, which, in the distance, included the dome of St Peter's. Wandering about amongst the curious old tombs, and enjoying the loveliness of the day and picturesque grandeur of the scenery, we at length found that it was time to return. Our coachman must have come to the same conclusion, for he has turned the horses' heads, and precedes us a little way on the road. We come up in a few minutes with the carriage, and resume our seats. One of the party remembers she has heard of beautiful pieces of marble to be found here; so we again descended to search, but the smaller pieces had all disappeared. Twice we renewed our researches, only regretting our time did not permit us to scramble

among the remains on each side, and finally we re-entered the vehicle for our return home.

We had passed the twin mounds of the warlike brothers, careless and contented, congratulating ourselves upon our expedition, when in an instant, with the quickness of a dream, up start two men from some ruins beyond the road. No noble Romans these—evil Italian men intent on robbery, perhaps murder. In a moment a pistol is pointed at the horses' heads, and the driver ordered to descend; another second, they are at the carriage. I try, but in vain, to recall the sensations of that moment—astonishment, stupefaction, incredulity, terror, succeeded each other as rapidly as I write the words; then, worst of all, the full realisation of the truth, that we were helpless and utterly alone, in the power of these villains. A glance around—not a living soul; another at our valiant coachman—there he stood, rigid, apparently paralysed with fear, his face livid: no hope of a rescue. As already mentioned, we were four in all—three of us natives of Great Britain, and one a Canadian. The Canadian, an English friend, and myself, sat in the carriage. K——, for the sake of the view, had mounted the box, and sat perched beside the coachman. She saw them as they sprang on the road, weapons in hand, and whispered down to me the one word—'Brigands.' Two fierce, dark faces; a pistol, with gleams of silver; a long knife, slightly bent, clean and shining. Ah! The view down the barrel of that pistol, and the gleam of the knife. How they shine in the sun!

'Scendete!' they shout, throwing open the door of the carriage—('Descend'). A moment before, I had felt the carriage as a prison, now it seemed a home; and with one accord we clung to it. An instant more, and they were upon us. 'Danaro! danaro!' they shouted—('Your money or your lives!') A dark-bearded man seized the Canadian, his accomplice sprang on the lady sitting beside her, and the struggle commenced. Good heavens! can it be real? The carriage seems to swarm with them, they are so quick and resolute. The first attacked gave up watch, chain, ornaments, her purse: 'Take it, take

everything; give them everything,' she cries imploringly. Not so with the second. Till now silent, spellbound, we seemed to have lost the power of speech; but suddenly shriek after shriek rent the air. She stood, and fought bravely with the robber. He had a small unbearded face, with bent brows, and resolute, tightly shut lips. The contest was not long; the knife gleamed across her throat, her dress and jacket were wrenched open, blood dripping down fast. 'Help! help! she will be murdered!' She is thrown down; her watch-chain, her ornaments, the little charms we had been looking at the evening before, hearts, medallions, the little souvenir of the Atlantic cable, have all changed owners, and disappear in a twinkling among his garments.

All this is the work of a moment; in another, life and power of movement come upon me with a rush. My turn comes next. One great spring and I am out on the road; an instant, and a brigand from behind, who had probably guarded the carriage, is at my throat. Just as I have often felt in the agonies of a dream, not a sound would come from my lips, but in silence I struggled with the villain; the knife was close to my eyes, but I feared it not; I forgot all in the intense desire to save the gifts and memorials of a dear lost mother. A quick silent struggle, a sight of K—, who, with loud outcries for help, threw herself fearlessly on him behind, and vainly endeavoured to pull him off. Snap, snap! My chain has changed owners; but I still held, I thought, well concealed in my hand, a locket torn off the chain. Down came the knife; it just grazed my glove; he wrenched open my hand, and in another moment we were alone. How it had come, I know not, but the carriage was now empty, and we were all on the road.

Tokens of the hurricane which had passed by lay scattered about—a small white parasol, a torn glove covered with blood; Bredeker and Murray had fallen by the side of gathered flowers, shawls, ribbons. In, into the carriage; up, for our lives; perhaps there may be others. We huddle into the carriage; but our coachman, where was he? What had he done? There he stood, that valorous man, alone in his glory, stout, firm, stony. The strife of the last few minutes had not aroused one thought of defence, or help to the defenceless. Discretion certainly is the better part of valour. 'He that fights and runs away,' I had thought the motto of a coward; but that man had neither fought nor run away. It was not worth his while to fight; and as to running away—well, the day was hot.

In we went. 'Now, cocchiere, drive on, drive on subito a Roma. On, on, per l'amor di Dio!' Still he stands unheeding, till at last, probably convinced it could be no affront now to the brigands, he gathered up the reins, and set off at a leisurely pace. Not till now had we remembered that one of our number was wounded in the neck, and that the blood was flowing fast. We were

bandaging the wounds as well as we could, when, a savage shout, a sudden pull-up, and, to our horror and intense fright, again those dreadful men. In an instant they were in the carriage, and from our poor companion, who lay back pale and bleeding, they wrenched away her earrings, which they had previously overlooked, and descending as suddenly as they came, disappeared. Oh, the terror of that moment, not knowing what caprice might induce them even again to return, defenceless as they knew we were! By this time our shawls, gloves, dresses, all bore the crimson stains of the late affray. We tried in vain to stanch the blood; when, to our great joy, we heard the sound of wheels, and soon a carriage came in sight, coming from Rome—its occupants only ladies, it is true, but how thankful we felt for the addition to our numbers. To their affrighted inquiries of what had happened, one word was enough—'Brigands.' Their coachman turned his horses in a panic; but the ladies jumping out, came running towards us to know if they could do anything for us. But without a moment's loss of time we set off for the city, they following.

A few minutes later, we met four gentlemen, travellers, also coming for a day's amusement on the Appian Way. Startled by our strange appearance, they came hurrying to us with offers of service. They were Austrians, come to pay a visit to Rome and its environs. They were most kind. One of them proved to be a doctor, and proceeded to bind up the wound. Levying contributions on the handkerchiefs of the new-comers, he soon made bandages, &c., and all apprehensions on that score were allayed for the time. We now mustered three carriages, with their occupants, besides the Austrian gentlemen on foot. Carriage after carriage we met as we drove towards the city, and as the gentleman inside with us, and the other, who sat beside the coachman, called to them the one word 'Banditti,' it was curious to observe the change which passed over the various occupants. So secure felt some, that, staring at us, they drove quickly by, evidently under the impression that 'the people in that carriage needn't try that joke;' but driving on a few paces, they would think better of it, and turn. Another party thanked us eagerly, and proffered all kinds of service. But most obstinate of all was a carriage with one lady for its occupant: she looked coolly at us a moment, put up her double eyeglass, and probably thinking we might be escaped lunatics, desired the man to drive on. On she went, to our great concern, remembering the men who must be close at hand, fresh from their successful forage, and with those dreadful knives; but, to our great pleasure, in a few moments lady and carriage reappeared. She had evidently thought it twice over, and probably it was well for her she had done so.

As we came towards Rome, our improvised procession added carriage after carriage to its length, till we headed a long file of vehicles, tourists on foot, horsemen, people of many nations and tongues. Once inside the walls, we felt safe; our spirits rose; and on arriving at our hotel, we received with suitable dignity all congratulations on our 'brilliant courage.' After all the dangers we had suffered, had we not returned with a story to tell!

[We see by the newspapers that the brigands

who committed the outrage above narrated have been caught. Whether, in the lax administration of justice in Italy, they will suffer any punishment adequate to their offence, is a different matter.—Ed.]

### SWANS.

ON account of their supposed destruction of fish, there is at present a great raid against the swans on the Thames. It is alleged that they have increased to an extent which deducts considerably from the picturesque Wordsworthian ideal of the swan that 'floats double—swan and shadow;' that they should be seen in ones or twos, but certainly not in swarms. Mrs S. C. Hall, in the *Book of the Thames*, says, with pardonable enthusiasm, 'we would almost as soon part with the trees which border, as with the swans that grace the surface of our noble river.' They certainly tend to keep down the too great exuberance of aquatic weeds which, with the coarse grass which grows luxuriantly at the water-side, form their salad. But they are accused of rendering their vegetable diet the more palatable by an admixture of fish-spawn, particularly that of perch, which, being suspended on the branches of submerged willows in convenient festoons, is looked upon by the bird of Leda as being purposely placed there for its especial enjoyment. It has been pleaded by some that this lubricating luxury is necessary for the proper assimilation of its food; but the opponents of this doctrine have examined the internal economy of the bird to prove that it possesses a gizzard of such a wondrously grinding power as to admit of no such excuse. This fondness for the ribbon-like ova of the *Perca* family is no false indictment, as we have been of those who, in the interests of the fisheries, have vainly attempted to drive away swans from the spawning-grounds. In these encounters the birds did not always get the worst of it; the blow of a swan communicated from the bend of its wing, even upon the end of an oar grasped by the hand, giving a shock to the muscles of the arm that has been felt for an hour afterwards. And then in these sallies we were not allowed to resort to violence or injury, as there are penalties attached to even disturbing swans while on their nest.

Taking eggs from the nests of swans and of certain other birds was an offence severely dealt with in olden times. Even the keeping a swan not marked, without license, was a misdemeanour; and stealing marked and pinioned swans is still felony. By the old law, when a marked swan was stolen in an open and common river, the purloined bird, if it could be obtained, and if not, another swan, was hung up by the bill, and the thief was compelled to give the party robbed as much meal as would cover all the swan, the operation being performed by pouring the grain on its head till it was entirely hidden. A similar fine was imposed for stealing a cat from the princes' granaries.

But why these enactments? The stomach, as in much that concerns our ancient laws, was at the bottom of it. The early history of gastronomy is in favour of the cygnet, though, unlike the goose, it was never charged as being 'too much for one, and too little for two.' We find it gracing the boards of emperors, kings, popes, cardinals, and bishops, all of whom knew what was good,

and how to feed; and whatever may be thought of their value for the table now, we learn that in the reign of Henry VIII., when money was of far greater value than at present, swans for the table were charged two pounds twelve shillings apiece, besides the cost for properly *carrying* them through the kitchen to the dining-room in full dress, one of which items of expense was warranted by a sauce of good strong beef gravy and port wine being poured *through* the swan almost continuously while on the roast, and then the bird introduced with *hot currant jelly*. There are those in the present day who affirm that cygnets thus cooked are delicious, and that if they fail to please the palate, they must have been kept beyond November, after which no amount of artificial preparation will preserve them in proper flesh, fat, and flavour. To the writer, who can eat most things, and is accustomed to roughing it, the taste is simply execrable; while others at the same table have declared that they could detect all the exquisitely combined *gout* of the goose and the hare; a discovery the writer has been disposed to impute to the overwhelming use of the currant jelly, subduing to tolerance the rank solan-geese-like flavour of the swan. Why, if otherwise, is it not now a favourite at our feasts? It possesses every ancient *prestige* to render it popular, and with relation to royal or City banquets, the fashion of 'killing one's own game' is yet more the custom than ever. Cannot the taste be revived?

Though swans have been driven from our dining-tables, they are by no means the more abundant on the water. Those which are to be seen at times in formidable numbers upon the Thames, between Chelsea and Staines, are chiefly the property of the companies of vintners and dyers of London. Those in the Windsor and Eton districts are claimed by the queen and the college, although the vintners' swans are not molested by right if they trespass thus far. It was a custom, at the close of the last century, to send six wherries as far as Marlow, manned with proper persons, to count and mark the swans. After this, it became, on the first Monday in August, a festive journey by the citizens as far as Staines, and the trip is termed 'swan-hopping,' a corruption of swan-upping, or going up to, or taking up, the young swans to mark them. Thus, the orders for the gamekeepers of the reign of Elizabeth shew this clear use of the term, when they ordain 'that the *upping* of all those swans near or within the said branches of the Thames, may be all upped in one day.' An illustration in *Life on the Upper Thames*, by H. R. Robertson, shews the manner of catching and collecting the birds when their legs are tied together over their backs. The way in which they are handled seems to a looker-on somewhat barbarous. The 'nicking' of the bill is done with a pen-knife, the last joint of the cygnet's immature wing is removed or clipped (termed pinioning), and the bleeding of both bill (which it does freely) and wing, stanchd with tar.

Indeed, the swan was considered a royal bird, and was protected by laws of a peculiar kind, and the privilege of keeping them was granted to certain persons only. The grant to the City companies was an especial compliment from the crown to the City—one of those concessions given at a period when the trade of England began to assume importance and rival that of the Low Countries, when

it became the wish of the crown to conciliate the wealthy traders, and to accord to them various privileges once held by nobles only. The rule adopted for the marks was thus: the bird, when young, was taken up in the presence of the king's swan-herd, and a mark was cut in the skin of the beak, the same as was on the mandible of the parent bird. These marks were entered in a book, and kept as a register of swans; any found without such mark were seized by the king, and marked with the royal mark. No new marks were permitted to interfere with the old ones; and all generally consisted of simple figures, and some few were heraldic. Yarrell gives illustrations of these swan-marks, as do other writers. In the reign of Queen Elizabeth, upwards of nine hundred corporations and individuals had their distinct swan-marks.

The swan's nest is an incongruous assemblage of reeds, straw, and stubble, which the bird has the instinct to *raise* while floods are impending, and has no claim to order or ingenuity in its construction. It is mostly placed in an exposed spot, open to the sun, as if the beautiful bird was conscious of its right to protection, and knew it was under the guardianship of special laws that secure its safety. On this nest the *pen* (female) lays some five to eight eggs, of a dull greenish white, and about four inches in length; six weeks after which the cygnets, of a dark leaden gray, come into daylight; the whole period of incubation being occupied by the *cob* (male) in acting sentinel, ready to attack any intruder, however formidable. The attachment of the mother to her brood is remarkable; and no more beautiful picture is to be seen on the river than a female

Swan superbly frowning,

And with proud breast her own white shadow  
crowning,

her neck gracefully arched, her wings raised as gunwales of protection, and the deck of this exquisitely modelled living craft crowded with her infant progeny, and stemming the rushing tide with her oar-like feet. The colour of the cygnets becomes less gray by time, and when they put on the robe of snow, mamma, hitherto most maternal, drives them off, to do battle with the world on their own account. This they do; and if they have not been pinioned, they mount high in air, and after a grand bird's-eye view of the eligibility of a new location, settle down on some distant piece of water, on which, if the aquatic resources of vegetables be good, and perch in plenty, they will, if not molested, remain for years. 'The job of education' over, the parent birds are free to mate again with fresh acquaintances, or keep on by mutual agreement their old love, which, to the credit of swan conjugality, they often do.

The swan is a long-lived bird, many reaching thirty years. But Willuby says: 'It is a very long-lived fowl, so that it is thought to attain the age of three hundred years;' 'which,' says Aldrovandus, 'to me seems not unlikely.' Mr Yarrell gives the swan fifty years' lease of life. One that lived and was murdered on the canal in St James's Park, known as 'Old Jack,' reached seventy years. Jack was a great favourite with Queen Charlotte, he having been hatched in 1717, on the piece of water attached to old Buckingham House, and translated, after being partly reared

and fed by royal hands, to the more extensive piece of water. He was very sociable, like many another biped, when he had his own way, but became cantankerous if put out. His strength and courage were astonishing. He has been known, when a portion of bun has been thrown upon the water, and a dog however large has contested the morsel with him, to seize the animal by the neck, and drown him; and on one occasion, when a boy of twelve years of age had been teasing him, Jack caught him by the leg of his trousers, and dragged him into the water up to his knees. How long poor Jack would have lived, it is difficult to say. When the Ornithological Society selected the canal as a 'playground' for their foreign specimens, Jack was pretty successful in his engagements with the intruders; but a legion of Polish geese at length arrived, who commenced hostilities with Jack, and having cowardly attacked him in a body, pecked him to death.

A swan of decidedly unamiable disposition ornamented the piece of water opposite the Museum in Kew Gardens. One day we found him, as we supposed sulking, as he did not come as usual to our call; whereupon the keeper told us that a few days before, it had gone ashore, and following a child with some confectionery, had struck it down with its wing, and robbed it of its treat. For this it was sentenced to keep the centre of the pond for a month, with a heavy weight attached to its leg, its food being carried out to it in a punt.

We have alluded to swans raising their nests in anticipation of floods. There are many well authenticated instances of this remarkable foresight. Here is one, the particulars of which were recorded from day to day as the events took place. There is a small stream above Bishop Stortford, a feeder of the Stort; a female swan of about eighteen years of age had reared many broods, and was become familiar to the neighbours, who valued her highly. Once, while she was sitting on four or five eggs, she was observed to be very busy collecting weeds, grasses, and other materials to raise her nest. A farming man was ordered to take down half a load of haulm, with which she most industriously raised her nest and eggs two feet and a half. That very night there came down a tremendous fall of rain, which flooded all the malt-shops, and did great damage. 'Man made no preparation, the bird did; instinct prevailed over reason, her eggs were above—and only just above—the water.'

An angler's aversion to a too great gathering of swans is not altogether founded upon their love for spawn, swans being certainly a great nuisance in those waters where the practice of trolling is pursued, the birds immediately flocking to the spot where the bait is cast, and seizing it if permitted. When thus disposed, no effort even by pelting them will drive them away. On one of the occasions, while casting, our hook caught the chest of the noble creature. At first, he apparently did not believe that such an indignity had fallen to his share; but presently, as the presence of the hook made itself known by the tension of our line, the swan looked down at the attachment, and seeing a spot of scarlet upon its snow-white breast, attempted to remove the hook with its bill. Ineffectual in this, it reared itself almost to standing on the water, and trumpeting forth a loud



defiance, made in full sail towards where we stood. Upon this we put on pressure, with the desire to sever the connection, but this only the more exasperated the creature, who, turning suddenly, made with extraordinary speed across the pool. Alarmed for the safety of our tackle, we had to play the creature as we would a salmon; and it was after more than an hour's 'play,' exhausting alike to man and bird, that the hook parted from its hold with a portion of the skin and some feathers, and released us both. From that time, however, we were never annoyed by the swans when pike-fishing in this lake.

Swans abounded at one time on the Kennet near Newbury, and they had become an abomination to the sight of the trout-fisher, who could not take a step along the banks without slipping here and there upon the grass they had destroyed by their splay-feet and droppings. The farmers had complained in vain that no creature would feed where they had trodden; and the luncheons of the fishers had been more than once invaded by those impudent birds. One morning we were surprised to notice that only two swans were observable in the whole of the reach. These two had their heads under water for so long a time as to excite our curiosity, when by punting up to them we found that the heads of both were fast in an otter trap; and the rest of the flight, as we were told, after most carefully scanning out the cause of the quiescence of their mates, deserted the district for some seasons afterwards. We have no reason to believe that the traps were laid for the swans; but when in other cases in which their eggs would not hatch, and the time for incubation had long passed, small holes were found drilled through the shells, the same verdict of non-wilful interference was not so readily arrived at.

Swanneries were common at one time in England; the swanherd was an appointment of some consequence, and persons who executed the office of 'master of the king's swans' in the counties of Huntingdon, Cambridge, Northampton, and Lincoln, may be traced on the parliament rolls. There was a swannery of some extent at Clarendon in Wiltshire, and one at Purbeck. There still exists a swannery in Norfolk, but this is private; and one at Ilchester on the Fleet, formed by the Chesil Beach which joins Portland Island. *Murray* tells us that 'this decoy and swannery forms a scene of great interest, almost unique in England, not to be missed by the visitor. The decoy is constructed for the wholesale capture of wild-fowl, which are enticed into its mazes by live birds trained for the purpose. The swannery is an inlet likewise of the Fleet, and affords a home to a flock of about six to seven hundred swans, which in the time of the abbots were many times more numerous. In the winter they are visited by wild birds of their species.' And *Broderip* says that 'a noble spectacle even now is presented there; for the swans are not crippled in the pinion, and the sight of some eighty of these splendid birds, many of them on the wing together, will not be readily forgotten by those who have witnessed it.'

Although few doubt at present the depredations which swans commit upon the spawn of fish, there are many who deny that they eat the fish themselves, contending that the construction of the neck would not permit them to swallow anything of a solid nature. The oft alleged destruction of

fish on the Thames by swans appears to us a mere fancy. The true source of destruction has been the fetid condition of the river, owing to the reckless inpouring of town sewage. Now that this odious system of pollution is in course of abatement, the Thames is becoming more prolific in its fish of various species, while it is open to observation that the swans are in excess of the past. Let the swans, we say, continue and prosper.

## STEPHEN BELL, THE USHER.

### IN EIGHT CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER V.

THAT Miss Priscilla had not mistaken her father's liking for the usher, was made evident to Bell the very next morning. On his road to the lodge, he met the keeper, and knew, by the heartiness with which he shook his hand, that the engagement had been revealed. 'Look here, Master Bell,' exclaimed the keeper; 'I don't go about to flatter folk. There are younger and smarter fellows than Pris might, maybe, have had, for all the town knows old Wat Lamsett is pretty well off, though it's only of late years that he has been able to write his own name, and there's nobody vallyes learning, Mr Bell, like them that feels the want of it. But there's not a man in the world I would sooner trust her to than to you; and there's my hand again on it. Pris says you may not be able to settle just yet, and then not in these parts. My idea is, that happy's the wooing that's not long in doing; but you know best, and wherever you go you have my hearty good wishes. After all, Pris is a girl—she's a very young girl in my eyes, you know—that any man may be proud on.'

This speech was succeeded by others in the same strain, so that no son-in-law could ever have been more warmly received in a family than was the usher; in fact, old Lamsett appeared, on this occasion, to have abandoned entirely the stern, harsh temper he was so accustomed to display. And it is a wonderful testimony to the discretion and fidelity of father and daughter, to tell that not a soul in Onslope, beside themselves, knew of the engagement until circumstances made it no longer desirable to conceal it.

After parting with the hale old man, Bell had a long mental discussion as to whether he ought to tell Miss Priscilla more of his reason for leaving England; but after much thought, he decided he would not do so. When he was gone, the disappearance of Alfred Rainwood would no doubt be ascribed to him; the very men who hired him would probably be the first to set afloat insinuations; and it was in that belief that he asked Priscilla always to remember and speak of him with kindness. In a legal view, he could hardly see any reason for concealment at all. Indeed, his undertaking was by no means an illegal one in itself; those who had always acted for the child authorised it; and but for the outer fact, as one may call it, that he was arranging to keep the boy where he could never hear of or claim his rights, it was really no more than changing from one school to another. He knew, and knew it better at every interview with Prior, whom he hated with an intensity that surprised himself, that every one concerned in the transaction fully speculated upon receiving a certificate of the

child's death erelong; but Bell satisfied his conscience by the knowledge that he would rather have harmed himself than Alfred; and there were other palliatives in the matter. He reasoned, that if he did not undertake the task, some far less scrupulous man might easily be found; and again, that even if the boy remained in England, there was no great chance of his ever knowing who he really was, or of his being able to assert his rights. On the whole, Bell decided it would be much better for the boy himself that he should go. We must remember, too, that for several years the usher had led a life not calculated to make his scruples greater, or his conscience more sensitive.

It could not but be flattering to his self-love to mark the eagerness with which Priscilla Lamsett awaited his coming, the evident importance which she attached to his visits, and the trouble which her father took, in his way, to shew his admiration of his son-in-law. After all, the keeper looked upon Bell as but a young man; so men of seventy-seven think of those who are barely fifty; and presents of poultry and fish, offers of a horse to ride, a gun to shoot with, and the like, attested Lamsett's good-will. The offer of the gun Bell accepted, and by way of providing him with the advice valuable to a novice, the keeper went into the woods with him in person. What he thought of his pupil may be judged of by the fact that he left him to himself and an under-keeper pretty early, and went on to the Hall with the butler, who happened to come across them; that he scarcely spoke a word on the road; and that, on entering the butler's room, he dashed his shot-belt down on the table, exclaiming: 'Give me a mug of old October, Master Phillips!' and then, having drunk the same, exclaimed further: 'That scholar beats cock-fighting! Man and boy, have I shot over these grounds for more than sixty years, with the earl that now is, and his father, and his father, and I ought to know what shooting is. I say there isn't such a shot within forty miles of Onslope—I do. And as for Squire Harbolt's keeper, and his shooting, that they make so much fuss about'—The snap of the finger and thumb with which the old man concluded spoke contempt for this rival's pretensions more plainly than a whole sermon could have done.

Day after day of the holidays flew by, and day by day drew nearer the date on which the good ship *Fair Rosamond*, A1, 1012 tons register, was appointed to sail for San Francisco. If by chance any of the few persons who took an interest in Bell or his pupil, had seen the advertisement relating to this celebrated clipper, they had little thought how nearly it concerned them. Bell had run up to London twice within the last few days, to settle various things connected with his passage; he did not intend to join the ship until the last moment, and as she belonged to a firm which was always punctual, he could reckon with certainty upon her sailing; he had called each time on the old lawyer at his West End house. On each occasion he had seen the principal himself, and the same clerk had always been in attendance; from this he judged that, however commonplace the business was intended to appear from the outside, the firm were resolved to have as few in the secret as possible. On his last visit, this clerk actually offered Bell a pinch of snuff; the usher was rather

surprised at this attention from such a dummy as the clerk had always appeared; he took the pinch, nevertheless, and noticed that the box was of massy gold, fitter, he fancied, for the master than the man. He received a cheque for his expenses, and was complimented by Mr Maine on the business-like way in which he was proceeding. Bell bowed to the compliment, but pricked his ears on the old gentleman mentioning some trivial arrangements he had made at Onslope; he was sure he had not spoken of them, and could not understand how the lawyer should know anything about them.

At last there was but one clear day left before the sailing of the ship; Bell prepared a letter for his employers, advising them that he would not resume his scholastic duties; and one in the name of some imaginary person, accounting for Alfred's removal. Another letter, which cost him some thought, was for Priscilla. He had purchased for her a gold watch and chain on his last visit to London, and presented his gift in the afternoon of the day referred to. Priscilla was warm in her expressions of delight at the gift; in her plain home she had never worn or coveted anything beyond the silver watch which had been her mother's, and she had mixed so little with strangers, and had had so little of pleasure or excitement beyond the gates of the park, that she was as susceptible as a girl of seventeen would have been in a bypast 'period.' At her earnest request, Bell promised to call at the lodge in the evening, to see her uncle; her mother's only brother. He was coming from town to spend a few days at the lodge, and he would be so glad to see Mr Bell.

So the usher promised; and was true to his word, after taking his quiet tea at Hanover House with Alfred. When the two took this meal together, which was commonly the case, the tray was brought into the playground, as the weather was gloriously fine; little Alfred enjoyed these repasts so much, that the very keenness of his pleasure brought with it a melancholy when he thought of the noisy school teas, and the impossibility of always having Mr Bell's strange, pleasant talk all to himself. This evening, the usher was not inclined to talk of foreign lands or wild beasts; yet, if graver than usual, he was kinder, and laid his hand on the boy's head very tenderly when he bade him good-night. He left the school, and strolled leisurely towards the Park; but he had not been gone more than three minutes before he heard his name shouted loudly, and turning, saw Mr Prior running after him. 'What is the matter?' asked the usher.

'I haven't a moment to spare,' gasped Prior; 'I have just come to say good-bye, and to ask if there is anything more to be spoken before you go. I am off to Yorkshire.'

'Nothing wrong, I hope?' said Bell.

'No—no; nothing wrong,' replied Prior; 'only some business. I must be in—Shropshire to-morrow morning.' He glanced sharply at Bell as he spoke, to see if he had noticed the change of county, but the latter's face was immovable. 'What I wanted to see you for now,' continued Prior, 'was just to ask if all was ready; money all right; no hitch, no difficulty. If there is anything needed, say so at once.'

'Nothing, I believe, is needed,' said Bell; 'I know of nothing to prevent my being in the

Downs in a little over eight-and-forty hours. My arrangements are complete, and my mind is as before.'

'Well, good-bye, old fellow!' exclaimed Prior; 'I wish you luck. And listen: *don't be a fool*. You know what I mean.' With these words he seized the other's hand, which was not proffered, wrung it with a show of profuse cordiality, and then hurried off.

'Humph!' ejaculated Bell; 'this is to me an unexpected move; I wonder if it is so to him.—Hollo, Boots! I am always running against you, it seems. Here is half-a-crown for you; I meant to have given it at the end of the half-year, but forgot.'

'Thank 'ee, sir,' said the man; 'we do seem to meet pretty often.' He touched his hat, grinned, and disappeared; nor would Bell have thought any more of the incident, but for his fancying, as he swung open the side-gate of Oakmount Park, that he saw Boots walking under the hedge of an opposite field; it might easily have been so, without any extraordinary coincidence, for there was a footpath in the field.

Bell passed through the gate, and, with the freedom of an assured visitor, entered the lodge; Priscilla, hearing his step, rose to meet him, and to introduce him to the stranger. The latter was seated at the farther side of the room, the darkest part at any time, and as the quiet evening light was almost excluded by the flowers which filled the open window, Bell could see him only indistinctly. With a flutter of pride, Priscilla introduced her uncle, Mr Daniel Trenlee; as she did so, the person indicated rose, and extending his hand to the usher, said: 'I have had the pleasure of meeting Mr Bell before; in fact, we are quite old acquaintances.'

Bell, who was but seldom off his guard, staggered back in amazement. Why, this was the clerk from the great lawyer's; this was the confidential man with the golden snuff-box; this was the man who must know or guess everything relative to his intended flight—and this man, too, Priscilla's uncle! Although astounded by the discovery, the usher quickly recovered himself, and expressed the pleasure he felt at meeting him again, and so forth; but while calm enough outwardly, he was in a maze of speculation and wonder as to what turn events would take, and whether the clerk would feel it his duty to open his niece's eyes, when he found that she was engaged to be married to a man who was embarked in so doubtful an undertaking. His doubts changed to surprise, when he found, by a score of little jokes and hints, that the clerk was already aware of the engagement, and approved of it, as was plain from some of his hints conveying allusions to his own wealth, and to the fact that he had neither wife, chick, nor child, and that Pris was a favourite of his. So Bell decided that the bias which the father and daughter had in his favour, had, by their partial representations, been extended to the uncle, and he was not sorry to find that it was so.

It grew so dark that Priscilla rose to get candles, but Mr Trenlee stopped her. 'Let a poor Cockney enjoy the beautiful twilight,' he said; 'it is all very well for you country folks, who have it every night, to think nothing of it, but we are different. Besides, Pris, I have now some business to talk over, which had better be done before your father comes in,

and to talk over which brought me down into Hertfordshire to-day; two days later would have been too late, as Mr Bell knows.'

'Now, it is coming,' thought Bell; but the idea did not disturb him, as it had at first, for he felt sure of the good-will of the clerk; though why it was so, and what line the old gentleman was going to take, were utterly beyond his penetration.

The clerk began: 'Come closer, Pris; and Mr Bell, do you draw up. There are no listeners in this quiet place, I know, but one feels safer when all precautions are taken.'

His listeners complied, and the three gathered round a small table at the window.

'I came down here, Mr Bell,' continued Mr Trenlee, 'not at all aware of the intimacy between yourself and my niece; I congratulate you both, now I know it. But when I first heard of it, it occasioned me the greatest perplexity, for it was on your account I took this trip. I have left Maine, Firth, and Maine.'

'Indeed!' said Bell; but Priscilla only smiled.

'Yes; I virtually left them some months ago,' returned Trenlee, 'for I have only waited to see the closing of a few transactions in which Mr Maine, the senior, was interested. I have been with him fifty years; so I have earned my retirement. He is older than I am, and is almost past work; but to oblige one influential client he personally attended to a certain little business—as you know, Mr Bell. Your affair is finished; he has gone from the firm, and I have left. Now, I know you are going to California' (Priscilla caught her breath, and clasped her hands at hearing this); 'and as you are going to marry my niece, I mean to have a very different conversation with you than I had at first intended, and shall let you know more of the matter you have in hand than, I daresay, they have told you. This is all in strict confidence, you know, and never to be used except for our own safety or benefit. It is nothing to us what other people do, only, if they want to make tools of us, it is but natural we should see if we cannot be edged tools sometimes. I can answer for Pris's silence, and you ought to be safe if you are trusted in an affair of this kind. Now there is a child at school here under the name of Rainwood, whom you have agreed to take charge of in America, until he grows up; unless, indeed, you prove yourself apt at understanding what is wanted of you. As you perhaps know, he is his father's oldest and only child, and the father would marry again, but could assuredly not marry where he wishes, if that boy were known to exist. This man, sir, this father, is a dreadfully bad man; his father is bad enough; but it is only the latter's influence which has kept the son from making short work of the poor boy long before now. There is some vow or superstitious rite which the younger man has performed, which keeps him from harming the child. I should have thought he cared nothing for any pledge or vow, but it seems he is restrained by having taken an oath never to hurt the boy—and it is his own child I am talking about; but if he could get it done at second-hand, without actually giving the order, he would be pleased. Things have come to a crisis; if he delays much longer, he will probably lose the chance of marrying a lady of great wealth, and so he and his father have arranged to send young Rainwood, as they call him, quite away, and they have pitched upon you

as their agent. I don't know how they found you out, in the first instance'—

'I was chosen, I suppose,' interrupted Bell, 'because I was the only master left at Hanover House during the holidays, and little Rainwood was the only pupil. A man named Prior is the person who first opened the matter to me.'

'Prior—Prior!' mused Mr Trenlee; 'I don't know him; but it would not be difficult to get a safe man, especially as perhaps even he was not trusted with real names. Bless you! those in the secret only know it piecemeal among them, excepting myself; and I have tried to find out by what channel they were working, but could not succeed. The agent, however, seems very well satisfied with you, although, like a prudent man, he has watched you rather closely. I saw you look up sharply enough when old Mr Maine was talking about your arrangements at this place; he let out more than he should have done; but, there! you could hardly light your pipe without a report being made of it to headquarters.'

'Indeed!' exclaimed Bell.

'Yes; it's quite true,' continued the clerk: 'this Prior had a man in your house in his pay—one Joseph Dodds, who is a sort of groom there, I think.'

'Why, he is our "boots!"' exclaimed Bell; 'and your information accounts for my always stumbling over him, go where I would.'

'Of course, it does,' assented Mr Trenlee, with a smile. 'Well, that's enough about the machinery employed. What I have to tell you—and the information may some day be worth thousands to you—is the real name of the boy, and consequently that of his father; also where his mother is.'

'I thought, from Prior's account, and from all I had heard before, that she was dead,' said Bell.

'So they report, and so, possibly, this Prior believes,' replied Trenlee; 'but that is just the most important part, to my thinking, of the secret. She is alive, but in a private madhouse.'

'Mad! Poor thing!' said Priscilla, who had been listening, the most interested, probably, of the three.

'No more mad than I am,' returned the clerk; 'but, under another name, there she is, down in Yorkshire; but she will not be there long'—

'Yorkshire!—how extraordinary!' ejaculated the usher.

'Why extraordinary? Why not Yorkshire, as well as anywhere else?' asked Trenlee.

'I could not help interrupting you,' said Bell, 'for, as I was coming here, Prior ran up to me to bid me farewell, and to say that he had suddenly been called to Yorkshire.'

'Well, they may want him down there,' said Trenlee, after a moment's reflection, 'for they have had some trouble with the young woman lately; she succeeded in breaking out, I hear, and nearly got away, but luckily they recaptured her.' He said 'luckily,' and evidently meant it, for his ideas wandered no further than strategy or policy. The right or the wrong of the matter did not trouble him; besides, if they had not caught her, of what value would have been this now-important secret? 'They are going to remove her to-morrow, as the present situation is not lonely enough. She is the only patient in the house,' he continued; 'and as she is as sane as any one breathing, they

are obliged to take unusual precautions with her'—

'I thought,' interrupted Bell, 'that commissioners of some kind occasionally visited the patients at these houses.'

'So they do,' explained Mr Trenlee; 'but they never see *her*. They always see the keeper's wife dressed up, who answers to the name of the patient—and precious rubbish she talks, you may be sure. The effect of this is, that if she could make any appeal, the commissioners themselves are so convinced of her madness, by what they consider the evidence of their own eyes and ears, that they would pay no attention to anything she might write. I should not wonder, however, if this Prior is going down from her husband to see about shifting her abroad also. I know that some men are engaged as her keepers; and if she does go abroad, take my word for it, Mr Bell, whatever may be her son's luck, she will never see England again; and I will lay this snuff-box—pure gold, Mr Bell, a present from my old master—against a fourpenny-piece, that she is not alive this day six months.'

'O uncle!' exclaimed Priscilla, 'if you think that such wickedness is afloat, can you not do something to thwart it, and save the poor lady? I feel as bad as the wretches themselves, to hear of their plots, and do nothing.'

'My dear Pris,' replied her uncle, sententiously, 'you don't understand these things. In the first place, it is no business of mine, or ours; Mr Bell could get nothing by interfering and exposing these schemes; you must remember *that*. And in the next place, we have no proof of anything being wrong; my suspicions would amount to nothing in a court of law. In fact, I am only explaining all these circumstances so that Mr Bell shall know as much about them as myself, in case anything should happen to me, and he should find it desirable to use the information. Nor did I get the knowledge in my own confidential department of the business; if I had, I could not have told it to you. I received great part of it—enough, with what I knew, to account for all—from a clerk in the office, whom the husband chooses to trust in preference to myself, and this clerk owes me money, which he can't pay; so there it is. Well, now to go on. The wife, you see, is safe enough; and I am not sure that even the resident keeper knows her real name. She is there as Mrs Mary Robinson—a not very uncommon name, you must own; and perhaps, if she has ever told her true one to the keeper, he does not believe her. Her son—who, she believes, died some years ago, as they professed sympathy with her sorrow sufficient to allow her to wear mourning—goes by the name of Alfred Rainwood; so, if, by any extraordinary chance, he were to hear of her, or she of him, there is nothing in the names to remind them of each other.'

'I fancied,' said Bell, 'that we should hear that Rainwood was the maiden name of this lady—poor creature!—as I, of course, guessed it was not his father's.'

'Oh, they would not run such a risk as that. But now for the secret.' The clerk lowered his voice here, and his hearers each bent forward to listen. 'His father is Captain Reginald Maylis, of whose resignation—I may say expulsion—from the army, some time back, you must have

heard. The grandfather is old Sir Reginald Maylis, the banker; and this boy's name is Reginald Maylis also. He was born near Plymouth, and you will find in Saltash Church the registry of his birth. Here is a copy. His parents were married at St Michael's, Coventry, all being regular and in due form, as this second document, which you had better place with the other, will shew. When we have light to read, you will see that Reginald Maylis, captain, was married by license to Katharine Rose Daniton, parents dead; and with these papers'—

'Oh, good heavens, what is the matter?' exclaimed Priscilla. 'What ails Mr Bell? Oh, help me, uncle!'

This exclamation was drawn by the usher suddenly rising from his chair, and falling heavily to the ground.

'Get lights, girl, at once,' said the clerk, who was very cool; 'he is in a fit; I daresay he is subject to them—quick!'

With a great effort, Priscilla controlled herself, brought lights, and drew the curtains; her uncle had already raised the insensible man to a sitting posture, but his strength was not sufficient to lift him from the ground. He removed his neckerchief, while Priscilla fetched water and stimulants; by aid of these, Bell soon gave signs of returning consciousness, and could lend such slight help to his companions as enabled them to place him on the sofa.

'Hollo! you are all right now, old fellow,' said Trenlee, slapping him gently on the shoulder; 'but you gave poor Pris a terrible turn, and quite staggered me. What was it—a dream?'

'Yes,' said the usher, faintly, but distinctly—'I have awakened from a dreadful dream. I am better now. Finish your information.'

'O no, Mr Bell,' exclaimed Priscilla; 'pray, hear no more to-night. I fear you grew so excited with the story that it made you ill. We will talk more in the morning.'

'God bless you, Priscilla!' said Bell, with more warmth than he had ever before shewn, fondling the hand which she had laid on his. 'What you said earlier to-night, would have taught me my duty, had I not been callous of heart.—But I must know a little more, Mr Trenlee; for instance, you have not yet said where this lady is.'

'Well, that must finish for to-night, then,' said the clerk; 'in short, there is no more to be told, and the fact itself is of little consequence, as she is to be removed immediately. But I will find out where they take her, trust me.'

'But where is she now? why don't you say where she is now?' demanded Bell, somewhat impatiently.

'Dear me, how irritable invalids always are,' thought Trenlee; then added aloud: 'She is at Briar House, about half a mile from the little village of Rattle in Yorkshire, on the Skipton Road. I know the place well; I have been there, on other business, a dozen times.'

'Thank you,' said the usher.—'Now, Priscilla, let me beg a drop more of the brandy.' His request was complied with, and he continued: 'You see, Mr Trenlee, how steadily I can pour out the spirit, and how steadily I can hold the glass. I fancy I am as cool and composed as I was an hour ago.'

'Quite so; better, in fact,' agreed the clerk, who

would have said anything exactly opposite to please and reassure the invalid.

'Very well,' continued Bell; 'then you will perhaps walk outside the lodge with me for three minutes, while Miss Lamsett is preparing supper, as we must be in her way.'

'Certainly,' said Trenlee, who of course saw that this trivial excuse was but a cover to something more important; so they went out together, and walked to and fro in the broad park avenue.

Whatever it was that the usher had to say, his communication appeared to surprise Trenlee almost as much as the latter's story had affected him; and at the end of a far longer conversation than Miss Priscilla had expected, the two shook hands warmly, and re-entered the lodge. On his niece gently reproaching them for their delay, Mr Trenlee said: 'We are about to behave far worse than that, I fear, Pris; but you know when I am in earnest. I am very much so now. We must find your father, in the first place; and in the next, you must contrive to make up a bed for Alfred Rainwood.'

'Alfred!' exclaimed Priscilla; but she asked no questions; as her uncle had said, she knew when he was in earnest.

The clerk continued: 'Mr Bell and myself are going a very long journey to-night.'

'To-night!' gasped Priscilla.

'To-night,' repeated her uncle. 'We shall catch the last northern train, which stops at Onslope in about a couple of hours. We shall want a third party with us, and he must be a younger man than I am, or I would take your father. I want a perfectly trustworthy, silent, and courageous fellow. Now, who can we have?'

'Dick Willand at the Hall is just the person,' said Priscilla; 'he is under the steward there, and he would do anything for father. You may trust him with your life; and he is the strongest man in Onslope.'

'Then he is just the fellow for us,' said Trenlee. 'So, Pris, you must take your lapdogs, and go to the Hall for Mr Dick; tell him to be in readiness within an hour, and he will not be away above a day or two. I will go and find your father; he is sure to be with Barnes the butcher, over his invariable cribbage.—While you, Mr Bell, will fetch Alfred.'

The old gentleman's decisive manner left no possibility of delay or dispute, and in less than five minutes after he had spoken, the lodge was deserted, and each of the three speeding on the errand directed.

#### A PERUVIAN RAILWAY.

THE development of engineering science during the past century has been most remarkable, and seemed to reach its climax when the Mont Cenis Tunnel was completed with perfect success. But this has in its turn been surpassed in the far-distant land of Peru, where perseverance has overcome natural obstacles which would have been considered insurmountable a few years ago, and the mighty chain of the Andes is on the point of being crossed by a railway at an elevation of between five and six thousand yards. This is no ordinary work, and it may not be uninteresting to give a slight sketch of its progress.

Peru, which is traversed from north to south by the Cordillera, is thus divided into two very different regions. That narrow portion which is bordered by the Pacific is sandy and arid, crossed at rare intervals by valleys more or less cultivated, and veiled during three-quarters of the year by a thick fog. It seems as if nature, imitating the jealous care of the miser, had sowed desolation over this part to hide from man's cupidity the incomparable riches which lie beyond. On the other side of the mountains, the rich basin of the Amazon stretches out in all its beauty, with the grand tributaries which water it. Whilst the few streams which flow into the Pacific are torrents which cannot be navigated, the Ucayali, the Tambo, and the Apurimac on the other side roll their deep and limpid waters through vast forests. Between these rise the peaked crests, the volcanoes, and snowy summits of the Andes, rising to a height of eighteen thousand feet, presenting a series of plains covered with thin pasturage, or forming deep valleys of wonderful fertility.

It is thus easy to understand how necessary good roads must be for the prosperity of the country. Yet, until the last two years, a highway fit for carriages was unknown between Lima and Callao on the coast. At the very gates of the capital, a few carts were dragged through sandy ruts; but soon this changed, in the sierra, to a path only accessible to mules; everything being carried on the backs of these animals, or llamas, marching one after another in Indian file. This will account for the immense price of many articles of merchandise; for, when the freight from this country to Lima costs two pounds a ton, twenty pounds more is required to get it a hundred miles up the country. Though roads were thus wanting, Peru possessed two short lines of railway as early as 1848, one uniting the capital with the port of Callao, and the other to the sea-baths at Chorrillos; both have answered well for the shareholders.

It was not until 1869 that any new enterprise was discussed, when the arrival of an American capitalist, Mr Meiggs, well known on the coast of the Pacific, where he had constructed a railway between Valparaíso and Santiago, gave an impulse to the work. To get the riches of the interior conveyed across the Andes, to encourage emigration to so delicious a climate, and in time to open a way to Brazil, marked out the objects of the advocates of the central line. Three valleys converge towards the capital, all equally fertile: the first leads directly to Cerro de Pasco, a very rich mining country; the second to a less known district, but incredibly fertile, and supplied with splendid forests; the third to the valley of Jauja. After due consideration on the part of the engineers, the second of these was decided on, through the valley of the river Rimac; for, though narrower, the incline is more regular, having fewer cascades and precipices.

For this great undertaking the government gave gratuitous use of the lands belonging to it, all the material necessary to be admitted free, and a large sum of money. From eight to twelve thousand Chilians and Chinese were engaged as workmen; and the whole is now in such an advanced state, that on the 21st of July 1876, Peru hopes to

celebrate the fifty-third anniversary of her independence by the opening of this railway.

Taking the report of M. d'Avricourt, a gentleman resident at Lima, a few of the difficulties may be described. The line begins at Callao, and for some miles passes through a well-cultivated valley, but gradually the incline rises to four in a hundred, where the river and some alluvial land fill up the narrow space. Here begin enormous cuttings, one not less than a hundred feet in depth, where supporting walls are necessary, many tunnels, and above all, the famous viaduct of Verrugas, the highest in the world, between five and six hundred feet in length, and nearly three hundred feet in height at the centre. It rests on three vertical pillars, having a base of granite and Portland cement. The bridge, which is entirely of iron, and weighed six hundred tons, was brought in pieces from North America, where it was forged.

Twice has the torrent of the Rimac to be crossed by bridges no less remarkable than the Verrugas viaduct; the height must necessarily be very great to admit of the swollen stream when the snows are melting. There is a graceful little detour beside two valleys, when the rail reaches Mantucana, and is once more on a level with the river; already it is above seven thousand feet higher than the sea, but to reach the ridge of the Cordillera an equal distance has to be surmounted. At the first glance this seems impossible, for the valley entirely disappears, and the Rimac rolls its foaming waters between perpendicular rocks, the summits of which seem lost in the clouds. The eye seeks for a road, and sees nothing but narrow, deep gorges and dry hard rock. Here and there, the torrent slackens its course, and in some nooks the Indian has built his cabin; the water irrigates his field, and from his knowledge of how to employ it at a considerable height, a green patch may be discerned here and there on apparently inaccessible eminences.

But this mountain-culture is not exempt from danger. Last year, Lima trembled for its existence on seeing the flow of the river suddenly stopped. Under the constant action of the filtering of the water to their fields, through canals cut by the Indians, a mountain crumbled at once, intercepted the Rimac, and transformed it into an immense lake, which filled for many days the valley up to Mantucana. The line of the railway disappeared, and many men were buried in the ruins, but the dam thus formed was happily sufficiently strong to keep the waters within their new limit, and again they resumed their course by forming a waterfall over the obstacle.

From this place the spectacle which nature presents makes it a wonder how a locomotive can cross such terrible defiles; no less than thirty bridges and viaducts in one long succession pass over the ground, and when a curve is impossible, a zigzag of the form of the letter V has to be employed, a condition always unfavourable to the movements of a line of carriages. This is done for the first time after passing the frightful gorge of Chacahuaro, where the mountains separate a little, and the eye rejoices to see the picturesque village of San Mateo. But all too soon the valley closes up, disappears, and there is nothing but a vast chasm, at the bottom of which the river rolls along majestically, bordered by two steep walls of rock. In the distance the sound of the waterfall is heard, and the white foam rushes down the

stream, the mule-road cut in the rock leads through a hundred windings, whilst masses of porphyry hang over the abyss, threatening to crush the traveller. This is the celebrated gorge of the Infraillo, perhaps the finest in the whole chain of the Cordillera. The Rimac, about thirty yards in width, falls over the rocks at a height of a hundred and twenty feet.

To make a railway through such a defile was an impossibility; but, by first carrying the line to a considerable height, it was practicable to pierce the rock for a tunnel, throw a bridge over the river, and again enter the earth for a considerable distance, still continuing the interminable ascent. Another fine viaduct, three hundred feet long, brings the line to Chicha, a region very rich in minerals of various kinds, the working of which only waits for the iron way to bring them down to the coast. The principal difficulties are now overcome; the valley is wider, and the Rimac is no longer an impetuous torrent, but a miserable stream fed by small rivulets; the mountains have a grander but more desolate aspect, and at the end of the defile rises a snowy peak, which dazzles the eye with its brilliancy. The mules travel on slowly; both they and their riders suffer from difficulty of breathing, owing to the rarefaction of the air at that tremendous height. One last tunnel marks the culminating point; and on the high plateaux of the Andes the railway proceeds until, by an easy descent, it arrives at the miserable village of Aroya, only important as the terminus from whence branch off the roads to Jauja and Tarma.

The fort of San Ramon, lost in the midst of forests, marks the eastern limit of the republic; under its shelter several farms have been chosen, and their prosperity affords a striking example of the return which labour can obtain in this rich country. The colonists are in every case realising fifty per cent.; all are rich, and many had no capital to begin with: the axe of the pioneer has cut down the tropical vegetation, and rice, coffee, and rum are largely exported. On the day when the railway shall join the twenty leagues which separate this little fort from communication with the Amazon, where Admiral Tucker, with his flotilla, waits the arrival of the engineer, Peru will have opened a new entrepôt for commercial progress, and its productions carried between the two great oceans will procure for it the first place in South America.

It only remains to be seen what are the riches which this land can offer. There are truly few countries where nature is so prodigal. The sand of the coast-line, in appearance inimical to all vegetation, is, on the contrary, virgin soil, which, without tillage, gives a hundred per cent., if water can be supplied. The fields were formerly irrigated with rare skill by the Incas, and now agriculture has greatly developed during the last few years. Rice, cotton, and sugar farms are abundant on the coast. To the south, in the valley of Canete, the sugar-cane grows with a vigour unequalled even in the Antilles. Cut at the end of two years, it will furnish another rich harvest in the same time; and on some lands seven or eight gatherings without a new plantation being made. The owner of a small plot of six acres admitted that his profits amounted to eight hundred a year. In the northern part, it is more developed, and one manufactory is spoken of where eight hundred

quintals a day are made, each quintal being worth about a guinea. This result may be thought exaggerated, but it is rather below than above the average.

The culture of cotton has not been so successful, for though the climate is so mild and equable, it requires greater care. The vine grows luxuriantly, from which very good wine and brandy are made; whilst the cacao gathered around Cuzco produces the best chocolate in the world. The colder climate of the hills permits the potato, wheat, barley, and oats to flourish; and on the other side of the Andes, in the wild district which they call the *montana*, the most valuable trees crowd and stifle each other in their tropical luxuriance—among these are the cedar, the mahogany, the ebony, and the cascarilla, the bark of which supplies a valuable medicine.

The famous mines of Peru must not be forgotten; but, alas, those which in the last century gave millions to Spain, now scarcely produce sufficient metal to coin for the country. There still exist seventy mines of gold, and nearly nine hundred of silver, besides those of copper, mercury, and lead; but during the war the works were abandoned, water has invaded the galleries, and great expense in pumping would be necessary before their hidden riches could be uncovered. Saltpetre, coal, and petroleum only require labour to develop them; the latter is met with very near the surface, and not far from the sea. To the south, in the salt country of Tarapaca, the ground is one immense bed of saltpetre, and a rail, now nearly completed, is intended to bring the coal from the district of Huaraz to the coast. This is of a superior kind to that which has been found in Chili. Almost all the coal now used is brought round Cape Horn from this country, and sold at an incredible price, so that to have it on the spot will be an immense advantage.

It would be strange to pass over in silence the great source of Peruvian riches, and almost the only resource the state can offer to its creditors, guano. It was not unknown to the Incas, who employed it with success in agriculture; but its value was forgotten until Humboldt visited the country in 1804, when he sent some specimens to two French chemists for analysis. Little attention was paid to it; but thirty years after, when M. Cochet recommended its use, he was looked upon as mad, and died poor and unknown in a hospital at Bordeaux. However, the discovery was not lost, and for many years past Peru has reaped an enormous fortune from her guano islands. Some of the deposits are now exhausted, but others are worked, and will insure a certain revenue for at least ten years to come. The chemical manures now made may reduce the value of guano, but though the phosphate of lime used for them is abundant, the nitrates, which are equally indispensable, are almost wanting in Europe, but are met with in a pure state in Tarapaca.

In this favoured land of Peru there exist rich crops, splendid timber, metals, minerals. Unhappily, however, independence, while bringing the shadow of liberty to Peru, has not developed in the nation, as among the Chilians, a love of labour, which must be the first condition of a nation's prosperity. The Cholos, or Indian race, disdain field-work, and are content to live in poverty; and the blacks, a robust people, willing



to work, have almost disappeared since the abolition of slavery. It is to the Chinese emigrants, more than ten thousand of whom disembark yearly at Callao, that the country looks for help; their quiet resigned character and superior intelligence render them there, as elsewhere, a most valuable resource in industrial and agricultural work.

#### A WELCOME WINDFALL.

IN a luxuriously furnished drawing-room, whose windows faced Hyde Park, one lovely afternoon in June 18—, sat a lady, whose age, judging from her appearance, was about twenty-three. She was alone, but, by her restless movements and varying expression, it was evident that some one was momentarily expected. Her face was a fair one, but bore on it the unmistakable impress of anxiety, which shaded features of no ordinary beauty. She was simply but elegantly dressed in a pale mauve muslin; and on her white fingers glittered some rings of great value, in addition to the one plain circlet which proclaimed her to be a wife.

She glanced with an anxious look from the window towards the Park, and sighed.

'Not a sign of him. What can it be?' Then she paced up and down the room, until a knock at the door arrested her, and her maid entered, holding in her arms a fragile and perfect dress of white tulle and costly lace, which had just arrived from Madame Elise, with an inquiry whether Mrs Vivian would wear it that evening, or decide upon another. Mrs Vivian—for such was the lady's name—without a glance at the dress in question, replied: 'No, Forrest; you can put it away. I don't think I shall go out at all to-night.'

Forrest retired at once, not without sundry suppressed comments on the extraordinary decision of her young mistress. 'Not going out, after ordering this lovely dress, and to the duchess's ball too—well, I never!' And feeling quite aggrieved, Forrest carried it up to Mrs Vivian's dressing-room, and deposited it carefully on a sofa. 'Maybe she'll change her mind when master comes in,' she reflected sagely, 'so I won't put it in the wardrobe.'

At seven o'clock, a hansom dashed up to the door of the Vivians' house, and in a moment or two Mr Vivian was with his wife.

'Oh, my darling Charley, why are you so late? I have been in despair about you.'

'I couldn't help it, Alice; you don't know how glad I am to get back even now.' He kissed his wife fondly, and they seated themselves together, whilst he prepared to explain the reason of his delay.

'I see it is bad, Charley. Don't be afraid to tell me,' she said eagerly.

'It is bad indeed, Alice; it hardly could be worse. I have moved heaven and earth to try to get some more money; but unless a miracle happens, nothing can save us. Everything has gone down, down, down; and unless a marvellous rise comes within the next week, I shall be utterly smashed.'

'We can but hope,' murmured Alice; 'and if the crash comes, we have each other.'

'My own wife, my brave, hopeful, loving wife,' responded Mr Vivian fervently, 'you are indeed a precious comforter! Yet it is principally on your account I dread it.'

'Don't think of me. I shall be happy wherever we are, and feel I can bear anything better than this uncertainty; it seems like being on a precipice.'

The two sat talking for some time, in turns comforting each other on the subject of some coming disaster which it was evident they considered it impossible to avert. They had only been married six months; and when Alice Annesley became the wife of the rich banker Charles Vivian, the world in general smiled on her nuptials and considered her a most fortunate girl, for he was young, prosperous, and handsome, and most truly in love with her; whilst she, entirely returning his affection, thought little of the pecuniary advantages of her marriage, in comparison with the fact that her lot was in future to be linked with that of one who so thoroughly possessed her heart.

Miss Annesley was an orphan, and, up to the time of her marriage, had lived with a married sister, some ten years her senior, a Mrs Frederick Atwood. Mr Atwood was a City man of considerable wealth, and it was through him that Alice had made her husband's acquaintance; and in six short weeks after meeting for the first time, they were married.

Little was known of Mr Vivian's antecedents beyond the fact, that he was a distant relation of a very old family of his own name; that he possessed no near relatives, but was eminently agreeable, belonged to a first-rate club, was a general favourite with both sexes, and was invariably met in the best circles, which was a conclusive proof that there was nothing objectionable about him. He had, not many years before meeting Alice, become a partner in a banking-house in the City, and as from that time his wealth seemed constantly to be increasing, it was generally believed that his business was a first-rate one. And, indeed, so it had been; and when he married, he could afford to install his bride in one of the nicest houses in London, with every appliance of comfort and luxury. It was a wonderful marriage for Alice, who only possessed a small yearly income of one hundred and fifty pounds, which, however, her father's oldest friend and family lawyer, Mr Upton, insisted should be settled safely upon herself. This caution on the part of the lawyer was deemed by Mr Atwood to be superfluous; but Mr Upton was firm, and, in spite of remonstrance from even Alice herself, did his utmost to make the bridegroom elect settle a certain amount upon her in addition; but here he failed, and was obliged to be satisfied with having secured her own money—a good deed, for which no one thanked him at the time.

Mr Vivian gave his wife magnificent presents; the Atwoods were most liberal; and friends seemed to start up in every direction, eager to add their offerings to the bridal gifts so plentifully bestowed on the future Mrs Vivian. To be brief, the marriage took place, and the pair went abroad for a few weeks, returning to England, first to pay a few country visits, and then to take possession of their new house, and to take their part, in due time in one of the most brilliant seasons ever

known in London. Mr Vivian was rich, Mrs Vivian was a beauty, and before she knew it herself, Mrs Vivian was the rage. Every one called; invitations were showered upon them; and though they both agreed in thinking a quiet evening now and then would be very welcome, it was almost impossible to achieve such a thing.

But a shade seemed gradually to envelop Mr Vivian, and though his devotion to his wife was evident, still, it was apparent that his marriage was changing him, for he was now not the same man. Alice perceived the alteration, and first wondered, then trembled, and then charged him with it, nor desisted until she had gained his fullest confidence. In the midst of their gaiety and magnificence, she heard that her husband was on the verge of ruin. He told her all, unburdened himself to her sympathising ear, and so relieved himself of half the anguish which concealment had entailed. It was the old story: speculations had failed, which, as a partner, he shared in; others had been ventured on, but were equally unfortunate: and it now required but one whisper against the solvency of the bank to insure its ruin. To avert the possibility of suspicion, Alice went out as usual, and received visitors in her splendid home with a smiling exterior, which covered, alas! a sinking heart; while he struggled to avert the dreaded crash, returning home every afternoon jaded and worn, only to have to brace himself up to accompany his wife to some gay scene, sadly in discordance with their feelings, but a necessary effort to avoid suspicion. Matters, they vainly hoped, might yet be arranged, and they would be able quietly to withdraw from their present position without the fiasco which a sudden collapse would entail. They must fulfil their engagements, and, worse still, allow a ball, for which Mrs Vivian had, little dreaming of what was imminent, issued innumerable invitations. Poor Alice! no wonder that her heart sank when she thought of what might be in the future, or that she almost recoiled from the sight of the lovely robe held out for her inspection by her maid, and which she had intended for that particular evening. Her husband had been most anxious for her to go to the Duchess of —'s ball, and when an invitation came, Alice too had been highly delighted, and sent an acceptance, little dreaming what an ordeal it would prove.

Tired, and miserably anxious as he was, Mr Vivian decided that they must go, if only for a short time. So they went. What a scene of splendour and magnificence it was, that brilliant throng, with their gorgeous dresses, glittering diamonds, and their smiling animated faces! All seemed happiness and radiance. Every one was cordial, every one was kind. Alice was surrounded at once; and during the short time they remained, the Vivians only saw each other at a distance. Alice's eyes were constantly looking towards her husband, while his sought hers as constantly. At last, heart-sick and weary, they departed, thankful to find themselves rolling rapidly homewards in their own luxurious carriage. The next day, Mrs Atwood came to spend the day with her sister, and having announced her wish to remain until dinner-time, Alice found herself alone with her, after Mr Vivian had set off for the City. No sooner had the door closed upon his retreating figure, than Mrs Atwood remarked: 'You are in-

deed a lucky girl, Alice. Charley seems to grow daily more devoted, and what a house you have!'

'Charley is everything to me,' replied Mrs Vivian in a low tone, at the same moment bending over her embroidery, to hide the quick flush that mounted over her fair face at her sister's words.

'Fred says he is a perfect millionaire,' pursued Mrs Atwood.

'Does he?' responded Alice faintly. 'Suppose we change the subject, Clara?'

'You are a curious being, Alice,' exclaimed Mrs Atwood. 'I don't think you know when you are well off; but I won't enlarge upon your good-fortune, since you don't like it. We want you and Charley to spend August with us in Scotland. Fred has secured the shooting he wrote about, and he would rather have Charley with him than any one else. Do you think you can promise to come?'

'I must ask Charley,' answered Alice. 'It is very kind of you, Clara, and you know how much we should both enjoy it.'

'Then, I shall consider it settled,' said Mrs Atwood. 'I am sure you need a change, Alice. I heard you were looking shockingly pale last night, and even Charley does not look as if such a gay life suited him. How nice he is!' she added, reflectively. 'I am really very fond of him myself.' Then she indulged in many self-gratulatory remarks on having been the promoter of Alice's good-fortune, whilst the latter quietly acquiesced, bearing the unmeant shafts, which Mrs Atwood's innocent allusions to her husband's prosperity inflicted, as she best could.

Two nights afterwards, the Vivians' house was the scene of a splendid entertainment—rich and noble guests thronged the brilliantly lit drawing-rooms, and amongst them their fair hostess moved with a glow on her cheek of almost unearthly radiance. Never had she looked more lovely, but never had her heart been so bitterly wrong as on that last gay evening in the house in which her brief reign was now over; for, before the first guest had arrived, Mr Vivian had heard fatal tidings—and he and his wife both knew that the worst had come. It did not look like it. Those magnificent apartments, the signs of wealth in every direction, surely did not mean ruin; but the words rang in Alice's ears. As each arrival was announced, she pictured their faces on the morrow when they should hear of the Vivians' ruin. 'Ruin' was written on the walls, 'ruin' rang out above the voices of the multitude, 'ruin' seemed everywhere to poor Alice. Only one mortal eye guessed her secret—one honest heart felt for her, and that was good John Upton, her father's friend, who had known her from her childhood, and loved her as though she had been his own daughter. John Upton had always doubted; and he resolved to watch over the fate of one whose interests he had always tried to guard. With a sad foreboding, he regarded Alice and her husband alternately. But ominous as his fears were, the reality far surpassed his worst suspicions. Alice had always been fond of Mr Upton, but now she avoided his kind and penetrating glance. She had invited him frequently to her house, and included him on this occasion more because she did not wish to omit him, than from any idea that he would really come. She was surprised to see him; and if he had known how keenly his fatherly manner towards her touched

the heart of the unhappy girl, he perhaps would have been less gushing in his greeting. But at last the entertainment ended :

The lights were fled, the garlands dead,  
And all the guests departed.

Mr Vivian and his wife were alone now; and in her ball-dress—such a mockery it seemed—she sat by him until another June morning shone brightly forth, corroborating the fatal particulars of the previous evening's information. They were ruined, utterly and completely !

It was only a nine days' wonder, and then it was forgotten, except by those who had lost money by it, and who in consequence heaped the strongest censure upon Charles Vivian. Fortune makes friends—ruin loses them; and when it became known that the Vivians were absolutely penniless, it was marvellous to note the change that came over their summer and self-constituted friends. It is useless to describe the ordeals through which the unfortunate Vivians had to go, and only painful to detail their departure from their luxurious home, which they quitted, of course, immediately.

Mr and Mrs Atwood did come to see them, but neither assistance nor even temporary shelter was offered; and during their visit, the unhappy Alice had to endure the most painful part of her trial, that of hearing her husband's conduct called in question, and terms applied to him in her presence to which no wife should be called upon to listen.

Late one afternoon, Mr Vivian and his wife set out upon a dreary quest for lodgings—very humble ones they would have to be, for their money was all lost. Only one little pittance could be relied on, and that was the despised one hundred and fifty pounds a year, which the wisdom and forethought of John Upton had secured beyond the probability of loss for the daughter of his old friend, Miles Annesley. To the north of London they went, and, after a fatiguing walk, for which Alice especially was little able, they decided upon an abode, whose principal recommendation consisted in its cheapness and cleanliness, in addition to the pleasant face of the landlady. The latter was evidently at a loss to imagine how two people of such apparent position could condescend to so humble a dwelling. However, after giving Mr Upton as their reference, they secured the rooms, and departed, promising to take possession on the following day. Their few remaining things were easily packed up; all their superfluities were left behind, to be sold; and, early the next morning, a cab conveyed them from the scene of their prosperity to the little lodging which, for a time at least, they would have to regard as their home. But if fortune had frowned on them, and friends had failed, the love which in brighter days had been precious, in no way diminished now; and the darker their prospects became, the more they seemed to become to each other.

Bitterly did Charles Vivian blame himself, and bitterly did he lament the irrevocable past; but he was a young man yet, and instead of giving himself up to despair, he, cheered by his wife, determined to do his utmost to procure employment of some kind, and by every effort to achieve, if not the wealth he had so madly perilled and lost, at

least an independence, which, for her sake, he felt he would think no labour too great or too hard, if he could in the end attain to it. But to want employment, and to get it, are two very different things, more especially for a man who has been unfortunate in business; and this he soon discovered. He called on many of his old friends, but the interviews were strangely cold and unsatisfactory. Even those who had received substantial assistance from him in his palmy days, now either ignored that fact or forgot it; and after expressing some words of conventional condolence, and regret that they had no influence, &c., he would take his departure, depressed and desponding, but resolved, nevertheless, not to be quite dismayed. The Atwoods assumed an attitude of righteous indignation, and stood aloof. Such a scandal—such monstrous behaviour had never been equalled—but Alice had chosen her lot, so she must stick to it. Neither she nor Fred would have anything more to do with such a scamp, proclaimed Mrs Atwood; and as Alice had indignantly refused to listen to the most unmeasured abuse of her husband, her natural outburst was instantly seized on by Mrs Atwood as an excuse for withdrawing from all acquaintance with her unfortunate sister.

Mr and Mrs Atwood left town shortly afterwards for Scarborough, *en route* for their shooting-lodge in Scotland, without a word of farewell to the sister for whom, in whose brighter days, they had professed so much affection. One friend only remained to the Vivians, one honest manly hand was held out to them in their adversity, and that hand was John Upton's. John Upton, the hard, uncompromising man of business, possessed, nevertheless, a warm heart, and though few guessed it from his rough exterior, still it existed, and for no one did it beat more faithfully than for the child of his boyhood's friend. He had never liked her marriage; the non-settlements had roused his suspicions; and during the few months of her fancied prosperity, he had never doubted that a crash would come sooner or later.

He resolved to watch well Charles Vivian's conduct now; and, from a hardly confessed dislike, Mr Upton became slowly but surely convinced that his misfortunes had proceeded more from the force of circumstances, and a most unprincipled partner, than from any other cause. Meanwhile, the little money Alice had got for her ornaments melted rapidly away, and, on calculating their daily expenses, they were horrified to find how soon their little store would be ended. How they were to exist until even the time when the payment of Alice's half-year's interest was due, neither knew; but that 'something would turn up,' neither doubted.

Nothing did turn up, however; and when November came, matters looked decidedly dreary for them. Mr Upton had done his best to hear of some suitable employment for Charles Vivian, but had not yet succeeded; and so despairing was the latter, that at length the former offered him a post as clerk in a very small office belonging to a Mr Andrews, a quiet plodding man of business, who was induced, after some persuasion from Mr Upton, to give the *ci-devant* wealthy banker a trial.

Bravely and well he bore his altered fortunes, and thankfully did he accept the only employment which it seemed possible for him to procure. The pay was small; still, it was a beginning, and

anything was better than nothing. He made the best of it to Alice, describing the ease of his duties, never alluding to the drudgery he went through; but she guessed it, from his pale and worn face, but what could she do? Alas! her hands were filled now, for, early in December, the birth of a child added to their expenses, and involved Alice in an occupation for which, in her weak and uncovered strength, she was little able.

But the baby throve in spite of its unprosperous surroundings, and though its future caused them anxiety, still the little 'Alice Annesley' became the sunbeam of their dingy home; and as months wore on, grew into a blue-eyed, fair-haired little cherub, the image, as John Upton could have told them, of what her mother had been before her.

A year passed slowly away; it was the season once more, but how changed for the Vivians! Charles Vivian might be seen wending his footsteps daily to Mr Andrews' office in shabby garments, returning towards evening to the home that held his earthly treasures—his wife and child. They had always a welcome which never failed to cheer his tired and aching heart.

They had a little house of their own now, as, with a baby, lodgings had been not only ten times more uncomfortable, but more expensive. It was but poorly furnished, but even necessary articles for it had been a heavy item at the time to defray out of their straitened means.

Often did Alice think of her rich sister, who, though revelling in luxuries, and living so near her, never by word or deed acknowledged her existence. Mrs Atwood did not know what poverty meant; she had no conscience; therefore, the claims of her kindred did not trouble her; and if, by chance, any one inquired after 'poor Mrs Vivian,' she shook her head ominously, and descanted upon Alice's base ingratitude to herself and Mr Atwood, which had precluded the possibility of further intercourse; and she would throw out vague hints infinitely damaging to the character of both her sister and her brother-in-law, which were instantly disseminated far and near as authentic facts, by those who heard them. Her heart was hard, very hard, for once she saw her sister, saw Alice shabbily dressed, and looking thin and ill, whilst she, child of the same parents, leaned back in her luxurious barouche, and, passing the pale wayfarer, looked the other way! Shocked and grieved, Alice reached home after the rencontre feeling more worn and exhausted than usual; her baby was fractions, and the day was overpoweringly hot. When the evening came, and her husband's welcome figure stood in the doorway, poor Alice, without rhyme or reason—so it seemed to him—threw herself into his arms, and relieved her feelings with a good cry. He proved a very efficient comforter, and by tea-time Alice was herself again. After that cheering meal was ended, they went out for a quiet stroll, which was the one pleasure they could have, for it cost nothing. What castle-buildings went on during those evening walks—what pieces of impossible good fortune they suggested as possibilities—what things they were to do, if ever they got rich again—and how differently they would spend their lives, poor souls! They cheered each other up with visions of what certainly seemed highly improbable events, until some more prosaic subject connected with

immediate contingencies dispelled their brilliant imaginings.

They saw little of Mr Upton now; he had been very busy lately, and though Charles called occasionally, Alice was too constantly with her baby to be able to leave it much; sometimes he sent them fruit, sometimes some game or other little delicacies, and on very rare and unexpected occasions, he visited them. He had been a hard-working man all his life, and even now, though he had passed the threescore and ten years allotted to him, did not relax from his business habits. He lived in a handsome house in Russell Square, solitary, and with apparently no interest in life beyond his chambers in Lincoln's Inn; occasionally he gave dinner-parties, and occasionally dined out; but there John Upton's gaieties ended. He was wonderfully punctual in his habits, and on his not making his usual appearance one morning at nine o'clock in the dining-room, where breakfast awaited him, his worthy old housekeeper became alarmed, and proceeded to his bedroom, where she was horror-stricken to find her master lying in his bed stone dead. 'Died from natural causes,' was the verdict at the inquest that followed; and a few days afterwards, in presence of a few friends—Charles Vivian amongst the number, and Mr Atwood, who 'cut' him without any hesitation—John Upton was laid in his last resting-place.

Who was his heir? Nobody knew; but it was supposed that the principal part of his property was willed away to different London charities—if a will existed. Doubts and surmises were speedily ended by Mr Wentworth, the lawyer who had now succeeded to Mr Upton's business, requesting the return of those who had gone to the funeral to Russell Square to hear the last wishes of their departed friend. By a singular fatality, the same carriage that conveyed Mr Vivian back to Russell Square also contained Frederick Atwood, who resolutely avoided giving the former the faintest sign of recognition. The drive soon ended, and very speedily the servants were summoned to join the assembled guests, to hear the contents of the will.

Mr Wentworth seated himself, and, with due formality, producing the document, proceeded without preamble to read the last will and testament of John Upton. Various legacies were left to his servants in amount, far beyond what they could have expected—and handsome sums to each of his executors, of which four were named. After that, the rest of his property, real and personal, he bequeathed without reserve to the daughters of his deceased friend, Miles Annesley—Clara Atwood and Alice Vivian, for their sole and separate use, free from the debts and engagements of their husbands; to be invested—and here followed many business-like and careful details—after which came the signature, witnessed and dated, in due form, one month after the date of Alice Vivian's marriage.

Mr Atwood's face was a study! Joy, impossible to be repressed, shone on every feature for a few moments. 'The amount!' he asked.

'There is a codicil,' replied Mr Wentworth ominously; and silence being restored, he proceeded to read. John Upton recalled the foregoing will as regarded the disposal of his property to the two daughters of his deceased friend, Miles Annesley, and added a codicil, desiring that the

whole of his property, real and personal, should be realised and invested, the legacies above only excepted, for the sole use and benefit of Alice Vivian, wife of Charles Vivian; a change which the deviser wished it to be known had been decided on by him in consequence of the unsisterly conduct which Mrs Atwood had displayed towards her sister, and which had come under the personal notice of himself, and whose prosperity rendered any addition from him unnecessary. Then came his signature, —also witnessed—in due form. A dead silence followed, broken again by Mr Wentworth, who, approaching Charles Vivian, shook him warmly by the hand. 'I must congratulate you, Mr Vivian, on so splendid a fortune coming to your wife!'

'Splendid fortune!' echoed Charles.

'Considerably over two hundred thousand pounds,' returned Mr Wentworth.

It was enough, and too much for Frederick Atwood. He waited to hear no more, but rushed off without the ceremony or civility of leave-taking, to tell his wife what she had done for herself. Of her rage and fury, it is needless to speak — or of the mutual recrimination that never ceased from that time forth between the angry and disappointed but justly punished pair.

Better only to follow Mr Vivian to the shabby little dwelling, whither he lost not an instant in returning, and where Alice awaited him, little dreaming of the marvellous tidings he was to bring. He drove back—a circumstance which surprised her; and as she watched him alight, the extreme pallor of his face made her fancy illness must have caused him to indulge in the unwonted luxury of a hansom.

'Alice, my wife, my darling, our troubles are over! Mr Upton has left his fortune to you—at the least, he has left you two hundred thousand pounds!'

Poor Alice had borne her reverses bravely, and when actual poverty had faced her, strengthened by her love for her husband, she had never utterly given way; but now, to hear of such a sudden, marvellous, and unexpected change in their prospects, was too much for her, and, to the infinite alarm and consternation of her husband, she fainted dead away. It was a happy waking for her; and of the evening that followed, only those who have suffered reverses, and recovered prosperity, can imagine the happiness. By mutual consent, the first year's income was cheerfully devoted to discharging, with interest, the unpaid claims against Mr Vivian, and at the end of that time, he stood once more a clear and independent man. If the money was in Alice's name, it in no way detracted from their happiness—they were too truly devoted to each other to have any feelings on that score, and their days of adversity had not been in vain, for they had made them feel an amount of pity and sympathy for others, which proved a blessing to many.

John Upton's money was not squandered in thankless and extravagant entertainments. The Vivians retired to a lovely place in Kent, where they spend their days now, doing good with a lavish hand, and enjoying, in happiness and moderation, the splendid fortune which had so unexpectedly become theirs. Shortly after their accession to it, a son was born, and in him the name of their benefactor lives again, for they called him 'John Upton Vivian.'

So, though no public charities were enriched by his death, and no newspaper record paraded the magnificent bequests of the departed solicitor, one family was raised to happiness and comfort by his means; and through them, many and many a poverty-stricken home has been cheered and gladdened, and many a desponding heart has had cause to bless the thought that prompted John Upton's Welcome Windfall.

#### ADDRESS TO A WIFE.

[THOMAS HAYNES BAYLY was in the early part of the present century a successful song-writer. His poems were greatly esteemed. Destined for the church, he studied for some time at Oxford, but ultimately came to depend chiefly on literature for support. His latter years were marked by misfortunes, under the pressure of which he addressed the following beautiful verses to his wife.]

Oh! hadst thou never shared my fate,  
More dark that fate would prove,  
My heart were truly desolate  
Without thy soothing love.

But thou hast suffered for my sake,  
Whilst this relief I found,  
Like fearless lips that strive to take  
The poison from a wound.

My fond affection thou hast seen,  
Then judge of my regret,  
To think more happy thou hadst been  
If we had never met!

And has that thought been shared by thee?  
Ah, no! that smiling cheek  
Proves more unchanging love for me  
Than laboured words could speak.

But there are true hearts which the sight  
Of sorrow summons forth;  
Though known in days of past delight,  
We know not half their worth.

How unlike some who have professed  
So much in Friendship's name,  
Yet calmly pause to think how best  
They may evade her claim.

But ah! from them to thee I turn,  
They'd make me loathe mankind,  
Far better lessons I may learn  
From thy more holy mind.

The love that gives a charm to home,  
I feel they cannot take:  
We'll pray for happier years to come,  
For one another's sake.

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# CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

OF

POPULAR

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

*Fourth Series*

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS.

No. 604.

SATURDAY, JULY 24, 1875.

PRICE 1½d.

## THE COFFIN QUESTION.

IN the famous Exhibition in Hyde Park in 1851, there was shewn, among other novelties of art, a tastefully and substantially made *slate coffin*! It came from somewhere in Wales, and was recommended for its durability and cheapness. While wooden coffins, as was said, were liable to perish, slate coffins would neither rot nor rust, and, at least, might very properly take the place of the costly leaden coffins that were employed for interment in vaults and churches. The inventor of this really pretty and excellently manufactured article was applauded for his ingenuity; but the idea did not take, and we remember seeing the pattern slate coffin undignifiedly knocking about in the wreck of the Exhibition. Nobody would have it as a gift. A mistake had been committed. The age of stone sarcophagi is past about two thousand years ago. With a few exceptional cases to be immediately mentioned, people do not wish imperishable coffins. What is for the most part wanted is something that, answering the purpose of decency, will gradually with its contents dissolve into dust and disappear.

Wherever, through pride or error of judgment, this principle of simplicity in sepulture is violated, nature takes its revenge. Churchyards and cemeteries become charged with pent-up masses of putrefaction, and the living are slain by unwholesome effluvia bursting from the graves of the dead. Nor is this blunder committed by the uneducated classes. Westminster Abbey is ceremoniously made a receptacle for festering mortal remains denied the privilege of resolving into mother earth. Crowds kneel down in worship over a stratum of what would horrify them to look at. A similar blunder in degree is evidenced in the growing practice of public interment in strongly constructed oak coffins, warranted not to decay for a long period of years. Affection may resort to these expedients with the view of protracting the dissolution of the human frame, but any such prolongation is in point of fact a posthumous cruelty—an outrage on the rights of the dead, who, high and

low, put forth the silent but paramount claim to be allowed to dissolve into the earth out of which they were created. A very little consideration would shew that not only common decency but science is repugnant to all unnecessarily prolonged processes of mortal dissolution. The decaying body is partly composed of gases which possess a remarkable tendency to be transmuted into the elements of vegetable life; the earth being the vehicle for carrying them harmlessly away, and so sending them off on a fresh round of active existence. The greatest of English poets was aware of this beneficial change of substance:

Lay her? the earth;  
And from her fair and unpolluted flesh  
May violets spring!

Scandalised by the overcrowded and insalubrious condition of graveyards, Sir Henry Thompson, an eminent surgeon in London, has proposed to substitute cremation, or burning in funeral piles, for ordinary burial. No doubt, this would be an effective remedy for a crying grievance, but it does not commend itself either to the traditions of society or to our feelings, and need hardly be discussed. We feel sure the public will not have it. Mr Francis Seymour Haden, another surgeon in London, comes nearer to what is wanted, by proposing the introduction of coffins of wicker-work, so slender and pervious to the surrounding earth as to offer no obstruction to the rapid conversion of dissolving remains. His views as to the necessity for some such change in burial customs have been made so widely known by letters in the *Times* as not to require full repetition here. As a stimulus to doing something, he gives his experience of a London churchyard: 'In 1868,' he says, 'I was permitted to visit the burial-ground of St Andrew's, Holborn, then, with its contents, in course of removal to make way for the new Viaduct. The ground about the church had become raised fifteen or eighteen feet above its original level, and perpendicular sections had been made in it, here and there, from its surface to a depth varying from ten to thirty feet or more.

The face of these sections represented the interments of three centuries and a half. All the burials, except those in the Plague-pit and one or two others to be presently mentioned, had been made in wooden or leaden coffins, some of which were still intact, and some broken in. Little difference, as to condition, could be perceived between the coffins of Charles II.'s time and those recently used, or between the coffins which were of lead and those which were of wood. In the coffins which were intact were their contents, also intact, but putrid, unrecognisable. In those which had been broken in, nothing was to be found but a little ordinary earth, corresponding possibly to the solid constituents of the body which it had replaced, and, occasionally, not always, a few bones. Nothing more. The body itself had disappeared, and "earth to earth" had been accomplished. Here and there, in other parts of the ground, were graves lined with brick and filled with water, in which the coffins of those who had been buried in peculiar honour still floated, some head, some feet uppermost, as their gaseous contents determined. Here, again, a few fetters indicated the spot where some evil-doer had undergone what was intended, no doubt, to be the last sentence of degradation, but whose poor body, having had the advantage of being buried without a coffin, had disappeared—as had also, for the same reason, the tenants of the Plague-pit. The whole tangible remaining mass, consisting of several thousand bodies, was removed, night by night, to Ilford, where it now lies in a pleasant garden, and the new Rectory House of St Andrew's stands upon the restored level.

It is always convenient to find a scapegoat for any popular error. In the matter of burials, the undertaker is selected to bear the blame of much that is foolish and extravagant. We would not uphold that undertakers are paragons of virtue, but surely they are too indiscriminately abused. Like any other class of tradesmen, they only do what they are told according to prevalent prejudices and fashions. If there be anything to complain of, the remedy lies with employers, who have only to exercise a proper discretion in giving orders. Obviously, there is a fashion in coffins, as there is in houses or articles of attire. Not long ago, a deal coffin covered with black cloth and decorated with plated mountings, was deemed to be 'respectable,' and altogether satisfactory. Latterly, in the progress of wealth and assumptions of dignity, the fashion is to have a very solid kind of coffin of polished oak, with a lavish display of antique-looking brass ornaments. Then, when lowered into the ground, this elegant article—a twenty-guinea affair—is saved from the rude contact of earth by placing over it a species of black mattress. Now, will any one say that all this is not done at the request, or with the tacit sanction of employers? Let us 'put the saddle on the right horse.' It is the public who are to blame for such follies, not the undertakers; though no doubt these

gentlemen are as readily disposed to run up a bill as any fashionable tailor or milliner. We know as a fact that the widow of a friend of ours lately deceased, gave an express order to furnish a handsome oak coffin with white satin lining and pillow for her husband; her affection having blinded her to the folly and extravagance of the procedure. She was apparently unconscious that her mistaken kindness would have the sorrowful effect of denying to the remains of her husband the prerogative of speedily entering into union with the earth from which they sprung.

Mr Haden contends that any form of solid wood is unfit for the construction of coffins, because most kinds of timber are nearly indestructible—some of them at least being in pretty good condition, as was the case at Holborn, after burial for two centuries. As regards entombment in 'our glorious Abbey, all that is necessary in such cases is that a certain period—a year or more—should be allowed to elapse between the death and the final entombment, during which time the body should lie embedded in charcoal, in a crypt to which the air has free ingress. A shrine of fine open metal-work, such as that which surrounds the tomb of Henry VII. at Westminster, would answer admirably as the containing vessel for this charcoal, and the wicker coffin and its tenant (for, in such cases, coffins which are open on all sides must still be used) would lie unseen in the midst of it. On the anniversary of the death—supposing that to be the day selected for the final obsequies—this coffin, without being opened or its contents in any way disturbed, may be lifted out and transferred to its sepulchre. Its loss of weight will proclaim at once what has happened to the body within it. Except the bones, which, after all, are what we really wish to honour, it will have disappeared. The charcoal, or rather the oxygen, within its cells, will have done its work and all that was perishable and vile of that body will have passed insensibly and inoffensively into the atmosphere.

The sum and substance of the whole matter is, that in ordinary burial the decaying body should be brought as closely in contact as possible to the earth in which it is laid. Objecting to the obstructive properties of wooden coffins, Mr Haden, as has been mentioned, proposes to employ wicker cases, which would allow the escape of gases into the earth, and be quickly decomposed. To the use of these wicker coffins there occurs the serious objection, that often, to prevent infection, there is a necessity for using coffins rigorously sealed up from the atmosphere. We believe Mr Haden designs to get over this difficulty by introducing charcoal and other disinfectants, and he also counsels expeditious interment. By the courtesy of the Duke of Sutherland, he was allowed to exhibit a few model coffins of wicker-work in the garden of Stafford House, where a large and select party attended by special invitation. A lady of literary attainments, wife of a London physician, gives us the following account of this interesting assemblage, which she styles 'A Coffin Party.'



'On Thursday the 17th of June, in the midst of fashionable equipages, we drove up to the garden entrance of Stafford House, and on presenting our cards to the policeman at the door, were requested to enter and "move on." With this order we found it most difficult to comply, in consequence of the large concourse of persons streaming in and out of the inclosure. On the whole, the departing public expressed satisfaction with the arrangements they had witnessed for their future interment. At length, on reaching the terrace, we found ourselves in the midst of a curious and novel scene. Wicker coffins, of the well-known shape, lay on the ground, objects of the most lively interest. The Duke of Sutherland and Mr Seymour Haden formed the nucleus of groups of eager and intelligent inquirers. Members of the press found occupation for their note-books; while "our artist" of the *Illustrated News* stood upon the top step of the terrace sketching a coffin, amidst the throng of onlookers. I noticed that a group of women in black, not far off, were weeping with painful emotions. Here, then, were brought together by a common interest hundreds of people in different social positions. No doubt, many of those charming women whom we saw about us had taken the coffins on their way to five o'clock teas, or *en route* to an afternoon concert, or another garden-party; hence the scene was anything but the dismal, but rather partook of the gay. The basket-coffins were of various sizes, and apparently of sufficient strength, but with that openness of structure considered requisite. One of the baskets was of closer texture, and double in its framework, with a space of three inches between the outer and inner parts, to be filled with charcoal, to arrest effluvia and serve as a disinfectant. Some of the baskets were ornamental in character, with neatly arranged mossy linings. I should mention, however, that Mr Seymour Haden did not greatly approve of the mossy idealities, but prefers the more open receptacles, as admitting almost literally "earth to earth." Neither did he speak approvingly of the pretty baby-baskets of black and gold, or pale gray, that lay open within another; the more plain and unvarnished the better for carrying out nature's intention. Anyway, by this simple method of burial, we have the happy assurance that in the transmutation of our bodies we are not leaving a legacy of disease to the living; nor are those who piously visit burying-grounds liable to have their senses nauseated. At certain periods of the year, tender recollections lead me on a pilgrimage to a cemetery in the environs of London. On arriving at the sacred and beautifully situated spot, I would gladly linger; but the sickening odour issuing from the gratings of the vaults beneath, drives me forth with sensations of horror, at the association of ideas to which it gives rise. To be spared this, with the knowledge that all offensive gases are being absorbed, that resolution takes the place of corruption, and that we are acting in accordance with Nature's laws, would be the kindest means of hallowing the graves, and of enabling the living to indulge in fond memories under the weeping willow. On sanitary grounds, it behoves the inhabitants of the metropolis, in particular, to look present dangers in the face. This vast city is compassed on the north and north-west by a mass of corruption, over which the most prevalent winds pass before they sweep our dwellings, and taint the

atmosphere we breathe; bringing it may be disease and death from the dead to the living. As so far calculated to avert dangers of this kind, I cannot but look with satisfaction on such plans of interment as are proposed by Mr Seymour Haden.'

In a matter of this kind, with fashions and prejudices to overcome, it can hardly be expected that Mr Haden's proposal to substitute wicker for wooden coffins will meet with general acceptance. Explanations on the subject, however, will do good. Some middle course may be found sufficient to meet general requirements—for example, the covering of the wicker cases with a thin black textile fabric, which would give the external appearance of ordinary coffins, and would not seriously obstruct the operation of the natural laws. A few persons whose opinions carry weight with the public, might come to a common resolution to encourage the practice now so strenuously recommended, and the sound principle of which is beyond dispute. Possibly, we may hear of a salutary movement of this kind among the more intelligent classes of society. W. C.

## STEPHEN BELL, THE USHER.

### IN EIGHT CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER VI.

THE appearance of the usher at this late hour—not very late when measured by London habits, as it was only nine o'clock—astonished the inmates of Hanover House, but not half so much as did his announcement that he had come to take Alfred Rainwood away for the night. It was impossible; the little fellow had just gone up-stairs to bed; and, besides, what would Mrs Garney say? Bell cut short these remonstrances by pushing back their utterer, the cook, and hurrying with familiar step to the room where little Alfred slept. The boy was half-undressed, but on hearing the usher's voice he uttered a cry of delight, and sprang to him. Bell, for the first time, caught him in his arms, and pressed him close to his breast, kissing him repeatedly. 'But, my dear boy,' he said, relaxing his hold, 'I have much to do to-night, and so, for a little fellow, have you. You are to sleep at the lodge; yes, indeed; so dress yourself at once, and come with me quickly, for I have hundreds of miles to ride to-night.'

The boy, always docile and obedient, complied, although evidently wondering very much at the command; and the usher led him down-stairs, passing the three servants, who had gathered together in the passage to protest against this proceeding; but the stern face of the usher cowed them, and they shrank aside to let him pass with Alfred. The servants did not even know where the child was going, and Bell muttered below his breath: 'It is well that he is moved; any ruffian could have taken him away as easily.' They arrived at the lodge, where poor Alfred, very tired and very sleepy, was glad to be taken in charge by Miss Lamsett, who was there as kind and gentle as ever. There, too, was old Lamsett, very much disturbed by these 'goings-on,' as he called them, yet possessed of such perfect confidence in Tremlee and the usher, that he asked for no further

information; and there, too, was a tall, fresh-coloured young man, who was introduced to Mr Bell as Dick Willand, the recruit from the Hall.

'I have packed up one or two little things which I thought might prove useful to you on the journey,' said Priscilla, producing a small leather bag.

'Yes,' said the clerk, who was also at the lodge; 'Pris has a capital idea of the commissariat. I told her not to put anything to drink in the bag, for it was large enough already, and we should hardly need it, as we can each carry a flask in our pockets. Here is yours; here is mine; and here is one for you, Mr Dick; and now we are ready.'

A hasty farewell was taken, and a hurried charge given to the keeper in reference to Alfred, to which the old man replied with one of his emphatic declarations.

'He shan't be out of my sight, Mr Bell, day nor night, till you come back; and though old Wat Lamsett is old, no mistake, he'd no more mind putting a charge of swan-shot into any fellow as meddled with anything in his care, or loosing Brimstone and Fury upon him, than he'd mind eating his dinner.'

The old fellow's determined character rendered his declaration extremely reliable; so, wringing his hand, with a word of thanks, Bell hurried off. The party called at his lodgings for some extra rugs, of which he had a supply, 'recently laid in,' as he observed to Trenlee, with a smile; and Dick was provided with a good oaken cudgel of the most serviceable character. Mr Trenlee declined the offer of a similar implement, remarking that his business lay with less irregular weapons, and that he would transact the getting a warrant, or making a declaration for them, when they went to a magistrate. Dick Willand noticed that the usher gave a very peculiar smile upon hearing this, and Dick noticed further that he carried a life-preserver. They were just in time to catch the last train, and, to the surprise of Dick, first-class tickets for the three were obtained. They were in a compartment by themselves, and as the train moved on, Bell said: 'Now, let us have supper at once, and then go to sleep. We ought to be able to sleep as comfortably here as in a feather-bed, and we shall need it, for we have a two-hundred-and-fifty-mile ride before us, and a busy day to-morrow.' He set the example as he finished, by producing Priscilla's basket; the flasks which had been Mr Trenlee's special care were also brought out; and in half an hour, each one, coiled up in his own corner, slept, or seemed to sleep.

A little after midnight, they stopped at a very celebrated station, and, in common with most of the passengers, Bell and his companions left their carriages, and walked up and down the platform, to stretch their legs. In thus walking, they passed and repassed two tall, hard-featured men, who wore each an aspect very much akin to that by which we recognise policemen in private clothes; the idea being strengthened by the square build and the tightly buttoned coats. Mr Trenlee seemed very much attracted by these two men, whom he had noticed leave a second-class carriage; and, uttering some unintelligible excuse, he left Bell abruptly, and, to the surprise of the latter, entered the very carriage the men had left; the men, by-the-by, were then at the farther end

of the platform. Ere Bell could go up and ask him if he had mistaken the carriage, the old clerk emerged, and had quitted the vicinity of the coach before its legitimate occupants returned. At this moment the bell began to ring, the passengers resumed their seats, and the train moved on.

'I daresay you wondered why I went into that carriage,' said Trenlee, when they were fairly out of the station.

'I did, very much,' replied Bell; 'but I suppose you had some reason.'

'You are right,' said the old gentleman; 'I never had a better reason for doing anything in all my life. You know I told you that they were going to remove Mrs Maylis at once; well, I felt convinced, from the look of those two men—you know which men I mean; big, close-shaved fellows, who stalked up and down like policemen'—

'Yes, I remember them well,' said Bell, 'and I saw that you noticed them very closely.'

'I was convinced,' continued Trenlee, 'the moment I saw them, that they were the keepers, and I am as sure of it now as I wish to be. I had observed the carriage they left, and when I entered it I found their carpet-bags were marked for Rittle station. I know Rittle, as I have told you, very well; it is but a small place, and few houses scattered round it. The chances are, therefore, a thousand to one that these men are on the same errand, pretty nearly, as ourselves.'

'I don't care if they are,' said the usher; 'twenty such would not stop me.'

'O dear, no!' exclaimed Trenlee; 'nor is it likely, I should fancy, that anything like open resistance would be ventured on, if there were a hundred. Nevertheless, the presence of these fellows makes it a little more awkward.'

Bell made no reply; but, pulling his travelling-cap somewhat more tightly over his brows, sank into a silence which might have passed for slumber, save for an occasional frown, or a closer clenching of the lips.

The short July night was soon spent, the dawn came, and then bright day; but it was near ten o'clock when—having changed carriages once at a quiet little junction, where Trenlee, who, spite of his age and his spectacles, was like a hawk in watchfulness, saw the two tall men also get into the branch train—they alighted at the unfrequented station which was their goal. Here Trenlee pointed to a large house standing by itself on a low hill some half a mile away, and said: 'That is the house, Mr Bell; we shall pass just beneath it on our way to the village. What a wild spot, to be sure! Come along; we shall find a magistrate at home, I have no doubt.'

As they stood at the gate of the little station, the two men already referred to came out, each carrying his carpet-bag, and looking around him with the air of a stranger seeking some mark by which to guide his steps. Trenlee, as his companions could see, purposely threw himself in their way; but although the men looked as if they would have spoken, they did not; and so, with an old-fashioned bow, the clerk said: 'You will excuse me, gentlemen, but I see you are strangers. You are probably looking for the village of Rittle; if you take the road to the left'—

'Well, sir, I am much obliged to you,' said one of the men; 'but we are not looking for the village. I was directed to a place called Briar

House, and I fancied it was close to the station, but I suppose there's some mistake.'

'Briar House?' said Trenlee, with a reflective air. 'To be sure; you mean Mr Purvis's?'

'Yes, that's the name,' replied the other; adding in a lower tone, to his comrade: 'We're right enough now.'

'Come down the steps here, and I will direct you. You see that house on the brow there,' said Trenlee, pointing to one about two miles away; 'if you go there, and follow the path on the other side, into the hollow, any one will shew you Briar House.'

'But I thought it was close by,' said the man, who looked very blank when the distant knoll was pointed out, 'and that it was on the top of a hill, not down in a hollow.'

'Aha!' laughed Trenlee; 'we call that close by, in Yorkshire—a mile or so is nothing here, but the house is not down in a hollow—O no!'

'We'd better have a coach, mate,' said the man, turning to his companion.

'Much better not,' interposed Trenlee; 'the path across the heath will take you in less time. It is a long way round by the road.'

The second man muttered something about 'costing a matter of half a sov. for a fly;' and then, nodding their acknowledgments, they strode off.

Trenlee watched them with a complacent smile for a few seconds before he said: 'It is as well to have them out of the way, after all. They had better come, if they come at all, when we have had our innings.'

'But may you not have been sending a couple of harmless graziers or farmers on a fool's errand?' said Bell, who had heard very little of the conversation. 'If they really are the men you suppose, I of course would not mind telling them any fiction to send them off—but if they are not?'

'But they are, my dear sir, they are,' said Trenlee. 'I could swear to their trade. It is a trade which above all others requires kindly natures and forbearing tempers, but generally gets quite the reverse; and these fellows are the worst I ever saw. But, come; we have now to reach Rittle.'

Ere they had gone twenty yards, however, Bell exclaimed that he had forgotten to give some directions about the luggage, and at once ran back to the station. In lieu of speaking to a porter, he called the driver of the solitary fly who found it worth while to attend the arrival of the trains, and who, seeing no chance of obtaining a fare, was just mounting to drive away; to him Bell spoke, gave him a few directions and a piece of silver; the man nodded assent, and Bell in a few strides regained his comrades.

Their path towards the village led them across a wild unsheltered moor, pleasant enough this summer-time, when the soft breeze was blowing over its wide expanse, unbroken—save by a few isolated knolls such as that whereon Briar House stood—by hill or dale, house or barn; but in winter, when the north wind howled over its surface, it must have been a dreary place indeed; a dreary enough place in which to hide away any one whose seclusion was deemed desirable. So thought and said Mr Trenlee as they walked briskly towards the village. The straggling houses of the latter were now at hand; but ere they reached the nearest, a footpath struck off across

the common, leading evidently to Briar House, which was accessible either to foot-passengers or vehicles from the roadside just there, as heath and road were nearly on a level where they joined.

'Here we are; this way,' said Bell, who had spoken but little, and he turned to the by-path.

'No, no, my dear sir; you are too hasty; out of order altogether,' exclaimed Mr Trenlee. 'Our first aim must be to see a magistrate and state our case; and I have no doubt he will accompany us to the house, and insist on the production of the alleged lunatic, Mrs Mary Robinson. That is it, you perceive.'

'I perceive this,' returned Bell, 'that we shall shilly-shally about the village until some one from the house sees us, and guesses our errand, or your two friends have finished their walk, when they may forestall us as their suspicions will be excited, and we shall find the bird flown. No, Mr Trenlee; in most cases I should prefer your guidance; here I trust to myself. I will insure that we see Mrs Robinson, or whatever name they choose to give the patient.'

'O nonsense! this is getting too serious,' said Trenlee, who saw how much in earnest his companion was. 'A false step may ruin all, and we must have the law on our side, we really must, Mr Bell.'

'We shall have as much law with us as they will have with them,' said the usher; 'besides, we may even now have been seen from the windows of the house, and our errand guessed. Unless we are too quick for them, they may be too quick for us. In short, Mr Trenlee, if we don't meet Prior there, Dick and I are going as the new keepers, you see, and you are a friend. Come, sir.—Come, Willand.'

So, without more words, Bell turned into the footpath, followed promptly by Dick, whose face bore a grin of anticipation at the possibility of a fray; and more slowly by Trenlee, who, while he could not approve of the idea, and thought that in the event of a discovery, some desperate measures might be resorted to, nevertheless did not wish to remain behind, and thought also that his presence might avert the violence he dreaded.

Bell's conjecture was right. They had been seen from the windows, and by very dangerous eyes, as a brief explanation will shew.

The keeper of Briar House, who was as ill-looking a fellow as ever lent himself to a piece of rascality, had been surprised on the previous night by a visit from his employer or employer's agent; he did not know which he was; he only knew his name was Prior.

'Now, Purvis,' said he, immediately on his arrival, 'I must move your patient. This place is too exposed; she must go farther away.'

'It's answered very well as yet,' growled Purvis. 'What's the matter with it now?'

'Why, this escape to be sure,' said Prior: 'twice she has got out of your grounds, and we are so close to a village, that it is a wonder she did not meet any of the people. You are sure no one saw her this time?'

'Dead sure,' said the man; 'that's all right enough. One of the dogs had her in a jiffy. My missis guessed what was up directly she heard me a-swearin'. I did swear, too, when I found her room empty; so, without waiting for inquiries, my missis runs into the yard, and unchains both

the dogs. The young woman is always awful afraid of them, and don't hardly like to look at 'em. She was caught beautiful! but if I hadn't luckily took the same path, you'd have had a inquest by this time. Leastways, I don't know,' the man added thoughtfully, 'as there would have been any occasion for such a thing. There's always a lot of trouble about 'em.'

'Is she hurt?' asked Prior.

'Well, not particular,' returned Purvis; 'there's just a graze on her shoulder where the dog seized her, for she was a-crouching under a hedge, I believe; but there ain't much the matter. Will you come and see her?'

'No, no!' said Prior, waving his hand as though he thrust the idea from him; 'it's very late, and you know I hate the sight of her. But, hang it! I must do it to-morrow, I suppose, for I can't trust to anybody but myself to see all right.'

'What was you a-going to do about the moving of her?' asked Purvis; and he looked more sullen than before when he broached this topic.

'She must leave here—at once,' returned Prior; 'I have been to, blame in letting her stay here so long. I have heard of a very safe place on the coast of Ireland, and there I intend she shall go.'

'Am I to go with her?' said Purvis, 'because I must talk it over with my missis first.'

'Well, no,' said Prior; 'I think not. I want total strangers, you see, Purvis.'

'Oh, I know what you want,' interrupted the man; 'and you could have had it just as well here as in Ireland, as you call it, which is quite as likely to be Scotland. However, that's neither here nor there. I have had plenty of hints from you, but you have never been the man to say: "Bill Purvis, here's enough coin to make it worth your while to do the job and step it." No, governor; you want it done for nothing.'

'Well, that is enough about what you think,' said Prior, to whom this conversation was, of course, terribly unpalatable. 'I am aware that I must pay you a long notice, and I will; I will also try to get you another situation.'

'Oh, don't you take no trouble about that,' replied the other; 'we can always get berths in our line; I daresay I can go back to the party I was with in London afore I came to you. You needn't give yourself no airs, neither, about paying us, because, of course, me and my missis means to be paid for holding our tongues.'

'And pray, what have you been paid for all this time?' exclaimed Prior, whose anger began to be excited.

'Me and my missis,' pursued the keeper, 'was a-talking about you only last week, and she says: "Bill," she says, "that Prior, or Noakes, or Styles, or whatever his name is, will serve you a dirty trick at last; you see if he don't."'

'The question is,' said Prior, choking down his passion as well as he could, 'how much do you want? What will satisfy you?'

'That is the question,' grinned the man; 'and if you do what's right, we shall part good friends after all. I shall be glad to get away from this deadem-alive place, and so will my missis. However, I'll call her up.'

His helpmate was accordingly summoned; and as Prior appeared willing to pay what even their greed demanded, they grew more civil, and entered readily into his plans. These were more matured

than the keeper expected to hear, for he had not only decided where the patient should go, but had had in readiness for some time—although he did not mention this to his hearers—the men who would go with her, and they were to arrive at Rattle on the morrow. Prior would sleep at Briar House that night, and await their arrival; then by the first convenient train they would take the patient to Liverpool, and so on to Ireland.

'And if more than two ever comes back, Bill,' said Mrs Purvis to her husband, but not in so low a tone as to escape Prior's hearing, 'this party is more of a fool than I take him to be.'

Purvis nodded, but did not speak in return, and Prior went on. The keeper and his wife would remain at Briar House a little longer, to keep up the belief that Mrs Robinson was still there, and every precaution would be taken to prevent her being recognised at the station; then, after a few weeks, Mr and Mrs Purvis might go where they pleased. In the safe retreat to which the patient would be conveyed, there would be no need of any schemes to hoodwink intrusive commissioners. This plan being discussed and agreed upon, Prior, although it was midnight, gave orders for his supper to be got ready, and while it was being prepared, he sauntered on to the heath, the conversation of Purvis not being much to his taste. While he strolled about apparently at his ease, and quite carelessly, he in reality was specially cautious so to walk as never to come within range of the windows on a particular front of the house. 'Confound her! middle day or middle night, she would certainly be looking out at that moment,' he muttered; 'and although I might not see her, it would be almost worse to feel she was looking at me. I would rather pay a good sum than see her to-morrow; but I must do it. Why isn't she dead?' As this very natural question crossed his mind, he approached the kennels of the two savage hounds which were kept to guard the premises. As he drew nigh, the powerful brutes came as far towards him as their chains would allow, and growled fiercely at the stranger. 'A man might almost as well have a tiger upon him,' thought Prior; 'and as for a woman! If Purvis had been but two minutes later'—He lingered for a few minutes ere he re-entered the house, following up this train of thought with all its attendant visions, and rousing himself with a sigh to think they were not real.

In the morning there had been a brief consultation between Prior and the keeper, having relation, it would seem, to the packing of certain boxes for the use of the patient; two or three of these, labelled with a different name from that by which the lady had been known, were brought into the hall, and then Prior had disappeared until the morning was pretty well advanced. On his return he summoned the keeper. 'Now, Purvis,' he said, when the man came in, 'everything had better be ready for the new attendants'—

'Everything is,' interrupted Purvis gruffly.

'That is well,' continued Prior; 'for they will be here either by the train which is nearly due, or by the one following. I will settle with you at once, for when I leave here, I don't know how long it may be before we meet again.'

Purvis grinned, but whether from pleasure at finding he was about to be paid, or as a sarcasm at the idea of his employer ever voluntarily seeing

him again, the morose expression of his features rendered it impossible to say. 'I'll call my missis,' he said, as he nearly always did say when there was any difficulty to be encountered; 'she knows what is right about receipts and things.'

Mrs Purvis was accordingly called; and as it luckily happened that the receipt drawn out by Prior suited her critical judgment, the business was speedily settled, and the cheque handed to her safe keeping.

'Does—does she know she is going away to-day?' asked Prior.

'No,' said Purvis; 'she don't. I thought she would make such a row if we told her; but if you did, there would be no help for her, and that she knows. Not as I mind her noise, only, as she is agoing on the rail, I thought we wouldn't upset her. So you had better go up, as there don't seem no time to spare.'

Prior frowned at this suggestion, but after a moment's reflection said: 'Well, if I must, I must. I will go now. You will be within call, Purvis, as we are never quite safe with insane people.'

Purvis grinned; and his employer turned to leave the room, but as he did so, the latter exclaimed: 'Why, there are the men, I believe. I can see two strangers coming from the station. No; there is a third; and surely there would not be three.—Do you recognise these persons, Purvis?'

The keeper looked for a moment, then shook his head. 'They are none of the folks about here,' he said. 'If they are the men you expect, you ought to know 'em when you see 'em.'

'I never saw them,' returned Prior; 'I engaged them from their principal; but it must be them; let me know when they arrive.'

Leaving the keeper, he went slowly up the broad stairs, until he reached the landing. Here he listened for a moment, but all was silent; he rapped at a door, and a voice, calm and quiet enough, bade him enter. He complied, and a pale-faced woman, who was sitting by the window at the further side of the room, half rose as the door opened. She was a tall, slender woman; evidently young, but yet with many a thread of silver in her brown hair; and yet so colourless were her features, that her hair looked almost black by the contrast with them. She had large eyes, in which no irregular fire of madness gleamed, but they were solemn and melancholy eyes; and, indeed, an air of sadness tinged her whole being. She sat, as has been said, near the window, where bars within and bars without gave a prison-like air to the well-furnished room, and effectually secured its inmate.

'The doctors have decided that you require a change of air,' said Prior. At the first sound of his voice she seemed to shudder and shrink from him, but by an effort she regained her composure. 'So, in the hope of restoring you, I have consented that you shall leave this place. You go, therefore, to-day.'

The woman's lip trembled, as though she could scarcely frame her words, but she said with a measured utterance: 'Have you at last made up your mind to murder me? I have daily expected to meet my doom by poison or violence; has it come now?'

'How painful it is to find you persist in suspecting all those who wish you well!' said Prior; 'it is dreadful to hear you. I was sorry also to

find that you had made another attempt to escape. Why, Katharine, can you not be calmer?'

'Calmer!' exclaimed the woman, if her subdued and guarded tone could be called an exclamation; 'how rejoiced you would be, did you find me less calm; could you but see that under your persecution my mind was indeed giving way. But in your presence, though stung by the sight of you—dastard and villain!--I can always be calm. Look well, nevertheless, to your guards, your cords, and your gags, upon the road, for I am desperate now. I know you mean to remove the chief obstacle from your path, and but for some reason of your own, you would have done it in this house. So look well to your guards, I say.'

Prior glanced, half involuntarily, behind him, to assure himself that the door was open, in case of a retreat being necessary. 'You warn me in time, madam,' he retorted; 'if I had entertained any idea of trusting you before, you have altered my plans now. You are going, madam, to a place where your keepers will, I trust, be more vigilant; and where jagged rocks and stormy waves offer less facilities for your rambles, than does this heath. And I believe I may say that this will be the last time I shall inflict my company upon you.'

He paused, but she made no reply; she only looked at him with her large ghostly eyes; their steady gaze discomposed him, and he sought to cover his uneasiness by speaking. 'I think, madam, I hear voices below which tell me that your escort has arrived, and as you are obstinately set against all kindness, I leave you to them.' As he ceased, a tap was heard at the door, and Purvis, from the outside, explained that 'the parties had come, and was waiting.'

## THE EAST INDIA MUSEUM.

THE East India Company, whose brilliant and useful existence came to an end shortly after the Sepoy War, consequent on the Mutiny of 1857, had its official home in Leadenhall Street. There the India House, now numbered among the things of the past, had amongst its many rooms a few which were set apart for the reception of curiosities pertaining in some way or other to our great empire in the East. In some cases, the civil and military servants of the Company collected the specimens, brought them home, and placed them at the disposal of the directors; in other cases, native princes presented beautiful specimens of arms, armour, brocades and embroideries, gold and silver tissues, and other valuables; while, in another class of instances, war-trophies were brought home as spoil by the conquering armies of the Company. The assemblage of articles was a jumble of odds and ends until Dr Harsfield, in or about 1798, was appointed curator, and empowered to organise them into a museum. Sir Thomas Raffles and Dr Wallich aided him in obtaining specimens of the chief vegetable growths of India known to be applicable to useful purposes—not living plants, but seeds, roots, bulbs, leaves, stems, pods, nuts, berries, flowers, grasses, fibres, farinas, sugars, and veneers cut from large timber trees. The Medical Department of the India Service rendered great assistance in this matter, bringing a study of botany to bear upon the subject of *materia medica*. Zoology was also brought into requisition, not merely by

obtaining stuffed specimens of Indian birds and quadrupeds, but also by bringing together illustrations of animals and animal substances useful in the arts.

The collection at the India House was rather heterogeneous, and those of us who are old enough to remember the place and its belongings, will have a sufficient recollection of the unsuitableness of the building for displaying the articles exhibited. Half-a-dozen rooms and corridors, not originally intended for the purpose, and very dimly lighted, were far from being attractive to visitors, and equally far from satisfactory to the curator for the time being. Nor was the arrangement so systematic as might have been the case under more favourable circumstances. Works of art in painting, drawing, mosaic, enamel, inlay, ivory, carved wood, and engraved stones; articles of personal adornment in diamonds, pearls, gems, gold, silver, and filigree; rich dresses, and materials for dresses, in silks, brocades, tissues, and muslins; spun and woven silks and woollens, linens and cottons for curtains, hangings, tents, canopies, carpets, and rugs— all these were mingled in some confusion with a multitude of objects, natural and artificial, useful and ornamental, as the case might be. Conspicuous among them all was Tippoo's tiger, a remarkable illustration of the conjunction of the barbaric with the splendid among orientals. After the defeat of Tippoo Saib by the Company's troops at Seringapatam in 1794, there was found in his palace a carved figure of a tiger, spotted and coloured in due form; the animal was represented as crouching over the prostrate form of an English soldier, biting and clawing him; within the body of the tiger was a kind of barrel-organ, comprising pipes and bellows; when wound up by turning a key, two sets of sounds were heard, one like the roaring and growling of a tiger, the other like the screams and groans of a man. This was one of the delectable amusements of Tippoo; as sultan of Mysore, he caused the mechanism to be put in action, in order that he might enjoy the sight of mimic tearing and clawing, and the sounds of mimic brute-roaring and human suffering.

When the imperial government succeeded to the Company, and the India House was pulled down, the museum found a temporary home at Fife House, Whitehall. Here the collection was augmented from time to time under the care of Dr Forbes Watson, who had become curator. There was also created for him the office of Reporter on the Products of India. The government had become impressed with the importance of developing by every reasonable means the resources of the Queen's magnificent empire in the East. It is known, for instance, that India produces a large variety of vegetable fibres, applicable to the manufacture of textile goods, paper, and cordage; and it was a matter of practical value to ascertain at what prices such fibres, whether cultivated in fields or gathered wild, could be purchasable in England. The late Dr Royle, the able predecessor of Dr Forbes Watson as curator of the museum, rendered essential service in this matter. At the great International Exhibitions which he lived to see inaugurated, he brought together a very complete collection of Indian fibres; and in a published treatise on the subject he set forth in an exhaustive manner the qualities of all the fibres. He classified them according as they are obtained

from the stalks, leaves or leaflets, bark, roots or rootlets, or seed-pods of plants; specified the provinces in which they grow, the mode of culture and of gathering, the strength of individual fibres, and the monetary value in India; and afforded English manufacturers some means of judging for what purposes the fibres are severally suitable, and at what prices they could reach London or Liverpool after defraying the charges for freight. So, in like manner, the Reporter on the Products of India, with able coadjutors, brought forward into prominence a large amount of information on other vegetable products of that region, together with details of an analogous kind concerning products of the animal and vegetable kingdoms. The museum at Fife House afforded proof of the advance made in these directions; the specimens of raw produce being vastly more numerous than they had been in the former *locale*, and arranged more favourably for illustrating varieties of quality and application. An enterprise started more recently by Dr Forbes Watson, relating to manufactured rather than raw produce, but intended to aid in the development of the resources of India, we shall touch upon presently.

While the museum was at Fife House, a magnificent new India Office was being planned and erected at Whitehall, worthy of the vast range of business which has to be conducted by the department of the Secretary of State for India and his Council. Here, however, was a muddle—one of those muddles which have so often disfigured our proceedings in erecting public buildings. No provision whatever was made in the new structure for the reception of the rapidly growing museum, nor for the valuable library of oriental books and manuscripts possessed by the Department. Fife House being required for other purposes, the curator and his museum received an official notice to quit, and then a very bungling arrangement was made. A series of wooden rooms was built on the very roof-top of the architectural structure in Whitehall, or rather between Downing Street and St James's Park; and in those rooms the various collections were placed on removal from Fife House. The ascent up a narrow staircase to a great altitude was fatiguing; the visitors had to cross corridors which were intended only for the use of secretaries and clerks; and the wooden rooms with glass roofs or skylights were uncomfortably hot in summer weather. One counterbalance there was: the rooms were better lighted, and the objects better seen, than in either of the former localities.

Another change, another shifting of house and home. The India Museum, after being perched up among the roofs of the new India Office from 1869 to 1875, has lately been transferred to far-away South Kensington. When the unlucky annual International Exhibitions came to an untimely end last year, the commissioners did not know what to do with the empty galleries which they had erected, and the freehold of which is virtually in their hands. They eventually made an agreement whereby the India Department leases for three years such of the galleries as are situated eastward of the Horticultural Gardens; and in those galleries, on the recent first of June, the often-shifted East India Museum was opened to the public. The upper galleries, being lighted from the roof, are well enough suited to the

purpose in view ; but the lower range, lighted only by windows on the one side, are not so fortunate.

It is understood that the store-rooms belonging to the Department still contain treasures which have never yet been opened, for want of space to display them ; but the exhibits are more numerous than they have hitherto been, and are likely to increase gradually. The reader will infer, from the foregoing details, that the collection illustrates many different phases of India life—princely, commercial, agricultural, religious, domestic, personal. Of the arms and armour pertaining to some or other of the tribes or nationalities, we find specimens in the forms of muskets, matchlocks, pistols, scimitars, daggers, lances, spears, coats of mail, &c., some of them elaborately adorned with damascene work. The musical instruments of the East are shewn in considerable variety—from the simple tom-tom up to complicated varieties of the lute and guitar class. The garments of the Hindu and Mohammedan natives are shewn in various ways, by means of woven piece-goods, made-up garments, and photographs of real persons in their ordinary attire. Here we see the diverse modes in which silk, cotton, flax, and wool are woven up into piece-goods, and the application of such goods in making the garments known to the natives as *cols*, *topees*, *dhotees*, *cummerbunds*, and so on. The fibres, seeds, and other vegetable products, as well as the specimens derived from the animal and mineral kingdoms, we have already adverted to. Perhaps the most interesting of all are the implements and models which illustrate the daily life of the Hindu. We see his drinking-vessels, dough-troughs, rice and grain hand-mills, roasting-skewers, crocks for boiling, pans for parching grain ; we see his rudely constructed saws, planes, chisels, centre-bits, looms, ploughs, mills, bellows, windlasses ; we see models of his howdahs, palanquins, dak post chaises, carts, boats, and cutamarans. Groups of small figures, modelled by native artists, and properly attired, shew the handicraftsmen at their daily labours. Still more fully are these matters illustrated by means of drawings and photographs, of which the collection is large.

The migrations of this excellent museum are not yet come to an end. From the India House in Leadenhall Street it was driven to Fife House, thence to the new India Office, now to South Kensington ; where it is only a lodger for a term of years. The government have a project for erecting an entirely new structure, on a quadrangle of crown land adjacent to the India Office ; a building large and complete enough to display the museum in all its fulness ; together with a library to contain the valuable books and manuscripts belonging to the department ; and other auxiliaries to facilitate the arts, sciences, literature, and industry of the East.

Dr Forbes Watson advocates the formation of *Trade Museums*, based on the vast collections of specimens now belonging to the government of India. A commencement in this direction has been made by Dr Watson, curious and valuable in its character. The India Department authorised the collection, in India, of as many varieties of native woven goods as possible, made of all the usual kinds of fibre, and suitable for all varieties of male and female costume. These specimens were cut up into pieces of convenient size, and arranged in a

systematic way ; they were seven hundred in number, at once as diversified and as characteristic as possible, in order to furnish English manufacturers with trustworthy information concerning the goods most likely to find a market in the East. All were arranged in a series of interleaved folio volumes ; and each page contained a little printed information touching the sample or samples actually there shewn, noticing the district of India where it was made, the kind of fibre employed, the price at which it can be purchased on the spot, the length and breadth of the pieces in which that cloth is usually woven, and the kind of garment for which the Hindus and Mohammedans of India usually adopt it. Every sample being numbered, it can at any time be referred to by its distinctive number. The illustrative effect of the series is farther increased by the insertion of admirably coloured photographs of natives clothed with the particular kinds of garments under consideration. When one such set of these valuable volumes had been thus prepared, another was commenced, then another, and so on, until twenty complete sets altogether had been completed. The India Department has been no niggard in dealing with these sets ; it has neither kept them nor sold them. One set is deposited in the India Museum ; others have been presented to the chief centres of the silk, cotton, linen, and woollen manufactures in the several sections of the United Kingdom ; while the rest have been forwarded to Calcutta, Madras, Bombay, and one or two other great cities in India. In most cases the gift is made to the townsmen generally ; the municipal authorities are trustees in the matter ; and it is laid down as a rule that intelligent foremen and workmen, as well as merchants and manufacturers, shall have every access to these valuable illustrative samples. Dr Watson remarks : 'As it is intended that these volumes shall be followed by specimens of such Indian products as are either now or likely hereafter to become of commercial importance, it is anticipated that this effort on the part of the Indian government to extend a knowledge of the manufactures and products of the territories under its control, will be the means of establishing really practicable Trade Museums, in important districts now devoid of any such aid to their commercial progress.'

#### A SEA-SIDE ADVENTURE.

I WAS in rather a poor state of health, caused by long and assiduous attention to business, in the firm to which I belonged in Crutched Friars. My physician recommended rest and sea-air. I was to go to some quiet spot on the sea-side, live simply, avoid late hours, and all causes for harassment. It would be a great thing if I could night after night get a sound sleep, and be for a time free of any anxiety. Rest for the brain was to be the sovereign cure. Acting on this pleasant advice, I chose Lulworth in Dorsetshire, as quiet and dull a place as could possibly be discovered. To help the cure, I was medically recommended to avoid the glare of sunshine, to wear blue spectacles, and have my hair cut short ; all which, with other advices, I attended to.

Passing over any account of the journey—except



that a fisherman, of the name of Vye, who happened to be at Wool (the little station for Lulworth), drove me across in his gig to my destination, and proved to be a very agreeable companion—behold me at Lulworth, poking about for lodgings, and finding accommodation at an old-fashioned cottage, kept by one Mrs Cruxley. As for dullness, nothing could match the situation. The only living objects to arouse curiosity were a lady and her daughter, who, walking about, seemed to be borne down by some awful sorrow. I saw that the daughter was an extremely interesting girl, with a pair of eyes which, as they met mine, imparted even through my blue spectacles a peculiar sensation.

For days and days I spent the most monotonous and regular life, by degrees extending my walks along the cliffs, and making the acquaintance of the coast-guard, ensconced in his turf shelter just above the cove. Wherever I went, there were the two ladies, peering about, and exciting curiosity in their movements, wander where I would along the cliffs. They appeared to be for ever on the outlook for some object on the horizon. There was a mystery about them I could not fathom.

Well—three weeks passed, and one afternoon, after a heavy sea-fog which had lasted for six-and-thirty hours, I strolled far away across the downs, and struck the coast almost at the extreme western end of the range of tall chalk cliffs. It was the farthest point I had just reached, and it revealed the altered character of the country and shore, which here gradually flattened out, until it was nearly a dead level, stretching towards the distant town of Weymouth. The solitude of the spot, the balmy autumnal air, the smooth sea, and pleasant sandy beach, all suggested a bath. Clambering down the rocks, I was about to undress under the lee of the cliffs, when I was startled at hearing, as I imagined, a footstep in the loose shingle. Yet, no human creature was visible. I concluded that the sound was a mere fancy; and so assured, I was soon in the full enjoyment of a delightful bath in the placid ocean before me.

By swimming out to some rocks that rose above the sea, I abandoned myself to the pleasant novelty of the situation. Only by chance did I cast my eyes landward, and there, to my vexation, was a stranger on the beach. It must have been his footstep I had heard, and how he had concealed himself, I could not divine. Yet, there he was; and, to add to my consternation, he began to take off his own clothes, and to dress himself in mine. My first impulse was to call out, and next to swim hastily to the shore, and give chase. All my efforts were vain. Before I touched the shingly beach, the stranger, or thief I must call him, had donned my garments and vanished among the cliffs. I was naked and helpless. My only resource was to put on the clothes which the wretch had left as his own.

Here was an extraordinary source of perplexity. The thought of having to put on these clothes filled me with disgust. A more motley and coarse

attire I had never seen, only fit, as I imagined, for a mountebank of the lowest character. There was, however, no choice, unless I wished to walk to Lulworth in the costume of our first parents. It was some consolation that this incomprehensible dress was tolerably clean, and was not on the whole a bad fit. The odd thing was the diversity of colours and marks. There were conspicuously stamped the letters P. S., and below them the figures 5755. Ridiculous as was this strange attire, it was clear that I should hasten to the nearest coast-guard station and give notice of the robbery. As the afternoon was waning, there was no time to be lost.

On straggling, hatless, up the side of the cliff, I noticed two figures watching me curiously from above. They were boys, who, as I approached them, waved their caps, and, with a sudden shout, ran off at top of their speed. Gaining the crest of the high down, I again caught sight of the boys, still running. Presently, two men met them; they spoke together, the boys waved their hands excitedly in my direction, then all advanced towards me. I, in my turn, moved to them, and as I approached, I saw one was a coast-guardsmen, the other a policeman. As we neared each other, the boys fell back behind the men, and the men themselves half halted, seemingly hesitating and irresolute.

But I went on, and as soon as I was close enough to speak, said to the policeman: 'Ah! you're just the man I wanted.'

'Funny, isn't it? You're just the man we wanted,' was the reply; and in another second the coast-guardsmen had seized me by the arms, whilst his companion slipped a pair of handcuffs on my wrists before I was well aware that it was done.

In my confusion and surprise, the truth did not as yet dawn upon me. This strange treatment added only another mystery to the affair; but I well remember, that, in spite of my perplexity, I was diverted by the behaviour of the boys, as, with a yell of triumph, they scampered back in the direction whence they had come. What followed next, is less distinct in my recollection. I know only that I protested, remonstrated, and begged my captors to explain. It was all in vain—the sailor's lips seemed hermetically sealed; and all I could elicit from the policeman was a dry 'All right; push on, or we shan't get to Portland before it's locked for the night.'

I was evidently taken for an escaped convict, and, looking at my dress, there were grounds for the supposition. Of course, I protested against such a belief, told who I was, and mentioned how it was my clothes were stolen while bathing. All was in vain. I was only laughed at, and heard that a reward of five pounds was offered for my recovery.

'We've got you, and will keep you,' said the policeman. 'Here comes the chaise to pick us up.' So into the chaise I was put, in spite of all remonstrance.

Now, I am a man of patient disposition, and my temper is not easily ruffled; although, in my present position, there was much to annoy, although the personal indignity of my arrest, and the mystery that hung over my immediate future, might make even the most stolid philosopher uneasy, there were some crumbs of comfort to be got from the ludicrous absurdity of the whole affair. Happily, in this out-of-the-way spot there was no one to recognise me as the branded felon borne back in fetters to the prison from which I had escaped. If "the chief" in Crutched Friars were close at hand, or even the melancholy interesting young lady whose glances had pierced my green spectacles, I might have hung my head; but I knew that, after all, this was only a case of temporary inconvenience; I could not fail, sooner or later, to succeed in proving my identity, and that I must be then at once set free. Bar the personal discomfort, the loss of a good suit of clothes, &c. and the escape of some hardened wretch, thanks to my unconscious assistance, the present was a curious experience, which few were likely to compass. In this way I argued myself into laughing almost at this excellent practical joke, in which Self was the principal sufferer, and the end of which, for all I knew, might still be indefinitely delayed.

Away, in the twilight gloaming, over the downs for a mile or two, and along the white winding chalk roads to the more level and wooded country; then past farms, and between tall hedgerows and straggling villages, until we reached the outskirts of Weymouth; then through the lighted streets and parades of the fashionable watering-place, alive with gay company and merry music; threading our way across a bridge, amongst docks, and wharfs, and shipping, till at length we emerged upon the long flat causeway that tops the Chesil Bank, and joins Portland to the mainland. The night had fallen, but the glories of a full moon flooded everything with light. On each side of the ridge slept the quiet sea beneath the twinkling stars, and right in front loomed the massive promontory of Portland, couched like a lion against the moonlit sky.

Miles high it seemed, that hill, a terrible ascent, steep as the climb that faces many who have also travelled this road, if, when once again free, they seek to struggle from crime to honesty. My courage sank somewhat during that long gradient, and by the time we reached the gloomy portals of the prison it was at its lowest ebb. The place was lonely and silent as the tomb; a solitary lamp flickered above the heavy gates, touching with spots of lustre the tips of the steel nails that studded all their panels. One of my escort jumped out and touched a deep-toned bell; and the next minute a little window, some six inches square, was opened in the door, and through it I saw the gleam of two white eyeballs, belonging, doubtless, to the same head, from which came now a very gruff and threatening 'Well?'

'We've got him!'

Instantly the voice changed. It was clear the escape was the source of deep anxiety to all at Portland, and that this was joyful news.

'What! Raschkoff? For these and all other mercies, the Lord's name be praised.' As if I, in my character of Raschkoff, was a very excellent dinner about to be digested by the establishment.

With a solemn clanging sound, the heavy doors swung back upon their hinges, and I was inside. Almost like clock-work, they closed again behind me, and although I knew my incarceration was certain to be short, I felt quite as if hope were altogether extinguished from my breast. At that moment, I would gladly have purchased immediate release at any price, and I asked indignantly to see the governor at once.

'He says he's Mr John Wray of Crutched Friars,' said the policeman, with a grin.

'Always was th' artfullest villain out,' replied the gatekeeper, pointing to me menacingly with his heavy key. 'It's not the first time he's done it, neither; calls himself a gentleman, because he was convicted for some gentcel crime, forgery, or like that. He was away six months last time, but we nabbed him then, just as you have now. But he made his "guy" again this morning in the fog, and got away as smooth as butter. It's here to-day with him, and gone to-morrow.'

'Ay, and back again at night,' said the sailor profoundly.

'I insist on seeing the governor at once,' I said, interrupting the dialogue.

'That you will, and sooner than you care to, either. He'll be in his office about nine to-morrow morning, and he'll have something to say to you, I suspect, private and particular.'

'There's no call for us to wait,' said the policeman; 'we can look up this way in the morning for the reward.'

'Off you go, then; but you'd better stay in the village to-night; the major might want to speak to you to-morrow. Good-night!'

'Good-night!'

The gates were opened again, my late companions issued forth, and in another minute I heard the sound of their wheels retreating down the hill. Immediately afterwards, I was ordered to move on to the inner gate.

There was a second gate under the archway, a dozen feet from the outer doors. This was of open iron-work, and through the bars I could see the tall outlines of the prison buildings. Just as we got to this inner gate, a man approached from the inside.

'Did you ring, Mr Tootle?' he asked. He was a tall man in uniform, wearing a long-waisted, well-fitting greatcoat; at his side was a sword, on his belt a bull's-eye lantern, and in the left hand a bunch of keys. 'Did you ring?' he repeated.

'I did, sir. It's that Raschkoff; the police have brought him back.'

'That's the best piece of news I've heard since

noon. Hand him over. Have you sent word to the governor?

'I've rung his bell. He or the deputy will be here directly. It's close on locking-up time.'

With these second gates, as they closed behind me, there seemed to fall another barrier between me and freedom, nor did my new escort encourage me to hope for much consideration.

Through more gates and doors, all of which were first unlocked, then locked, then re-locked, and locked again, till it seemed as if I was now as safe as the crown jewels, or a toad entombed alive in a granite rock. At length, we reached a block of buildings a little apart, with double doors, through which we passed, as we had the others, and I found myself on the ground-floor of an unmistakable prison. There were three rows of cells, tier above tier, the upper with a narrow landing and a bright steel railing. As we entered, another warder met us; he was in slippers, and walked noiselessly like a ghost. In a sepulchral voice, he said: 'Forty-six, sir, and all correct.'

'This will make forty-seven, Mr Mounsey,' said my conductor: 'it's that Raschkoff.'

'Shall I put him in the dark, sir?' was the eager query.

'No; in an ordinary cell; but keep an eye on the trap, and watch him carefully, or he'll break prison again; he's clever enough.'

I was introduced forthwith into an 'ordinary cell'—four bare walls, with a loophole window well barred, and wired over. There was nothing in the place but a gutta-percha pint pot, and a bed of smooth bare plank a little raised from the floor.

'Keep silence, will you!' said, for the thousandth time, the superior warder, as, for the thousandth time, I tried to protest that I was not Raschkoff.

'Mind, Mr Mounsey, you don't let him talk to you in the night; he'll be trying it on again, you may depend. Give him his bed, and fill his pint—there;' and they left me.

Alone, at last, and in a solitary cell in Portland Prison! The dreadful truth was difficult to realise; but bars and bolts, and iron doors, are solid facts not easily explained away. I felt as miserable now as if I was doomed to be hanged next morning. As I have said, from the first moment of my capture I had treated my mishap as an unpleasant joke—no more; and all along I had buoyed myself up with the knowledge that at the prison itself the mistake would be at once discovered. Of course I had said to myself, the officials there will know I am not the real Raschkoff the runaway. But it seemed as if no one knew anything of the sort. I had already passed through the hands of three, and though all had scanned my features closely, no syllable of doubt of my identity had followed their inspection. What if I should be kept to serve out the real convict's time, seeking vainly from day to day, and year to year, to make my protest plain? This would be too severe a dose indeed. Yes, I was most miserable. Cold, wretched, and nearly starved, for no food had crossed my lips since noon, I gathered myself together, and, sinking utterly dejected upon the hard pallet, tried to groan myself to sleep.

I must have slept; but the slumber at first was fitful, and often disturbed by the click of a latch at my cell door, and a flash of bright light through

a narrow slit turned on to where I lay. It was the warder on the alert to prevent another escape. Even the strangeness of this wore off, and I became thoroughly unconscious, to be roused at last by a deafening peal of bells rung just above my head. The dawn was struggling, in pale, sickly tones, through the wire-work of the tiny window, and I guessed that this was the prison-bell, the signal to begin the labours of the day. I was hardly at all refreshed by my sleep, and terribly faint from want of food.

'Can I see a doctor?' I asked, as two new warders came into my cell, and told me peremptorily to stand up and strip.

'Of course you can. But first of all we must search you; it ought to have been done last night, only you took us all by surprise—as you did too, when you hooked it. How did you get away, Raschkoff?'

'I tell you I'm not Raschkoff!'

Both the officers laughed heartily. 'You'll be the death of us, Raschkoff! But there—wash yourself; it's close on breakfast-time, and, after that, you shall see the young doctor.'

They brought me a pannikin of scalding hot cocoa, and a small loaf, which I devoured eagerly. They were capital; there was milk in the cocoa, and the bread was fresh and white. I got new courage from the food. Surely, said I to myself, there must be some one here who will confess that I am right; some one who can swear to the real Raschkoff. And then it occurred to me that I would let matters take their course, and desist from speaking another word in my own defence. I wondered only how long the farce would continue. I had plenty of visitors in the next hour or two. First, the 'young' doctor, as he had been styled, though he was old enough to have gray hair and a corporation. He was an airy, off-hand gentleman, wearing a stethoscope, like a flower, in his button-hole.

'There's nothing wrong with you,' he said angrily. 'Why did you send for me?'

'I feel faint.'

'Faint!' The utter contempt of these words made my blood boil. 'Were you faint yesterday morning, when you ran four miles, and jumped the dyke in the fog?'

I sank back almost in despair. Happily nine o'clock was now approaching, and preparations began for my trial in the governor's office. I was again stripped and searched; my boots were taken from me, and I got a pair of list slippers. Then, all at once echoing along the passages came a cry for 'Raschkoff'; and Raschkoff—that is to say, I, John Wray of Crutched Friars—shambled up two flights of narrow stairs, and entered a little dock on the further side of which stood a warder with a baton; while in front, some way off, was seated a portly, imposing personage at a high desk, and surrounding him, a group of officials, among whom were my friends the coast-guard sailor and the policeman.

'5755 Raschkoff! charged with making his escape, resisting the police, insolence to the gate-keeper, and giving the assistant-surgeon unnecessary trouble.'

All this the aforesaid portly gentleman read aloud, and then, without waiting to hear me plead, called upon my captors to give their story.

This has already been told. It was a little

embellished, no doubt, to glorify their courage. Next came Dunkley, the father of seven children, whom I, in my character of Raschkoff, was about to rob of their bread. Dunkley was about to plunge into details of the daring manner in which I had eluded his observation, when all at once his face fell.

'Here at last,' I said, 'is some one who knows I am not Raschkoff.'

'Go on, Mr Dunkley, go on,' said the governor. But Dunkley could not go on; already, with self-interest quickening his intellect, it had dawned upon him that they had caught the wrong man, that Raschkoff was still at large, and that, therefore, the seven miniature Dunkleys were far from secure from want.

I saw my opportunity.

'I wish to observe'—

'Silence!'

'I wish to observe,' again.

'Silence!' again, and more peremptorily.

'I will speak!' I said, growing resolute. 'I wish to observe that my name is John Wray of Crutched Friars.'

At which announcement the little court was immediately convulsed with laughter. Evidently, the joke of my alleged mistaken identity was considered highly amusing.

'I repeat, my name is Wray, and not Raschkoff.'

The governor for the moment looked as if he would eat me, and his myrmidons were little less aghast at my persistent insolence.

But Dunkley at last found his tongue. 'He's right, sir! He's not Raschkoff at all!'

'Not Raschkoff!' from the governor, who felt himself still one short of his total number.

'Not Raschkoff!' from the policeman, who felt himself a fool, and five pounds poorer.

'Not Raschkoff!' from the pious gatekeeper, from the first warder to the second, to the third, and so on along the scale, as all in turn expressed their surprise. But there was no doubt about it: Dunkley was positive; and other officers corroborated his statement. There were plenty now who knew the real Raschkoff by sight; warders with whom he had been in daily contact, and who saw at once that I was quite a different man. It was my misfortune that, on the previous evening, none of these had been on duty; but in a prison containing nearly two thousand felons, the mistake was more than possible.

At last the governor spoke, and angrily: 'Oh! but this is too absurd. What were you about, all of you? It's disgraceful!—And you, sir!—this to me—how dare you come here to insult us, and make us look like fools?'

One might have thought that I had been guilty of breaking into the prison by force, and that I had insisted they should keep me there for the rest of my life.

'But let me tell you, sir!' he went on, 'that there is such a thing as connivance, and that it is felony to assist a convict to escape; and that, before you are many hours older, you will be by the heels in Dorchester Jail for trial at the next assizes.'

'And let me tell you, sir!' I replied hotly in my turn, 'that there is such a thing as action for false imprisonment; and that if you do not instantly set me free, if there is any law in the land, before

you are many months older, you will be cast in heavy damages in the Court of Queen's Bench.'

'Nonsense, sir! I insist on hearing your explanation.'

My explanation! as if I hadn't wanted to give it these twelve hours past!

Then, in a few hurried words, I told him the whole story.

'But can this be corroborated? Have you any one within reach to speak to your identity?'

'There is the innkeeper at Lulworth, and others there. Or, stay; telegraph to my firm, Stokes, Wray, & Co. of Crutched Friars.'

'Will one of the partners come down?'

'Yes, no doubt, if it's urgent.'

'It is urgent. I am sorry to appear discourteous, or to disbelieve your story; all I ask is, that you will remain here'—

'In prison?'

'By no means; in my house, as my guest,' said the governor, with the bow of a finished courtier. 'All I ask is, to be quite convinced. I trust you will understand that I am bound, in my serious and responsible situation, to take nothing for granted.'

'And my clothes?'

'I daresay we can fit you out,' said the governor, with a slight smile. 'We keep a large stock of ready-made clothes—no, not convicts', but free men's, for prisoners on discharge. Step into my private room, and you shall make the change at once.'

In half an hour I was at breakfast, and at the right side of the gates, with my host.

'Our Mr Stokes' arrived that evening by five, with full proof of my identity; the governor was satisfied; and I left Portland gladly enough within half an hour afterwards. Mr Stokes went back to town at once, but I got out at Wool, intending to walk to the inn. Strangely enough, there was Vye, who had taken me and my luggage in his cart from the station at my first arrival three weeks before. I hailed him. He evidently did not recognise me in the least.

'No wonder you don't know me,' I said. 'A nice time I've been having of it these last four-and-twenty hours.'

My voice alone seemed to bring back a gleam of intelligence into his face. Slowly his eyes opened wide, and his lower jaw dropped.

'Surely,' he said, 'I saw you a-goin' away last night quite late with the two ladies. They sends down to the Cove, and orders a fly just afore ten—says they are obliged to go unexpect, and must catch the mail-train; and as I was a-comin' over top o' Church Hill, I see you a-standing at corner o' cross roads. Then I remember the moon was a-shining pretty nigh as bright as the sun at day. I was coming down to-wards you, when up comes the ladies' fly, and in you gets long afore I could near you. I tells my missus, and she says: "'Pond upon it, the gentleman's eloped;" and when I heard at the Cove this morning as you 'adn't been home all night, I thought she was about right; mayhap'—

Here Vye stopped abruptly, looked round as he saw the station-master coming out of the office, and called to him: 'Here, Muster Coombs, didn't the two ladies go away last night with the gentleman in blue barnacles and brown billy-cock, same as I drove over to the Cove three weeks ago?'

'Yes; surely,' answered Mr Coombs, but with a little hesitation as he looked at me. 'I certainly thought it was the same gentleman, from his dress and short hair; but we were rather busy, and I didn't take very close notice. Wasn't it he, after all? Now I look at you again, sir, how is it? You have just come from Weymouth. I don't rightly remember you, either. Anyhow, I gave the two ladies and the gentleman I took to be you, three first to Southampton, by the 10.45 last night; more, I can't say.'

Here was a complication! What association could there have been between the convict and those two ladies? And was it really he, disguised in my dress, that Vye and Mr Coombs had seen?

As I pondered for a moment, the station-master had gone back to his office, and come out again with a large brown paper parcel in his hand. 'By the way, Vye,' he said, 'you may as well take this to Richards at the Cove. I'd almost forgotten it: came down mid-day; there's nothing to pay;' and he handed it to the fisherman.

Of course, it was not unusual to make Vye a carrier; and very soon he and I were once again jolting towards Lulworth.

The parcel lay in the bottom of the cart at my feet, and I remember observing quite casually that it was directed merely to the 'Proprietor of the Cove Hotel, Lulworth,' and that the handwriting was that of a lady, and had rather a foreign character about it. Intense consternation and wonder prevailed on my arrival at the inn. Everywhere it had been clearly settled that I had eloped; and though none of the gossips I spoke to had seen the man in the blue spectacles and brown billy-cock go off with the ladies, except Mr Vye, his account of that event, and my absence, were the two and two which, put together, left no doubt in the minds of the astute natives.

Indeed, I could not find that anybody, coast-guard, or the owner of the lady's lodgings, had seen the fellow; and but for the station-master's confirmation of Vye's story, I should not have believed it.

My room and belongings had been left undisturbed, and it was with no small relief that I once more found myself wearing clothes of my own. Whilst I was setting myself a little to rights, and puzzling over the connection which there seemed to be between the two ladies and the man to whom I owed so much misery, the landlord appeared, with the parcel we had brought from the station in his hand.

'This 'ere's for you, sir, I 'spect, 'cording to the direction inside it.'

He had undone the outer cover, and within was a second parcel, directed as follows: 'For the Gentleman who wears Blue Spectacles staying at the Cove Hotel.' I cut the string, and found—what? My clothes and wide-awake, and the contents of the pockets intact!

As I examined them, a sheet of note-paper fell to the floor: on it were written, in the same hand as that on the two directions, these words: 'Beyond restoring the inclosed articles, it is improbable that any reparation can ever be made to the gentleman to whom they belong for the outrage to which he has been subjected. If his looks have not belied him, however, it is just possible that he may find some consolation, and an apology, in learning that his clothes have been the accidental

means of restoring to a mother's and sister's arms an erring and repentant man. If the law has been outraged, the gentleman has been at least an unintentional accessory, and whether this fact allays his scruples or not, it is believed that, by the time these words are in his hands, the culprit will be beyond the reach of any efforts he may be the means of helping the authorities to make towards a recapture.'

As far off as ever, almost, from the details which led to this strange affair, broadly speaking, the letter, nevertheless, gave me an inkling of the truth. Whether it was a preconcerted plan between the unhappy ladies and their unhappy relative, this meeting on the Dorsetshire coast; whether he had managed to escape for the second time, knowing where they were; whether they, in their misery, were led to that out-of-the-way retreat by a helpless longing to be near him, and had so far ever been sitting watching his rocky prison, and that he as accidentally lighted on them as he had on the opportunity my clothes gave him for getting out of the way, I shall never know. It was quite enough for me to remember that young girl's face, to stay any promptings I might have had to aid the law. Her appealing look had more than once made me long to help her, and I had done so, if through no merit, at least through no fault of my own, and I was not a detective.

More than ten years have passed since all this happened. I have been long married, and it chanced that I spent last autumn at Weymouth with my family.

One day I paid a visit to Portland prison—a second visit. How different from the first! Governors had been changed. The system of discipline, as is observable from late reports, so immensely improved as to render an event such as I have described next to impossible. The chief warder, though he did not remember me, remembered the escape of '5755 Raschkoff.' 'Yes, sir;' and '5755 Raschkoff is still at large!'

## PRINCE RUPERT'S DROPS:

### A REVOLUTION IN GLASS-MAKING.

AMONG the many inventions popularly attributed to the cavalier Prince Rupert, the result of the ten years of study and research which closed his life, perhaps the best known is that of the drops of hardened glass which bear his name. A Prince Rupert's Drop is made by throwing a little molten glass into water. It is thus suddenly cooled, and the outer portion being hardened while the interior is still expanded by heat, a curious state of tension is the result. The drop is generally round and thick at one end, and drawn out into a long slight tail of glass at the other. One may strike the thick part with a hammer without breaking it; but let the smallest portion be broken off the tail, and the whole drop falls into a heap of minute fragments and dust. It is a favourite toy with children, and doubtless many of our readers will remember how, in their school-boy days, after they had fully tested the remarkable fact, that do what one would there was no use trying to knock the thick bulbous heads to pieces, one vigorous pull would snap off the end of the thin tail of glass, and

with a 'bang,' the long-resisting drop would fall into countless fragments and grains of dust. And a moment's examination of the shattered remains of a Prince Rupert's Drop is sufficient to shew that it is very different from the *débris* of ordinary broken glass, of which even the smallest grains have sharp little points and edges, so that it pierces and cuts the hand that touches it incautiously, while the fragments of the 'drop' carelessly broken between one's hands are quite harmless. And yet it is only a little melted glass suddenly cooled by being dropped into water.

This is all very wonderful. It has puzzled wiser heads than those of school-boys. But since it was first invented up to the present year it was of no real use to any one. It was a curiosity, and nothing more. But a few months ago one of these drops attracted the attention of a French chemist, M. Alfred de la Bastie of La Bresse, in the department of the Ain, near Lyon. He noticed that it was only the very thin end of the drop that was liable to fracture, that even then considerable force had to be employed, and that it was almost impossible to break any other part of the tail of the drop, though its thickness was nowhere greater than a small fraction of an inch, and much less than that of an ordinary pane of glass. He then began to consider whether it might not be practicable to impart the same hardness to common glass, without destroying its transparency. Fortunately, he possessed ample means for research; and after a long course of experiments in his laboratory at La Bresse, he has lately succeeded in producing, by a simple process, specimens of glass perfectly clear and transparent, but as hard and as durable as steel. He gives it the name of *verre trempé*, or tempered glass. It has been noticed in some of the English papers under the name of 'toughened glass,' an epithet which is hardly applicable to it, and certainly gives an incorrect idea of its nature—hardened glass would be a better word.

The idea of giving this hardness to glass is not a new one. Réaumur succeeded in hardening it by a process of crystallisation, but in doing so, he made it perfectly opaque, and therefore useless for practical purposes. M. de la Bastie has obtained a really valuable result by a different process, first suggested, as we have said, by the hardening or tempering of melted glass in water in the formation of Prince Rupert's Drops. His object was to find some method of tempering ordinary glass to an equal hardness. It was necessary to discover the proper composition of the bath in which the newly made glass was to be plunged, and the exact temperature for the process, for if it were too hot it would change its shape, and if it were not hot enough it would break in pieces on being plunged into the liquid. Finally, it was necessary to devise the mechanical means for economically working the invention. The results have been exhibited by M. de la Bastie to visitors to his laboratory at La Bresse; by M. de Luynes, one of the professors of Paris, to a great scientific réunion at the Sor-

bonne; and in London by the agents for the invention, and the *verre trempé* has stood the severest tests. As yet, the details of the process are kept secret, but an outline of its main features has been published by M. de la Bastie. The liquid in which the glass is tempered is a compound of melted wax and resin and various oils, and these ingredients are mixed in different proportions, according to the purpose for which the glass is intended. The liquid is raised to a high temperature in a large vat, and in order to prevent its taking fire with the heat, the air is carefully excluded from it. At a little distance is an oven, in which the glass is raised to a red-heat, so that it is very near its melting-point. From the oven, a metallic slide (which, by means of a pivot, can be inclined to any required angle) communicates with a table fixed in the vat, and having the same inclination as the slide. As soon as the glass has reached the required temperature in the oven, it is pushed out upon the slide, and descends by it to the inclined table in the vat; the depth to which it is allowed to sink in the oil being regulated by a kind of brake, which stops it at the proper point. It is allowed to remain there for about a minute, and then a self-acting rake draws it into a metal frame, and this is removed from the vat, and the glass is allowed to cool. Some more glass, meanwhile, has taken its place in the vat, and so the manufacture of the *verre trempé* goes on without ceasing. Thus, the process is a very simple, cheap, and rapid one, and it is calculated that in this way one furnace and vat, served by three workmen, could in the twenty-four hours temper eighteen thousand watch-glasses at a cost of fifteen francs, or about twelve shillings and sixpence.

M. de la Bastie has succeeded in tempering glass whose thickness is measured by a few millimètres as well as heavy plate-glass. It is as transparent as ordinary glass, but so hard that it can be thrown on the ground without injury. The diamond will not cut it, but it can be cut or pierced with the sand-blast, and engraved with powerful acids. It has, however, a different refractive power from ordinary glass, and the Academy of Sciences of Turin has just begun a series of experiments on its optical properties in the refraction and polarisation of light, with a view to its employment in making scientific instruments.

The tempered glass is estimated to be about fifty times as strong as ordinary glass, and it is, moreover, very elastic, a circumstance to which it perhaps owes much of its strength. A curved sheet of tempered glass was placed on the ground by Professor de Luynes, with its concave side downwards, a man then stood on its convex surface, and it bent under his weight without breaking, resuming its original form as soon as he stepped off it. Watch-glasses were submitted to the same test, a man placing his heel upon one of them, and then throwing his weight upon it without being able to break it. Panes of glass,

plates, candlesticks, watch-glasses, were thrown into the air and fell to the ground without breaking, the lighter pieces of glass rebounding from the floor. 'You see,' said M. de Luynes, 'when you ask for verre trempé in a shop you can always make sure that the dealer is offering you the real thing, for you can test it by throwing it on the floor.' A plate of tempered glass placed over a spirit-lamp close to the flame bore an intense heat without breaking. A glass cup of cold water was placed on a fire, and left there until the water boiled, without any injury to the glass; and similar experiments have been performed with oil, sulphuric acid, and other liquids which have even a higher boiling-point than water. M. de la Bastie believes that his glass can therefore be used in making cooking utensils. It certainly will be very valuable for retorts and other glass instruments in the chemist's laboratory. These are at present constantly liable to fracture, and often with very unfortunate results.

In a course of careful experiments, the resistance of the verre trempé was compared with that of ordinary glass. The plates of glass were of equal size and thickness, and a piece of copper weighing about two-and-a-half ounces was successively dropped upon them from gradually increasing heights. In no case did the ordinary glass resist the fall of the copper from a greater height than three feet, while the verre trempé was unbroken even when the fall of the copper was twelve feet. On examining it, metallic marks were noticed on its surface, and the copper was found to be dented by the violence of the blow! A visitor to M. de la Bastie's workshop, after witnessing this experiment, said jestingly: 'Well, sir, all you have to do now is to roof our houses with glass.' The joke suggested a new test to the inventor. He sent for a roofing-tile. It was broken by the fall of a five-ounce weight from a height of six feet; while the same weight was dropped from a height of over ten feet on a plate of verre trempé one-third of an inch in thickness without doing it the least harm. When this glass is broken by an over-severe strain it resolves itself into a heap of small fragments like those of a Prince Rupert's Drop, and one can plunge with impunity the bare hand into a heap of this vitreous dust. This is a great advantage, as the fall of broken skylights and glass roofs would be quite harmless to those who chanced to be beneath, if they were made of verre trempé. But such an accident would then be almost impossible.

M. de la Bastie is building a great manufactory, and establishing agencies for the working of his invention, and there is no doubt that it has a great future before it. The glass roofs of railway stations and workshops, huge buildings of glass like the Crystal Palace, conservatories, the beautiful windows of Gothic churches, are all at present liable to damage from storms of hail and wind. Once the verre trempé comes into use, all these great surfaces of glass will be as durable as walls

and roofs of steel, and the saving of repairs and the sense of security thus obtained will more than compensate the slight additional cost. We have already referred to its use in the laboratory and the kitchen, but it would take a volume to reckon up all the purposes for which it can be employed. A revolution in glass-making has begun in M. de la Bastie's quiet laboratory at La Bresse. He has achieved what seemed impossible, and changed the meanings of words. Who will talk now of things being 'as brittle as glass?' and as for the venerable proverb, that 'those who live in glass houses shouldn't throw stones,' the owner of a well-made glass house might now laugh at all the stone-throwers in Christendom, as he heard their harmless missiles rattling on his transparent walls of verre trempé.

#### THE FAIRY SHELL.

ONE day, when wandering on the shore  
That once was ruled by Marinell,  
I found within a clefted rock

A strangely twisted, curious shell  
With spiral whorls of pearly white,  
And hollows tinged with roscato light.

This shell possessed a wondrous power,  
For, placed against the listener's ear,  
He heard, though gentle, faint, and low,  
The tones of those he held most dear;  
Though parted far by land or wave,  
The faithful shell an echo gave.

'Oh, happy gift to man,' said I;  
'More precious than the painter's art;  
How oft shalt thou, in distant climes,  
Console the ever-faithful heart,  
Bring back the cherished voice again,  
And take from absence half its pain.'

'Vain are thy thoughts,' a nymph replied;  
'For those who own it will lament  
That never, through its echoes faint,  
Can tidings from the loved be sent:  
The distant sound is only caught,  
But never word or message brought.

'Twill only waken yearnings vain;  
'Twill only pierce the heart anew,  
And bring to mind with tenfold pain  
The anguish of the last adieu.  
When all is lost beyond recall,  
'Tis better far a veil should fall.'

She ceased. I turned, and threw the shell  
Beneath the tossing, foaming tide;  
Too well can memory waken grief,  
That man should seek for aught beside.  
Love needs it not; for Love can last  
When all the things of Time are past.

Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, 47 Paternoster Row, LONDON, and 339 High Street, EDINBURGH.  
Also sold by all Booksellers.



# CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

OF

POPULAR

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

*Fourth Series*

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS.

No. 605.

SATURDAY, JULY 31, 1875.

PRICE 1½d.

## THE NEW FOREST.

IN the course of an excursion lately in the south of England, I thought of visiting the New Forest in Hampshire. One of my pleasant memories of that sylvan piece of country carried me back five-and-thirty years, during which period changes of various kinds were said to have taken place, and, to judge from newspaper discussions, still greater changes were in contemplation. So, to see the Forest once more, I bent my way by steamer from Cowes in the Isle of Wight to Southampton, and thence, instead of railway transit, preferred to roll forward in a westerly direction in an open carriage, to Lyndhurst, the capital of the Forest, if capital it can be said to have. The distance was ten miles, and as the day was fine, there was a prospect of enjoying the fresh air and sunshine.

Getting free of the old fortified walls of Southampton, and of lines of modern villas, we pursue a rather commonplace route, until, the country becoming more open and natural in appearance, we glide without any perceptible boundary into the realms of the Forest. Historically, the district is interesting. As is well known, it was appropriated by William the Conqueror, and set apart by him as a royal hunting-ground, under the peculiar restrictions of the Norman forest laws; it being chosen for this purpose from its neighbourhood to the royal residence at Winchester. What were the original dimensions of the tract of country so selected, we are nowhere satisfactorily told, but are led to suppose that the Forest was at least sixty miles in circumference. To render it suitable for the chase, it is alleged that the country was laid waste, its villages, churches, and hamlets rooted out, and the inhabitants driven away; and further, that William either planted the district with trees, or added to the woods already growing on the spot. There may be a general truth in the statements regarding the process of desolation, but doubts arise as to the wholesale planting or to the extension of the woods. The original meaning of the term *forest*, was a *frith* or wild piece of country, set

aside for field-sports. In the old chronicles this particular forest is designated 'a mickle deer-frith.' There were in it, no doubt, tracts covered with trees of an ancient date, but as we shall immediately point out from personal observation, there were likewise comprehended huge stretches of ground on which nothing would grow but gorse or heather, and which for any useful purpose were almost as valueless as the sands of the desert. We are, therefore, to understand that at no time was the land in the New Forest wholly covered with growing timber; that it was only woody here and there, with bare and barren intervals, miles in breadth, which yielded no shelter to the beasts of the chase. A similar condition of things is known to have pertained to nearly all the old royal forests in England and Scotland. They were simply wild pieces of country, with patches of trees and bushes, amidst which the game found a harbourage; while the open spaces, like the inclosed fields of modern days, offered no obstacle to the onward sweep of mounted huntsmen.

Whatever was the original extent of the 'mickle deer-frith,' it was destined to suffer encroachment and diminution, but without, till the present time, suffering a material change of character. Assuming its primary size as being sixty-six thousand three hundred acres, as many as twenty-five thousand acres have been granted or sold as manors or freehold estates, nine hundred acres are the encroachments of squatters, a thousand acres are held on leases from the crown, and upwards of eleven thousand acres are inclosures round the keepers' lodges. Such is a common computation, which we do not attempt to verify. All we can say is, that the New Forest, as now seen on travelling through it, is a jumble of three or four varieties of land—inclosed estates with gentlemen's mansions, differing in no respect from ordinary private properties, as regards division of fields, farm-steadings, gate lodges, and ornamental parks; petty inclosures connected with detached cottages and hamlets; ground protected by fences for rearing plantations of young firs; tracts with old timber; and open heaths. These last two kinds of property are for

the most part unfenced, and to all appearance are free to the rambles of pedestrians, and professional visits of artists. The public roads penetrating the Forest in different directions are a remarkable feature. Made of a reddish flinty material dug from gravel-pits, they are smooth and excellently kept, are free from the nuisance of toll-bars, and pursue long lines as straight as an arrow. Driving along these admirable highways, you feel as if journeying through well-kept pleasure-grounds; and as the land is generally undulating, with occasionally knolls or low hills covered with wood, the scenery is far from being devoid of the picturesque.

By one of these straight roads we reach Lyndhurst, a village consisting of a row of brick houses, two stories high, on each side of the road, with the parish church occupying the summit of a knoll on the west, and the pointed spire of which is seen for miles distant. The inhabitants are perhaps a thousand in number, most of them following the trades required by the neighbourhood. We can hardly imagine a place more primitive. Its few shops are of a compound character. The baker deals in stationery, the grocer sells carpets, and the chemist has a fair show of drapery and photographs. There is no bookseller or news-vendor, and no bank for general accommodation in money matters. The town, to call it so, has no gas-lamps, not even oil-lamps for lighting the thoroughfare. Water is not led on to the houses, and there is no system of sewage. Yet we see nothing offensive. On the contrary, all is rural, simple, and attractive. The windows of the humblest dwellings are draped with white curtains, and in the whole of them we are gratified with the sight of rows of flowering plants growing in pots, which is at least a good sign of popular tastes and habits. Little seems to be doing. The only conspicuous object in the usually dull street is a public pump. Obviously, the place is under some deadening official influence, which restricts its improvement and keeps it poor; and of this I heard some complaints. In the vicinity, there are some dwellings of a superior order. To strangers, the great defect of Lyndhurst is the want of proper accommodation. Only with difficulty did I find a roof under which to put my head, in a very small inn of the old-fashioned sort. This deficiency is to be regretted, for the climate is delightful, and Lyndhurst forms an excellent starting-point for excursions to the different scenes of interest in the Forest, and I have no doubt that, were convenient lodgings to be obtained, the place would become a favourite resort for summer visitors.

It would be worth any one's while to visit Lyndhurst, if it were only to see an exceedingly beautiful work of art in the parish church. This building, which was erected only a few years ago to supersede a mean decayed edifice on the spot, is constructed of brick of divers colours, in a handsome Gothic style, and cost, as I was told, about fourteen thousand pounds, which sum was

raised by public subscription. The object of interest just referred to consists of a fresco-painting on the east end of the chancel, stretching from side to side over the communion-table, somewhat in the character of a reredos. It is the work of F. Leighton, R.A., and was munificently presented by him to the church. The subject is illustrative of the parable of the ten virgins. The central figure, Christ, meek and radiant in a white robe, has on the right the five watchful virgins in different attitudes, with their lamps blazing; while on the left are the five negligent virgins, abashed and sorrowful, with their lamps extinct. Certain figures of angels are introduced to bring out the full sentiment of the design. To aid the perspective, the scene represented is in a species of portico, with slender pillars in the foreground. Advancing up the nave of the church, we are startled with the life-like and truthful character of this marvellous wall-painting. Its soft richness of colouring, its beauty, its fine drawing and grouping, rivet attention, and after enjoying the sight of it, one draws himself away with a feeling of regret. I confess to having gone to the church on Sunday very much with the view of having another look at Mr Leighton's exquisite production; but otherwise had reason to be satisfied, for the service was well conducted and edifying. The fresco has been successfully photographed by Mr J. G. Short, Lyndhurst. I brought away a copy.

Settled down in a quiet retreat, I was soon fortunate in discovering that Mr Judd, the intelligent postmaster, kept for hire a horse and waggonette, which, with himself as driver, were at my disposal. The very thing I wanted. The means of driving about the Forest, with one who was able to afford some local information, came quite readily to hand. For several days, therefore, I am to be considered as sallying forth in quest of scenes interesting to the tourist; sometimes driving along those wonderfully straight highways, sometimes quitting the main routes and getting into cross-roads which wound among the lofty trees, where, for mile after mile, not a human being or any living creature was visible—nothing but the grandeur of nature and a tremendous solitude. For such excursions in the Forest, a guide is indispensable, and so far I was happily situated. Owing to the absence of houses, and the entangled divergence of cross-ways, any stranger might very easily lose himself, and wander for hours in a maze of perplexities.

My first excursion was towards Minstead, to a distance of two or three miles in a north-westerly direction, for the purpose of seeing Stony Cross, such being the name given to a memorial, known as Rufus's Stone, which in point of fact is not a stone, but a quadrangular pillar of cast-iron, about four feet high, indicating the spot where William Rufus was accidentally killed. In the silly craze for chopping off morsels, the original stone had been utterly destroyed, and hence the use of a less

perishable material. It stands in an open glade of green turf, at the bottom of a hill, near the roadside. We read as follows, on the first side: 'Here stood the oak tree, on which an arrow, shot by Sir Walter Tyrell at a stag, glanced, and struck King William II. (surnamed Rufus) in the breast, of which he instantly died on the 2d day of August, anno 1100.' On the second side: 'King William II. being slain, as is before related, was laid in a cart belonging to one Purkess, and drawn from hence to Winchester, and buried in the cathedral church of that city.' On the third side: 'That where an event so memorable had happened might not be hereafter unknown, this stone was set up by Lord Delaware, who had seen the tree growing in this place, anno 1745. This stone was repaired by John Richard, Earl Delaware, anno 1789.' On the fourth side: 'This stone having been much mutilated, and the inscriptions on each of its three sides defaced, this more durable memorial, with the original inscriptions, was erected in the year 1841, by William Sturges Bourne, warden.' The memorial, secured from dilapidation by being constructed of iron, is painted a grayish colour, to resemble stone, and seems likely to defy the hammers of those unscrupulous tourists who take a fancy for destroying all objects of curiosity within their reach. In Lyndhurst there is an old red brick edifice, near the church, shrouded in ivy, called the King's House, in which is the Hall, where the affairs of the Forest were at one time administered, and in which the pretended stirrup-iron of William Rufus used to be, and is perhaps still, shewn to the credulous.

The most satisfactory of my excursions through the Forest was to Boldrewood, lying several miles to the south of Lyndhurst. This, in my opinion, is the only spot worth visiting, so far as the spectacle of grand old timber is concerned. The trees are mostly oaks and beeches, of great height, and picturesque from their rugged antique appearance. Here and there we traverse open glades of greensward, on which grow a profusion of gorse and ferns, and where are observed browsing the black pigs and the cows of the villagers, also the gray Forest ponies which roam about in a state of nature. The deer are no longer seen. They were extirpated in 1838, as being a provocative of poaching, and no end of demoralisation. At present, the whole of the domain is under rigorous police regulations, at the instance of the Commissioners of Woods and Forests. No unprivileged pursuit of game is permitted; no scraps of wood or bushes are allowed to be taken away. Everything is a matter of sale, even to the ferns, which are periodically cut down and disposed of for bedding to cattle. As only certain individuals, according to their heritable tenure, have the privilege of sending out animals to pick up a living in the Forest, and that within prescribed restrictions, there is a very general absence of animated nature; the result being a strange condition of deadness and profound silence. Entering the denser parts of

Boldrewood, from which domesticated animals are excluded, we pass vistas with trees of majestic grandeur. An oak was pointed out with a stem of more than twenty-two feet in circumference, and which I conjectured was at least five hundred years old. Such trees, with twisted and wide-spreading boughs, have formed a favourite study for those artistic and much-admired sketches of New Forest scenes that are now publicly exhibited in London. Latterly, from the absence of deer to eat down the underwood, some of the denser parts of the Forest are beginning to be choked with bushes of holly and other plants of natural growth.

On the outskirts of Boldrewood, as in sundry other places, we come upon districts inclosed with turf dykes and palings, and devoted altogether to plantations of the common Scotch fir. Some of these plantations are pretty well grown, others are in their infancy, and for the most part they seem to be thriving and well attended to as respects thinning and surface drainage. This species of pine is about the poorest of growing timber, and valueless for any purpose where durability is required. Among Scottish planters it has been superseded by larch, as more tough and imperishable, and well adapted for railway sleepers. The fir, however, being an evergreen, is useful for imparting shelter, and can be grown on thin soils where oak and beech would perish. The extensive growth of firs in the New Forest has been objected to—almost execrated—as detrimental to sylvan beauty; but I apprehend that in certain portions of land no other wood could be successfully reared. The thinnings, I was informed, are readily sold as underground props for coal-pits. That the government, as a matter of business, should carry on the growth of props for coal-pits, is a question that may invite remark.

The weather having become chilly and moist, we had rather a cold ride in a south-easterly direction by Brockenhurst to Beaulieu, and about midway had to cross the railway from Southampton to Dorchester, which, turning and winding, may be said to cut the New Forest in two. Brockenhurst is a genuine old Forest village, off the beaten track, and is so embosomed among trees that you come upon it quite suddenly. After this, southwards, the country begins to get bleak-looking, and at length it degenerates into a great black heath, across which the road stretches till it seems to die away in a point. Not a sheep, nor a cow, not even a bird, is visible. You are in a broad desert, barren and cheerless. The surface is a kind of scraggy turf, bristling with heather, resting on a hard subsoil of chalk and flinty stones, the very riddlings of creation. Whether it would be possible by any moderate expenditure of labour and capital to bring this wretched land into anything like profitable culture, I would not absolutely determine. We see wonderful things done at Woking, and similarly dreary spots, by squatters, who contrive, out of very unpromising land, to make pretty and productive gardens. One thing is very certain, that the heaths in the Forest are condemned to sterility by the practice of skinning off the turf for fuel. This may be tolerated under some old law, but I have seen nothing more suicidal since visiting the island of Foula, which lies in the far 'melancholy main' westward from Shetland. What in desperation of circumstances may be pitied and excusable in

that inclement solitude, is, I think, little else than a crime in the south of England. At any cost or compensation, turf-cutting in the wilds of the New Forest ought to be peremptorily stopped.

Strangely enough, on getting to the outside of the heath, we all at once arrive at the boundary of as well-inclosed fields as can be seen in the Lothians, yielding fair crops of corn and hay to reward the diligence of the farmer. Here, in fact, we enter on the estate of Beaulieu, once pertaining to the abbey of that name, but which, in the progress of territorial change, has passed through various families, till it became the property of the ducal house of Buccleuch. The village of Beaulieu lies in a valley to which penetrates a creek of the sea. On the eastern side of the creek, amidst trees, are the ruins of the abbey, and near them, overlooking the water, is the recently renewed mansion, occupied by Lord Henry Scott. Although the abbey has been destroyed, we are enabled to trace out its gigantic proportions. The old church is roofless, and so are the cloisters, partly clothed in ivy, and still shewing architectural carvings beautiful in their decay. The great Hall, or refectory of the convent, with a groined roof, is in good preservation, and has been converted into the parish church. To the ecclesiologist, the whole surroundings offer objects of learned consideration; and all are liberally open to the visitor.

Having in a leisurely manner visited different parts of the Forest, I departed by railway to Southampton. For those who travel by rail there is convenient communication with Lyndhurst by an omnibus, which attends all the trains that stop at the station, a distance of about a mile and a half from the village.

I may sum up the result of my visit in a few concluding remarks. Looking at the New Forest as a whole, the impression left on my mind is, that as a property of the crown it is remarkably well managed, but that it is wholly out of sorts with the age, and always becoming more so. It has long outlived its original purpose, and as it now exists it is an anachronism. Were it like Epping Forest, near a large city, the teeming population of which would prize it as a holiday resort for health and recreation, there would be some rational meaning in its maintenance. From its position in an out-of-the-way part of the country, it can serve no such purpose. As far as I could see, it is little visited by strangers; there being indeed very imperfect means of accommodating them. The persons from a distance who feel the deepest interest in the Forest are artists, who resort to it for studies of trees and woodland scenery. In this respect, it fulfils an important use, not to be treated lightly. I would submit, however, that for all the purposes of the artist, Boldrewood and a few other special parts might amply suffice, supplemented by the lawn scenery of private proprietors. It seems to me too much to ask that the entire Forest, in which, as shewn, there are large tracts of no artistic value whatever, should be preserved as a matter of aesthetics. There are thousands of charming sites for villas, many thousands of acres of land that might be reclaimable, were the property held on the ordinary tenure. It is unfortunately excluded from the general market, and is either valueless, or productive of an insignificant return. In an age of

pushing adventure, and with a redundancy of capital seeking an outlet, is this a state of affairs to command public approbation?

The Commissioners charged with the administration of the Forest, no doubt do their very best. But they are in a false position. They are hampered by antiquated rights and obligations; and it does not surprise us to hear that extensive changes are hinted at. The New Forest, as a piece of crown property, must be felt to be somewhat in the nature of an encumbrance. Just think of the British government, whose power is felt at the ends of the earth, being obliged to plant fir-trees to be sold as props in coal-pits, to make a bustling trade of selling bundles of firewood, and to cut and dispose of withered ferns as bedding for cattle at so much the cart-load! Yet the proprietorship of the New Forest, as I have reason to believe, imposes these and some other paltry obligations, which few landed gentlemen in their private capacity would like to encounter. Admiring various spots in this ancient Forest, we would counsel no rash or sweeping change. Let renovations be brought about temperately and gradually, so as to bring the district into harmony with the rest of the country. And such renovations will doubtless come sooner or later. England is not so large a territory, as that its people should look with indifference to a huge section of one of its best counties being permanently set aside as a wilderness merely on grounds of sentiment.

W. C.

## STEPHEN BELL, THE USHER.

IN EIGHT CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER VII.

BELL had calculated almost every possible chance, and when they neared Briar House, he remained with Mr Trenlee behind the screen of a stone fence, and sent forward Willand, who would not be known to Prior, should the latter be there. His instructions were to force his way in if any objection were made, and keep the door until Bell, who could see his movements from where he stood, joined him. To the horror of Mr Trenlee, whose taste ran by no means in such a direction, the usher, as soon as Willand had started, quietly took a revolver from his pocket, made a hasty inspection of it, and then put it back again.

'My dear sir'—Trenlee began, intending to remonstrate against this awful illegality.

But Bell said hurriedly: 'It is all right; he has the door open now, and is speaking to some one inside.' He walked swiftly from his shelter, and, followed by the clerk, was soon at the side of Willand. No opposition whatever was made to their entrance, as it was quite taken for granted that they were the men whose arrival had been expected. Their first words, too, confirmed the impression, for Bell said boldly: 'Mrs Robinson?'

'All right,' returned Purvis; 'I'll go and see if she is ready. You mean to take her off at once, I suppose?'

'Certainly,' replied the usher; and as Purvis hurried up the stairs, he turned with a smile to

Trenlee, and murmured : ' All goes better than we could have expected.'

Trenlee, whose mind was still much troubled about the deadly instrument he had seen a minute or two before, smiled but feebly in return.

Purvis, as already has been said, interrupted the interview between Prior and the lady, telling the former that the men had arrived, and were ready to take the patient away at once. ' So much the better,' said Prior, ' for I believe she is meditating some desperate escape again.'

' Well, governor,' continued Purvis, ' then you had better see her off—I'll send the parties up.'

' No—no !' exclaimed Prior hastily ; ' I think not. If I am in sight, she will never cease her appeals and reproaches, and may say some things I would rather these men should not hear. If I am away, she will know it to be hopeless, and will probably be obstinate and quiet.'

' There you are altogether wrong, master,' returned Purvis ; ' it's the sight of you as makes her dumb. These parties, too, may want some instructions.'

' Not from me,' said Prior ; ' in fact, they have never seen me, and don't know me. I have settled with their principal, and he has given them every needful instruction. I will go out by the back, and walk on the heath until she is gone ; it will avoid a scene. I shall see the fly go down the road with her, and then I will return. There—enough !' he exclaimed, as Purvis opened his lips to speak ; ' I mean to see as little of this business as possible.' Without another word he turned abruptly from the keeper, and disappeared down a corridor which led to the rear of the house.

Purvis looked after him with a sneer on his face, and muttered : ' You're a cure, you are. I wish the woman had put a knife in you when once you had paid me ; blow me, if I don't. Or else,' he added, with a still uglier sneer, ' you are preciously wide awake in not seeing the fellows ; if they've got their orders c'rect, and carry them out, perhaps it's as well they shouldn't see you.—Here, Missis Robinson !' he cried, throwing open the door of the prisoner's room ; ' here's your new friends. I hope you will like 'em better than your old ones. Me and my missis have been a deal too kind to you, and spoilt you ; them parties won't, I'll bet a dollar. There, don't stare at me, but get your things on, and be off.' He left the room, and rejoined the strangers, one of whom was nearer than he had anticipated, for Bell had crept stealthily to the head of the stairs, listening eagerly for the slightest indication of treachery or alarm.

' Oh, you're here, are you ?' said Purvis ; ' well, there is her room. There's her boxes, down below. You will have to get her away yourself ; I'm not paid for that, and you are, you know.'

' All right,' returned Bell. ' Is any one with her ?'

' No,' was the reply ; ' the governor's gone out.'

' Perhaps,' continued the usher, ' you would not mind sending one of your people to the turn in the road ; he will find a coach there. Let him say the gentlemen from the station are ready.'

Purvis hesitated for a moment, and seemed inclined to argue that this also was not in the bond ; however, he nodded an assent, and left ; and then Bell, turning pale for the first time since he had been in the house, knocked at the door of the room indicated, and entered.

He found the poor lady now standing in the farthest corner of the room, her hands clasped, and her lips trembling with fear. She shuddered, and uttered a sound, which was almost a shriek, as Bell entered. He hesitated a little, as though disappointed at not being recognised, but recovering himself, said : ' Be not alarmed ; if you knew who spoke to you, and why I am here, you would not fear.'

' It is many a long day since any one has spoken to me as you have now spoken,' she said ; ' but I know your errand, and know your trade. Even if of kinder nature than those who have hitherto been my jailers, it is your business to be deaf to every appeal and cry I may utter, though they have long, long ceased to pass my lips.'

' My—madam,' said Bell, checking himself, ' you do not know my errand. I dread to be abrupt in my speech, yet time presses ; and while I fear to give a sudden shock, yet I must at once say why I have come.'

' I thank you for your delicacy,' interrupted the lady—or, as she had now better be styled, Mrs Maylis ; ' but you may proceed without fear. Others have been less considerate, and I know my doom. I am to be removed this day to a still lonelier spot, even this gloomy prison being considered too cheerful. Are you not to be one of my attendants ?'

' I hope so,' returned the usher. ' But my dear Kate Mrs Maylis, I mean, pray, summon fortitude to bear with good news and hope, as firmly as you so long have borne with evil fortune.'

She did not speak, but seemed by the motion of her lips to be repeating his last phrase.

' Ah ! my poor suffering'—he involuntarily began, but again checked himself. He approached her reverentially, as he went on : ' You are free. Those in charge of you now are your friends—friends who would die to save you ; and happiness is in store.'

' Is my husband forming some new treachery ?' she said, with her searching eyes full upon the speaker's face ; ' and why does it take this form ?'

' Madam, you are free,' returned Bell ; ' liberty and happiness are before you.'

' I do not understand you, sir,' she said ; ' I can never know happiness again ; and where friends are to come from, Heaven only knows.'

' Ah ! do not shrink from me,' exclaimed Bell, who had drawn closer to her, ' nor deem that you have no friends— that there are none to whom you are near and dear. I dare not tell you all, lest the shock should be too great ; but this you may know, that your infamous imprisonment is ended, and that you may look to me for protection. Poor girl !'

' I thank you very much for your sympathy,' said Mrs Maylis ; ' but I do not understand all you say, nor do I know why you should be desirous to serve me.'

' Because—because,' said the usher, and do what he could a sob would rise in his throat—' it is—O Kate !' he cried, and tears broke forth at last, ' it

is because I am your father!' And, as he spoke, he dropped into a chair, and, burying his face in his hands, broke into an uncontrollable burst of hysterical sobbing.

His daughter had recoiled at first, but, carried away by his excitement, and moved perhaps by the sympathy of a woman with grief, she sank on her knees by his side, and drawing one of his hands from before his face, took it tenderly in her own. The opening of the door roused Bell; it was Mr Trenlee who entered. 'You will excuse my intrusion,' said the old clerk; 'but the fly has arrived, and we have no time to spare. You know every moment is precious.'

'It is—it is,' exclaimed Bell, rising, with all his old decision and sternness again in his face. 'We are here, Kate, by a ruse. Fear not that in any case we shall leave you; but if we are not clear in a few minutes, we may have to fight our way out. This I should do without hesitation, and if blood be shed, let it rest on the heads of those who provoke it; but, for your sake, I would avoid the use of force. Can you trust me? I am to you yet a stranger; you have only my words to vouch for the truth of my improbable tale; and you have been bitterly deceived. Doubt would be natural to you; but, O Kate! say you can trust me.'

She looked at him for an instant with those mournful, penetrating eyes, and then said: 'I will; I do. You are honourable, I am sure; and I will go with you where you will.'

'Thank Heaven!' exclaimed Bell; 'and ere many hours you will have still greater cause to believe.—Now, Trenlee.'

In a very few moments Mrs Maylis was equipped for the journey, her luggage was placed in the fly, all was ready; but she lingered a little, hesitated, and then said timidly to Bell: 'Is it trivial or out of place for me to think of a bird? My only solace and companion for years has been this poor canary. May I take him?'

'Take him!' echoed Bell; 'I would not have had you leave him for the world.—Here, Willand, take this cage; that is right.—Now, is there anything else you would be sorry to leave behind?'

'No,' said Mrs Maylis, with a sad smile; 'my bird is the only thing here I have been attached to.'

They were now in the hall; Willand, with an air of carelessness, was lolling against the door-post, so that no sudden suspicion on the part of Purvis could cause the closing of the door, until, at any rate, the stalwart form of the young man was removed. The keeper and his wife, with two or three servants, had gathered to see their inmate depart, when, after a little whispering, Purvis came forward as Bell moved to the door, and said: 'You'll excuse me—but who is the old party with you? The governor said there was to be only two.'

'Is it of any consequence to you who he is?' demanded Bell, in his sternest manner. 'If you know your business half as well as you should do by this time, you ought to know that the fewer questions you ask the better.'

Purvis shrank back; but his better-half was not so easily cowed, and pushing forward, said: 'If my husband was of my mind, that woman should not go until I knew something more about you.'

Bell felt the arm he held tremble at the sound

of the woman's voice, although it had been still enough while Purvis spoke. 'I never saw regulars behave like you,' continued the speaker; 'and if there ain't a screw loose somewhere, I'll be —.' The rounding off of this sentence was very vigorous and masculine in its style, but Mrs Purvis was quite as picturesque in her language as any one of the sterner sex. She proceeded: 'Either the governor is sold, or that party as you are a-taking away will find you precious deceitful, and will wish she was back at Briar House before many days are over. Mark what I say.'

During this speech, Trenlee had been adjusting the interior of the chaise, but he suddenly left his task, and stepping hurriedly to the side of Bell, said something in a frightened whisper, which caused the latter to cut short the eloquence of Mrs Purvis, and lead his companion at once to the vehicle.

Prior, as he had said he would do, left the house, and paced uneasily to and fro on the heath during the time which must elapse ere the coach could appear; every minute in this space seemed ten, and every possible horror which could attend the removal of the prisoner passed through his mind. At one time he fancied that even at the distance to which he had gone—nearly a mile—he could hear violent shrieks, and he pictured the patient struggling helplessly in the grasp of the keepers; when he strained every nerve again to catch the sounds, and all was silence, he fancied that a gag, or a blow, might have hushed the screams—for he knew the character of the men he had hired. 'I hope there will be no violence,' he muttered; 'I warned the doctor strictly, that until they got her safe home, they were to be very careful. It would be a dreadful thing if anything were to happen in the removal. Somebody would be sure to betray it, and then'— He resumed his patrol here, and walked up and down a piece of ground from which, without much chance of being seen himself, he could command the house, and the white road leading to the station. 'How tediously slow they are,' he muttered again. 'If all had gone well, they would have been out of the house long before this; and yet I don't know,' he added, glancing at his watch, which told him how long he had really been on the watch. 'I wish,' he began, 'I had not come down at all. I was foolish to do so; it always upsets me.'

At this moment a shout from behind him attracted his attention, and turning, he saw two tall powerful-looking fellows, each of whom carried a carpet-bag, approaching from the opposite side of the heath.

'Are we right for Briar House, master?' said one.

'Yes,' replied Prior, looking anxiously at the men. 'That is Briar House, on the rise before you.'

'Are you sure it is, master?' said the spokesman of the two, 'because we don't want no sell this time. None of your Yorkshire tricks.'

'What do you mean?' asked Prior, a vague feeling of alarm creeping over him.

'Why, I mean this,' said the other, who stopped and turned round to give more emphasis to his speech: 'one of your Yorkshire people has sent us a good four mile over this here common, after Briar House, where we ought to have been an hour ago. I don't want no larks like that. Is

that house Bill Purvis's or not? because it's Bill Purvis's house we want, whether it's Briar House or whether it isn't.

'Yes, my good fellow, that is Purvis's,' replied Prior, growing more uneasy every instant, although he could not tell why. 'As I know Mr Purvis very well, perhaps I may ask if you are strangers here, and if you have travelled far?'

'Travelled far!' echoed the fellow. 'We've come from four mile on the other side of London, and was to have been here— Come on, Curly,' he said, interrupting himself; 'it's no use a-talking now.'

'Stay one moment!' exclaimed Prior, whose cheeks, lips, and all, had turned white on hearing this last sentence. 'Have you come from Hammer-smith? Speak, idiots! and don't stare helplessly at me. Have you come from Dr Brymmer? You called him Curly. Is your name Nicks?'

All this was asked in such a hurried yet choked tone, his looks were so wild and terrified, that the man stared at him a few seconds without replying; at last he said: 'I don't talk of my business out of school; but you know all about it, it seems. We are the parties from Brymmer. Dr Brymmer, as you call him, and as he calls hisself, though when I first knew him'—

With an absolute yell of rage and terror, Prior threw up his hands wildly, and cried: 'Then I am betrayed and ruined! Some villains have assumed your names, and are now in the house removing the patient. My name is Prior; I am your employer. What is to be done?'

'It's that old party! Strike me blind if it isn't!' said the man to his companion.—'Well, governor, I don't know what's to be done. We shall be paid all the same, I suppose?'

'Paid! Hark ye,' said Prior; 'I will double and treble your pay if you will, at any hazard and at any damage, take her from the scoundrels. Join me. Are you armed?'

'We've got our life-preservers, of course; they will do, I daresay,' returned the man.

'Then, if you want to earn fifty pounds apiece for five minutes' work, follow me,' said Prior. 'Throw your bags down there—no one will see them; and if they are lost, I will pay their value twice over. Come!'

Without further discussion, they ran at speed down the incline, and had crossed the greater part of the intervening space when Trenlee saw them.

His whisper to Bell was: 'For Heaven's sake, make haste! The keepers I threw off the scent are running down the heath at the back of the house, and will be here directly.'

In another minute they were all in the fly, and driving from the court-yard, but in rounding the side of the house they came for a moment nearer the men, who were easily to be seen and recognised now. Trenlee and Bell were standing up in the carriage, and looking towards them; Mrs Maylis, at Trenlee's suggestion, was reclining under the hood, so screened that she could neither see nor be seen. The men made frantic gestures as they saw the fly draw from the premises, and Bell said in a low tone to his companion: 'As I thought—that scoundrel Prior is with them.'

'Prior! Is he Prior?' exclaimed Trenlee, as he took his glass from his eye. 'We shall be followed! There is Purvis running from the back of the house to meet them. We shall be

followed, Bell, for the man you call Prior is her husband, Captain Maylis.'

'Is he?' returned Bell in a tone which, though subdued enough, made the old clerk shudder. 'Then his fate is in his own hands, for, if he follows and overtakes us, I'll shoot him like a dog. I will; I swear it! He dies, if he comes near me this day!'

Purvis was now seen to run back to the house, and enter the stables, and then another man went to the kennels where the mastiffs were kept.

'They will be after us directly,' said Bell.

'Can your horse go?' suddenly demanded Trenlee of the driver.

'Yes,' said the man.

'Then turn short off here,' continued the clerk, 'and drive as hard as you can to Wanlee station: we will pay you well.'

In an instant the thong sounded on the flanks of the horse, which, breaking into a very fair gallop, rattled the coach along on its new journey.

'At Wanlee station,' continued Trenlee, addressing Bell, 'we shall just catch the fast train which passes Rittle without stopping. We shall barely do it, and the time our pursuers will lose in going on to Rittle station will certainly throw them out. There is no train then for half an hour, and then it is a stopping one; so we shall be at Onslope fully four hours before they can possibly reach it.'

'Good,' said Bell. 'I am as anxious as yourself to get away peaceably.—It is only right to tell you, driver,' he continued, 'that we may be followed by those who have no right to meddle with us, and that we shall resist them. We, of course, do not wish you to risk anything by interfering, and if any injury is done to your horse or vehicle, we shall make amends.'

'Thank 'ee, sir,' replied the driver, who was a bluff-looking Yorkshireman, and a fitting partner for Willand, who sat beside him on the box; 'but if it's that hang-dog Bill Purvis as be coming, wi' your leave, I'll have a coot at un mysen.'

Bell smiled at finding this unexpected ally; while Trenlee ejaculated: 'Bless me! how fond of fighting the man must be!'

At this moment a gap in the wood which skirted the road afforded a glimpse of Briar House and the vicinity; the driver only, who of course knew the country best, caught sight of it, but he exclaimed: 'They be out all in full croy! There's the gig an' two saddle-horses, and them mastiff dogs. If they coom oop wi' us, we shall have a tussle. Coom oop!' With this he lashed his horse afresh, and on at a hard gallop they went.

There was very little more spoken along the road; Bell stood up all the way, looking anxiously behind them, but the road lying low, and being lined with trees, they could see nothing of those they dreaded, and could not guess whether they had gone on to Rittle, or by some unlucky chance had found out the change at once. The five miles to Wanlee station were soon covered; but as they drove down the last stretch of the road, they saw the white puffs of steam rising above a cutting at no great distance, and it was doubtful if they would catch the fast train. With more lashes than were good for the horse, and more Yorkshire oaths than were good for himself, the driver drew up at the station door just as the engine glided by the side of the platform. No time was to be lost:



Willand took the tickets, while Bell assisted the lady to alight; her pallid face shewed that she had heard and comprehended all. In another minute they were all seated in the train, the driver of the fly having been dismissed with a handsome gratuity. The guard sounded his tremulous whistle, the engine answered with its scream, and with thankful hearts our party felt the first tug which sets the train in motion. The guard, walking by the side of the slowly moving carriages, to have the last possible moment for chat with the station people—as is the wont of guards—happened to cast his eyes behind him just as the quickened way of the train forced him to break into a trot.

'Why, there's a regular mob a-coming down to the station,' he exclaimed; 'a trap, and two or three horses, and they're a-waving handkerchiefs and everything. Well, they're too late now.—Good-day, Jack.' Then, springing into his box, he craned his neck out to watch the party of which he had spoken, and just ere his carriage disappeared round the curve, he saw them rush on to the empty platform.

#### CHAPTER VIII.

The ride to Onslope was a long one, as the reader knows, yet very little was said on the way. Mrs Maylis, by a reaction, natural after the violent excitement of the day, became very melancholy and dispirited, but she would not hear of any proposal to break the journey. She wished 'to go home,' she said; although she could not have had the faintest idea as to the kind of home they were taking her to, or what sort of resting-place she would find it. As they neared Onslope, this last idea became painfully vivid to Bell, and he gently told her that he was not a rich man, and that her residence for the present would be in his humble lodgings. She motioned him to silence with her hand, and then said something in so low a tone that Bell could not hear; he bent his ear to her lips, and caught the words: 'I have confidence in you; I shall be happy anywhere with you—father.'

Bell pressed her hand, and spoke no more until they arrived at Onslope.

A moment's discussion between Trendee and Bell settled one point, which was, that they should drive in the first instance to the lodge—sending on Willand in advance, to prepare the inmates for their coming—there, each knew, the stranger would be sure of sympathy—and thither, in the familiar *Oakmount Arms* fly, they went. The driver of the said fly asked a question as they entered his vehicle, which he would probably have spared if he had known all. 'Hope you're well, sir,' said the man, touching his hat to Bell. 'Have you seen anything of Mr Prior lately, sir? The *Arms* don't seem the same place without him; so free and lively a gent as he was.' A brief negative was the reply, and the man continued, as he closed the door: 'Sorry for that, sir; I was in hopes you had brought him back with you, as I knew you was such constant friends.'

Trendee explained to Mrs Maylis, during their brief ride, that she was going to see kindly, although very plain people; honest, honourable, and true, who would be pleased to make her forget, by their sympathy, all she had gone

through. She listened, and smiled; but hers was a very sad smile; and soon the vehicle stopped at the gates of a large park, where stood, evidently awaiting their coming, a big burly, white-haired old man, who held by the hand a very handsome, slender boy of some ten years old. As she saw them, Bell's watchful glance saw also a thrill pass through her, and a momentary flash come into her eyes; but it faded away, and with a sigh and a smile, she prepared to alight. The bluff old yeoman stepped forward, and assisted her from the carriage, lifting her—white-haired though he was—with as much ease as if she had been a child. 'You are heartily welcome, ma'am, to Oakmount Lodge,' he said, raising his straw hat as he spoke; and then, turning to Bell, he wrung his hand for a moment in silence.

It was as nearly dark as summer night ever is, when Mrs Maylis entered the lodge, and found in the neat parlour a woman about her own age, or a little older, dressed in black silk, with—as she noticed even at the first glance—a watch and chain conspicuously displayed. 'My daughter Priscilla, ma'am,' said the keeper.

'And my best friend, and, until to-day, my only one,' added Bell.

It was proposed that Mrs Maylis, tired as she must be, should retire to rest at once; but she begged to rejoin them after she had refreshed herself with the traveller's greatest luxury, cold water; for she said that an hour spent in quiet conversation where she felt safe, where all were friends, and where no jailer could intrude, would not only be greater happiness than she had known for years, but would soothe her mind and procure her rest. So she was shewn the little white bedroom which it was arranged she should that night occupy, and which was inside Priscilla's, so that no one could come to her room without first passing through Miss Lamsett's. To one who peopled the air with pursuers, and saw a lurking enemy in every distant shade, this was in itself an assurance of safety, which was heightened by the homely peaceful air of everything around; and by the kind although rather deferential manner of the keeper's daughter. It would have been difficult for Mrs Maylis to explain how she came by the knowledge, but although no more had been said in any way bearing on the subject than the few words uttered by Bell as an introduction, she knew as well, ere she descended to the little parlour again, that Priscilla Lamsett was engaged to be married to her father, as though she had heard it stated by each of them.

Had it not been for the presence of Mr Trendee, a very constrained air would have pervaded the party so strangely met; but the old clerk was, or feigned to be, in capital spirits, despite his recent fatigues, and, he chatted easily and freely about the beauty of the park when seen by daylight, the number of years Mr Lamsett had served the Earls of Oakmount; then, by a very slight and natural allusion, he drew the old keeper on to tell how he first came to know much of Mr Bell; how the latter happened to walk through the park while Mr Rule the surveyor was insisting on some plan which the keeper knew was wrong—how Lamsett, recognising one of the masters from Hanover House, had appealed to him, and how Master Bell proved himself a better arguer and drawer-out of plans than the surveyor. 'And if

you'll believe me, ma'am,' concluded the old man, 'his lordship was a-standing by all the while, as pleased as Punch; and he thanked Mr Bell most heartily when all was over, and told me that the park and the ponds were always to be open to him.'

The conversation after this became general and free, until an interruption was caused by the entrance of the slender boy who had attracted the notice of Mrs Maylis at the gate; he came in under the guidance of Mary, the little servant, to say 'good-night' in childish fashion, and to kiss Priscilla.

'And have you not a kiss for me?' said Mrs Maylis.

'Yes,' answered the boy, and went very boldly to the strange lady, who kissed him more than once, and held him for a moment at arm's length, ere, with another sigh, she released him.

'Who is that dear little boy?' she asked, as Alfred disappeared. 'Not your son, I presume?' she added, speaking to Mr Lamsett.

The old keeper got out the first words of a negative answer; and Bell was about to make some ambiguous speech, which might serve to pave the way for a further disclosure, when Trenlee rose and said: '*Madam, that dear little boy is—YOUR SON.*'

Joy never kills, and the shock given to Mrs Maylis by the abrupt announcement of Trenlee, was so quickly surmounted, that on the very next day she was seen walking with her father and little Reginald, as we must now call him, in the leafy glades of Oakmount Park, and sailing in the skiff upon the lake. It would be of no use to dwell on the deadly shudder which ran through her frame, ever and anon, when she thought of the worse than jail from which she had been released; or the fear that kept haunting her, that she would shortly awake, to find all this a dream. No one could pass so suddenly from such a terrible existence to a life full of light, and hope, and happiness, without being often reminded of the fetters which had so lately been struck off.

There was trouble in anticipation, too, for them, as there was the baffled ambition and hate of Captain Maylis to be feared, turned now, as it doubtless was, into a longing for revenge. Such belief in the reality of his hate did Bell entertain, that he made his daughter promise never to leave his lodgings, whither she at once removed, unless he or Mr Trenlee were with her; he felt that a certain amount of dread of himself would be entertained, especially as he took good care to let it be known that he always went armed; while as for Trenlee, although he was old, he was a lawyer, and Bell was right in supposing that fact to be a tolerable safeguard. Trenlee, however, despised all these fears, and made a jest of their precautions; he knew the position better than they did, he said, and that they held all the trump cards. Maine, Firth, and Maine could not afford to mix themselves up with a public scandal, whatever they might do with a private one; while such an exposé as the violence Bell dreaded, or even a lawsuit, would almost ruin the bank of Maylis, Maylis and Company, which was chiefly supported by the High Church people. At his dictation, Bell wrote what seemed to the latter a very tame and colourless letter, which was sent to the great

lawyers; and with what patience he could muster, he awaited the result.

As Trenlee had foretold, in a very few days they had a communication from Maine, Firth, and Maine—for the style of the firm was kept up, although the chief partner had retired—requesting Bell to call at the West End house where he had before seen the lawyer. This time he saw Mr Firth, a very different sort of person, he being a tall, large-whiskered man, who had a domineering way with him, much calculated to impress the timid, but of very little service with a man like the ex-usher from Hanover House. The lawyer adopted very little of the circumlocution usually attributed to his craft, but went straight to work, admitting in the outset that he received his instructions from Sir Reginald Maylis; and the tone of the discussion may be gathered from a few sentences near its close. 'Then you still maintain that this young woman is the wife of Captain Maylis?' said the lawyer sternly; 'and you mean to proceed on that assumption?'

'I do,' returned Bell.

'Now, come!' exclaimed Mr Firth, suddenly changing his tone; 'you are a business man, I can see, and so am I. It will answer your purpose better, I do not hesitate to say, if you will drop this claim. Sir Reginald is rich, and can pay, and I will promise that he shall pay. Now, let us see what we can do.'

'You have brought me up to London for nothing,' said Bell, 'if you can only fall back upon such a proposal; at least half-a-dozen times have you broached it in some form, and I have repudiated it as often. I do so again. My daughter is Captain Maylis's wife, and has been recognised as such by hundreds of persons.'

'By the way,' said the lawyer, 'it has never been explained why your daughter was described as Katharine Rose Dainton, while your name is Bell.'

'My name is not Bell,' said the other calmly; 'but I need not point out to you that my using a feigned name does not invalidate my daughter's marriage.'

The lawyer smiled slightly, paused for a moment, and then said: 'Well, I do not see that we can do any good by prolonging this discussion. I shall report your determination to Sir Reginald, and take his instructions.'

The usher had been secretly admiring the foresight of Trenlee, who had told him almost exactly what course would be taken by the lawyer; and his own reply was in accordance with advice from the same authority. 'Do so,' he said, 'and tell him that I do not mind disclosing my intentions even to an enemy's solicitor. Money I want less than you seem to suppose; my daughter and her child can live without aid from Captain Maylis; but he knows, and you know better still, what offences he has committed, and in eight-and-forty hours from this time, if he is to be found in England, he shall be arrested. I bid you good-evening, sir.'

'Mr Bell—I beg pardon, Mr Dainton,' said the lawyer, rising, and displaying more excitement than he had hitherto done, 'I must ask you to grant me one favour, and I know your word may be relied on: promise that for the forty-eight hours you speak of no proceedings shall be commenced against Captain Maylis, and I promise in return, that within that time you shall have an

answer from Sir Reginald, and that no advantage of the delay shall be taken.'

Bell gave the required pledge; and the lawyer took leave of him with a warmth which contrasted very much with his demeanour during the earlier part of the interview.

Trenlee was much pleased when he heard Bell's account of what had passed, but admitted that the instantaneous collapse of the lawyer exceeded his utmost hopes, and indeed somewhat puzzled him. But Mr Firth kept his promise. Ere the two days had expired, a large official-looking envelope arrived by post at Bell's lodgings, and this contained a formal offer on the part of Sir Reginald Maylis, to prevent any further interference with Mrs Maylis. She was so styled in the deed, and fully recognised; her son was to remain in her care, unless she preferred his being with Sir Reginald, who would then take charge of him; a large annuity was secured to her, and ample provision made for the boy.

Though a fear and dread hung about her husband's name, the unfortunate lady sought no vengeance for all she had suffered, and would have been only too glad to consent to any terms that would allow her to dwell in peace. Everything was left to her father's judgment, and he hesitated not a day in closing with the baronet's proposal. It was soon seen why such anxiety was displayed to prevent even the commencement of legal proceedings against Captain Maylis; and the revelation greatly delighted Trenlee, who had insisted all along that there was something behind the scenes. Captain Maylis was returned to parliament for a borough where the bank possessed great influence, and there was quite a flourish of trumpets in the papers on his side as to the great accession of practical knowledge and sound judgment which the political world would receive from such a man. They—the papers aforesaid—were authorised, too, to contradict in the most direct manner certain rumours which had crept into circulation, relative to an alliance between the honourable and gallant member and a certain beautiful scion of aristocracy; no such alliance was on the tapis, and those who promulgated such reports shewed an entire ignorance of the matter.

When, after the lapse of some years, the old banker died, and his son became Sir Reginald, Bell was sounded by an agent from the firm of Maine, Firth, and Maine, to ascertain if Mrs Maylis were willing to give up Reginald, who was by this time growing out of boyhood. But the mother and son clung too closely to each other; the offer was rejected, and was never renewed.

There is very little left now to tell. Bell, as we still call him, although he adopted his real name of Dainton, gave up his situation at Hanover House, to the annoyance of those who had speculated upon him as a continual deputy for vacation duty; and in a very short time married Miss Priscilla Lamsett. They lived in a house adjoining one occupied by Mrs Maylis, at a pretty little town some half-a-dozen miles from Ouslope. They did not go farther away, because Priscilla wished to see her father frequently; while, although it was only a forty minutes' drive from the lodge, yet, being in a cross-road, they were almost as free from the intrusion and curiosity of those who had known them at Ouslope, as though they had moved fifty miles away. The usher

was never known to tell so much of his past life—even to his wife, of whom he was extremely fond—as he had told to little Alfred Rainwood on the morning they sat by the lake.

When old Lamsett died, he proved to be a much richer man even than his neighbours had decided he ought to be, although neighbours in such a case usually go pretty high. The larger portion of his means was left to Bell and Priscilla, who were in no need of it for themselves, but they were the possessors of a couple of little Bells, and the money, as the usher remarked, 'would come in nicely for them.' Trenlee lived with Mr and Mrs Bell until his death, which did not happen until he was some fourscore years of age; and the massy gold snuff-box, so prized by the old clerk, became an heirloom in Bell's family.

Bell never quite got over the cautious and suspicious habits he had been taught in a life of strife and danger; at anyrate, it was many years ere he ceased to come quietly out of his house, after all lights in the lower part were extinguished, and walk around the garden and outhouses, keeping as much in the shade as possible. He usually went through this ceremony armed, and once owned to Trenlee, who jested with him about it, that he never went out on the errand a single night, that he did not feel that Maylis was lurking in the grounds. It never was so, but had such an event really occurred, there might have been a risk of the political world losing one of its 'brightest ornaments.'

#### THE BIRDS OF THE POLAR REGION.

WHILE the Arctic Expedition is absent, its many well-wishers will often, in imagination, place themselves in the company of the heroes, will sail beneath frowning icebergs with them, and even lend a hand in tugging the sledges over the rough ice-fields. Thanks to the records of previous adventurers, and to the artist's facile pencil, we seem perfectly at home amongst the frozen solitudes over which lies the track to the north pole. The difficulty of realising these regions lies rather in being able to figure to the mind the particular aspects of the kingdom of ice, the mosses, lichens, vegetation, insects, &c. which will meet the explorers' eyes. At the first blush, it might be supposed that the severe cold would be fatal to all insect life, yet Otho Fabricius collected sixty-three species of insects during a residence of six years in Greenland. In the still higher latitude of Winter Harbour only six species of insects were found by Sir E. Parry during his stay from September till the following August. But insects do not require for their existence a continuous period of warm weather, so much as hot weather during some time of their little lives, so that it is perfectly conceivable that high up in Smith's Sound, during the brief summer, a few insects may be obtained. The mosquito, it is known, cannot live in the latitude of Melville Island, so that this pest at all events will be conspicuously absent from the difficulties of the expedition. Vegetation is meagre enough north of Disco. Considering the extreme cold that is to be encountered, an interesting question arises regarding the birds that may possibly be discovered by

the arctic voyagers. In our conjectures on the point, a very competent authority comes to our assistance. Scientific manuals on the physical and natural history of the arctic regions were compiled for the present expedition, and Professor Newton wrote a paper amongst them on the Birds of Greenland, from which we will borrow the main features of that country's avifauna, in order to illustrate our subject. The phenomena connected with the appearance and departure of several of the migratory birds which visit Greenland, open many very interesting questions, and the scientific staff on board the *Alert* and *Discovery* will pay especial attention to these questions. A few of them may here in the first place be indicated.

Among the dozen gulls or thereabouts which frequent the fur-producing countries of North America, one of the most graceful and beautifully coloured is Sabine's Gull (*Larus Sabini*), discovered, as its name imports, by Captain E. Sabine off the west coast of Greenland. This bird was met by Sir E. Parry in Prince Regent's Inlet, and again on Melville Peninsula. It arrives in high northern latitudes in June; but why should it—as it does—depart again so early as the month of August? Has it accomplished nidification, and finds no further need of staying in the frozen north for a longer period? Or does the first breath of winter deter it from a longer stay, as the early frosts of October quicken the departure of our swallows? A bird so elegantly fashioned as Sabine's gull, with its forked tail, jet black collar, and the curiously versatile colours of its head, a tinge of black, brown, blue, or purple overspreading it, according to the light in which it is viewed, should invite inquiries as to its life-history; and doubtless we shall be wiser on this point should the present expedition return safely.

Again, what a curious history is that of the Great Auk (*Alca impennis*). It has had an existence, as known to science, of rather less than three hundred years, and now, as it is feared, has become extinct. First discovered in 1574 by an Iclander named Clemens in Danell's Islands, off the east coast of Greenland, a large colony of the garefowl, as it was termed, lived on the Gairfowlskerri, near Cape Reykjanes. In 1830 a volcanic eruption caused this reef to be swallowed up by the sea, the survivors of the garefowl escaping to the island of Eldey. With the exception of a few stuffed birds in different museums, and some of their eggs, the rest of this auk's history is contained in scattered notices of its occurrence in the Faroe Islands, North America, and Greenland, and even on a few points of Great Britain. Its last appearances on our shores were at Papa Westra, Orkney, 1812; St Kilda, 1822; Lundy Island, 1829; and in 1844 at the long strand of Castle Freke in Ireland, where one was picked up soaked with water after a storm, though in 1845 a report was prevalent that a pair had been seen in Belfast Bay. At Eldey, off Iceland, a male and female were killed in 1844; these are the last known in Iceland. Its bones are found in Funk Island, off the coast of Newfoundland; and quite recently, traces of them have been discovered in Jutland, and again in Caithness. And so ends the romance of the Great Auk. Originally a wingless arctic bird, it floats and dives into more southern latitudes till it falls under the ken of man. Ill fitted by its habits to contend with his weapons of destruction, it gradually fades away before civiliza-

tion, and Nature herself seeming to aid in its extinction, disappears altogether in 1844 from his horizon. As the legend which Kingsley has so gracefully embodied in the *Water-babies* makes it come years ago from 'Shiney Wall, where it was decently cold, and the climate fit for gentlefolks,' will the present Arctic Expedition have the glory of rediscovering this bird in its original haunts? At anyrate, any particulars which can be collected concerning its history will be looked for by all ornithologists with great eagerness. Another very rare bird, Ross's Gull (*Rhodostethia rosea*), of which only seven or eight examples have been seen, may be looked for in Smith's Sound. Three of these specimens were shot in Disco Bay.

Another interesting question, lately referred to in our columns, and which it may be hoped will be solved by our arctic heroes, relates to the breeding-place of the Knot (*Tringa Canutus*), a little bird very well known to all dwellers on the east coast of England. This bird is about the size of a large snipe, and throngs during autumn and spring our own coasts, as well as those of Europe and North America. It must breed in large numbers somewhere in the arctic regions, for it regularly retires northward for that purpose, and has been tracked north of Iceland. It has not been seen on the east coast of Greenland, nor yet on Spitzbergen; it is supposed, therefore, that the countries to the west and north of Greenland are the goal of its northward migration. On the hypothesis of an open circumpolar sea, it is possible that the breeding-haunts of this little bird may be found on its comparatively milder shores. At anyrate, some contributions may be obtained towards a solution of the singular migratory movements of the bird. We have as yet spoken only of its northward migration; but towards the end of summer, it returns to us in still greater numbers than before, both old and young birds together frequenting our shores, till inclement cold weather drives them very far southward, until the following spring.

The ordinary birds of Greenland are pretty well known, thanks to the labours of foreign naturalists, and the observations made by Parry, Ross, and McClintock. Professor Newton catalogues them as about sixty-three, while some sixty-two more have been occasionally taken there. The majority are, as might be expected, littoral and aquatic birds. From these denizens of Greenland a selection of thirty-six is made, which he deems, from a consideration of their life-histories elsewhere, and from various facts which seem to bear on their geographical range, may very likely be met in the extreme arctic regions. At the same time, he frankly avows that 'if the expedition meets with thirty species in Smith's Sound, it will surpass expectation.' Writing, however, as Professor Newton does, for the crews of the two ships, who cannot all be supposed to be ornithologists, though all would gladly further the interests of ornithology if they have a chance, it was as well to be liberal in his account of the species which science reasonably supposes may be found in the polar regions.

Opening summer in 1876 will discover, we may hope, the crew of the *Alert*, which has wintered high up in Smith's Sound some way north of her consort, cheerily starting, after the long dreary winter, to visit the depot of provisions which they

established some eighty miles north of their winter-quarters, by means of a sledge-journey lasting three weeks, in the middle of the previous September. Most persons either saw the sledges and equipments of the men at Portsmouth before the ships left, or are able to form a tolerably correct notion of them from the engravings which were then published. Probably but few dogs survive, the extreme cold of the winter having acted on them, as it is well known to do, much as excessive summer heat is wont to do on their relatives in more temperate climes. The blue-jackets, therefore, have harnessed themselves to the sledges as enthusiastically as they did to the guns in the Crimean war, and the party is slowly moving to the mysterious pole at the rate of about ten miles a day. Everywhere, green ice capped with white snow, a dreary waste, meets their eyes, while in front lies a rugged region of contorted and riven ice, broken up by the sea, and again frozen into grotesque forms, spanned by the 'water-sky' overhead, which tells of open water. The travellers are beyond the ordinary haunts of the polar bear; all is still, vast, colourless, and monotonous. On a sudden, what seems an animated bundle of snow-flakes rises into the clear gray sky on one side of the party, and on being shot, turns out to be a snowy owl, which had been picking the bones of a long-tailed duck. Both these birds have been shot in Scotland. Soon a 'gaggle' (as the little company would be termed in British sporting books) of Brent, or perhaps snow geese, wings its way athwart their path. A rock ptarmigan or two are brought down on the highest part of the day's journey, reminding several of the officers of bygone days on the peaks of the Western Highlands, when grouse would not lie in the corries below, and the only way to fill a bag was to climb for a chance at the ptarmigan on the mountains' brows. These are now eagerly welcomed, as an addition to the evening meal, and seem a link to bind their slayers still closer with the far-off delights of home. On, on, the weary travellers plod, conversation having ceased, the ringing of the steel-bound sledges on the hardened ice-crusts being often the only sound heard, and that so monotonous, as to conspire, together with the biting air, to render the party very drowsy. On a sudden a whistle of wings is heard, and up dash some plover, our familiar British gray plover, now in summer plumage, the little ringed dotterel of our sea-shores; or, perchance, a 'trip' of the American golden plover, distinguished from the well-known European bird by having the axillary plume under the wing gray instead of white; while a skua hovers on their flanks; and, most delightful now of all sights, because it is so homelike, on a neighbouring mass of granite and gravel—the moraine of some glacier which ages ago crawled down into the sea—sits a croaking raven. Omens are unthought of amidst the stern realities of arctic sledge-travelling. Its hoarse voice now sounds more delightful than ever sung the most melodious of nightingales in the copses of distant Oxfordshire.

May fancy track the little party further? Two hours more of their laborious dragging being over, they stand on the frozen sand of the great circumpolar ocean. Gray, dim, and weird-like, it stretches away to the pole in gentle swells, unruffled by any breeze, and apparently but slightly animated by

tidal force. Its vastness and its sad aspect, broken by no sail, and never yet visited by civilised man, awe the party into silence; but abundance of birds with their loud calls and vigorous swoops, soon destroy this sense of desolation; as on our own shores, the turnstone and the sanderling run up and down at the edge of the wavelets; sandpipers and phalaropes flock the distant flats; the arctic tern careers in mid-air, like the swallow of an English summer; eider-ducks, the little kittiwake, and the glaucous gull clamour in an adjoining inlet, where the great northern diver, the puffin, the guillemot, and the little auk are diving in all the exuberance of joy at the tardy blossoming of their cheerless summer. It is a busy scene, such as the ornithologists amongst the men remember to have seen off an Orkney skerry, or beneath the wave-lashed ledges of Donegal. While the tent is being erected, and they are looking over the unknown ocean before them with much the same longing eyes as did Sir S. Baker when he surveyed the vast and mysterious waters of the Nyanza Lake rolling towards him from the distant haze which closed in the west, a shout from one naturalist almost beside himself with delight, proclaims that he sees a couple of great auks stolidly contemplating him from a ledge of ice, and amazed at the intrusion! But here the work of fancy ends; and we must leave to the anxiously expected return of the expedition the exact particulars of this marvellous *rencontre* with the bird over whose existence hangs such a perplexing veil. We have performed our task, and indicated to the reader what species of birds may be met by England's heroes in the circumpolar regions.

#### A STORY ABOUT ILLEGIBLE WRITING.

WE were going to remove to another house, and my mother and I having lived for many years in the one we were about to quit, papers and trifles of all descriptions had accumulated in such inconvenient quantities, that we determined to give up an evening to sort the lumber, and to make a bonfire of that which we did not wish to keep. As we emptied old writing-desks, and drew forth letter after letter, sorting bookcases and other receptacles which contained pamphlets, and odds and ends of that kind, we would now and then pause over our labours, to con some yellow scrap of paper, or to find a bit of writing, perhaps devoid of envelope, and then carelessly throw them into the general heap.

As I was glancing over several letters which were packed away in a dear old workbox, now disused, I came on one which caused my heart to throb, I knew the writing so well; and all the other letters of the same writer, I treasured up in a particular casket, which on no account would I have permitted mortal hands to touch. There they had all lain for many a quiet year. I had been a young merry girl when they reached my hands. The penmanship was so extraordinarily like hieroglyphics, that I well remembered, in many instances, having impatiently thrown the letters down, exclaiming: 'If Gervase will persist in making himself illegible, I shall certainly not take the trouble to try and

translate his epistles ;' yet how I was interested in them all the while, and how I tried to guess the meaning, when it was impossible to make it out.

'I wonder,' observed my mother on such occasions, 'that a clever, highly educated young man like Gervase Markham has not learned to write better. How he will ever be able to read his own sermons, when he is called on to preach them, I cannot imagine.'

So, in the old workbox, I found one of his strangely scrawled epistles, which caused my heart to throb, as I have said. I had been seriously ill at the time when the date of it was new, and it had been placed in my workbox, and scarcely thought of again ; I never had attempted to decipher it, from long-continued weakness. It was, however, the last I ever received from Gervase Markham ; it had been a heart-break, and all was a dream of the past. What impelled me to open this old faded record of hopes and of fears, now ? what mysterious impulse urged me to scrutinise carefully the closely written pages ? closely written, but with characteristic illegibility. Probably, I had greater patience and experience than when that ink was fresh, for now I read and understood ; and with a faint sensation as of approaching death, I recollect holding the fatal document to my breast, and crying out : 'O mother, too late—too late !'

I suppose long insensibility succeeded, as, on recovering consciousness, I found the household assembled round me, and my dear mother, spectacles on nose, regarding the old letter which had caused such mischief, much as if it was a living thing, and had power to bite.

Gervase Markham was the younger son of a Monmouthshire baronet, and intended for the church. We were boy and girl when we first met at his father's house, and Gervase was a grave, sensitive youth, plain in person, but with intellectual abilities of the highest order. I often wondered how he came to like me so much, such a spoilt, thoughtless girl ; but he did ; and though we entered into no positive engagement, for our parents, owing to close kindred, would not hear of that, yet we both felt that our mutual future happiness was bound up in each other. Gervase was poor, as a younger son, and had no prospect of being able to marry, as his family had no livings in their gift, and no Church interest. But we were young, and lived in hope ; and at length we were allowed to correspond. I am quite sure that my letters were written in a clear, legible hand enough, and I should not have cared if all the world had read them, for I had no secrets, and they were not a bit like foolish love-letters, but only kind and friendly. I never was a demonstrative girl, and least of all in writing to Gervase. I have already alluded to the really shameful scrawl he wrote. Often used my dear mother to say : 'Well, Clara, have you got some hieroglyphics to pore over to-day ?' I really do believe the naughty fellow liked to tantalise me, and hear himself accused of bad penmanship ; for he always laughed at our complaints, and de-

clared that he wrote a beautiful hand, but that his sisters were stupid, and I was short-sighted !

Alas ! short-sighted indeed. That last letter which I found in my workbox had been written after an interval of many months, when a coolness had arisen between the families ; the old baronet was dead, the daughters of the house married, and my mother greatly disliked the heir and the proud lady his wife. Consequent on these circumstances, Gervase and I were somewhat estranged ; not in heart ; I know that now, when it is too late. On the evening of our rummagings, I read every word of that memorable letter ; every word was, to my quickened intelligence, clear as if printed in large type ; yet my mother said it might have been Egyptian characters for her !

Gervase had written ~~in~~ haste to tell me that he purposed joining an Indian mission immediately ; would I accompany him ? He was weary of waiting, and longed to be working amongst the heathen.

'You are well adapted to be a missionary's wife, and I think you will not disappoint me ; but if you dislike the prospect of a long residence in Indian climes, then let me entreat you *not* to reply to this ; and if I receive no letter from you, I shall consider that I am rejected ; if so, this is a farewell—it may be the last ; but in life or in death, you will still be the first and fairest on earth to me.'

Alas ! I had never read this, his last letter there it had lain all these dreary years in my old workbox, and now what chance (so called) brought it to light ? Years had passed away since then ; I had heard of Gervase Markham's departure for India, and I had accused him of fickleness and cold-heartedness. My own sisters had long been wives and mothers ; and I, the youngest, the spoilt, merry Clara, continued to live in a secluded home with my beloved mother, who declared that I was her best earthly comfort. For this, I was thankful. But then, poor Gervase, what must he have thought of me, on the supposition that I could so heartlessly reject him ! I wrote to his favourite sister, whose residence was in Florence, and begged her to give me some tidings of her brother, the missionary. She replied, that Gervase meant to return to England, as soon as some one could be found to take his place ; his health suffered greatly from the climate ; but he seemed otherwise contented, and devoted to his work. Now, if this were a fictitious narrative, I should end it by bringing Gervase Markham home again, and making all things comfortable, by placing him in a pleasant parsonage in a small parish, where there was not much to do. He should continue faithful to my memory ; and, when my oversight was explained, mutual explanations would of course ensue, leading to orange-blossoms and marriage joy-bells.

Nothing of the sort has happened. I know that Gervase is in Florence with his sister, because she wrote to say so, and that her brother sent his kind regards. How cold seem mere 'kind regards,' where warm affection was once given ! I live in hope that we may yet meet, though I doubt if he would recognise the rather stout, middle-aged lady, as the Clara whom he used to paint in such flattering colours. I long to tell him how much unhappiness arose from his illegible writing ; and I hope my sad story will be a warning to all who wish to avoid misunderstandings, and to excel in

caligraphy, which surely is as desirable an accomplishment as any other. I think that bad spelling and bad writing ought to go hand in hand. I mean that fatal letter to be placed on my breast in my coffin, and I hope that Gervase Markham may live to see it there.

### THE MONTH:

#### SCIENCE AND ARTS.

ART and science have adjourned over the long vacation; but for the 'scientists' who, meanwhile, wish to be busy, the meeting of the British Association at Bristol, to commence August 21, will offer a resource. Sir John Hawkshaw is to be president; hence it is thought there will be a good deal about civil engineering in his opening address.

A temporary revival of the arctic question has been occasioned by the departure of a small private expedition in the *Pandora*, commanded by Captain Allen Young. The principal object of this party will be the further exploration of King William Land, in the hope of discovering yet more traces of the long-lamented party that sailed with Sir John Franklin. Of the great expedition—the *Alert* and *Discovery*—we shall probably hear nothing until the *Vulorous* returns from Greenland.

While these explorers fight their way through the ice, the *Challenger* is pursuing her cruise in the South Sea, gathering further stores of knowledge preparatory to her return home in April of next year. Dr Wyville Thomson will then resume his professorial duties in the University of Edinburgh, and relieve Professor Huxley, who has so ably discharged the duties, and attracted so large a class during the present session.

And among the topics of talk are storms and shipwrecks. It is made clearer than ever, that if seamen will only use the lead and take soundings, instead of trusting to luck during a fog, they may save their ship from running on rocks or shoals. Eyes are of little or no use in the dense fogs that sometimes prevail in the vicinity of land, and the mariners must, so to speak, feel their way; and this can be done by means of the lead. The depth of the sea, and nature of the bottom, are now so well known around the coasts of all civilised countries, that the master of a ship who neglects to take soundings may be regarded as one who wilfully loses his ship. His neglect is now the more culpable, as Sir William Thomson has devised a method for taking what he calls 'flying soundings'—that is, without stopping the ship. The excuse that time would be lost is, therefore, no longer available.

It is remarkable that great floods have occurred in the two hemispheres. One of the largest river-valleys in France has been devastated by the rush of uprisen waters; and in Queensland, Australia, twenty-three inches of rain fell in twenty-four days, and the consequent flood was one of the deepest ever known in the colony. In one place the water rose twenty-nine feet, and covered the roof of the theatre. In another part

of the same colony, the wind blew with such vehemence as to overturn a railway train.

Another topic of talk is the discovery by the surveyors of Palestine of the city and cave of Adullam, in a broad low valley which formed one of the routes by which the Philistines broke in upon the fertile corn-lands of Judea. The name of the place is Ayd el Mich, sufficient, as is said, for identification with the biblical Adullam. 'If this be agreed upon,' says the Report of the exploration, 'fresh light will be thrown on the principal scenes of David's outlaw life.'

A notion prevails that famines occur in India because the country is over-populated. Major-general Shaw, who has passed more than half his life in India, states, in a communication to the Marquis of Salisbury, 'that this belief of India being over-peopled is not only erroneous, but the very reverse of the truth, and that she is actually suffering from a dearth of population and labour, and that an entirely wrong cause is being assigned for the prevailing high prices, and scarcity of food for the labouring-classes.' The remedies proposed are, migration from populous localities to the districts which, though rich in mineral products, and in capabilities for cultivation, have scarcely more than twelve inhabitants to the square mile; the restoration of decayed districts, and a general extension of cultivation.

Messrs Macklin and Moore, of Queen Victoria Street, London, undertake to transport gunpowder and other explosive substances in a way of their own invention, which prevents all danger. It is a simple way, and can be made use of in ships, barges, wagons, storehouses, or magazines. Each barrel of powder, before it leaves the mill, is placed inside a water-tight case made of wood, and lined with sheet-copper. These cases being properly closed, are placed in tanks, which fit them, so to speak, with a coat of water one inch thick on all sides. Thus, during the whole time of transport, the barrels, snugly shut up in the cases, are kept dry, and are at the same time surrounded by water, whereby, as it seems, explosion should be impossible. Tanks adapted either for land-carriage or water-carriage are provided, and for the storage of powder by retail dealers; and at mining-works, quarries, or railway stations, the tank is constructed of galvanised iron, and is connected with a constant water-supply.

A machine for making tin boxes is worth notice, on account of the ingenuity displayed in its construction. Tin boxes to contain biscuits are now as familiar objects as cups and saucers. For some time past the sides and ends have been shaped by machinery; but it was necessary to use solder to fix on the bottoms. The new machine makes the boxes without solder, and consequently effects a great saving of time. The tin plates, trimmed and pierced, are laid on the 'feeding-table' at one end of the machine: thence they pass under rollers which turn up the edges; fold in wires to form the top edge of the boxes; and between jaws or pressers which shape and secure the ends and sides, after which the bottoms are put on without solder, and the lids are fitted. Thus the work



goes on producing eight boxes per minute, with three boys to 'feed' and 'take off.' If, as we assume, the machine is adaptable to different shapes and sizes, the manufacture of metallic boxes is likely to increase.

With this may be mentioned a painting-machine, brought out at Liverpool, which will paint six hundred wooden laths, or more than the same length of hoop-iron, in an hour. The next step will be to produce a machine that will paint window-frames, doors, and house-fronts.

A life-raft, which presents some novelty of construction and adaptation, has been exhibited at a meeting of the Franklin Institute, Philadelphia. Two hollow cylinders, eight inches diameter, and ten or twelve feet long, are held in position parallel to each other by cross bars from three to four feet in length, and wire-netting is then stretched over the whole. Thus prepared, the raft is used as part of the rails or bulwark of a ship, and is consequently always in place at the side, ready to be dropped into the water, and does not occupy space wanted for other purposes, as when boats or rafts are stowed on the deck. An improved knife for druggists' use in the cutting of dried herbs or tobacco was also exhibited: in this the blade is so connected with the lever that in descending it is held parallel with the cutting-board, and at the same time has a horizontal movement which slides it through the substances to be cut, and thus facilitates the operation.

The Council of the Royal United Service Institution announce that they will grant a gold medal annually for the best essay on a military or naval subject, which may be sent in to them on or before November 1 in each year. The subject for the present year is: On the best type of war-vessels for the British Navy—(1) for combined action; (2) for single cruisers of great speed; (3) for coast defence.

We mentioned some months ago the pyrometer invented by Mr C. W. Siemens, F.R.S., which, placed within a furnace, will indicate the temperature, however high, by means of a galvanometer outside, with which it is connected. It is a philosophical instrument of rare excellence, quite worthy of the reputation of the inventor. In the *Transactions* of the Society of Telegraph Engineers, Mr Siemens has published an account of a preliminary experiment, which will, we think, be interesting to many readers. He was engaged by Her Majesty's government to superintend the laying of the under-sea cable between Malta and Alexandria. He had noticed that cables, when coiled in a ship, behave like damp hay-ricks, and generate heat, at times with destructive effect; and availing himself of the fact that electrical resistance increases with increase of temperature, he prepared coils of wire, inclosed them in tubes, and buried them in different parts of the great coil. The external layers of the coil remained cool, but the wires projecting from the tubes indicated a steady rise of temperature in the interior until it had reached 98 degrees. 'A few degrees of additional rise of temperature,' says Mr Siemens, 'must have destroyed the insulation of the cable; I therefore urged that cold water should be poured over it. This was not effected without strong opposition on the part of the incredulous; but when at last the water of the Thames, which was covered at the time with floating ice, was pumped over the cable, it flowed there-

from at the temperature of 78 degrees; thus proving the general correctness of the electrical indications previously observed.'

Mr Siemens continues: 'In consequence of this practical test, the government consented to the construction within the ship's hold of water-tight iron tanks, and also to the cable being submerged in water during its passage from the works to its destination; precautions which have ever since been adopted in laying submarine cables.'

In a paper on the best mining machinery, published by the Royal Cornwall Polytechnic Society, attention is called to the enormous waste of water always going on in the mining districts of Cornwall, and a suggestion is made that 'a scheme might be introduced whereby large areas might be cheaply constructed into reservoirs, and the drainage of the hills, water pumped from shafts, and waste from machines, would be collected, and let to parties employing machinery for crushing and dressing.' It is further shewn that on the open moors and downs of Cornwall, where breezes are always blowing, there is a great waste of wind. We are so accustomed to steam in this country, that we are apt to forget that the power of wind or of water is available for many purposes in which steam is employed. In Holland, as is well known, a prodigious amount of work is done by wind: some of the windmills are of a hundred horsepower; and similar mills might be employed with advantage in many mining operations in Cornwall.

The same Society have published a description of Andre's Hydraulic Mining Pump, which pump can be used for raising water from deep mines without the cumbrous appliances now in use. Water is stored in an accumulator at the surface: two pipes leading therefrom are fixed against the sides of the shaft, where they occupy no useful space, and by these the working-power is transmitted to the bottom of the mine. Provided sharp bends are avoided, these 'pressure-pipes' may be placed at any angle, and the direction may be changed as often as is required, which is a merit of great importance. The pressure is applied at the surface by means of plungers, which are worked by an ordinary steam-engine; and the whole arrangement may be regarded as an additional instance of the advantages arising from the use of water-power transmitted to long distances. We are informed that the loss of power by this method is very small, that a great saving of coal in the feeding of the steam-engine is effected, and that, as the pump is double, it utilises the whole power of a water-wheel.

The sand-blast, which we have mentioned more than once, grows more and more into use, as fresh applications of its capabilities are discovered. It can be used for all kinds of stone cutting and carving, for inscriptions, for engraving on glass, for cutting or cleaning metal. It comes in aid of the fine arts, and is the best thing that can be used for the prosy operation of cleaning down a dirty house-front. If a photographic picture on gelatine be laid on glass, a carefully regulated sand-blast will act upon the glass beneath the film more or less powerfully in proportion to the thickness of the film; and the half-tones, or gradations of light and shade, are thus produced on the glass. And in the matter of the house-front, the blast instantaneously removes soot or dust from all crevices and indentations, without in any way perceptibly

interfering with the sharpness of the architectural ornamentation.

Mr Lowthian Bell, F.R.S., has published in a separate form his *Notes of a Visit to Coal and Iron Mines and Iron Works in the United States*, which is well worth reading by all interested in industrial progress, and has especial value for those engaged, in any part of the world, in the working of iron. It is a small book filled with most important details.

An attempt has been made to introduce into this country the kind of dwelling-house known in India as a bungalow. For summer residence by the sea-side it offers advantages in which the ordinary dwelling-house is deficient; it is simple in shape, is usually not more than one story high, and is covered by a simple low-pitched roof, which may be prolonged to form a verandah. With this protection the inmates may pass most of their time in the open air, and thus have the fullest benefit of their sojourn by the sea. Visitors to the Isle of Thanet may now see a few bungalows, which, as we are informed, in a paper read before the Institute of British Architects, 'can be worked and kept clean with a very small amount of labour, as many contrivances to diminish servants' work have been introduced.' To keep out the damp, to which houses by the sea-side are so liable, two thin walls are built, with a space of about three inches between them. In the centre of this space a close screen of slate is fitted, and all the moisture blown through the outer wall is stopped by this screen, and trickles down to the bottom. The inner wall consequently remains quite dry, for the moisture does not blow through the slate, and the bungalow is habitable whatever the weather. Any one interested in the subject may see bungalows at Westgate and at Birchington. The builder is Mr John Taylor, whose ingenious building contrivances have long been known.

Two noteworthy books have been published. In *Queen Mary* the Poet-laureate shews that he has not lost his poetic fire, and that in combination therewith he holds a large amount of dramatic force. Apart from its merits in the purely intellectual point of view, it has powerful claims to recognition by reason of the effect it may have in warning readers against certain unwise religious tendencies which have of late years prevailed. The other book, the work of a philosopher, is *Insectivorous Plants*, by Charles Darwin, F.R.S., in which the peculiarities of the common sun-dew (*Drosera rotundifolia*) and plants of similar habit are described, and reasoned upon with rare skill, patience, and sagacity. The *Drosera* grows on barren swampy soil, and has but scanty roots, and would perhaps die out did it not take animal food. A short paragraph may suffice as a specimen of descriptiveness. 'A plant of *Drosera*,' says Mr Darwin, 'with the edges of its leaves curled inwards, so as to form a temporary stomach, with the glands of the closely inflected tentacles pouring forth their acid secretion, which dissolves animal matter, afterwards to be absorbed, may be said to feed like an animal. But, differently from an animal, it drinks by means of its roots; and it must drink largely, so as to retain many drops of viscid fluid round the glands, sometimes as many as two hundred and sixty, exposed during the whole day to a glaring sun.'

### FLYING HOURS.

From morn's first flush to the twilight gray,  
Ever they hold on their silent way;  
Through the flower-lit dawn of the dewy spring  
Onward they pass with undrooping wing,  
And summer leafage, and autumn showers,  
Behold the flight of the changing Hours:  
Swift birds of passage on pinions free  
Crossing Life's restless sea.

The shade on the dial journeys round,  
The steeples utter their warning sound,  
And still with the march of their viewless feet,  
Bearing to mortals their burden meet,  
Of cloud or of sunshine, mirth or woe,  
In their long processions come and go  
The Hours, like a hastening pilgrim band  
Bound for an unknown land.

To the worn and weary hearts of some,  
With a sad and lingering step they come,  
And the mournful print of their track is left  
In perished hopes and affections reft;  
And some with a gentle footfall pass,  
Like mild spring rain upon budding grass,  
Joy-lumin'd Hours all sweet and rife  
With the morning bloom of life.

Oh, little we reck, as one by one  
Smiling they rise, and are straightway gone!  
Softly as melts the dew-drop crown  
From the crest of the foamy thistle-down;  
But when with their freight of love and light  
Far away from our beaming sight,  
They have floated down Time's rushing stream,  
How bright, how fair they seem!

Oh, watch we now in the day of grace,  
Lest, when we have run our earthly race,  
When our souls in the shadow of death shall lie  
On the awful verge of eternity,  
Life's Hours should stand, an accusing band,  
With the record dread in each phantom hand,  
Of wasted talents, brave vows unkept,  
And daily sin unwept!

On Saturday, August 7, 1875, will be commenced, in this JOURNAL, a NOVEL, entitled

### THE FLAG OF DISTRESS.

By Captain MAYNE REID.

To be continued weekly till finished.

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OF

POPULAR

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

*Fourth Series*

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS.

No. 606.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 7, 1875.

PRICE 1½d.

## THE FLAG OF DISTRESS:

A STORY OF THE SOUTH SEA.

BY CAPTAIN MAYNE REID.

CHAPTER I.—A CHASE.

IN mid-ocean—the Pacific. Two ships are within sight of one another, less than a league apart. Both are sailing before the wind, running dead down it with full canvas spread. Not side by side, but one in the wake of the other.

Is it a chase? To all appearance it is; a probability strengthened by the relative size and character of the ships. One is a barque, polacca-masted, her masts raking back with the acute shark's-fin set supposed to be characteristic of the pirate. The other is a ship, square-rigged and full-sized; a row of real, not painted ports, with a gun grinning out of each, proclaiming her a man-of-war. She is one—a frigate, as any seaman would say, after giving her a glance. And any landsman might name her nationality. The flag at her peak is one known all over the world. It is the 'Union-jack' of England.

If it be a chase, she is the pursuer. Her colours might be accepted as surety of this, without regard to the relative position of the vessels; which shew the frigate astern, the polacca leading.

The latter also carries a flag; of nationality not so easily determined. Still is it the ensign of a naval power, though one of little note. The five-pointed white star, solitary in a blue field, proclaims it the standard of Chili.

Why should an English frigate be chasing a Chilean barque? There is no war between Great Britain and Chili, the most prosperous of the South American republics. Instead, peace-treaties, with relations of the most amicable kind. Were the polacca flying a flag of blood-red, or black, with death's-head and cross-bones, the chase would be intelligible. But the bit of hunting at her mast-head shews nothing on its field either of menace or defiance. On the contrary, it appeals to pity,

and asks for aid. For it is an ensign reversed—in short, a *signal of distress*.

And yet the ship shewing it is scudding before a stiff breeze, with all sail set, stays taut, not a rope out of place! Strange this. Just the thought of every one aboard the man-of-war, from the captain commanding to the latest joined 'lubber of a landsman'; a thought that has been in their minds ever since the chase commenced.

For it is a chase: that is, the frigate has sighted a sail, and stood towards it. This without changing course; as, when first espied, the stranger, like herself, was running before the wind. If slowly, the frigate has been gradually forging nearer the pursued vessel; till at length the telescope tells her to be a barque—revealing also the ensign reversed.

Nothing strange in this, of itself; unfortunately, a sight too common at sea. But that a vessel displaying signals of distress should be carrying all sail, and running away, or attempting to run away, from another making to relieve her—above all, from a ship bearing the British flag—this is strange. And just thus has the polacca been acting—still is; sailing on down the wind, without slackening halyards, or lessening her spread of canvas by a single inch. Certainly her behaviour is unaccountable. More than strange—it is mysterious.

To this conclusion have they come on board the war-ship. And, naturally enough, for there is that which has imbued their thoughts with a tinge of superstition. In addition to what they see, they have something heard. Within the week they have spoken two vessels, both of which reported this same barque, or one answering her description: 'Polacca-masted, all sail set, ensign reversed.'

A British brig, which the frigate's boat had boarded, said : that such a craft had run across her bows so close, they could have thrown a rope to her ; that at first no one was seen aboard, but on being hailed, two men made appearance, both springing up to the main-shrouds ; thence answering the hail in a language altogether unintelligible, and with hoarse croaking voices that resembled the barking of muzzled mastiffs !

It was late twilight, almost night, when this occurred ; but the brig's people could make out the figures of the men, as they clung on to the ratlines. And what surprised them equally with the odd speech, was, that both appeared to be clothed in skin-dresses, covering their bodies from head to foot ! Seeing the signal of distress, the brig would have sent her boat aboard ; but the barque gave no chance for this, keeping on without slackening sail, or shewing any other sign of a wish to communicate !

Standing by itself, the tale of the brig's crew might have been taken for a sailor's yarn ; and as they admitted it to be 'almost night,' the obscurity would account for the skin-clothing. But, coupled with the report of another vessel, which the frigate had since spoken—a whaler—it seemed to receive full corroboration. The words sent through the whaler's trumpet were : 'Barque sighted, latitude 10.22 S., longitude 95 W. Polacca-masted. All sail set. Ensign reversed. Chilian. Men seen on board covered with red hair, supposed skin-dresses. Tried to come up, but could not. Barque a fast sailer—went away down wind.'

Already in receipt of such intelligence, it is no wonder that the frigate's crew feel something more than mere surprise at sight of a vessel corresponding to that about which these strange tales have been told. For they are now near enough the barque to see that she answers the description given : 'Polacca-masted—all sail set—ensign reversed—Chilian.'

And her behaviour is as reported : sailing away from those who wish to answer her appealing signal, to all appearance endeavouring to shun them ! Only now has the chase in reality commenced. Hitherto the frigate was but keeping her own course. But the signal of distress, just sighted through the telescope, has drawn her on ; and with canvas crowded she steers straight for the polacca. The latter is unquestionably a fast sailer ; but although too swift for the whaler, she is not a match for the man-of-war. Still she is no tub, and the chase is likely to be a long one.

As it continues, and the distance does not appear very much, or very rapidly, diminishing, the frigate's crew begin to doubt whether the strange craft will ever be overtaken. On the fore-deck the tars stand in groups, mingled with marines, their eyes bent upon the retreating barque, pronouncing their comments in muttered tones, many of the men with brows o'ercast ; for a fancy has sprung up around the fore-castle, that the chased ship is no ship at all, but a phantom ! This fancy is gradually growing into a belief ; faster as they draw nearer, and with naked eye note her correspondence with the reports of the spoken vessels.

They have not yet seen the skin-clad men—if men they be. More like, imagine some, they will prove to be spectres !

While on the quarter-deck there is no such superstitious fancy, a feeling almost as intense agitates the minds of those there assembled. The captain, surrounded by his officers, stands glass in hand gazing at the sail ahead. The frigate, though a fine vessel, is not one of the fastest sailers ; else she might long ago have lapped upon the polacca. Still has she been gradually gaining, and is now less than a league astern. But the breeze has been also gradually declining, which is against her ; and for the last half-hour she has barely preserved her distance from the barque.

To compensate for this, she runs out studding-sails on all her yards, even to the royals ; and again makes an effort to bring the chase to a termination. But again is there disappointment.

'To no purpose, now,' says her commander, as he sees his last sail set. Then adding, as he casts a glance at the sky, sternwards : 'The wind's going down. In ten minutes more we'll be becalmed.'

Those around need not to be told this. The youngest reefer there, looking at sky and sea, can forecast the calm.

In five minutes after, the frigate's sails are flapping against the masts, and her flag hangs half-folded.

In five more, the sails only shew motion by an occasional clout ; while the bunting droops dead downward.

Within the ten, as her captain predicted, the huge war-ship, despite her extended canvas, lies motionless on the sea.

#### CHAPTER II.—A CALL FOR BOARDERS.

The frigate is becalmed—what of the barque ? Has she been similarly checked in her course ? The question is asked by all on board the war-ship, each seeking the answer for himself. For all are earnestly gazing at the strange sail, regardless of their own condition.

Forward, the superstitious thought has become intensified into something like fear. A calm coming on so suddenly, just when they had hopes of soon overhauling the chased vessel—what could that mean ? Old sailors shake their heads, refusing to make answer ; while young ones, less cautious of speech, boldly pronounce the polacca a spectre ! The legends of the Phantom Ship and Flying Dutchman are in their thoughts, and on their lips, as they stand straining their eyes after the still receding vessel ; for beyond doubt does she sail on with waves rippling around her !

'As I told ye, mates,' remarks an old tar, 'we'd never catch up with that craft—not if we stood after her till doomsday. And doomsday it might be for us, if we did.'

'I hope she'll keep on, and leave us a good spell behind,' rejoins a second. 'It was a foolish thing followin' her ; and, for my part, I'll be glad if we never do catch up with her.'

'You need have no fear about that,' says the first speaker. 'Just look ! She's making way yet ! I believe she can sail as well without wind as with it.'

Scarcely are the words spoken, when, as if to contradict them, the sails of the chased vessel commence clouting against her masts ; while her flag falls folded, and is no longer distinguishable as a signal of distress, or aught else. The breeze that failed the frigate, is now also dead around the

barque, which, in like manner, has been caught in the calm.

'What do you make her out, Mr Black?' asks the frigate's captain of his first, as the two stand looking through their levelled glasses.

'Not anything, sir,' replies the lieutenant; 'except that she should be Chilian from her colours. I can't see a soul aboard of her. Ah, yonder! Something shews over the taffrail! Looks like a man's head? It's ducked suddenly.'

A short silence succeeds, the commanding officer busied with his binocular, endeavouring to catch sight of the thing seen by his subordinate. It does not shew again.

'Odd,' says the captain, resuming speech; 'a ship running up signals of distress, at the same time refusing to be relieved! Very odd! Isn't it, gentlemen?' he asks, addressing himself to the group of officers now gathered around.

Unanimous assent to his interrogatory.

'There must be something amiss,' he continues. 'Can any of you think what it is?'

To this there is a negative response. Lieutenants and midshipmen seem all as puzzled as himself, mystified by the strange barque, and more by her strange behaviour.

There are two who have thoughts different from the rest—the third lieutenant, and one of the midshipmen. Less thoughts, than imaginings; and these so vague, that neither communicates them to the captain, nor to one another. And whatever their fancies, they do not appear pleasant ones, since on the faces of both is an expression of something like anxiety. Slight, and scarcely observable, it is not noticed by their comrades standing around. It seems to deepen, while they continue to gaze at the becalmed barque, as though due to something seen there. Still they remain silent, keeping the dark thought, if such it be, to themselves.

'Well, gentlemen,' says the commanding officer to his assembled subordinates, 'I must say this is singular. In all my experience at sea, I don't remember anything like it. What trick the Chilian barque—if she be Chilian—is up to, I can't guess; not for the life of me. It cannot be a case of piracy. The craft has no guns; and if she had, she appears without men to handle them. It's a riddle all round; to get the reading of it, we'll have to send a boat to her.'

'I don't think we'll get a very willing crew, sir,' says the first lieutenant suggestively. 'Forward, they're quite superstitious about the character of the chase. Some of them fancy her the Flying Dutchman. When the boatswain pipes for boarders, they'll very likely feel as if his whistle were a signal for them to walk the plank.'

The remark causes the captain to smile, as the other officers; though two of the latter abstain from this exhibition of merriment. These are the third lieutenant and midshipman—already mentioned—on both of whose brows the cloud still sits, seeming darker than ever.

'Isn't it strange,' continues the commander, musingly, 'that your genuine British tar, who will board an enemy's ship, crawling across the muzzle of a shotted gun—who has no fear of death in human shape—will act like a scared child when it threatens him in the guise of his satanic majesty? I have no doubt, as you say, Mr Black, that those fellows by the fore-castle are a bit shy about boarding this strange vessel. But let me shew you how to

send their shyness adrift. I shall do that with a single word!'

The captain steps forward, his subordinates following him. When within speaking distance of the fore-deck, he stops, and makes sign that he has something to say. The tars are all attention.

'My lads!' he exclaims, 'you see that barque we've been chasing; and at her mast-head a flag reversed—which you know to be a signal of distress? That is a call never to be disregarded by an English ship, much less an English man-of-war. Lieutenant! order a boat to be lowered, and let the boatswain pipe for boarders. Only volunteers will be taken. Those who wish to go, will muster on the main-deck.'

A loud 'hurrah!' responds to the appeal; and, while its echoes are still resounding through the ship, the whole crew seems crowding towards the main-deck. Scores of volunteers present themselves, enough to man every boat aboard.

'Now, gentlemen,' says the captain, turning to his officers with a proud expression on his countenance, 'there's the British sailor for you. I've said he fears not man. And, when humanity makes call, as you see, neither is he frightened at a fancied ghost!'

A second cheer succeeds the speech, mingled with good-humoured remarks, though not any loud laughter. The sailors simply acknowledge the compliment their commanding officer has paid them, at the same time feeling that the moment is too solemn for merriment; for their instinct of humanity is yet under control of the weird feeling. As the captain turns aft to the quarter, many of them fall away toward the fore-deck, till the group of volunteers for boarding has got greatly diminished. Still are there enough to man the largest boat in the ship.

'What boat is it to be, sir?'

This question is asked by the first lieutenant, as he follows the captain aft.

'The cutter,' answers his superior, adding: 'I think, Mr Black, there's no necessity for sending any other. The cutter's crew will be sufficient. As to any hostility from those on board the stranger, that is absurd. We could blow them out of the water with a single broadside.'

'Who's to command the cutter, sir?'

The captain reflects, with a look sent inquiringly around. His eye falls upon the third lieutenant, who stands near, seemingly courting the glance. It is short and decisive. The captain knows his third officer to be a thorough seaman; though young, capable of any duty, however delicate or dangerous. Without further hesitation, he assigns him to the command of the boarders.

The young officer enters upon the service with alacrity—something more than the mere obedience due to discipline. He hastens to the ship's side to superintend the lowering of the boat. He does not stand at rest, but is seen to help and hurry it, with a look of anxious impatience in his eye, and the cloud still observable on his brow. While thus occupied, he is accosted by another officer, one yet younger than himself—the midshipman already mentioned.

'Can I go with you?' the latter asks.

'Certainly, my dear fellow,' responds the lieutenant in friendly familiar tone. 'I shall be only too pleased to have you. But you must get the captain's consent.'

The young officer glides aft, sees the frigate's commander upon the quarter-deck, and saluting, says: 'Captain, may I go with the cutter?'

'Well, yes,' responds the chief; 'I have no objection.' Then, after taking a survey of the youngster, he adds: 'Why do you want it?'

The youth blushes, without replying. There is a cast upon his countenance that strikes the questioner, somewhat puzzling him. But there is no time either for further inquiry or reflection. The cutter is already lowered, and rests upon the water. Her crew is crowding into her; and she will soon be shoved off from the ship.

'You can go, lad,' assents the captain. 'Report yourself to the third lieutenant, and tell him I've given you leave. You're young, and, like all youngsters, ambitious of gaining glory. Well, in this affair you won't have much chance, I take it. It's simply boarding a ship in distress, where you'll be more likely to be a spectator of scenes of suffering. However, that will be a lesson for you; and therefore you may go.'

Thus authorised, the young reefer glides away from the quarter-deck, drops down into the boat, and takes his seat alongside the lieutenant, already there.

The two ships still lie becalmed, in the same relative position to one another, having changed from it scarce a cable's length. And stem to stern, just as the last breath of the breeze, blown gently against their sails, forsook them.

On both, the canvas is still spread, though not bellied. It hangs limp and loose, giving an occasional flap, so feeble as to shew that it proceeds, not from any stir in the air, but the mere balancing motion of the vessels; for there is now not enough breeze blowing to flout the long feathers in the tail of the Tropic bird, seen soaring aloft.

Both ships are motionless; their forms reflected in the water, so that each has its counterpart keel to keel.

Between them, the sea is smooth as a mirror—that tranquil calm which has given to the Pacific its distinctive appellation. It is now to be disturbed, furrowed by the bow of the cutter, with her stroke of ten oars, five on each side. Almost as soon as down from the davits, her crew seated on the thwarts, and her coxswain at the tiller, the lieutenant gives the command to 'shove off.' Parting from the frigate's beam, the boat is steered straight for the becalmed barque.

On board the man-of-war, all stand watching her, their eyes at intervals directed towards the strange vessel. From the frigate's forward-deck, the men have an unobstructed view, especially those clustering around the head. Still there is nearly a league between, and with the naked eye this hinders minute observation. They can but see the white-spread sails, and the black hull underneath them. With a glass, the flag, now fallen, is just distinguishable from the mast along which it clings closely. They can perceive that its colour is crimson above, with blue and white underneath—the reversed order of the Chilian ensign. Its single star is no longer visible, nor aught of its heraldry, that spoke so appealingly. But if the sight fails to furnish them with details, these are amply supplied by their excited imaginations. Some of them see men aboard the barque—scores, hundreds! After all, she may be a pirate, and the upside-down ensign a decoy. On a tack, she may be a

swifter sailer than she has shewn herself before the wind; and, knowing this, has been but playing with the frigate. If so, God help the cutter's crew!

Besides these conjectures of the common kind, there are those on the frigate's fore-deck who, in truth, fancy the polacca a spectre. As they continue gazing, now at the boat, now at the barque, they expect every moment to see the one sink beneath the sea; and the other sail off, or melt into invisible air.

On the quarter, speculation is equally rife, though running in a different channel. There the captain still stands surrounded by his officers, each with glass to his eye, levelled upon the strange craft. But they see nought to give them a clue to her character; only the loose spread sails, and the fabled flag of distress. They continue gazing till the cutter is close to the barque's beam. Nor yet can they observe any head above the bulwarks, or face peering through the shrouds. The fancy of the fore-castle has crept aft among the officers. They too begin to feel something of superstitious fear—an awe of the uncanny!

#### CHAPTER III.—THE CUTTER'S CREW.

Manned by ten stout tars, with as many oars propelling her, the cutter cleaves the water like a knife. The lieutenant, seated in the stern-sheets, with the mid by his side, directs the movements of the boat; while the glances of both are kept constantly upon the barque. In their eyes is an earnest expression—quite different from that of ordinary interrogation.

The men may not observe it; if they do, it is without comprehension of its meaning. They can but think of it as resembling their own, and proceeding from a like cause. For although with backs turned towards the barque, they cast occasional glances over their shoulders, in which curiosity is commingled with apprehension.

Despite their natural courage, strengthened by the late appeal to their humanity, the awe is again upon them. Insidiously returning as they took their seats in the boat, it increases as they row farther from the ship, and nearer to the strange vessel. Less than half an hour has elapsed, and they are within a cable's length of the latter.

'Hold, now!' commands the lieutenant.

The oar-stroke is instantly suspended, and the blades held aloft. The boat gradually loses way, and at length rests stationary on the tranquil water.

All eyes are bent upon the barque; glances go searchingly along her bulwarks, from poop to prow. No preparations to receive them! No one appears on deck—not a head seen over the rail!

'Barque, ahoy!' hails the lieutenant.

'Barque, ahoy!' is heard in fainter tone. It is no answer; only the echo of the officer's voice, coming back from the hollow timbers of the becalmed vessel. There is again silence, more profound than ever; for the sailors in the boat have ceased talking, their awe, now intense, holding them speechless.

'Barque, ahoy!' again shouts the lieutenant, louder than before, but with like result. As before, he is only answered by echo. There is either nobody aboard, or no one who thinks it worth while to make rejoinder. The first supposition seems absurd, looking at the sail; the second, equally so, regarding the flag at the main royal mast-head, and taking into account its character.

A third hail from the officer, this time vociferated in loudest voice, with the interrogatory added: 'Any one aboard?'

To the question no reply, any more than to the hail. Silence continues—stillness intense, awe-inspiring. They in the boat begin to doubt the evidence of their senses. Is there a barque before their eyes? Or is it all an illusion? How can a vessel be under sail—full sail—without sailors? And if any, why do they not shew at her side? Why have they not answered the hail thrice shouted; the last time loud enough to be heard within her hold? It should have awakened her crew even if asleep in the fore-castle!

'Give way again!' cries the lieutenant. 'Bring up on the starboard side, coxswain; under the fore-chains.'

The oars are dipped, and the cutter moves on. But scarce is she in motion, when once more the officer commands: 'Hold!'

With his voice mingle others, coming from the barque. Her people seem at length to have become aroused from their sleep, or stupor. A noise is heard upon her deck, as of a scuffle, accompanied by cries of strange intonation. Soon two heads, apparently human, shew above the bulwarks; two faces flesh-coloured, and thinly covered with hair. Then the whole bodies appear, also human like, save that they are hairy all over—hair of a foxy red. They swarm up the shrouds; and clutching the ratlines, shake them with quick violent jerks; at the same time uttering what appears angry speech, in an unknown tongue, and harsh voice, as if chiding off the intruders. Only a short way up the shrouds, just as far, as they could spring from the deck, and only staying a little while there. Then they drop down again, disappearing as abruptly as they had shewn themselves.

The lieutenant's command was a word thrown away. Without it the men would have discontinued their stroke. They have done so, and sit with bated breath, eyes strained, ears listening, and lips mute, as if all had been suddenly and simultaneously struck dumb. Silence throughout the boat—silence aboard the barque—silence everywhere; the only sound heard being the 'drip-drop' of the water, as it falls from the feathered oar-blades.

For a time the cutter's crew remain speechless, not one essaying to speak a word. They are so, less from surprise, than sheer stark terror. It is depicted on their faces, and no wonder it should. What they have just seen is sufficient to terrify the stoutest hearts—even those of tried tars, as all of them are. A ship manned by hairy men—a crew of veritable Orsons! Certainly enough to startle the most phlegmatic mariner, and make him tremble as he tugs at the oar. But they have ceased tugging at their oars, and hold them, blades suspended, along with their breath. One alone musters sufficient courage to mutter out: 'Gracious goodness! shipmates, what can it mean?'

He receives no answer, though the silence comes to an end. It is broken by the voice of the lieutenant, and also that of the junior officer. They do not speak simultaneously, but one after the other. The superstitious fear pervading the minds of the men does not extend to them. They too have their fears, but of a different kind, and from a different cause. As yet, neither has communicated

to the other what he himself has been thinking; the thoughts of both being hitherto vague, but every moment becoming more defined. And the appearance of the red men upon the ratlines—strange to the sailors—seems to have made things more intelligible to them. Judging by the expression upon their faces, they comprehend what has puzzled their companions. And with a sense of anxiety more than fear, more of doubt than dismay.

The lieutenant speaks first, shouting in command: 'Give way! Quick! Pull in! Head on for the fore-chains!'

He acts in an excited manner, appearing nervously impatient. As if mechanically, the midshipman repeats the order, imitating the mien of his superior. The men execute it, but slowly, and with evident reluctance. They know their officers to be daring fellows, both. But now they deem them rash, even to recklessness. For they cannot comprehend the motives urging them to action. Still they obey; and the prow of the boat strikes the barque abeam.

'Grapple on!' sings out the senior officer, soon as touching. A boat-hook takes grip in the chains; and the cutter, swinging round, lies at rest alongside. The lieutenant is already on his feet, as also the mid. Ordering only the coxswain to follow, they spring up to the chains, lay hold, and lift themselves aloft.

Obedient to orders, the men remain in the boat; still keeping their seat on the thwarts, in wonder at the bold bearing of their officers, at the same time silently admiring it.

Balancing themselves on the rail, the latter look down upon the deck of the polacca. Their glances sweep it forward, aft, and amid-ships; ranging from stem to stern, and back again. Nothing seen there to explain the strangeness of things, nothing heard. No sailor on deck, nor officer on the quarter! Only the two strange beings that had shewn themselves on the shrouds. These are still visible, one of them standing by the main-mast, the other crouching near the caboose. Both again give out their jabbering speech, accompanying it with gestures of menace. Disregarding this, the lieutenant leaps down upon the deck, and makes towards them; the mid and coxswain keeping close after.

At their approach, the hirsute monsters retreat, not scared-like, but with a show of defiance, as if disposed to contest possession of the place. They give back, however, bit by bit, till at length, ceasing to dispute, they shuffle towards the quarter, and then on to the poop. Neither of the two officers pays any attention to their demonstrations; and the movement aft is not made for them. Both lieutenant and midshipman seem excited by other thoughts, some stronger impulse urging them on. Alone is the coxswain mystified by the hairy men, and not a little alarmed; but without speaking, he follows his superiors.

They continue on toward the quarter-deck, making for the cabin door. Having boarded the barque by the fore-chains, they must pass the caboose going aft. Its sliding panel is open, and when opposite, all three come to a stand. They are brought to it by a faint cry issuing out of the cook's quarters. Looking in, they behold a spectacle sufficiently singular to detain them. It is more than singular—it is startling. On the bench in front of the galley fire, which shews as if long extinguished, sits a man, bolt upright, his back



against the bulkhead. Is it a man, or only the dead body of one? Certainly it is a human figure; or, speaking more precisely, a human skeleton with the skin still on; this as black as the coal-cinders in the grate in front of it.

It is a man, a negro, and still living; for at sight of them he betrays motion, and makes an attempt to speak.

Only the coxswain stays to listen, or hear what he has to say. The others hurry on aft, making direct for the door of the cabin; which, between decks, is approached by a stairway. Reaching this they rush down, and stand before the door, which they find shut. Only closed, not locked. It yields to the turning of the handle, and opening, gives them admission. They enter hastily, one after the other, without ceremony or announcement. Once inside, they as quickly come to a stop, both looking aghast. The spectacle in the caboose was nought to what is now before their eyes. That was but startling, this is appalling.

It is the main-cabin they have entered, not a large one, for the polacca has not been intended to carry passengers. Still is it snug and roomy enough for a table six feet by four. Such a one stands in its centre, its legs fixed in the floor, with four chairs around it, similarly stanchioned.

On the table there are decanters and dishes, alongside glasses and plates. It is a dessert service, and on the dishes are fruits, cakes, and sweetmeats, with fragments of these upon the plates. The decanters contain wines of different sorts, and there are appearances as of wine having been in the glasses.

There are four sets, corresponding to the four chairs; and, to all appearance, this number of guests have been seated at the table. But two of the chairs are empty, as if their occupants had retired to an inner state-room. It is the side-seats that are unoccupied, and a fan lying on one, with a scarf over the back of that opposite, proclaim their last occupants to have been ladies.

Two guests are still at the table, one at its head, the other at its foot, facing each other. And such guests! Both are men, though, unlike him in the caboose, they are white. But, like him, they too appear in the extreme of emaciation: jaws with the skin drawn tightly over them, cheek-bones prominent, chins protruding, eyes sunken in their sockets.

Not dead either; for their eyes, glancing and glaring, still shew life. But there is little other evidence of it. Sitting stiff in the chairs, rigidly erect, they make no attempt to stir, no motion of either body or limbs; which seem as if from both all strength had departed, their famished figures denoting the last stages of starvation! And this in front of a table furnished with choice wines, fruits, and other comestibles; in short, loaded with delicacies! What can it all mean?

Not this question, but a cry comes from the lips of the two officers, as they stand regarding the strange tableau. Only for an instant. Then the lieutenant, rushing back up the stair, and on to the side, calls out: 'To the ship, and bring the doctor! Quick, quick!'

The boat's crew, obedient, row off with alacrity. They are but too glad to get away from the suspected spot. As they strain at their oars, with faces turned toward the barque, and eyes wonderingly bent upon her, they see nought to give

them a clue to the conduct of their officers, or in any way elucidate the series of mysteries, now prolonged to a chain. One imbued with a strong belief in the supernatural, shakes his head, saying: 'Shipmates, we may never see that lieutenant again, nor the young reefer, nor the old cox'n—never!'

During all this time those on board the man-of-war have stood regarding the barque—at the same time watching the movements of the boat. Only they who have glasses can see what is passing with any distinctness. For the day is not a bright one, a haze over the sea hindering observation. It has arisen since the fall of the wind, perhaps caused by the calm; and though but a mere film, at such far distance it interferes with the view through the telescopes. Those using them can just tell that the cutter has closed in upon the strange vessel, and is lying along under the fore-mast shrouds, while some of her crew appear to have swarmed up the chains. This cannot be told for certain. The haze around the barque is more dense than elsewhere, as if steam were passing off from her sides; and through this objects shew only confusedly.

While the frigate's people are straining their eyes to make out the movements of the cutter, an officer, of sharper sight than the rest, cries: 'See! the boat is coming back.'

All perceive this, and with some surprise. It is not ten minutes since the boat grappled on. Why returning so soon?

While they are conjecturing as to the cause, the same officer again observes something that has escaped the others. There are but *eight* oars, instead of ten—the regulation strength of the cutter—and ten men where before there were thirteen. Three of the boat's crew have remained behind.

This causes neither alarm nor uneasiness to the frigate's officers. They take it that the three have gone aboard the barque, and for some reason, whatever it be, elected to stay there. They know the third lieutenant to be not only brave, but a man of quick decision, and prompt to act. He has boarded the distressed vessel, discovered the cause of distress, and sent the cutter back to bring whatever may be needed for her relief. Thus reasons the quarter-deck.

It is different on the fore, where apprehensions are rife about their missing shipmates; fears that some misfortune has befallen them. True, no shots have been heard, nor flashes seen. Still they could have been killed without firearms; and savages might use other and less noisy weapons. The tale of the skin-clad crew gives colour to this supposition. But then the crew of the cutter went armed—in addition to their cutlasses, being provided with pikes and boarding-pistols. Had they been attacked, they would not have retreated without discharging the last—less likely leaving three of their number behind. But there have been no signs of strife, or struggle, seen! All the more mystery; and pondering upon it, the frigate's crew are but strengthened in their superstitious faith.

Meanwhile, the cutter is making way across the stretch of calm sea that separates the two ships; and although with reduced strength of rowers, cleaves the water quickly. The movements of

the men indicate excitement. They pull as if rowing in a regatta.

Soon they are near enough to be individually recognised; when it is seen that neither of the two officers is in the boat; nor the coxswain, one of the oarsmen having taken his place at the tiller.

As the boat draws nearer, and the faces of the two men seated in the stern-sheets can be distinguished, there is observed upon them an expression which none can interpret. No one tries. All stand silently waiting till the cutter comes alongside, and sweeping past the bows, brings up on the frigate's starboard beam, under the main-chains.

The officers move forward along the gangway, and stand looking over the bulwarks; while the men come crowding aft as far as permitted. The curiosity of all receives a check—an abrupt disappointment. There is no news from the barque, save the meagre scrap contained in the lieutenant's order: 'Bring the doctor.'

Beyond this the cutter's crew only know that they have seen the hairy men. Seen and heard them, though without understanding a word of what they said. Two had sprung upon the shrouds, and shouted at the cutter's people, as if scolding them off!

The tale spreads through the frigate, fore and aft, quick as a train of powder ignited. It is everywhere talked of, and commented on. On the quarter, it is deemed strange enough; while forward, it further intensifies the belief in something supernatural.

The tars give credulous ear to their comrade, again repeating what he said in the boat, and in the self-same words: 'Shipmates, we may never see that lieutenant again, nor the young reefer, nor the old cox'n—never!'

The boding speech seems a prophecy already realised. Scarce has it passed the sailor's lips, when a cry rings through the ship that startles all aboard, thrilling them more intensely than ever.

While the men have been commenting upon the message brought back from the barque, and the officers are taking steps to hasten its execution—the doctor getting out his instruments, with such medicines as the occasion seems to call for—the strange vessel has been for a time unthought of.

The cry just raised recalls her, causing them to rush towards the frigate's side, and once more bend their eyes on the barque.

No, not on her; only in the direction where she was last seen. For, to their astonishment, the *polacca* has disappeared!

#### NATURAL HISTORY AND SPORT OF SOUTH-EASTERN AFRICA.

For those to whom the very name of Game acts as a war-cry, who love danger for daring's sake, and who prefer the skin of some wild beast spread under the open canopy of heaven to the softest couch modern luxuriousness can provide, the Honourable W. H. Drummond's book, entitled *The Game and Natural History of South-eastern Africa*, must prove an acceptable boon. The subject of the natural history of Africa and its game is one full of interest, and a few facts in connection with it we will now lay before our readers. The ground chosen by Mr Drummond as his hunting-field

extended over a wide area from 26° to 29° S. lat.; and he gives us the experience of five years, during which he rarely slept under a roof.

But even in these wild districts, still probably the finest game-country in the world, we find savage beasts like savage races diminishing at the approach of the white man. As our colonies spread, and our colonists penetrate farther and farther inland, the wild animals retreat, or become exterminated. Nor does this cause alone operate to diminish their numbers. The greed of the hunters brings its own punishment, as in the instances of the eland and the elephant. In the former case, the hide being very valuable, and the flesh extremely good eating, the hunters will occasionally kill a whole herd, bull and calf, without a thought for the future. While, as regards the elephant, the improvident greed for present wealth from the sale of ivory, becomes a much more serious affair, involving as it does the ultimate, indeed speedy, extirpation of this interesting and valuable animal. While sympathising with our author, and lamenting the wanton destruction of the eland and elephant, let us stand in imagination on the banks of that Unkomati River, in the far interior of Eastern Africa, where our traveller encamped in the summer of 1870; and with him let us watch the curious habits and customs of the game, which always come at early dawn to the nearest river or water-hole to drink, and perhaps to bathe. Few positions could well be more full of thrilling interest than some that Mr Drummond took, when, hid in the thick branches of a great cabbage-tree, he watched through long nights the various herds of wild animals as they congregated round some pool—rhinoceroses, buffalo, hyenas, antelopes, all, almost within touching distance, following their time-honoured customs, unconscious of the observant eye of man; while in the fissure of a neighbouring mountain some great owl would entertain himself, and possibly his wife and family, by imitating the cry of the leopard. Many an interesting point in the natural history of these animals was made plain to the observer during these vigils—their relations to each other in the matter of fear or confidence, courage or cowardice. A herd of Koodoo (*Antelope strepsiceros*) stepping silently down to the water with ears intent to catch the faintest sound of danger, would drink, and then as silently retire; while the larger game would often seem unconscious of each other's presence—a troop of lions sometimes walking past some old rhinoceros bull with its mouth buried in the pool, and laying themselves down, lap the water within a few yards of me.' Or 'some grumbling, ill-tempered *teptyaice*, or two-horned rhinoceros (*R. bicornis*), would come in sight, ploughing up the ground in long furrows, as it pawed it with its foot after the manner of savage bulls, but hardly making the antelopes stir, as he walked past them to the centre of the pool.' But meanwhile great herds of gnu and zebra, and sometimes eland, would stand almost motionless, too thirsty to graze, yet not daring to approach the water, till thirst conquered prudence.

The eager observing of wild animated nature under a starlit sky must have had a wonderful fascination; but when under a heavy storm, flashes of lightning alone light up and reveal the scene,

the imagination must be even more powerfully stimulated. 'The thickest of the storm is the time lions generally make their appearance.' The power of absolute noiselessness is essential to any one who would become a great and successful hunter; the rustling of a leaf or the breaking of a twig may be fatal. But it must be an art difficult of attainment when penetrating jungle so thick that it can only be traversed on hands and knees; or when, as in the search for buffaloes, the way may lie through tunnels of reeds, in any part of which the animal may lie *perdu*; or, worse still, perhaps, when searching for wounded prey in those marvellous vegetable caves formed of creepers climbing round the thorn-trees, which Mr Drummond tells us are often so regular in their formation as to appear at first sight as if they could not be the work of Nature, but must have been trained by the hand of man. But though, doubtless, the danger possesses in itself a decided charm, European hunters are generally accompanied by natives, whose wonderful skill in spooring—namely, detecting and following the trail of different animals with unerring accuracy—is almost incredible; persistently will they follow some wounded animal, often after long hours of interval, through thicket and open, on through more thicket and open, rarely failing to come up with him at last. Buffaloes, which are the great object of the huntsman's rifle, would, but for the noiselessness above alluded to, generally receive notice of the enemy's approach from the rhinoceros bird, which perches sometimes in whole flocks upon their backs, searching for the great grass ticks on which it subsists, and utters its loud 'tcha, tcha' the moment it detects cause for alarm. This bird is, of course, a great difficulty to the huntsman, since, from its elevated vantage-ground on the top, say, of one of the buffalo's horns, it can survey the scene for a considerable distance. Buffaloes are essentially gregarious; but occasionally the huntsman comes upon a 'rogue,' or solitary bull, that has been worsted in the battle of life, and is an exile self-made, or outcast from his herd. Mr Drummond thinks he is generally one who has been worsted in the fights which are continually taking place; anyhow, this Timon of the jungle is invariably an ill-tempered brute to have to deal with.

It is a curious but well ascertained fact that the dangerousness of animals is by no means in proportion to their size—the smallest species of leopard, lion, rhinoceros, and crocodile, all being the most savage.' Mr Drummond notices this, and also that no two buffaloes even in the same herd are ever exactly alike, or two pair of horns of precisely the same shape. Dr Schweinfurth has also observed this with regard to the central African hartebeest and eland. The remarkable strength of the buffalo is shewn as often in the way he quietly makes a path for himself through the jungle and thick forests, as it is when charging his enemies. Generally speaking, the buffalo does not charge until attacked, and a shot well aimed at the forehead of the cow is almost always fatal, as it is also behind the ear. A bull, on the contrary, is nearly if not quite invulnerable in the forehead, on account of the strength and thickness of bone. There is one vulnerable spot about half an inch just above the eyes, where the bones join, but not one hunter in a hundred succeeds in bringing down an animal from a shot aimed at this spot.

Quickness of observation is essential to the safety as well as success of the hunter.

We have alluded to the wonderful skill of the African in following the trail of the animals he hunts. The requirements of their daily life are such as to sharpen this faculty to a curious point; but we may trust a Scotchman to equal, if not excel them, when any train of reasoning has to be brought to bear upon the subject. Thus, on one occasion, Mr Drummond and two native hunters started in pursuit of a wounded rhinoceros; and after agreeing that one African should accompany him, while the other kept on a parallel line on the opposite side, they entered the thicket. Soon, however, the low whistle of the solitary hunter brought the others to his side, and they found him bending over the fresh print of a rhinoceros's foot. Was it the one they were in search of? became the question, no one particularly desiring to be giving chase to two rhinoceroses at once. Mr Drummond quickly set the question at rest, having previously observed that one of the toes of the wounded animal was unusually small, and that this was undoubtedly the footprint of the same. Those who have given much attention to the natural history of these monsters know how difficult it is to determine how many distinct species are to be found in Africa. Mr Drummond mentions four—two of the so-called white, and two of the black, but objects to this distinction of black and white as misleading. He distinctly states that 'all rhinoceroses are of the same colour—a peculiar shade of brown, or if any difference does exist, it being in *R. bicornis* possessing a tinge of red.' He says, that to different observers in different localities they appear doubtless to be of different colours, but he believes all such cases may be referred to outward circumstances, such as the position of the sun, the kind of mud they have been rolling in, or to the age and sex of the animal. In exemplification of this he mentions having 'watched a bull of the *R. simus* trotting past in the full glare of the mid-day sun, when it has appeared almost white, while, after following the same animal up, and finding it feeding, with the long shadows of evening on it, its colour has then seemed to be as it really is, a deep brown.' To the four species already known to science as *R. bicornis*, *R. Kéitloa*, *R. simus*, and *R. Osuelli*, Mr Drummond would put in the claim of the *K'ulumane* to be regarded as a distinct species, 'though it has not yet received a distinct name or recognition from naturalists.' And he believes he can fully prove that claim. Of all the species, *R. bicornis* is the smallest, most savage, and most to be dreaded. Mr Drummond says he considers it the most dangerous of all African game, often vicious even when unprovoked; an instance of which occurred one night just as the hunting-party were comfortably ensconced round their camp-fire, at which the shoulder and legs of an antelope were roasting. A sudden succession of puffs and the heavy footfall of an animal caused every one to spring to his feet, and betake himself to a tree: this was the work of a moment. In ten seconds the camp-fire was trampled and scattered in all directions, water calabash overturned, blankets burned, and everything that could be got at destroyed by 'the trampling squealing beast.' We may be sure he was not let off easily. He succumbed at last. When wounded, these animals will often wait with the

utmost patience the pursuit of their foe, and then rush at him; and when they do catch an unfortunate being, says Mr Drummond, they knock him down and knead him with their feet, returning again and again, till nothing but a shapeless mass remains, uttering all day their shrill cry of rage. So difficult is the rhinoceros to kill with the spear (the native weapon), that one of the largest native regiments coming across one unexpectedly, the animal charged it; and four men were killed, besides others wounded, and a thousand spears pierced the huge monster's body, before it fell.

One of the difficulties encountered in tracking game arises from the presence of the honey-bird, whose attentions to the hunter are more pertinacious than pleasant, 'the game recognising their cry as denoting the human presence.' On one occasion, Mr Drummond, pestered by the little creature, turned and followed it; at the end of half a mile, it made a peculiar flutter, such as he had formerly seen it do when pointing out a big snake. He approached with the greatest caution, expecting to see a leopard, but found instead a hunter in his employ lying fast asleep.

Among the most noticeable of the fast-diminishing game of Eastern Africa stands the eland, as conspicuous for its beauty as the rhinoceros for its ugliness. The practice of killing them from horseback, in order to secure a larger number for the demands of the market, is so quickly reducing their numbers, that in a few years they will be difficult to find at all. They are beautiful and peaceful creatures, and their gradual extirpation seems a great mistake. Dr Schweinfurth describes them as having short sleek hair of a bright yellow tan colour, and says that in every district through which he passed, he observed their skin to be always marked with well-defined stripes. Mr Drummond, in common with other naturalists, says there is but one species, but two varieties—'the common and the striped, the latter found exclusively in South Africa, and gradually lessening in numbers, until, in Central Africa, it entirely gives way to the former.' The common kind, he says, exactly resembles the other, except in wanting the markings, and being decidedly inferior in size—the great striped cows rivalling the young bulls of the other variety in their immense proportions. An old blue bull will weigh from fourteen to fifteen hundred pounds. One custom commonly observed among these animals strikes us as the result of at least a very high order of instinct. When one of their number is wounded, and the rest startled, the herd retreats, but halts at intervals, waiting for their wounded companion; at such times, even allowing the hunter to approach very near, rather than desert the injured member of their community. And it is only the stronger instinct of self-preservation which at last compels them to move on without him. A similar instance of clanship, amounting to something strikingly akin to sorrow for bereavement, is recorded of the zebra, of which we read, that in any herd, when one of their number is killed, the rest utter a melancholy wail—a wail never taken up by the other herds which may be about, but uttered exclusively by the one which has lost one of its number.

As before hinted, elephants, through the greed of the hunters, are in many places becoming nearly extinct. There is one point of difference between

the Asiatic and the African elephant of real importance to the hunter: 'in India and Ceylon, the forehead presents a certain mark, while in Africa it is quite impervious.' An elephant charging with his ears spread like 'studding-sails,' his trunk over his head, and trumpeting loudly, must be anything but a despicable foe to encounter. But its great weight prevents it from turning quickly, and the hunter once gaining higher ground, has the decided advantage. Some elephants have a bad habit of getting tipsy on the fruit of a particular tree, and in that condition the natives dread them. On the whole, Mr Drummond rather prefers them in that state, on the principle, that it is safer to quarrel with a drunken man than a sober one. But the game we have enumerated is far from being all that falls to the African huntsman's bag: leopards, to be dreaded more for the virus of their bite, than for any man-eating propensities, often so falsely attributed to them—cowardly, treacherous, and savage, yet so valuable for their skins as to be prey eagerly sought; lions, familiar to us from many a traveller's tale; antelopes of every variety, from the little African klespringer, so like the chamois of the Swiss mountains, to the noble hyala, the great drawback to the pursuit of which is, that 'hyala-shooting and fever are all but synonymous.' Nor must we forget the little Blue Buck or Peto (*Perpurilla*), the smallest antelope in the world, being 'considerably less, as well as much lighter than a hare, with tiny straight horns, scarcely peeping over the little tuft of hair on its forehead.' One of the special pleasures attendant on the shooting of this little animal is, that it leads the sportsman into the very recesses of the African forest. It does not take a very vivid imagination to picture how much he may easily learn from and of Nature there, as he passes, in the cool of the early dawn, under the thick trees, with their wondrous foliage and rich network of creepers, a wild waste of beauty, on which, as if in mockery, some savage old baboon looks silently down; or utters, if he detects the intruder, even though he be 'a man and a brother,' a hoarse bark of alarm.

#### A LEGEND OF THE THAMES.

'FATHER,' said Ned Moffatt, 'Charley and I have been having a day's fishing in the Thames, and the young fellow Banks, who took us out in the punt, was such a character! I'm sure you would have liked him. He told us all sorts of stories about the place, and the people, and the fish, and all about himself when a boy, and how he had been a teetotaler all his life, and that the spot near the weir where we fished for barbel was called Marcus' Deep.—Why, father, are you ill?'

'I shall be well directly, Ned. Let Malcomb take away the dessert, and throw open one of the windows. There, there; I am better now.'

Mr Moffatt was a retired West India merchant, a widower with two sons, for whom he seemed to live, and they returned his love with all the fullness of filial affection. They were home for the holidays from Harrow, and their father was incessantly devising schemes for their pleasure during the few days left of their vacation.

'And was Charley as pleased with his sport and the fishermen as you were, Ned? What did you catch?'

'Oh, we got such a lot of all sorts of fish—gudgeons on the shallows, perch and roach in the quiet water; but the big fellows, those barbel, they did pull so—we got them in Marcus' Deep.'

Again Ned noticed a shadow, a twitch, a spasm, or a compound of all, pass over his father's face, which this time, it was apparent, he attempted to conceal by turning his back and covering his face with both hands.

'Father!' cried both boys, for Charley had noticed the sudden change in his parent likewise, 'what can we do for you? Will you see Dr Seton?'

'No, no!' exclaimed Mr Moffatt; 'it is merely a passing pang from an awakened memory, the recollection of which is too horrible to recall without anguish. Draw your chairs closer, and I will tell you what has disturbed me so. You will be the first to whom I have whispered it, for I did not even make your dear mother the repository of my secret.'

Ned and Charley, struck dumb by the serious voice and visage of their father, mechanically did as they were bid.

'Well, boys,' began Mr Moffatt, 'I was about thirty years of age when I fled this country for the West Indies, making over my affairs to the agency of a friend, to whom I stated neither reasons nor excuse for my sudden departure, or rather my flight. My affairs at the time were prosperous, and therefore no prejudicial suspicion attached to my resolution; at the most, perhaps, amongst my acquaintances, it was thought to be attributable to a love-affair. No. At that time my heart was as free as air, and every circumstance tended to heap fortune and happiness on my head, until one fatal morning! You will perhaps be surprised to hear that, at the period I speak of, the only resource I cared for from the anxieties of business—which, I must say, went smoothly and easily with me—was that of angling, that art, the love for which you appear to have inherited from me, and to which attachment I have scarcely ever trusted myself to allude until now. Saturdays were the days appropriated during the season to my favourite pursuit. In order to follow it to the full, I rented and furnished a little cottage on the banks of the Thames. There I used to run down on the Friday night, be up with the sun in the morning, and find my fisherman ready with tackle, punt, and all needful to get afloat. This was now the happiest portion of my life, for the confinement of the previous part of the week in murky London prepared me for a pleasure keen and intense. Then the calmness and sweet peace of the succeeding day more than armed me for the recurring city routine. Well, the last Saturday that I ever held a rod or saw the morning mists clear off from the Thames, I was out long before their dews were dispelled, and found my man, as usual, punctual, and waiting for me. After I had got on board, however, I recollected that I had left some tackle I should require, and throwing my bunch of keys to my fisherman, bade him hasten and fetch it from the cottage. He was longer gone than I expected, and when he did come back, I noticed that he was the worse for drink. His speech was thick and incoherent. He was more than usually loquacious; and a something of disrespect towards me, which I had never before noticed in his mode of address, assured me he had

been drinking while absent on his message, and thus had broken a sacred pledge he had made to me to abstain from liquor. This promise he had hitherto observed with exemplary fidelity. I made no comment upon his condition as he sprawled, rather than stepped, into the punt, hoping the fresh morning air and the hard exercise he must undergo against the current before we got to the weir, would restore him to sobriety. As we took advantage of the back eddies, to get to a particular spot where we purposed to tie the punt to one of the stanchions of the weir, a trout of formidable size threw itself high out of the water, and came down with a heavy splash, the noise of which could be heard over the roar of the fall of the weir.

"Do you know," he remarked with a hiccup, "that the whole of the time, man and boy, I've been a Thames fisherman I never caught a Thames trout! I get precious chaffed by my fellows, as most of 'em have had some, and many of 'em their half-dozen of that fish. There he is again! If he's one he's twelve pounds, and I intends having him, or"—— And here followed a savage oath.

'We had now got close to the piles of the weir. The man, however, instead of putting my rod together, as he always did, preparing it with spinning-bait for my use, and seeing me fully at work before he did anything else, deliberately arranged his own tackle, muttering the while: "Ah! I intend to have that trout—Bill Smith and Harry Jones shall have no more shies at me on that hook—or," &c.

'Thus far I let him have his own way. But when he began to stagger about the punt, and nearly caught me, now in the face, and now by the legs, with the row of hooks, in his clumsy attempts to cast the line, which he stumbled over, trod upon, and got entangled about him, I thought it time to expostulate. This was useless. He had got it into his besotted brain that I was some "pal," as he called me, whom he had honoured by bringing out to see him catch his first Thames trout. I then insisted upon his putting me ashore, for our position, as the punt swung round in the boiling waters, threatening now and then to suck us beneath the fall and swamp us, was more than critical. But he was deaf to all threats or persuasions. The trout he must have, or meet the fury of another element. Under these circumstances, I did what I had often done before on less urgent occasions; I got out, and steadying myself by the timbers, mounted the sill or fixed beam of the weir itself, which having no guiding rail, the footing depended entirely upon a steady eye and firm nerve, the more as the running water over it had, although but ankle deep, a constant inclination to carry one off his feet. Here with my spinning rod, which I had with some difficulty managed to bring upon the weir, I had every advantage, and casting very far down the stream, spun my bait, a small bleak, slowly back; and when about half the line was gathered in, I felt a tremendous rush, which carried nearly all my line off the reel. I was, therefore, at once conscious I had hold of a formidable trout, and I played it with my usual coolness and skill, for such prey were not strangers to me, either in that river or in other waters. My operations had up to this point been unobserved by my man, who was otherwise occupied. The

beautiful creature, however, throwing itself out of the water in one of its noble efforts for freedom, attracted the fisherman's attention. He uttered a loud curse, threw his rod down in the punt in evident rage, then, to my intense surprise, floundered out of the punt on to the apron of the weir, and commenced scrambling up to the top of it. This was an event I certainly did not anticipate. That it was this madman's design to contest with me the capture of the fish, I was soon made certain by his every gesture. And now my fear was that the fellow, in the state he was in, would not be able to keep his equilibrium—that he would fall over, get washed off the apron before he could recover himself, and be plunged into the pool, from which, if he once got amongst the dead-water under the swirl, nothing but the greatest presence of mind, and a full knowledge of the peculiar nature of the currents, could possibly save him. Still he came on to me with his arms outstretched, balancing himself upon the narrow and slippery beam which formed the crown of the weir, like a boy walking on a rail. When he got within arm's-length of me, I warned him to keep his distance, and earnestly besought him to recollect that he was jeopardising two lives by his desperately rash and unaccountable conduct.

"Give me the rod!" he shouted, with an awful imprecation. "The fish is mine. I *will* have it; I spotted it first. Give me the rod, I say!" He now literally foamed at the mouth with excitement. He clutched me with one hand by the shoulder, and I felt the gripe of the maniac (so tenacious was his grasp) take up the muscle with my clothes. With the other hand he made a snatch at the rod, which was on my left, which he had to get partly in front of me to reach. I would have resigned the tackle willingly at this juncture. It was too late. In his exertions to seize the rod, he had thrown himself out of balance, and feeling himself going over, he seized me by the waistcoat with the hand at liberty, and the next moment we were both rolling over and over and down the apron. A heavy splash, and all was blank. Being, however, a skilful swimmer, and life at that moment my first consideration, I kept my head *downwards*, as my only chance to rid myself of the embarrassing hold of my companion, which at once relaxed, when I became free to act. Knowing that if I attempted to rise to the surface in the spot I was I should only be carried under again, and that if this was repeated two or three times I should become exhausted, I struck for the bottom, and there found it dark and comparatively still. Here a thought flashed across my mind, by no means reassuring, for I had often reflected that if I ever reached that spot, the probability was that I should be sucked under, and never come up again. Instead, therefore, of attempting to rise, I crawled and swam a dozen yards or so on the shingle, until I saw the sheen of day above, which I knew from its transparency to be the still water of the eddy between the lashers. Now or never! and up I went, rising, as I expected, in the eddy, which whirled me several times round, and then carried me into the run of the water. At this moment, my alarm was great at finding I was tightly fastened to something. I summoned courage, and ascertained that I had got entangled in my line, but, thanks to the confidence I had acquired from my swimming-master in what he called ornamental buoyancy, I

threw myself on my back, and after a little manœuvring, the current carried the line clear. Then a few vigorous strokes took me into the back eddy, and I swam into wadeable water. I may here tell you that to try to rise in any other way in such an emergency is hopeless. Several persons have been drowned in the pools of these weirs on the Thames, and their bodies have been invariably found in the cavity worked by the water, with their hands stretched out, as if endeavouring to push themselves off, but were held there by the suction.

Here Mr Moffatt paused, took a long breath, and finding that his two boys were perfectly transfixed with painful suspense and attention, proceeded.

"Well, directly I could look back, I scanned every portion of the waters, but could not see anything of poor Marcus."

"Marcus!" exclaimed the boys—"Marcus' Deep!"

"Yes, that was the poor fellow's name, and I have had his death lying like a frozen chill upon my conscience ever since."

"But, father"—interposed Charley.

"I know, my boy, what you would say: that it was the man's own fault; that he might have been my murderer as well as his own. I have thought of all that. But it affords no consolation, as, knowing the state the man was in, I ought at once to have surrendered the tackle, and given way to his whim. No; the man was not responsible for his actions, in one sense, and I cannot shake off from myself the feeling of guilt."

"And now, boys, you have heard the story of poor Marcus, whose untimely end has been on your father's conscience for many a year."

That night, as Ned and Charley lay in bed together, they talked in bated breath over what they had heard, and pitied their father from their innermost hearts.

"I'll tell you what, Charley," said Ned suddenly, "I must know more about this affair. No harm can be done if I don't talk about it, but I am determined to learn more by the water-side. Look here, Charley—was Marcus' body ever found?"

"I think you had better leave the body alone," said Charley with a movement between a yawn and a shiver, and the next minute he was fast asleep.

Ned kept awake that night, thinking, and the more he thought, the more was his course the only one that offered any solution to the mystery, if any, of the sad story. As soon as the morning dawned, he was out of bed, dressed, and off with his fishing-rod and basket by the first train. He found the fisherman in his front garden, digging worms for his cel-pots, and as he was not otherwise engaged for the day, he was ready to go afloat. So, after providing a small hamper of refreshments at the inn, they were soon punting against the stream for Marcus' Deep.

"How long, Banks, do you say it is since you have not drunk beer, or that sort of thing?" asked Ned, as he saw the fisherman take a swig of cold tea after his exertion.

"Ever since I was *that* high," replied the man, placing his hand about a couple of feet above the gunnel of the punt; "ever since I was six year old; and I'm wondrously thankful for this very place we are now fishing for that, though it did no good to some one else."

"No good to some one else," thought Ned

mentally. 'Suppose, Banks, we have two or three more balls of ground-bait in. Did the anglers fish here much after the fisherman was drowned?' he inquired with as much indifference as he could affect.

'There has been no fisherman drowned here that I ever recollect, although one was very nigh to. A gentleman was. But even at this time o' day—for it's twenty year ago—it don't do for me to speak of it, and if you please, sir, I'd rather not talk about it.'

'But it's called Marcus' Deep because a fisherman of that name'—

'Well, sir, you'll excuse me, but I never speak about it more than I can help, and I'd rather not.'

'But,' continued Ned persistently, 'do I understand you to say that there was no fisherman drowned here, but that a gentleman was?'

'I don't know how I have come to say so much,' said Banks, with evident emotion; 'but when I tell you that there are persons living who might get into very great trouble if I was to gabble any more, I am sure, sir, as a gentleman, you will excuse my holding quiet.'

Ned, whose whole anxiety was for his father, tacitly acquiesced in the wisdom of silence.

That day, at dinner, Ned much startled Mr Moffatt by telling him he had been again to Marcus' Deep. Indeed, his father was shocked to learn that the recital of his secret should have had so little effect. Ned, seeing what was passing in his father's mind, without further preface or preparation, remarked: 'Why, father, I have heard to-day that instead of the fisherman being drowned in that weir pool, it was the gentleman.'

'The gentleman?'

'Yes, indeed; it was the gentleman, and not the fisherman.'

'Are you certain of this, Ned?' ejaculated his father, starting to his feet. 'Can this be true? The very possibility of that poor man having escaped has never occurred to me. No, no,' he added with a groan, and sinking into a tone of deep sadness; 'he could only have been saved by a miracle.'

'But, father,' urged Ned, 'Banks the fisherman told me he knew all about the affair. He told me the fisherman was not drowned, and the gentleman was. If he is correct—which you can now easily ascertain—you have only to make yourself known in confidence, and Banks, I am sure, will tell you all. When I left him, I begged him not to engage himself for to-morrow, as I meant to bring a gentleman down with me to fish, who, years ago, used to be very fond of the place.'

'Meaning me?' observed Mr Moffatt, his hopes again reviving. 'We will go to-morrow, Ned; it is a matter that I cannot now delay an hour unnecessarily.'

Next morning found Mr Moffatt and his two boys afloat with Banks; and Ned watching his father closely, saw how greatly the scene of the weir and its turbulent waters affected him, although it was so many years since the event had occurred which had thrown its shadow over the whole of that period.

When properly mooded, Mr Moffatt's impatience being wrought to the highest, he broke the subject at once, and was induced, as the best plan of getting at the facts which Banks could render, to tell him he knew the gentleman supposed to have been drowned, and that he was alive, if not well.

Banks's delight at this revelation was great, so unbounded indeed, and expressed in such grateful and vivid terms, that it even exceeded that of Mr Moffatt, who began to see plainly that this manifestation closely concerned his own happiness. Banks, therefore, now having no longer any cause for taciturnity, related all he knew of the occurrence. But we will let him tell his own story, almost in his own words.

'My father, Marcus Banks—better known as Marcus the fisherman—was a great favourite with a gentleman who used to come down in the summer to that little white cottage you see near the ferry yonder. I believe my father equally liked his customer, for by his influence he had become, from being often unable to go out with gentlemen, from too much drink, a regular sober steady man, respected by his neighbours, spoken well of, and often recommended as the best man in the village by our clergyman. One night—the last I saw my father for years; I was then but a snap of a lad—he told me he expected the gentleman down from London, and that he had been all the afternoon getting baits and other things, so as to have a good day's sport. It was late before he came to bed, and he was then as sober as usual; and I recollect no more than being slightly disturbed when he got up at twilight in the morning, and left me to fall asleep again. I don't know what time it was when I was suddenly awakened by the door being burst in, and father dripping wet, his hair on end, his eyeballs starting out of his head, and his whole body trembling as if he had had the palsy, throwing himself with a wild scream across the bed. I started up in my fright, and listened with horror to my father accusing himself of murdering—coldly murdering his customer by throwing him off the weir. His wailings and writhings were fearful. He seemed wholly unconscious of what he did. One moment he would stand up and declare he didn't do it, with the most awful appeals to Heaven; the next, he would fall on his knees and beg for mercy. "Don't hang me, don't hang me!" he would scream; and then he would sob like a child, as though his very heart were bursting. For some while—an age to me—he seemed not to know of my being there, and then, when he did so, he seized me in his arms, kissed and fondled me, and asked me what was to become of me when he was gone. Then he pushed me away from him, and screamed again: "I will tell you all; but don't hang me; spare me, spare me, for my poor lad's sake! Look here. Gentleman wanted something from the cottage. He gave me his keys. I opened the wrong cupboard, and there a bottle of brandy toppled over, and broke at the neck. Some of the cursed spirit fell on the shelf, and ran dripping off. I caught it in the palm of my hand and drank it—the first I had tasted for years, as Heaven is my judge. One sup led to another, and I filled a tea-cup again and again, and drank. I know of little more but that the punt was full of my mates trying to cheat me out of a large trout I had gone out to catch; they jeered and mocked all my attempts to get it, and one after another got out of the punt to avoid me, on to the weir, where I followed them; and I struggled to get the fish with the first fellow I came up to, and—and, as I went down in the water, I saw it was my customer I was drowning."



'These were his words, gentlemen, as near as I can remember. Then he started up again, and muttered that he must be off—that the police were after him, and rushed to an old chest of drawers, scrambled up together a few clothes, and the next moment I was alone, rubbing my eyes, thinking all was a dream. There was plenty to eat in the house, but all that day I should have choked had I attempted to swallow a morsel; and as night drew on and my father did not return, I began fully to believe that he had committed some frightful offence, and that I was deserted. In the latter respect, however, I was wrong, for the latch was lifted, and a woman entered the room, and said she had come to fetch me. I was so bewildered, and thinking perhaps she was going to take me to my father, I made no objection; and she took me to a pretty little cottage about three miles from this, on the common. There I was well clothed and fed, and when old enough, was sent to school as her adopted child. I did all I could to shew my benefactress that I was grateful, but I always yearned after the water and my father's pursuits. So, as I was considered able to manage a punt, one was bought for me, and I was set up in the house in which I was born, as a fisherman. I am sorry to say my benefactress is since dead.'

'Poor Jane Scott,' sighed Mr Moffatt, 'she was housekeeper to my friend, whom your father supposed to be drowned. And of your father?'

'Well, sir, I heard that he went wandering about for some months under a feigned name, living the best way he could, and that now and then he used to come over to these parts in disguise, to get a look at me. One day, about two years ago, old, and worn, and ragged as he was, he was known by something he let fall in his inquiries at the bar of a beer-house, and a few of the villagers hearing of it, took pity on him, kept his secret, and got him into Moffatt's alms-houses.'

'Moffatt's alms-houses!' exclaimed both Ned and Charley.

'Yes,' went on the fisherman; 'they were founded by a gentleman in the West Indies, who is said to have done so in gratitude for some reason or other we never learned the rights on.'

'Your father is living, then?' asked Mr Moffatt eagerly.

'That he is, sir; and he is hale and hearty, but bowed with the weight of the secret he fancies his life depends upon the keeping. You will see him, sir, waiting for me on our landing, for this is the day in each week he comes down for a dish of eels to treat the old men and women at the alms-houses.'

We need not dwell upon the meeting of the two 'drowned' men, nor attempt to describe the exquisite joy of all concerned, as the way was led by the fisherman's son up to Moffatt's alms-houses, where the founder shared for the first time in the happiness of the recipients. He now learned from Marcus Banks himself that he was miraculously saved from drowning by his coming up to the surface between the stanchion of the weir and the punt—that he had clung to the latter for some time before his weakness and condition permitted him to get into it, which accounted for Mr Moffatt not being able to see him, and presuming him to be lost. Having got into the punt, he lay for some time insensible; but when he recovered, and had realised the awful nature of his

situation, he hastened ashore, sought his home in the state his son described, and fled, to follow a vagabond and precarious, and infinitely worse, a haunted life for years.

The bells of the village church were set ringing that evening, rejoicings were general as well as at the alms-houses; the next Sunday, the vicar improved the occasion by a sermon on the events. The cottage was again set in order; and Mr Moffatt, now more often than in his younger days, seeks with his sons, when they can be spared from their studies, and with young Banks, the pleasure round and about the once dreaded, and supposed fatal, Marcus' Deep.

#### BRIDGING GREAT INTERVALS OF TIME.

THE late Dr R. CHAMBERS, in certain papers in these pages, in 1833 and 1839, gave some amusing instances of the manner in which distant ages may be connected by the lives of individuals—for instance, a person we know may have spoken to another who had been an eye-witness of moving historical events more than a hundred years ago.

The subject is one that may from time to time be interestingly adverted to. The circumstances which have passed under the notice of a single long-lived individual are sometimes matter of wonder to the young. The late Lord Lyndhurst lived till 1868; yet he had seen the birth, growth, and maturity of the republic of the United States of America, for he was born in Massachusetts, at a time when that and the other eastern states were British plantations or colonies. In his ninety-two years of life, he had seen the whole history of the great republic. In 1874 died Paymaster Thorne, the oldest naval officer in the Queen's service; for he received his first commission in the days when Lord Nelson was still living, fighting, and conquering. Still more remarkable was the case of the late Field-marshal Viscount Combermere; he was a commissioned officer in the British army in 1791, and a commissioned officer he was in 1865, when death carried him off at the age of ninety-two. During his passage through all the military grades from ensign to field-marshal, he had been conversant with the wars relating to two republics, two empires, and several monarchies in France. Most noteworthy fact of all, Combermere and the great Napoleon had been subaltern officers in the self-same year, the one (English) as Ensign Cotton, the other (French) as Lieutenant Bonaparte; and yet Napoleon has been dead more than half a century! When George IV. visited Edinburgh in 1822, he had an interview with one of the men who had fought for Prince Charlie in 1745; the king pleasantly welcomed him as 'the last of his enemies.' One Mr Evans, who died in 1780, was wont to speak of having witnessed the execution of Charles I. in 1649; but this assertion is sadly in need of corroboration.

When two aged persons are concerned, the one born shortly before the death of the other, a much longer space of time may be bridged over by a retentive memory. James Horrocks, born in 1744, and surviving till 1844, was the son of William Horrocks, who was born in 1657, during the Protectorate of Cromwell. James, therefore, in the present reign of Victoria, could talk of his sire having been contemporaneous with the stirring events consequent on the downfall of the first

Charles. If these dates are correct, William must have been more than eighty years of age when his son James was born. Mr and Mrs S. C. Hall, when travelling in Ireland in 1840, were introduced to a venerable man who could tell them that his father had been present at the battle of the Boyne, a hundred and fifty years previously, when a boy of fifteen; this was possible if the father was (say) seventy-five when the son was born, and the latter ninety at the date of the interview. The Earl of Mansfield, in 1787, narrated that he had conversed with a man who had witnessed the execution of Charles I. In 1823 Mr Andrew Coventry stated that he had dined with the mother-in-law of the Young Pretender, Prince Charlie. This strange connecting of two periods was thus explained. Princess Stolberg had a daughter, Louisa, who married the Pretender in 1773, when he had become a middle-aged man; there was an interval of eighty-five years between the birth of Prince Charlie and Mr Coventry; yet the latter had dined with the Princess Stolberg, when she was a venerable dame of ninety. Lord Torphichen, living in 1862, had an uncle who was an officer in the royal army in 1745, fighting at the battle of Prestonpans; and another uncle who, as a boy, was concerned in a so-called witch adventure in 1720: facts which seem to shew that the Torphichens were a tough old race. James Stuart the architect, known for his classical knowledge, as Athenian Stuart, died in 1788, at the age of seventy-six; he had a posthumous son born in that year, and this son lived to be Commander Stuart of the royal navy, who was living till 1861, if not later: the father and son between them thus covered a hundred and forty-nine years at the least.

The following are further instances belonging to the same class. In 1713 a venerable matron was living who might, in one sense, have been called a niece of Mary, Queen of Scots. It arose thus: Francis II. of France was the first husband of the hapless Mary, he being at the time of the marriage, in 1558, fifteen years of age, and known as the Dauphin; he became king in the following year, but died after a reign of only a few months. His brother succeeded him as Charles IX. in 1560, and had a natural son, to whom the title of Duc d'Angoulême was given; this king died in 1574. The duke's widow lived on to 1741, when she died in extreme old age. She, therefore, survived her father-in-law by no less than a hundred and thirty-nine years; and as Francis and Charles were brothers, she was, therefore, a kind of step-niece of Mary, Queen of Scots. In another instance, a gentleman, living in 1872, was the son of a person born in 1722; the two thus bridging over a hundred and fifty years between them. If the father was (say) fifty-five when the son was born, and the latter lived to the age of ninety-five, this would fulfil the conditions. Maurice O'Connell, father (we believe) of the great agitator, died in 1825, at the advanced age of ninety-nine; in his youth, he had known an aged man, named Daniel M'Carthy, who had been present at the battle of Aughrim in 1691—a man had seen a man who had witnessed an event a hundred and thirty-four years before the decease of the former. The Countess of Loudoun, widow of the third earl, was born in 1677, and lived to be almost exactly a hundred years old; she was

attended professionally by Dr John Mackenzie, who survived till 1841. In this case, a medical man, in the reign of Victoria, could say that he had attended a lady born in the reign of Charles II.—covering the reigns of eight intervening sovereigns. Dr Routh, President of Magdalen College, Oxford, held his presidency to the day of his death in 1854, when he had entered upon his hundredth year; when a young collegian, he knew Dr Theophilus Leigh, who had been Master of Balliol College at the time when Addison was an Oxford student, about the year 1695. This was a clear leap of more than a century and a half covered by two learned men during their academical career. Sir Stephen Fox, born in the first half of the seventeenth century, had a family by his first wife; and one of his sons was Paymaster of the Forces in 1679. He survived his wife and all the children; married again at an advanced age in Queen Anne's reign; had two more sons; and one of these sons became the father of the celebrated statesman, Charles James Fox. The statesman, therefore, just before his death in 1806, might have said: 'An uncle of mine was a member of the government a hundred and twenty-seven years ago.' The case of Commodore Pickernell was another remarkable one. This tough old sailor, who died in 1859, at the age of eighty-seven, knew in his youth an old man who could tell of having been encamped as a soldier on Hounslow Heath at the time of the Revolution in 1688. When quieter days came, the soldier played as a bandman at the coronation of Queen Anne; and next served throughout the Duke of Marlborough's campaigns. There is something a little startling about these dates; but, as Pickernell was barely eight years old, and the veteran a little over a hundred, when they met, the difficulty may be solved by supposing that the soldier was very young (say a drummer-boy) at the time of encamping on Hounslow Heath.

A distinct series of these curious phenomena is presented when *three* persons are concerned in transmitting the record. Mr Ramage, in 1872, communicated to one of the journals the following: 'When I was a boy, I was acquainted with an old woman named Margaret Clench, who lived in a cottage within the Drumlanrig domain, at a short distance from Drumlanrig Castle. She had in her youth been in attendance on Catharine Hyde, the wife of Duke Charles of Queensberry. Duke Charles was born in 1698.' Thus, a gentleman writing in 1872 could say that he had seen a woman who had seen a man who was born in 1698; the space of time included being one hundred and seventy-four years. William Oldys, the learned bibliographer, who died in 1761, had known a lady who connected him with Waller the poet, born in 1605. The facts and dates stood thus: When James II.'s younger daughter was still Princess Anne, and he still undisturbed by the Revolution of 1688, one of her maids of honour was a daughter of Sir John Talbot; she paid a visit to Waller when he was eighty years old; and she herself, when a venerable widow, Viscountess de Longueville, was visited by Oldys, at that time a septuagenarian. Mr Frank Buckland, writing to *Land and Water* in 1872, stated that Dr Routh of Magdalen College (whose name we have already had occasion to mention) had in his youth seen an old woman who in her youth

had seen Charles II. walking in Oxford with his favourite spaniel. There seems, however, to be one intermediate life omitted here; for in a notice in the *Times* of Dr Routh's death, 1854, we learn that 'he had been told by a lady of her aunt, who had seen Charles II. walking with his dogs in Oxford in 1665.' There were thus *two* ladies and Dr Routh to connect the widely-distant dates. Mr Buckland mentioned another case, of a friend, Mr H—, who told him that when ten years old he used to sit on his grandmother's knee, and listen to her account of what took place in 1745, when she was eleven years old; that she was at that date residing at a farmhouse in the western part of the county of Durham; that some of the adherents of the Young Pretender passed that way; that she assisted her mother in succouring them with bread, cheese, beer, and other refreshments; and she recollected that the poor fellows fell on their knees, and thanked in Gaelic their kind hostess. Now, Mr H— had a daughter born in 1868; if she lives to the age of eighty, she will be able to say: 'My great-grandmother fed some of Prince Charlie's troops more than two hundred years ago.'

Dependent on a similar number of lives are some other instances which deserve brief notice. The Scottish newspapers in 1766 recorded the birth of a child to Lady Nicolson of Glenbervie; her husband, Sir William, was ninety-two years old at the time, having married his second wife when he was eighty-two; there was an interval of sixty-six years between the birth of his first daughter by his first wife and his youngest daughter by his second wife. We have no record of the death of this youngest daughter, but supposing her to have lived beyond her eightieth year, she might have said in 1846: 'My father was born a hundred and seventy-two years ago, in the time of Charles II.; and my eldest sister was born a hundred and forty-six years ago.' This case was a specially remarkable one, in one at least of its features. More within the ordinary run, but still noteworthy, was the instance of Dr Franklin, who was the grandson of a man born in the time of Queen Elizabeth; Benjamin Franklin himself died in 1790; and thus he, his father, and grandfather, covered two centuries. About the year 1539 was born Miss Lettice Knollys, who eventually became by marriage Countess of Essex in 1556, Countess of Leicester in 1578, and Lady Blount in 1589. This courtly lady, who did not quit the scene of life till 1634, was a great-niece of Anne Boleyn, and might, very probably, as a little girl, have seen Henry VIII.; she certainly saw Edward VI., Queen Mary, Queen Elizabeth, James I., and Charles I. Lettice belonged to a family very retentive of life; for her father reached the age of eighty-five, one brother eighty-six, another brother ninety-nine, and herself ninety-five. Another courtly lady was in a position to say, shortly before her death in 1858: 'King Charles II. was present at the marriage of my grandfather, and gave away the bride nearly a hundred and ninety years ago.' This leaping over a wide gap of time seems rather startling; but the facts and dates arrange themselves in the following way: James, the fifth Earl of Balcarras, was a naval officer in the service of Queen Anne; he had come to the earldom as successor to his father, the fourth earl; Charles II., near the close of his reign, had given away the bride at the first

marriage of this fourth earl; of the years of birth and death of the two noblemen we need not take account; but Earl James's daughter Elizabeth became Countess of Hardwicke, and survived to a very advanced age in 1858.

It has been pointed out that when George IV. ascended the throne in 1820, the self-same decorations of the Order of the Garter which he then received were those which had been worn by his ancestor, Charles II.; and it was a remarkable fact that there had been only two intermediate holders in that long period. Charles II. conferred them on the Duke of Somerset, who retained them till his death at an advanced age in 1748. They were then conferred on the young Prince of Wales, at that time a boy of eleven or twelve years of age; he retained them for no less than seventy-two years, twelve as Prince, and sixty as King George III.; after which they passed to his eldest son, George IV. The Duke of Somerset and George III. between them held the decorations uninterruptedly for a hundred and forty years. In a most unusual degree was the duke a participator in courtly ceremonies wherein stars and garters are more or less likely to be worn; under no less than six sovereigns in succession; for he was one of the pall-supporters at the funeral of Charles II., the bearer of the orb at the coronation of James II., the bearer of the queen's crown at the coronation of William and Mary, the supporter of the chief mourner at the funeral of King William, the bearer of the orb at the coronation of Queen Anne, again its bearer at the coronation of George I., and once again at that of George II.

With regard to the historical value of these remarkable leaps over wide intervals of time, it may be well to bear in mind that the fewer the intermedia, the persons concerned in handing down the testimony, the less likely is the story to grow untruthful by repetition. On the other hand, some of them are exposed to the influence of defective memory in old age. When a garrulous old man talks about the events of his youth, he is not always reliable as to dates, though honestly intending to speak the truth. Nevertheless, after making all necessary deductions, these phenomena as to memory are certainly worthy of attention.

## THE AXOLOTL.

AMONG the later additions to the Brighton Aquarium is the Axolotl (pronounced A-chólatl) or Ajolote, a curious creature, which has perplexed naturalists ever since its first introduction to the scientific world. The singularity of this creature consists in its being one of those animal existences properly termed 'Protean'—partaking partly of the character of a fish, and partly that of a reptile—and in its possessing certain other strange physiological distinctions, too abstruse for the general reader. Any one desiring scientific elucidation on the subject will find it so treated in a paper read by Sir Everard Home before the Royal Society so long ago as 1824, and published in the *Transactions* for that year. We shall here confine ourselves to giving a brief account of this Protean in regard to its habits, habitat, and the uses to which it is put by the people inhabiting the Valley of Mexico—the only place where we have any account of its having been found. And just a word about its structure and appearance.

As all know who have seen it in the tanks of the Aquarium, it bears resemblance to a gigantic newt or salamander; at the same time the possession of 'gills,' with other points of similarity to the finny tribe, suggest its being something of a fish. Its size, as commonly seen, is from that of a sprat to a herring; but specimens have been taken of much greater dimensions—some measuring sixteen inches in length; its long tapering tail included in the measurement. It has a large head, with a widely extended mouth, the tongue being flat, thin, and cartilaginous. In lieu of fins, it has four feet, somewhat like those of a lizard or frog, and by these it propels itself frog-fashion through the water. Its colour is a mixture of black and white, with some variety in the markings according to age and sex.

The axolotl is an inhabitant of the great salt lake Tezoco—the largest of the six lakes (formerly there were but five) now existing in the Valley of Mexico; and as far as is known, it is confined to this one, the water of most of the others being fresh, and seemingly not suitable to its existence. Tezoco is now of much smaller extent than at the time of the Mexican Conquest. Then it washed the walls of Tenochtitlan, the ancient capital of the Aztec Empire, completely encircling it. At present, the lake's edge is more than a league from the suburbs of the modern city of Mexico, which occupies the same site as did Tenochtitlan. Notwithstanding its contracted dimensions, Tezoco is still a grand sheet of water, having a superficial area of over one hundred square miles. Its depth, however, is but small, no part of it being more than four English feet, according to a series of one hundred and twenty-seven soundings, taken by a scientific commission, under the directions of the Mexican government. Humboldt gives its depth, at the date of his visit, 1803, from three to five French mètres. The great traveller must either have been misinformed—the soundings of the lake not then having been scientifically verified—or it has since shallowed by evaporation and silting up. The water is extremely salt, and no fish can live in it, with the exception of here and there, at the mouths of certain fresh-water influent streams, some diminutive minnow-like species, by the Mexicans called 'juiles.' But these never venture out to the body of the lake, which is left to the axolotl, which alone finds its saline character congenial. Even upon these shores vegetation scarcely shews itself, or only in a few stunted plants of species that thrive best in soil impregnated with saline particles. All around Tezoco we see sterility equalling that of the Sahara, the surface of the adjacent plains, with such scant herbage as appears upon them, being covered with a white efflorescence like hoar-frost.

In this Dead Sea of the western hemisphere dwells this strange animal. But although having all the lake's water to itself, it is not left either undisturbed or unmolested. Cranes, pelicans, and other predatory wading-birds make war upon it; and it has furthermore to fear man. For, despite its somewhat repulsive appearance, it is esteemed as an article of food, and is in consequence an object of piscatorial capture. The 'lake Indian'—descendant of the Aztecs—is its greatest enemy. He not only pursues it with avidity, but eats it with the greatest gusto; to him it is a tit-bit, a *bonne bouche*. And indeed others besides the

aborigines often deign to partake of its flesh, which they say is white, delicate, and savoury. Skinned, and broiled, it is not only eatable, but fairly palatable; while it is also supposed to possess valuable medicinal properties. Doctors recommend it for inflammation of the liver and hectic fever; and it is considered healthful food for children. A syrup compounded from the gelatinous portions of the body, with certain herbs, is sold in the apothecaries' shops of Mexico, as a mucilage beneficial in pulmonary complaints.

The axolotl did not escape observation by the historians of the Mexican Conquest. Clavigero, Salagun, and others of the early writers, have each given account of it—all deeming it an odd animal—some of them believing it to be in an imperfect or undeveloped state, as the tadpole before its final transformation to a frog.

The light of science first thrown upon it by Humboldt, but more fully by Sir Everard Home, has dispelled these erroneous ideas; though still leaving doubtful many points in the zoological affinity of this singular aquatic creature.

#### THE REAPERS.

THE reapers bend their lusty backs;  
Their sounding sickles sway;  
At every stroke the golden sea  
Recedes to give them way;  
The heavy ears fall bowing down,  
And nestle at their feet.  
Such will, such work as theirs, perforce,  
Must win—must homage meet.

So careless of fatigue they go,  
So true, so steadily,  
The admiring traveller on the road  
Leans o'er the gate to see;  
With marvel of the soon-fallen breadth,  
The lounging gossips tell;  
But the reapers labour for us all:  
'Tis need they should work well.

Ere the great sun that burns above  
Shall crimson in the west,  
And the children's poppy nosegays fade,  
And they lie down to rest,  
Each golden spear that upward points  
Shall fall upon the field,  
And the farmer drain a sparkling glass,  
Rejoicing o'er the yield.

O'ly, bonny men, your sickles bright,  
And give the people bread!  
At every conquering stride you take,  
On want and woe you tread.  
Drop, heavy ears, and give the strength  
You gathered from this plain,  
That man may rise refreshed and firm,  
And do great things again.

God bless the hands, all hard and brown,  
That guide the cleaving plough,  
That cast abroad the shining seed,  
And build the wealthy mow;  
They rear the bread our children eat;  
'Tis by their toil we live;  
Hurrah! give them the loudest cheer  
That grateful hearts can give!

Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, 47 Paternoster Row, LONDON, and 339 High Street, EDINBURGH.  
Also sold by all Booksellers.

# CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

OF

POPULAR

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

*Fourth Series*

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS.

No. 607.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 14, 1875.

PRICE 1½d.

## SOME EARLY RECOLLECTIONS.

FOURTH PAPER.

I HAVE to say a few more words regarding the French prisoners of war, but before doing so, I propose to tell a little story of humble life.

In a thatched cottage not far from my father's residence in the small town by the Tweed, so often referred to, there dwelt a decent old woman, a widow, with her grown-up son and daughter. It was a primitive unassuming establishment. The family, though well off, lived in a frugal old-fashioned manner, incurred no debt, and were scrupulously attentive to religious duties. By the death of his father, Will Broun, as he was familiarly called, dropped into the enviable position of a *bonnet laird*—that is, a land-proprietor on a small scale. Besides the cottage, consisting of a *but* and a *ben* (an outer and inner apartment), and a good garden in the rear, he inherited several patches of land, perhaps amounting altogether to six acres, such being amply sufficient for raising potatoes, as well as grass and turnips for a cow. As, beyond all these riches, a certain income was derived from Will's industry, things were placed on a pleasantly sound footing. All that he needed to do was to hold quietly on, as his forefathers had done for I cannot tell how many generations.

Some people, as the saying is, do not know when they are well off. Scottish folly and extravagance are a pretty common method of ruination. Will brought himself to poverty through an entirely different course of procedure, such as I have never seen noticed in literature; perhaps because no one could conceive anything so utterly ridiculous. He had a good education—so good, that he was able to translate the scraps of Latin on the tombstones in the churchyard, on which he would sometimes expatiate; and here I touch on that thread of vanity which ran through his complicated character.

This pretension to scholarship was a weakness, but a harmless weakness, and one could have passed it over, had Will shewn any robustness of character otherwise. Unfortunately,

Will became acquainted with an Irishman of a humble type, one of those who visited Scotland with a view of picking up a few bounties to act as substitutes in the militia, and who, on pocketing the cash, set off on their way home—such being a far from uncommon plan of making a little money during the heat of the French war. Influenced by the counsels of this adventurer, Will, in company with a townsman, made an excursion through Ireland, and from that time may be said never to have done any good. Demoralised, from the haunts into which he had been drawn, he returned with a fanatical veneration for rags, Irish mendicants, and indeed everything which savoured of an abject social condition. According to his notions, all that was estimable belonged to the poor and struggling classes; all who moved in a dignified, or simply respectable position, were worthless oppressors. Everybody, of course, laughed at and pitied these whimsicalities. Will was in a certain sense crazy. 'He's no an ill fellow,' neighbours used to say; 'he's clever and weel educate; if he would only mind who he's come o', and have a wee bit pride, there would be nae fear o' him; instead o' that, he tak's up wi' low companions, and they'll some day be his ruin.' Such, as I recollect, were the prognostications about this strange being—and they were verified.

Taking all heritable advantages into account, Will might have aspired to marry in his own, if not in a superior rank, but that would have been a violation of principle. He sought a wife in a subordinate department of society; though, in sooth, the woman on whom he fixed his affections was, in point of industrious habits and common-sense, much better than he was. I knew Tibby Tait, a brisk Scottish lass, when she was 'just entered in her teens.' She worked at the loom, and was one of the best cotton-weavers in the town, earning perhaps as much as five-and-twenty shillings a week; for as yet hand-loom weaving had not suffered materially from Cartwright's magnificent invention of the power-loom.

How Tibby should have been put to the unfeminine occupation of weaving, involves some

family details. Her father, Jock, a bulky man of lazy and self-indulgent propensities, had the bad, or probably the good, fortune to be struck with palsy on the left side, which at once furnished him with an unchallengeable excuse for working no more during the rest of his life. As is customary in cases of this sort, the means of livelihood were conveniently thrown on the wife and children. Tibby and her brother were respectively put to a loom in an apartment on the left-hand side of the doorway as you entered the humble dwelling. On the right hand was the kitchen, parlour, bedroom, or whatever you like to call it, where sat Jock, idle and dignifiedly, in an arm-chair at the fire-side, smoking a short black pipe, and complacently surveying his wife, Nelly, a tidy and assiduous being, at her incessant occupation of winding pirns for the weavers in the neighbourhood. As a child dropping in with errands, I received impressions of the scene that remain like a picture photographed on remembrance. The sunlight seems to me still glinting through the window, and falling on Nelly, seated on a 'creepie,' or low stool, birling at her wheel, and mingling with its booming sound the cheerful notes of a song from *The Gentle Shepherd*:

When first my young laddie gae'd to the green hill,  
And I at ewe-milking first sey'd my young skill,  
To bear the milk bowie nae pain was to me,  
When I at the buchtin' forgather'd wi' thee -

which charming lyric she sings in a lightsome way, as a relief to her feelings. From the outer room across the passage, comes the lively clicking noise of shuttles, which, like the booming of Nelly's wheel, imparts a placid satisfaction to Jock, as signifying that all this diligent industry is for his special advantage. The picture includes a member of the establishment, who is about some household work. This was a daughter, Jenny, too young to be set to the loom, and who, meanwhile, fills the situation, without wages, of scout and general factotum. Burns, in his *Cotter's Saturday Night*, speaks of a similarly useful young creature, who

Tentie rins a canny errand to a neebour town.

The errands which Jenny ran were comparatively limited in circuit, but of pretty frequent occurrence, in connection with the supply of her father's indulgences, in which branches of expenditure Nelly and the other bread-winners were excluded from having a voice. Jock permitted no domestic plebiscite in the matter of his personal indulgences.

Viewing his children as so much mechanical and financial capital, Jock was anything but uplifted at the prospect of Tibby making what was thought a good marriage. The happiness of the girl never entered his thoughts. He clearly and logically felt that the loss of his daughter's earnings was plainly an abstraction of so much tobacco, whisky, and other personal solacements. This was of course very shabby and very selfish, but by no means singular. Jock only thought as others think daily. In certain sections of the community, as is well

known, children are valued only according to their contribution to the family earnings; and, like slaves, have no right to remonstrate. He was heard to observe that the taking away of Tibby 'would be a loss o' a red guinea to him every week.' A bereaved slave-owner could not have spoken more feelingly.

Whether Jock liked it or not, the marriage took place. The previous decease of Will's mother and sister happily left the coast clear for Tibby, who, transferred from drudgery at the loom, took her place as the wife of a bonnet laird, for which her education did not exactly qualify her. She had, however, hardly time to settle down in this new phase of life, when Will suddenly took it into his head to sell off the old heritage—land, house, cow, and everything—turn the whole into money, and remove to Penicuik, in order to set up as 'a merchant,' that is to say, to keep a grocer's shop and sell a dram—an occupation for which the Scotch have somehow a remarkable fancy when everything else fails. Tibby was still less qualified to do justice to this kind of business, but, like a dutiful wife, she promised to do her best. Will, at the same time, graciously assuring her that he would take entire charge of the liquor department. So, here they began their mercantile career. The village at the time was crammed with soldiers, stationed as a guard on the mass of French prisoners of war in the depot that I have imperfectly described.

On the occasion of visiting Penicuik, as has been already noticed in these papers, my father and I, after viewing the merry scene of fiddling and dancing among the prisoners, called upon Will, as being in some degree known to him and his wife. The house he occupied is still extant; being the corner building on the right-hand side as you turn into the village on coming from Edinburgh. Conducted up-stairs to an apartment overlooking the wide open space traversed by the thoroughfare southwards, I went, boy-like, to the window, and, glancing out, was startled by observing one of the prisoners in his yellow garb, escorted by a soldier carrying in his hand a drawn bayonet. To add to my surprise, the prisoner and his military escort came to the door of the house in which we were, and immediately there was an announcement that our host was wanted. Off went Will; and all we learned of the affair was that he had dealings with the prisoners, by disposing of some of their articles of manufacture on commission, besides helping them to purchase raw materials as a matter of trade. The circumstance caused us no concern, and only some time afterwards was it abruptly and unpleasantly brought to remembrance.

Early in 1812, paragraphs and advertisements began to appear in the newspapers, to the effect that French prisoners of war in various depots in England and Scotland, were manufacturing and contriving to dispose of forged bank-notes, regarding which people were cautioned to be on their guard. So far as Scotland was concerned, the notes selected for imitation were said to be chiefly those of the Bank of Scotland and the Commercial Bank, because they had little or no pictorial delineation, and consisted almost entirely of engraved penmanship. Furnished with suitable

paper and a few crow-pens, the prisoners at several of the depots produced a fair imitation, sufficient to impose on the unwary. Their chief difficulty consisted in impressing the seal or stamp. Either by cutting a die themselves, or procuring one from artists outside, they impressed it on the paper as is generally believed by the smart blow of a hammer, in the manner that coins long ago had been struck at the Mint. The impression was no doubt deficient, but among an ignorant class of persons that was not noticed. The inhabitants of the town in which we lived were not a little discomposed by the following advertisement in the newspapers, extending over February and March 1812:

'Several forged notes, in imitation of the notes of the Governor and Company of the Bank of Scotland, having appeared chiefly in the neighbourhood of the depots of French prisoners of war, a caution is hereby, on the part of the said Governor and Company, given against receiving such forged notes in payment. And whoever shall, within three months from the date hereof, give such information as shall be found sufficient, on lawful trial, to convict any one concerned in forging or feloniously uttering any of the said notes, shall receive a reward of a hundred pounds sterling. These forged notes are executed by the hand with a pen or pencil, without any engraving. In most of them, the body of the note has the appearance of foreign handwriting. The names of the bank officers are mostly illegible or ill spelled. The ornamented characters and the figures generally ill executed. The seals are very ill imitated. To this mark particular attention is requested.'

For a time, people were puzzled to know how the forged notes in any abundance could get through the cordon of sentinels who night and day environed the palisades of the respective depots. Judicial investigations cleared up the difficulty. From humane considerations, the prisoners had been indulged in a too free communication with the outer world, as regards buying and selling. This degree of liberty they had abused. In the village or town adjoining the depot, they usually found some person willing to receive packets of the notes for disposal on commission, which packets were either smuggled out by the connivance of sentries, or were carried out clandestinely by the prisoners when on a pretended business errand under escort. At Penicuik, a suspicious connection with these transactions fell on that wayward person, our hero, Will; nor did this surprise us, recollecting what we had seen. Summarily, by a warrant of the sheriff of Midlothian, he was captured, and lodged in the Old Tolbooth of Edinburgh. Intelligence of this unforeseen event created, as I recollect, a hubbub in the limited community among whom I resided. Will was known to be heedless, with no end of whimsical notions about social equality, but until now no one fancied he could have anything to do with the circulation of forged bank-notes. The shock to his old acquaintances was correspondingly great.

Things, fortunately, did not turn out so badly as was feared. There was a dash of the comic in the affair. At his judicial examinations, Will professed to know nothing about forged notes. He was a dealer in 'yarn,' on commission. The prisoners made the yarn, and sent him neatly sealed packets of it for disposal. He understood, though he never

got any right explanation on the subject, that by the jocular term 'yarn' was meant pictures to amuse children. Packets containing five of these imaginary pictures were, when he received them, marked 'Small Yarn;' and packets of larger dimensions bore the inscription 'Large Yarn.' He had been in the habit of executing orders for these packages, knowing absolutely nothing of their contents; and it would have been the last of his actions to engage in a traffic of this sort if he had known that the packages contained forged bank-notes. Being pressed to say who were his customers for 'yarn,' he specified one or two persons in Roxburghshire, who were dealers in sheep, cattle, and so on—respectable individuals, as he always believed. The explanations were ingenious. Will was set down as a sort of simpleton. He could not, with a chance of conviction, be charged with a knowledge of 'felonious utterance.' With a strong admonition, he was dismissed. Thankfully he quitted the Tolbooth, after having, in a sense, 'rubbed shoulders wi' the gallows.' What was done with his customers for 'yarn' in Roxburghshire, I never heard with any precision.

Possibly one of them was a man named Alexander Thomson, *alias* John Laurie, who, on a charge of uttering forged notes, was tried before the High Court of Justiciary, 8th September 1812. When apprehended, he was stripped of all his clothing, and a package containing six forged one-pound notes was found concealed between the sole of his foot and his stocking. At his preliminary examinations, he first represented himself to be a drover of cattle, and got the notes at Berwick-on-Tweed. Then, he said he was a soldier in the Aberdeenshire Militia, and that he found the notes near Dalkeith. These prevarications were against him, but at his trial the jury by a plurality of voices found 'the libel not proven.' A narrow escape!

Determined to go to the root of the matter, the authorities instituted a rigorous search of the depot at Penicuik to discover the leading members of the 'yarn-trade.' They alighted upon seven—quite a syndicate. The following particulars regarding the capture and subsequent escape of these alleged forgers are given in the Edinburgh newspapers of July 21, 1812:

'Very early on Sunday morning, seven French prisoners of war, who were committed to the Tolbooth of this city on suspicion of forgery, effected their escape. They were confined to the north-west room on the third story, and they had penetrated the wall, though very thick, till they got into the chimney of Mr Gilmour's shop [on the ground floor], into which they descended by means of ropes. As they could not force their way out of the shop, they ascended a small stair to the room above, from which they took out half of the window, and descended one by one into the street, and got clear off. In the course of the morning, one of them was retaken in the Grass-market, being traced by the sooty marks of his feet. We understand that, except one, they all speak broken English. They left a note on the table of the shop, saying they had taken nothing away.' Their names and a description of their persons were appended. Subsequently, three of the prisoners were taken at Glasgow, and another was apprehended in Dublin. That the government would stop at no half-measures in trying to stamp out the trade of forging notes in the prisons, is



evident from a newspaper notice, April 24, 1812: 'La Roche, the French prisoner of war who was left for execution at Launceston by Sir A. Chambre, was executed on Monday at Bodmin for forging bank-notes. The prisoners in Hamoaze could not be induced to believe he would be executed; much lenity having heretofore been extended to French prisoners who had been detected manufacturing notes. But it is now the determination of government to check the ingenuity of the manufacturers by severe measures.'

As for Will, he had got a fright, and refrained in future from any transactions in 'yarn.' His reputation, however, had suffered, and from this time, his course was rapidly downward. At the peace of 1814, the prisoners departed, and so did the host of soldiers who had watched them, leaving Penicuik almost a 'Deserted Village.' Wrecked and ruined in a business for which he had no capacity, and damaged by his connection with the worst of the *détenus*, he and his family migrated to Edinburgh, where he had ample scope to gravitate to a level with the most abject of the population, and to indulge philosophically in companionship with virtuous rags and wretchedness. And there we leave him. The French prisoners of war gave the finishing blow to his career; but in this respect poor Will was not singular. They were the source of bitter ruin in many quarters—were, in fact, a kind of national pest, certainly a fearful incumbrance. Those on parole, as far as my experience goes, were accomplished, amusing, and orderly in behaviour; but for the most part devoid of any sense of honour as regards incurring or paying debts. It is painful to know, from a Report laid before the House of Commons, that in the years 1810, 1811, and 1812, as many as six hundred and eighty-five French officers and other persons broke their parole, of whom two hundred and forty-two were retaken, and put in confinement. Out of twenty-five French generals, five broke their parole. The Report adds, that 'it is a gratifying circumstance, and a distinguished honour to the British people, that during the war only one Englishman has broken his parole in France, and that one a very young midshipman in the navy, whose advancement in his profession has been terminated in consequence of the act. A contrast more glorious it is scarcely possible to conceive.'

In the condition of those prisoners who patiently kept their parole in the country towns, where they were stationed in parties of from one hundred to two hundred, there was nothing offensive to the feelings. What was truly revolting to every sense of propriety, was the spectacle of vast groups of prisoners—such as three thousand at Penicuik, seven thousand at Perth, ten thousand at Norman Cross, thousands at Dartmoor, and so on—confined like wild beasts for years within palisaded inclosures, and in a state of that utter idleness which led, as we have seen, to criminal acts—forging bank-notes, as it were, to relieve the tedium of their dismal incarceration. In 1811, there were about forty-seven thousand six hundred French prisoners in England, while ten thousand three hundred English languished in the prisons of France. But before the end of hostilities, matters were much worse. At the peace in 1814, the number of French prisoners of war who had to be sent home to their own country amounted to sixty-seven thousand; this being exclusive of some

thousands of Dutch, Danes, and Swiss, who had already been liberated. May we be spared from ever seeing a repetition of this hideous state of things.  
W. C.

### CURIOUS CASE OF STEALING OR NOT STEALING.

In the year 1872, one George Middleton was a depositor in a post-office savings-bank in which a sum of eleven shillings stood at his credit. He duly gave notice to withdraw ten shillings, and a letter of advice was sent to the post-office at Notting Hill, London, to pay Mr Middleton that sum. He presented himself for payment, when the clerk in charge referred by mistake to another letter of advice for eight pounds sixteen shillings and tenpence, and placed the latter sum upon the counter. He entered the amount in the depositor's pass-book, and stamped it, and Mr Middleton walked away with eight pounds six shillings and tenpence which did not belong to him. There is no doubt Mr Middleton was perfectly aware of what he was doing, and of the clerk's mistake, but probably he little thought that it would require the combined intellect and learning of no less than fifteen judges to decide whether or not he stole that money. To an unlearned mind the case presents no difficulty, but it has divided the judicial bench.

Middleton was tried at the Central Criminal Court on the 23d of September 1872, and was found guilty, the learned common-serjeant reserving, for the opinion of the Court for Crown-cases Reserved, the question whether the circumstances amounted in law to a larceny. The latter court met on the 23d of November following, and was composed of five of the judges, under the presidency of Lord Chief-baron Kelly. The court could not agree, and the case was again reserved, this time for the opinion of *all* the judges. On the 25th of January 1873, it was argued by the then Attorney-general, Sir John Coleridge (now the Lord Chief-justice of the Common Pleas), before the Lord Chief-justice of England, the then Lord Chief-justice of the Common Pleas (Sir William Bovill), the Lord Chief-baron, Barons Martin, Bramwell, Pigott, and Cleasby, and Justices Blackburn, Keating, Mellor, Brett, Lush, Grove, Denman, and Archibald—Mr Baron Pollock and Mr Justice Quain being unavoidably absent. In effect, it was argued before the *whole judicial bench of England*. On the 7th of June following, judgment was delivered: Lord Chief-justice Cockburn, and Justices Blackburn, Mellor, Lush, Grove, Denman, and Archibald deciding that Mr Middleton was a thief, upon one ground; Lord Chief-justice Bovill, Lord Chief-baron Kelly, and Mr Justice Keating being of the same opinion, on another ground; Mr Baron Pigott coming to the same conclusion, on a third ground; and Barons Martin, Bramwell, and Cleasby, and Mr Justice Brett, being all four clearly and emphatically of opinion on one and the same ground, that no larceny had been committed.

The case of Middleton is interesting, if only as shewing the scrupulous care with which the English law is administered, and how the ever-varying phenomena of life keep on producing combinations of circumstances that have not occurred, or at anyrate have not been observed, before, and which have to be classified with great travail of mind under some old principle, or else to be

provided for afresh. Mr George Middleton's little adventure at Notting Hill has formed the theme of the most able and elaborate judgments of some of the subtlest legal intellects of our time, extending over thirty-four pages of the law reports, and representing who shall say how much experience, thought, and labour?

The difficulty may be shortly stated. To steal is to take something which belongs to somebody else: but the post-office clerk gave Middleton the money in dispute, and how can a man steal that which is given to him? This may sound like a quibble; but there are noticeable differences between Middleton's proceedings and an ordinary thief's. There is no premeditation, there is no preliminary fraud or trick upon his part; he goes into the post-office with a perfectly innocent intention, and he simply takes what is given to him. He does not walk away with something that is wholly some one else's, but with something that is partly his own. Again, it must always be remembered, judges are not legislators. It is their business to administer the law, and not to make it. They are sworn to give judgment according to precedent. This being so, it having been admitted on all hands that the offence was larceny, if anything, the question was—*not*, ought George Middleton to be punished?—but, did George Middleton's offence against honesty fall within the established definitions of larceny? It was agreed that it was covered by no statute; therefore, if it was a crime at all, it was a crime in contemplation of the common law in the old days when stealing was a hanging matter. The question might then be put thus: in olden time, would Middleton have been hanged for what he did at Notting Hill? A majority of the judges thought he would, but a minority were very positive indeed that he would not. Mr Baron Bramwell vigorously argued, not only that Middleton was not a thief in law, but further, that he was not morally a thief. Admitting that he was a dishonest man, and that what he did ought to be made criminal, the learned baron urged with much force that his unpremeditated act in fraudulently accepting what was given him by mistake, stops short of that deliberate and forcible taking which constitutes theft, and is morally a lesser offence. But of course cases have to be decided by the judges not on principles of morality, but on principles of law, and these remarks are merely incidental to the legal argument.

Before this can be understood, we should premise that, in law, goods are subject to two incidents, property and possession. When my own watch is in my own pocket, property and possession coincide. The property in the watch is in me, and the possession of it is in me. When I lend my watch to you, the possession is in you, but the property remains in me. When I give or sell my watch to you, both the property and possession are transferred to you. Now, when property goes with possession, stealing is out of the question; for the moment the property in the article passes from the original possessor, it ceases to be his, and therefore it cannot be stolen from him. Thus, it is well-settled law, that if a man goes into a provision-shop, and, by falsely pretending he has been sent by a regular customer, obtains a fitch of bacon, which of course he does not pay for, it is not a theft; because the shopkeeper, deceived by the fraud, parts with the property in the fitch as

well as the possession of it. The man obtains the fitch by false pretences, for which he may be punished; but he does not steal it.

The argument may now be understood. Stripped of its technicalities and its allusions to previously decided cases, the judgment of the majority of the judges may be paraphrased as follows: Granted that, if the property in the eight pounds six shillings and tenpence had passed to the prisoner, his offence would not amount to larceny; as a matter of law, the property in that balance did not pass to him, and never vested in him for an instant. True, the possession of it was given to him, but that was only by mistake, and the property in it remained all the time in the Postmaster-general. The money was always some one else's; the prisoner, in taking it, took what did not belong to him, and the guilty intention having been found by the jury as a matter of fact, it is a case of larceny, and the conviction is affirmed. So far, so good; this sounds like common-sense, at all events, and we are not surprised to see attached to it the name of Lord Chief-justice Cockburn. But one side is generally right until the other side is heard; and in this case it is impossible to resist the powerful reasoning of the minority. That, say they in effect, may be common-sense, though we doubt it; but certainly it is not common law, and law is what we are sworn to administer.

The arguments of Mr Baron Bramwell, Mr Justice Brett, and Mr Baron Cleasby make tremendous breaches in the position taken up by the majority; whilst old Baron Martin—brought up in a tough old school, in the days when law *was* law—has hardly patience to argue a point against which his veteran instincts obviously revolt. The reasoning of the minority is, says he, 'unanswered and unanswerable;' and that of the majority appears to the old baron 'worthy of an ancient casuist.' Mr Baron Bramwell is not so outspoken, but is quite as solid. 'Though those whose opinion I share may be, and probably are, in the wrong,' says the polite baron, 'considering the numerous and weighty opinions the other way, there is more doubt in the case than has appeared to some who seem to me to reason thus: The prisoner was as bad as a thief (which I deny), and being as bad, ought to be treated as one (which I deny also).' Mr Justice Brett thinks that the judgment of the majority 'is founded upon and enunciates a wrong proposition of law,' and is of opinion that the prisoner 'could not be convicted according to law.' Mr Baron Cleasby thinks 'the conviction was against law, and ought to be quashed.' They are all four agreed upon the reason why, and argue irresistibly. Starting with the admitted proposition, that to constitute larceny the taking must be against the will, or at least without the will of the owner of the goods, it follows that it is the state of the owner's mind, and not the state of the alleged thief's, that is to be examined for the purpose of determining whether or not the taking was without his will. The guilty intention of the prisoner has therefore nothing to do with the question in dispute. This being cleared away, the question of unwillingness or willingness on the part of the owner is reduced to a question of the condition of the owner's mind, in other words, of his intention. If he intends the property to pass, he is clearly not unwilling that it should; and whether or not

in law it actually does, is immaterial. The question, therefore, is, say the minority, not that which has been put by the majority, namely, did the property pass? but did the clerk intend that it should pass? If he did, it was not taken from him against his will, and was not larceny. Now, did he? Acting under the mistaken impression that he was paying over the correct sum, no doubt he meant the property to pass. Of course he would not have so meant if he had known what he was doing, but as a matter of fact, he did so mean. He clearly did not mean to pay the prisoner ten shillings, because that sum had never suggested itself to his mind; so, if he did not mean to pay him eight pounds sixteen shillings and tenpence, he meant to pay him nothing; which is absurd. The payment, therefore, was a voluntary payment, and its fraudulent acceptance not a theft. Upon these grounds, the minority of the judges thought that the conviction should be quashed; but the majority being of the contrary opinion, it was affirmed. It mattered little to George Middleton what any of them thought, for he had long before served out his sentence, and been set at large.

The following anomaly has thus been added to our law. If Middleton had deliberately concocted a false tale, on the faith of which he had obtained the money, he would only have been guilty of the misdemeanour of obtaining it by false pretences; but because it was accidentally given to him, and he simply walked off with it, he is a felon. The lesser offence is, by this new decision, made the greater. To some minds, the elaborate arguments, of a small part of which the foregoing is the faintest outline, exhausted upon such a question as the guilt of Middleton, may seem to be a piece of mere technical folly; but after all, the only justice that is worth the name is that which is administered on fixed and settled principles. It would never do for judges to make law to suit particular cases; and to strain the law, even to cover obvious injustice and absurdity, is a most dangerous practice. Mr Baron Bramwell evidently thinks his learned brothers have been doing this, and we cannot conclude better than by endorsing his sly recommendation of an article in the *Law Times*, where it is intimated that some judges 'might, with advantage, read and inwardly digest Paley's *Moral and Political Philosophy*, or some other approved treatise, in which the necessity for positive rules of general application, the doctrine of particular and general consequences, and the superior importance of and regard due to general consequences, are clearly expounded.'

## THE FLAG OF DISTRESS.

### CHAPTER IV.—A BLACK SQUALL.

THE surprise caused by the disappearance of the strange vessel is but short-lived. It is explained by a very natural phenomenon—a fog. Not the haze already spoken of; but a dense bank of dark vapour, that, drifting over the surface of the sea, has suddenly enveloped the barque within its floating folds. It threatens to do the same with the frigate, as every sailor aboard of her can perceive. But though their surprise is at an end, a sense of undefined fear still holds possession of them. Nor is this on account of the coming fog.

That could not frighten men who have dared every danger of the deep, and oft groped their way through icy seas shrouded in almost amorphous darkness.

Their fears spring from a fancy that the other phenomena are not natural. The fog of itself may be; but what brings it on—just then, at a crisis, when they were speculating about the character of the chased vessel—some doubting her honesty, others sceptical of her reality, not a few boldly denouncing her as a phantom? If an accident of nature, certainly a remarkable one—in truth, a strange phenomenon.

The reader may smile at credulity of this kind; but not he who has mixed among the men of the fore-castle, whatever the nationality of the ship, and whether merchantman or man-of-war. Not all the training of naval schools, nor the boasted enlightenment of this our age, has fully eradicated from the mind of the canvas-clad mariner a belief in something more than he has seen, or can see—something outside nature. To suppose him emancipated from this would be to hold him of higher intelligence than his fellow-men, who stay ashore ploughing the soil, as he does the sea. To thousands of these he can point, saying: 'Behold the believers in supernatural existences—in spirit-rappings—ay, in very ghosts; this not only in days gone by, but now—now more than ever within memory of man!' Then let not landmen scoff at such fancies, not a whit more absurd than their own credulous conceits.

Aside from this sort of feeling in the war-ship, there is soon a real and far more serious apprehension, in which all have a share, officers as well as men. A fog is before their eyes—apparently fast approaching. It has curtailed the other vessel, spreading over her like a pall, and threatens to do the same with their own. They perceive, also, that it is not a fog of the ordinary kind, but one that portends storm, sudden and violent. For they are threatened by the *black squall* of the Pacific. Enough in the name to cause uneasiness about the safety of their ship; though not of her are they thinking. She is a staunch vessel, and can stand the sea's buffetings. Their anxiety is for their absent shipmates, whose peril all comprehend. They know the danger of the two vessels getting separated in a fog. If they do, what will be the fate of those who have staid behind on the barque? The strange craft has been signalling distress. Is it scarcity of provisions, or the want of water? If so, in either case she will be worse off than ever. It cannot be shortness of hands to work her sails, with these all set! Sickness, then? Some scourge afflicting her crew—cholera or yellow fever? This made probable, by the lieutenant sending back for the doctor—and the doctor only.

Conjecturing ends, and suddenly. The time for action has arrived. The dark cloud comes driving on, and is soon around the ship, lapping her in its damp murky embrace. It clings to her bulwarks, pours over her canvas still spread, wetting it till

big drops rain down upon the deck. It is no longer a question of the surgeon starting forth on his errand of humanity, nor the cutter returning to the becalmed barque. Now there is no more chance of discovering the latter, than of finding a needle in a truss of straw. In such a fog, the finest ship that ever sailed sea, with the smartest crew that ever manned vessel, would be helpless as a man groping his way in Cimmerian darkness. There is no more thought of the barque, and not so much about the absent officers. Out of sight, they are for a time almost out of mind. For on board the frigate every one has now enough to do looking after himself and his duties. Almost on the instant of her sails being enveloped in vapour, they are struck by a wind coming from a quarter directly opposite to that for which they have been hitherto set.

The voice of her commander, heard thundering through a trumpet, directs canvas to be instantly taken in. The order is executed with the promptness peculiar to men-of-war's men; and soon after, the huge ship is tossing amid tempestuous waves, with only storm-sails set. A ship under storm-canvas is a sight always melancholy to the mariner. It tells of a struggle with winds and waves, a serious conflict with the elements, which may well cause anxiety.

Such is the situation of the British frigate, soon as surrounded by the fog. The sea, lately tranquil, is now madly raging; the waves tempest-lashed, their crests like the manes of white horses in headlong gallop. Amid them the huge war-vessel, but a while before almost motionless, a leviathan, apparently the sea's lord, is now its slave, and soon may be its victim. Dancing like a cork, she is buffeted from billow to billow, or thrown into the troughs between, as if cast there in scorn. Her crew is fully occupied taking care of her, without thought of any other vessel—even one flying a flag of distress. Erelong they may have to hoist the same signal themselves. But there are skilled seamen aboard, who well know what to do—who watch and ward every sea that comes sweeping along. Some of these tumble the big ship about till the steersmen feel her going almost regardless of the rudder.

There are but two courses left for safety, and her captain weighs the choice between them. He must 'lie to,' and ride out the gale, or 'scud' before it. To do the latter might take him away from the strange vessel—now no longer seen—and she might never be sighted by them again. Ten chances to one if she ever would, for *she* may not elect to run down the wind. Even if she did, there would be but slight hope of overhauling her, supposing the storm to continue for any considerable time. The probabilities are that she will lie to. As the frigate's lieutenant will no doubt have control, he will order her sails to be taken in; he would scarce think of parting from that spot.

Thus reflecting, the captain determines to stay

where he is. Everything has been made snug, and the ship's head set close to wind.

Still, aboard of her, brave hearts are filled with sad forebodings; not from any fear for themselves, but the safety of their shipmates in the barque. Both of the absent officers are favourites with their comrades of the quarter, as with the crew. So too the coxswain who accompanies them. What will be their fate? All are thinking of it, though no one offers a surmise. No one can tell to what they have committed themselves. 'Tis only sure, that in the tempest now raging there must be danger to the strange craft, without counting that signalled by her reversed ensign—without thought of the mystery already enwrapping her. The heart of every man on board the war-ship is beating with humanity, and pulsing with pent-up fear. And while the waves are fiercely assaulting the strong ship—while winds are rattling loud amidst her rigging—a yet louder sound mingles with their monotone. It is given out at regularly measured intervals: for it is the *minute-gun* which the frigate has commenced firing—not as a signal of distress, asking for assistance, but one of counsel and cheer, seeking to give it. Every sixty seconds, amidst the wild surging of waves, and the hoarse howling of winds, the louder boom of cannon breaks their harsh continuity.

The night comes down, adding to the darkness, though not much to the dilemma in which the frigate is placed. The fog and storm combined have already made her situation dangerous as might be; it could not well be worse. Both continue throughout the night; and on through all the night she keeps discharging the signal-guns. No one aboard of her thinks of listening for a response. In all probability, there is no cannon—nothing upon the barque that could give it. Close upon the hour of morning, the storm begins to abate, and the clouds to dissipate. The fog seems to be lifting, or drifting off to some other part of the ocean. With hope again dawning comes the dawn of day. The crew of the frigate every man of them, officers and tars—are upon deck. They stand along the ship's sides, ranged in rows by the bulwarks, looking out across the sea.

There is no fog now—not the thinnest film. The sky is clear as crystal, and blue as a boat-race ribbon fresh unfolded; the sea the same—its big waves no longer shewing sharp white crests, but rounded and rolling gently along. Over these the sailors look, scanning the surface. Their gaze is sent to every quarter—every point of the compass. The officers sweep the horizon with their glasses, ranging around the circle where the two blues meet. But neither naked eye nor telescope can discover aught there. Only sea and sky; an albatross with pinions of grander spread; or a tropic bird, its long tail-feathers trailing, train-like, behind it. No barque, polacca-rigged or otherwise—no ship of any kind—no sign of sail—no canvas except a full set of 'courses' which the frigate herself has now set. She is alone upon the ocean—in the mighty Pacific—a mere speck upon its far-stretching illimitable expanse. Every man aboard of her feels this, and feels it with a sense of sadness. But they are silent, each inquiring of himself what has become of the barque, and what has become of the fate of their shipmates.

One alone is heard speaking aloud, giving

expression to a thought now common to all. It is the sailor who twice uttered the prediction, which he again repeats—only changing it to the assertion of a certainty. With a group gathered around him, he says: 'Shipmates; we'll never see that lieutenant again, nor the young reefer, nor the old cox'n—never!'

#### CHAPTER V.—A BRACE OF BRITISH OFFICERS.

Scene, San Francisco, the capital of California. Time, the autumn of 1849; several weeks antecedent to the chase described.

A singular city the San Francisco of 1849; very different from what it is to-day, and equally unlike what it was twelve months before the aforesaid date; when the obscure village of Yerba Buena yielded up its name, along with its site, entering on what may be termed a second genesis.

The little village, port of the Mission Dolores, built of sun-dried bricks—its petty commerce in hides and tallow represented by two or three small craft annually visiting it—wakes up one morning to behold whole fleets of ships come crowding through the Golden Gate, and dropping their anchor in front of its wharfed strand. They come from all parts of the Pacific, from all the other oceans, from the ends of the earth, carrying every kind of flag known to the nations. The whaler, late harpooning 'fish' in the Arctic, with him who has been chasing 'cachalot' in the Pacific and Indian; the merchantman standing towards Australia, China, or Japan; the trader among the South Sea Islands; the coaster of Mexico, Chili, and Peru; men-of-war of every flag and fashion—frigates, corvettes, and double-deckers; even Chinese junks and Malayan prahus are seen sailing into San Francisco Bay, and coming to beside the beach of Yerba Buena.

What has caused this grand spreading of canvas, and commingling of queer craft? What is still causing it, for still they come! The answer lies in a little word of four letters; the same that from the beginning of man's activity on earth has moved him to many things, too oft to deeds of evil—*gold*. Some eighteen months before, the Swiss *émigré* Sutter, scouring out his mill-race on a tributary of the Sacramento River, observes shining particles among the mud. Taking them up, and holding them in the hollow of his hand, he feels that they are heavy, and sees them to be of golden sheen. And gold they prove, when submitted to the test of the alembic. The son of Helvetia discovers the precious metal in grains and nuggets, interspersed with the silt of a fluvial deposit. They are not the first found in California, but the first coming under the eyes of Saxon settlers—men imbued with the energy to collect and carry them to the far-off outside world.

Less than two years have elapsed since the digging of Sutter's mill-race. Meantime, the specks that scintillated in its ooze have been transported over the ocean, and exhibited in the great cities—in the windows of brokers and bullion-merchants. The sight has proved sufficient to thicken people the banks of the Sacramento—hitherto sparsely settled—and cover San Francisco Bay with ships from every quarter of the globe. Not only is the harbour of Yerba Buena crowded with strange craft, but its streets with queer characters—adventurers of every race and clime—among whom may

be heard an exchange of tongues, the like never listened to since the abortive attempt at building the tower of Babel. The Mexican mud-walled dwellings disappear; swallowed up and lost amidst the modern surrounding of canvas tents, and weather-board houses, that have risen as by magic around them. A like change has taken place in their occupancy. No longer the tranquil interiors—the *tertulia*, with guests sipping aniseed, curaçoa, and Canario—munching sweet cakes and *confituras*. Instead, the houses inside now ring with boisterous revelry, smelling of mint and Monongahela; and, though the guitar still tinkles, it is almost inaudible amid the louder strains of clarionet, fiddle, and trombone.

What a change in the traffic of the streets! No more silent at certain hours deserted for the *siesta*; at others, trodden by sandalled monks and shovel-hatted priests—both bold of gaze, when passing the dark-eyed damsels in high shell-combs and black silk mantillas; bolder still, saluting the brown-skinned daughter of the aboriginal wrapped in her blue-gray *rebozo*. Trodden, too, by garrison soldiers in uniforms of French cut and colour; by officer glittering in gold lace; by townsman in cloak of broadcloth; the country gentleman (*haciendado*) on horseback; and the herdsmen, or small farmers (*rancheros*), in their splendid Californian costume. Some of these are still seen, but not as of yore, swaggering and conspicuous. Amid the concourse of new-comers they move timidly; jostled by rough men in red flannel shirts, buckskin and blanket coats, with pistols in their belts, and knives hanging handy along their hips. Others equally formidable in Guernsey frocks, or wearing the dreadnought jacket of the sailor; not a few scarcely clothed at all, shrouding their nakedness in such rags as remain after a long journey overland, or a longer voyage by sea. In all probability, since its beginning, the world never witnessed so motley an assemblage of men tramping through the streets of a seaport town as those seen in Yerba Buena, just baptised San Francisco, 1849 A.D. And perhaps never a more varied display of bunting in one bay.

In all certainty, harbour never had so large a number of ships with so few men to man them. At least one-half are crewless, and a large proportion of the remainder nearly so. Many have but their captain and mates, with, it may be, the carpenter and cook. The sailors are ashore, and but few of them intend returning aboard. They have either gone off to the gold-diggings, or are going. There has been a general *débandade* among the Jack-tars—leaving many a merry fore-castle in forlorn and silent solitude.

In this respect, there is a striking contrast between the streets of the town and the ships in its harbour. In the former, an eager throng, pushing, jostling, surging noisily along, with all the impatience of men half-mad; in the latter, tranquillity, inaction, the torpor of lazy life, as if the ships—many of them splendid craft—were but hulks laid up for good, and never again going to sea. Some never did. Yet not all the vessels in San Francisco Bay are crewless. A few still have their complement of hands—these being mostly men-of-war. The strict naval discipline prevents desertion, though it needs strategy to assist. They ride at anchor far out beyond swimming distance from the beach, and will not allow shore-boats to

approach them. The tar who attempts to take French leave, will have a severe swim for it; and perchance get a shot which will send him to the bottom of the sea. With this menace constantly before his mind, even California's gold does not tempt him to run the gantlet.

Among the craft keeping up this iron discipline is one that bears the British flag—a man-of-war, conspicuous by her handsome hull and clean tapering spars. Her sails are stowed snug, lashed neatly along the yards; in her rigging not a rope out of place. Down upon her decks, white as holystone can make them, the same regularity is observable. Every rope is coiled or trimly turned upon its belaying-pin. It could not be otherwise with the frigate *Crusader*, commanded by Captain Bracebridge, a sailor of the old school, who takes a pride in his ship. He still retains his crew—every one of them. There is not a name on the frigate's books but has its representative in a live sailor, who can either be seen upon her decks, or at any moment summoned thither by the whistle of the boatswain. Though even if left to themselves, but few of them would care to desert; gold itself cannot lure them to leave a ship where things are so agreeable; for Captain Bracebridge does all in his power to make matters pleasant, for men as well as officers. He takes care that the former get good grub, and plenty of it, including full rations of grog. He permits them to have amusements among themselves; while the officers treat them to *tableaux-vivants*, charades, and private theatricals. To crown all, a grand ball has been given aboard the ship, in anticipation of her departure from the port—an event near at hand. This, in return for an entertainment of like kind, given by some citizens in honour of her officers; at which more than one of the latter made acquaintances they would wish to meet again two of them desiring it with longings of a special kind. In other words, two of the frigate's officers have fallen in love with a brace of shore damsels, with whom they have danced, and done some flitting.

It is the third day after the ball, and these two officers are standing upon the poop-deck, conversing about it. They are apart from their comrades—purposely, since their speech is confidential. They are both young men; the elder of them, Crozier, being a year or two over twenty; while the younger, Cadwallader, is almost as much under it. Crozier has passed his term of probationary service, and is now a 'mate;' while the other is still a 'midshipmite.' And a type of this last, just as Marryat would have made him, is Willie Cadwallader; bright face, light-coloured hair, curling over cheeks ruddy as the bloom upon a ripe peach. He is Welsh, with those eyes of turquoise blue often observed in the descendants of the *Cymri*; and hair of a hue seen nowhere else—threads of gold commingled with tissue of silver.

Quite different is Edward Crozier, who hails from an ancestral hall standing in the shire of Salop. His hair, also curling, is dark brown. His complexion corresponding, and a pair of moustaches, already well grown, lie like leeches along his lip, the tips turned upward. An aquiline nose and broad jaw-blades denote resolution a character borne out by the glance of an eye that never shews quailing. He is of medium size, with a figure denoting great strength, and capable of

carrying out any resolve his mind may make; the shoulders square-set, breast well bowed out, the arms and limbs in perfect proportion. In point of personal appearance, he is the superior; though both are handsome fellows, each in his own style. And as the styles are different, so are their dispositions—these rather contrasting. Crozier is of a serious, sedate turn; and, though anything but morose, rarely given to mirth. From the face of Cadwallader the laugh is scarcely ever absent, and the dimple on his cheek—to employ a printer's phrase—appears stereotyped. With the young Welshman a joke might be carried to extremes, but he would only seek his *revanche* by a lark of like kind. With him of Salop, practical jesting would be dangerous, and might end in stern resentment—perhaps in a duel. Notwithstanding this difference of disposition, the two are fast friends; a fact perhaps due to the dissimilitude of their natures. When not separated by their respective duties, they keep together aboard ship, and together go ashore; and now, for the first time in the lives of both, have commenced making love together. Fortune has favoured them in this: that they are not in love with the same lady. Still further, that their sweethearts do not dwell apart, but live under one roof, and belong to one family. They are not sisters, for all that; nor yet cousins, though standing in a certain relationship. One is the aunt of the other. Such kinship might augur inequality in their age. There is none, however, or only a very little. Not so much as between the young officers themselves. The aunt is but a year, or so, the senior of her niece. And as Fate has willed, the lots of the lovers have been cast in the proper symmetry and proportion. Crozier is in love with the former—Cadwallader with the latter.

Their sweethearts are both Spanish, of the purest blood, the boasted *sangre azul*. They are respectively daughter and grand-daughter of Don Gregorio Montijo, whose house can be seen from the ship: a mansion of imposing appearance, in the Mexican *hacienda* style, standing upon the summit of a hill, at some distance ashore, and southward from the town. While conversing, the young officers have their eyes upon it—one of the two assisting his vision with a binocular. It is Cadwallader who uses the instrument.

Holding it to his eye, he says: 'I think I can see them, Ned. At all events, there are two heads on the house-top, just shewing over the parapet. I'll take odds it's them, the dear girls. I wonder if they see us?'

'Not unless, like yourself, they are provided with telescopes.'

'By Jove! I believe they've got them. I see something that glances in the hands of one; my léz, I'll warrant.'

'More likely it's my Carmen. Give me the glass. For all those blue eyes you're so proud of, I can sight a sail farther than you.'

'A sail, yes; but not a pretty face, Ned. No, no; you're blind to beauty, else you'd never have taken on to that old aunt, leaving the niece to me. Ha, ha, ha!'

'Old, indeed! She's as young as yours, if not younger. One tress of her bright amber hair is worth a whole head of your sweetheart's black stuff. Look at this!' Crozier draws out a lock of hair, and unfolding, shakes it tauntingly before

the other's eyes. In the sun it gleams golden, with a radiance of red; for it is amber, as he has styled it.

'Look at this!' cries Cadwallader, also exhibiting a tress. 'You thought nobody but yourself could show love-locks. There's a bit of hair, that to yours, is as costly silk alongside cheap common cotton.'

For an instant each stands caressing his particular tress, then both burst into laughter, as they stow away their separate favours.

Crozier, in turn taking the binocular, directs it on the house of Don Gregorio; after a time saying: 'About one thing you're right, Will: those heads are the same from which we've got our love-locks. Ay, and they're looking this way, through glasses. They'll be expecting us soon. Well; we'll be with them, please God, before many minutes. Then, you'll see how much superior bright amber is to dull black—anywhere in the world, but especially in the light of a Californian sun.'

'Nowhere, under either sun or moon. Give me the girl with the raven hair!'

'For me, her with the golden bronze!'

'Well; *cada uno a su gusto* [every one to his liking], as my sweetheart has taught me to say in her soft Andalusian. But now, Ned; talking seriously, do you think the governor will allow us to go ashore?'

'He must, and I know he will.'

'How do you know it?'

'Bah! *ma bohil*, as our Irish second would say. You're the son of a poor Welsh squire—good blood, I admit. But I chance to be heir to twice ten thousand a year, with an uncle in the Admiralty. I have asked leave for both of us. So, don't be uneasy about our getting it. Captain Bracebridge is no snob; but he knows his own interests, and won't refuse our fair request. See! There he is—coming this way. Now for his answer—affirmative, you may rely upon it.'

'Gentlemen,' says the captain, approaching, 'I give you leave to go ashore for the day. The gig will take you, landing wherever you wish. You are to send the boat back, and give the coxswain orders where, and when, he's to await you on your return to the ship. Take my advice, and abstain from drink, which might get you into difficulties. As you know, just now San Francisco is full of all sorts of queer characters—a very Pandemonium of a place. For the sake of the service, and the honour of the uniform you wear, steer clear of scrapes—and above all, give a wide berth to women.'

After thus delivering himself, the captain turns on his heel, and retires—leaving the young officers to their meditations. They do not meditate long; the desired leave has been granted, and the order given for the gig to be got ready. The boat is in the water, her crew swarming over the side, and seating themselves upon the thwarts. The young officers only stay to give a finishing touch to their toilet, preparatory to appearing before eyes, of whose critical glances both have more fear than they would the fire from a broadside of great guns. This arranged, they drop down the man-ropes, and seat themselves in the stern-sheets; Crozier commanding the men to shove off. Soon the frigate's gig is gliding over the tranquil waters of San Francisco Bay; not in the direction of the landing-wharf, but towards a point on the shore, to the south of, and some distance outside

the suburbs of the city. For, the beacon towards which they steer is the house of Don Gregorio Montijo.

#### CHAPTER VI.—A PAIR OF SPANISH SEÑORITAS.

Don Gregorio Montijo is a Spaniard, who, some ten years previous to the time of which we write, found his way into the republic of Mexico; afterwards moving on to 'Alta California.' Settling by San Francisco Bay, he became a stock-farmer—the industry in those days chiefly followed by Californians. His grazing estate gives proof that he has prospered. Its territory extends several miles along the bay, and several leagues backward, its boundary in this direction being the shore of the South Sea itself; while a thousand head of horses, and ten times the number of horned cattle, roam over its rich pastures. His house stands upon the summit of a hill that rises above the bay—a sort of spur projected from higher ground behind, and trending at right angles to the beach, where it declines into a low-lying sand-spit. Across this runs the shore road, southward from the city to San José, cutting the ridge midway between the walls of the house and the water's edge, at some three hundred yards' distance from each.

The dwelling, a massive quadrangular structure—in that semi-moriscan style of architecture imported into New Spain by the Conquistadores—is but a single story in height, having a flat terraced roof, and an inner court, approached through a grand gate entrance, centrally set in the front façade, with a double-winged door wide enough to admit the chariot of Sir Charles Grandison.

Around a Californian country-house there is rarely much in the way of ornamental grounds—even though it be a *hacienda* of the first class. And when the headquarters of a grazing estate, still less; its inclosures consisting chiefly of 'corrals' for the penning and branding of cattle, usually erected in the rear of the dwelling. To this almost universal nakedness the grounds of Don Gregorio offer some exception. He has added a fence, which, separating them from the high-road, is penetrated by a portalled entrance, with an avenue that leads straight up to the house. This, strewn with snow-white sea-shells, is flanked on each side by a row of *manzanita* bushes—a beautiful indigenous evergreen. Here and there, a clump of California bays, and some scattered peach-trees, shew an attempt, however slight, at landscape gardening.

Taking into account the grandeur of his house, and the broad acres attached to it, one may well say, that in the New World Don Gregorio has done well. And, in truth, so has he—thriven to fullness. But he came not empty from the Old; having brought with him sufficient cash to purchase a large tract of land, as also the horses and horned cattle with which to stock it. No needy adventurer he, but a gentleman by birth; one of Biscay's bluest blood—hidalgos since the days of the Cid.

In addition to his ready-money, he also brought with him a wife—Biscayan as himself—and a daughter, who at the time was but a child. His wife has been long ago buried; a tombstone in the cemetery of the old Dolores Mission commemorating her many virtues. Since, he has had an accession to his contracted family circle; the added member being a grand-daughter, only a year younger than



his daughter, but equally well grown—both having reached the ripest age of girlhood. It is not necessary to say that these young ladies, thus standing in the relationship of aunt and niece, are the two with whom Edward Crozier and Willie Cadwallader have respectively fallen in love.

While these young officers are on the way to pay them the promised visit, a word may be said about their personal appearance. Though so closely allied, and nearly of an age, in other respects the two girls differ so widely, that one unacquainted with the fact would not suspect the slightest kinship between them.

The aunt, Doña Carmen, is of pure Biscayan blood, both by her father's and mother's side. From this she derives her blonde complexion, with that colour of hair so pleasing to the sight of Edward Crozier; with blue-gray eyes, known as 'Irish'—the Basques and Celts being a kindred race. From it, also, she inherits a cheerful smiling countenance, with just enough of roguery in the smile to cause a *soupeçon* of coquettishness. Her Biscayan origin has endowed her with a figure of fine full development, withal in perfect feminine proportion; while her mother has transmitted to her what, in an eminent degree, she herself possessed—facial beauty.

In the daughter its quality has not deteriorated, but perhaps improved. For the benignant clime of California has this effect; the soft breezes of the South Sea fanning as fair cheeks as were ever kissed by Tuscan or Levantine wind. It is not necessary to describe Doña Carmen Montijo in detail. A chapter might be devoted to her many charms, and still not do them justice. Enough to say that they are beyond cavil; and that there are men in San Francisco who would dare death for her sake, if sure of a smile from her to shew approval of the deed. Ay, one who would for as much do murder. And in that same city is one who would do the same for her niece—Inez Alvarez; though she has neither a blonde complexion, blue eyes, nor amber-coloured hair. In all three different; the first being *morena*, or brunette; the second, black as jet; the last, as raven's plumes. But she has also beauty, of the type immortalised by many bards—Byron among the number, when he wrote his rhapsody on the 'Girl of Cadiz.'

Inez is herself a girl of Cadiz, of which city her father was a native. The Condé Alvarez, an officer in the Spanish army, serving with his regiment in Biscay, there saw a face that charmed him. It belonged to the daughter of Don Gregorio Montijo—his eldest and first-born, some eighteen years antecedent to the birth of Carmen, his last. The count wooed the Biscayan lady; won, and bore her away to his home in Andalusia. Both he and she have gone to their long account, leaving their only child, Inez, inheritress of a handsome estate. From her father, in whose veins ran Moorish blood, she inherits her jet-black eyes, having lashes nearly half an inch in length, and above them, brows shaped like the moon in the middle of her first quarter. Though in figure more slender than her aunt, she is quite Carmen's equal in height; and in this may yet excel, since she has not yet attained her full stature. The death of her parents accounts for her being in California; whither she has come to be under the protection of the father of her mother. She has been there but a

short time; and although all the while 'lovers have been sighing around her,' she longs to return to her own Andalusia.

As already said, Don Gregorio's dwelling is flat-roofed, its top, in Spano-Mexican phrase, termed the *azotea*. This surrounded by a parapet breast-high, is beset with plants and flowers in boxes and pots, thus forming a sort of aerial garden, reached by a stone stair—the *escalera*—which leads up out of the inner court, called *patio*. During certain hours of the day, the *azotea* is a favourite resort, being a pleasant place of dalliance, as also the finest for observation—commanding, as it does, a view of the country at back, and the broad bay in front. To look upon the last have the two 'señoritas,' on this same morning, ascended—soon after breakfast, in all parts of Spanish America partaken at the somewhat late hour of 11 A.M.

That they do not intend staying there long, is evident from the character of their dresses. Both are costumed and equipped for the saddle; having hats of vicuña wool on their heads, riding-whips in their hands, and spurs on their heels; while in the courtyard below stand four horses, saddled and bridled, champing their bits, and impatiently striking the pavement with their hoofs. Since all the saddles are such as should be ridden by men, it may be supposed only men are to be mounted, and that the ladies' horses have not yet been brought out of the stable. This would naturally be the conjecture of a stranger to Spanish California. But one *au fait* to its fashions would draw his deductions differently. Looking at the spurred damsels upon the house-top, and the saddled horses below, he would conclude that at least two of the latter were intended to be ridden by the former; in that style of equitation with which the famed Duchesse de Berri was accustomed to astonish the people of Paris. The other two horses, having larger and somewhat coarser saddles, are evidently designed for gentlemen; so that the cavalcade will be symmetrically composed—two and two of each sex. The gentlemen have not yet put in an appearance; but who they are may be learnt by listening to the dialogue passing between the two señoritas. From their elevated position they can see the rapidly growing city of San Francisco, and the shipping in its harbour. This is north-east, and a little to their left. But there are several vessels riding at anchor just out in front of them. One, a war-ship, towards which the eyes of both keep continuously turning, as though in expectation to see a boat put off from her side. As yet none such has been seen; and, withdrawing her gaze from the war-ship, Inez opens the conversation by asking her aunt a question: 'Is it really true that we're going back to Spain?'

'Quite true; and I'm sorry for it.'

'Why should you be sorry?'

'Why! There are many reasons.'

'Give one!' challenges the niece.

'I could give twenty.'

'One will be sufficient—if good.'

'They're all good,' gravely rejoins the aunt.

'Let me hear them, then.'

'First of all, I like California—I love it, its fine climate, and bright blue skies.'

'Not a bit brighter, or bluer, than those of Spain.'

'Ten times brighter, and ten times bluer. The

skies of the Old World are to those of the New as lead to *lapis lazuli*. In that respect, neither Spain nor Italy can compare with California. Its seas, too, are superior. Even the boasted Bay of Naples would be but a little lake alongside this noble sheet of water, far stretching before our eyes. Look at it !

'Looking at it through *your* eyes, I might think so—not through mine. For my part, I see nothing in it to be so much admired.'

'But something *on* it ; for instance, that grand ship out yonder. Come, now, confess the truth ! Isn't that something to admire ?'

'But that does not belong to the Bay,' replies the Andalusian.

'No matter ; it's on it now, and in it—the ship, I mean, somebody who, if I mistake not, has very much interested somebody else—a certain Andalusian damsel, by name *Iñez Alvarez*.'

'Your words will answer as well for a Biscayan damsel, by name *Carmen Montijo*.'

'Suppose I admit it, and say yes ? Well ; I will. There *is* one in yonder ship who has very much interested me. Nay, more ; I admire, ay, love him ! You see I'm not ashamed to confess what the world seems to consider a woman's weakness. We Biscayans don't keep secrets as you Andalusians. For all, *sobrina*, you haven't kept yours, though you tried hard enough. I saw from the first you were smitten with that young English officer who has hair the exact colour of a fox squirrel.'

'It isn't anything of the kind. His hair is a thousand times of a prettier hue than that of the other English officer, who's taken your fancy, *tia*.'

'Nothing to compare with it. Look at this. There's a curl, one of the handsomest that ever grew on the head of man ! Dark and glossy, like the coat of a fur-seal. Beautiful ! I could kiss it over and over again !'

While speaking, she does so.

'And look at this !' cries the other, also drawing forth a lock of hair, and displaying it in the sunlight. 'See how it shines like tissue of gold ! Far prettier than that you've got, and better worth kissing.'

Saying which she imitates the example her aunt has set her, by raising the tress to her lips, and repeatedly kissing it.

'So, so, my innocent !' exclaims *Carmen*, 'you've been stealing too ?'

'As yourself.'

'And I suppose you've given him a love-lock in exchange ?'

'Have you ?'

'I have. To you, *Iñez*, I make no secret of it. Come, now ! Be equally candid with me. Have you done so ?'

'I've done the same as yourself.'

'And has your heart gone with the gift ? Tell the truth, *sobrina*.'

'Ask your own, *tia* ; and take its answer for mine.'

'Enough, then ; we understand each other, and shall keep the secret to ourselves. Now, let's talk of other things ; go back to what we began with—about leaving California. You're glad we're going ?'

'Indeed, yes. And I wonder you're not the same. Dear old Spain, the finest country on earth ; and Cadiz the finest city.'

'Well ; *cada uno a su gusto* [every one to his liking]. But about that we two differ. Give me California for a country, and San Francisco for a home ; though it's not much of a city yet. It will be, ere long ; and I should like to stay in it. But that's not to be, and there's an end of it. Father has determined on leaving. Indeed, he has already sold out ; so that this house and the lands around it are no longer ours. As the lawyers have made out the deed of transfer, and the money has been paid down, we're only here on sufferance, and must soon yield possession. Then, we're to take ship for Panama, go across the Isthmus, and over the Atlantic Ocean ; once more to renew the Old-world life, with all its stupid ceremonies. Oh ! I shall sadly miss the free wild ways of California—its rural sports—with their quaint originality and picturesqueness. I'm sure I shall die of *ennui*, soon after reaching Spain. Your Cadiz will kill me.'

'But, *Carmen* ; surely you can't be happy here—now that everything is so changed ? Why, we can scarcely walk out in safety, or take a promenade through the streets of the town, crowded with those rude fellows in red shirts, who've come to search for gold—Anglo-Saxons, as they call themselves.'

'What ? You speaking against Anglo-Saxons ! And with that tress treasured in your bosom—so close to your heart !'

'Oh ! *he* is different. He's not Saxon, but Celtic, the same as you Biscayans. Besides, he isn't to be ranked with that rabble, even though he were of the same race. The *Señor Cadwallader* is a born *hidalgo*.'

'Admitting him to be, I think you do wrong to these red-shirted gentry, in calling them a rabble. Rough as is their exterior, they have gentle hearts under their coarse homespun coats. Many of them are true bred and born gentlemen ; and, what's better, behave as such. I've never received insult from them—not even disrespect, though I've been beside them scores of times. Father wrongs them too : for it is partly their presence here that's causing him to leave California, as so also many others of our old families. Still, as we reside in the country, at a safe distance from town, we might enjoy immunity from meeting *los barbaros*, as our people are pleased contemptuously to style them. For my part, I love dear old California, and will greatly regret leaving it. Only to think ; I shall never more behold the gallant *vagüero*, mounted on his magnificent steed, careering across the plain, and launching his lazo over the horns of a fierce wild bull, ready to gore him if he but miss his aim. Ah ! it's one of the finest sights in the world—so exciting in this dull, prosaic age. It recalls the heroic days and deeds of the Great Condé, the Campeador, and Cid. Yes, *Iñez* ; only in this modern Transatlantic land—out here, on the shores of the South Sea—do there still exist customs and manners to remind one of the old knight-errantry and times of the troubadours.'

'What an enthusiast you are ! But apropos of your knights-errant, yonder are two of them—if I mistake not, making this way. Now, fancy yourself on the donjon of an ancient Moorish castle, salute, and receive them accordingly. Ha, ha, ha !'

The clear ringing laugh of the Andalusian is not echoed by the Biscayan. Instead, a shadow steals

over her face, as her eyes become fixed upon two figures distinguishable as men on horseback.

'True types of your Californian *chivalry*!' adds Iñez ironically.

'True types of Californian *villainy*!' rejoins Carmen, in earnest.

### SUMMER BY THE NORMAN SEA-SIDE.

THE Norman sea-side is perhaps the most delightful in all France; and it is the easiest of access from England; yet many a summer day may be passed among its fishing hamlets, and even its watering-places, without sight of any except a few strangers, who prefer the by-ways to the highways of pleasure. Others there are—no doubt constituting the vast majority—who swarm every season to the sands and baths of Havre, where French and English alike enjoy the bustle and breeze of the jetty, the gaieties of Frascati, and the lounge along the bay, which curves gracefully as far as Saint-Adresse; and some even push their rambles as far as that charming village, on a pilgrimage to the tomb of Talma's daughter, the hermitage of Alphonse Karr, and the ruins of the bandit 'Blackskin's' castle, now surrounded by an innocent farmyard. Of these, a proportion advance still farther to Cape de la Heve, with its two lighthouses, its terrible cliffs, and its Shrine of the Royal Shoe, where the water, apostrophised by Georges Sand, is supposed to be deeper than at any other point of the coast. In other directions, a sprinkling of visitors is attracted to Leure, by the beauty of its flowers and the abundance of its sea-fowl.

You may spend long afternoons in succession in or about Harfleur, once 'the sovereign port of Normandy,' and see none but the inhabitants: no ships are at anchor there; only a few fishing-boats lie moored to the green and slimy piles; the streets of 'the Norman Carlhage' are nearly deserted; the bells in the tower, that formerly sounded a hundred and one strokes every morning, in honour of the town, are silent; the old bridge is rotting into the blackened water; all is lifeless and decaying. It is very much the same with Honfleur, though this is still, in these midsummer days, a place of Norman resort, notwithstanding its muddy beach, washed by yellow waves, for the sake of the wonderful picture of land and water, painted in all colours, below its wood-crested rocks. This is the Normandy of Normandy. A town more mediæval and melancholy of aspect I have never seen. Not so 'Little Orcher,' with its orchards of apples, yielding sweet cider, or 'royal sirop of apples, antidote against low spirits;' but the cultivators are not of that opinion; they anathematise the beverage, and deplore their vineyards, ruined long ago by a tax, as do most of the Norman race, who grow no grapes now. Among the pleasant paths of Orcher, it is quite easy to wander away a few pastoral hours. We may mention Fecamp, with the remains of its royal abbey, famous for its 'Water of Monks and Monarchs,' distilled by the

Fathers in secret; and Trouville, 'the Norman oasis,' which the elder Dumas claimed to have discovered. At summer-tide, when three or four thousand strangers, chiefly from Paris and the populous cities on the banks of the Seine, are congregated at Etretat, in the great gap between the cliffs, the French sea-side appears in perfect character. There is no comparing it with Calais, Boulogne, Dieppe, or any other of the every-day haunts which people mistake for France. Here are two states of society, the most opposite that can be conceived, yet existing together, though the one is in its youth, the other in its decrepitude. They stand utterly apart—the fishing and the fashionable, the denizens and the visitors. The abodes of the fishermen, their haunts, all belongings of theirs, are different; for there has not been time for the new to obliterate the old.

A few years since, Etretat was nothing more than a scattered hamlet, inhabited by fishermen, of a character precisely identical with that of the great fishing-reef spread along the shores of France from Calais to Bayonne, from Marseille to Perpignan. There is not much difference between the class of men who harpoon the tunny in the waters of Toulon, the Normans who provision the markets of Paris, or the Bretons who preserve the sardine shoals for the salters and packers of La Guerande. Enter their cabins; there is a family likeness between them all—the same rude interiors, hung with nets—half-buried in sand, or perched, like nests, on the peaks of rocks; the same muscular type of men, with nervous limbs, bronzed complexions, active, laborious, and sober, and spending half their lives in their boats; the same robust class of women, watching fish-traps, mending nets, preparing the 'catches' for sale, collecting oysters, muscles, and cockles, carrying burdens, cooking, and each, in some way, a schoolmistress of the household. This is the fisherman, and the fisherman's life, no matter whether at Perpignan or at Etretat, where it is found, unchanged from immemorial time, on the sea and on the land, but especially in the clustered cottages that look like a part of the scenery, and which, in contrast with the fresh manners that are taking possession of the valley, remind you of a work by an old Dutch master hung side by side with one by the youngest favourite of the Royal Academy. The dwellers in the hamlets have an inherited affection for their abject abodes; they have not yet been transformed into Brighton or Ramsgate boatmen; they keep, for the most part, to their flinty share of the beach, which the holiday-makers rarely approach; go up to the altar of 'Our Lady of Safety'—a chapel which they themselves built, at a great elevation, passing the stones from the valley to the height, hand-over-hand, like buckets at a fire; cultivate their ungrateful gardens, and accept with gladness the small profits of their precarious industry.

I do not see how the condition of this class has been at all improved by the periodical influx of money-spending strangers. In spite of all, however, they seem content with their rude homes, of a gleaming white or brilliant crimson, often picturesquely ensconced in the richly tinted recesses of the rock, far up above the sea, and modestly overlooking it. Yet will this be for long? How long did it take Trouville to change from a group of cabins planted round a chapel into a town of thirty streets, with twenty thousand visitors each

summer, a casino, a carriage promenade, and the fashion of wearing five different dresses every day ! The transformation is going on rapidly enough at Etretat. The way over the cliffs, along the well-made road, among handsome groups of trees, leads to the Etretat of the future ; fantastic country-houses, which suggest the idea of having been just unpacked, after having been brought down, ready-made, from St Germain, or over from Biarritz ; there are gay shops ; there is an hotel ; the sands have their loungers ; pleasure-skiffs are putting out upon excursions to the giants of the water that so grotesquely adorn the sea-approach, or to the marine grottos, the Maidens' Hall in particular, whence the ghosts of three young girls, headed up in a barrel once upon a time, and flung among the billows, by a cruel baron, emerge every night, in long pale robes, to revisit the ruins of that which was once their castle. All is bright and fluttering enough, these summer noons.

Three bells hang in the tower of 'Our Lady's Kirk' at Etretat. They are named respectively Marie-Celeste, Alexandrine-Clarisse, and Pauline-Adele—presumably after the unfortunate ladies of the cave. Only a few years ago, their chief employment was in calling the fisher-people to prayers, tolling for the dead, and summoning assistance in hours of danger, when a sudden light had arisen in the darkness out at sea, or when, by day, some ship, with bare-headed crew, was seen labouring in the wild waters below. A change has come over this old structure in the narrow and shadowy glen, and it is a lion of the two seasons—for Etretat has two. A still tranquil walk leads to where it stands, beyond the limits of the original village, dark-towered, though no longer lonely. The change is very evident here. I see, it is true, the ancient burial-stones half-buried in the earth, mutilated, mossy, with undecipherable words painted or graven on them ; but there is a growth of modern graves, of a modern fashion, in their midst ; decked with bead-wreaths and crosses, glazed niches, artificial flowers, frivolous dolls, rhymed prayers ; and so at the fisherman's especial fane, a miniature chapel on a height above, visible from far off, whose doors are never shut by night or day, where there is no priest and no congregation, but whither the sailors come with their supplications for safety, or thank-offerings for escape or good-fortune. It is very warm and bright ; and the perspective on every side, though few care to climb so high, is exceedingly inspiring.

The margin of the sea, without metaphor, shines brilliantly golden in the downward distance ; the rocks look like pebbles, and the pebbles like grains of sand. Turn in one direction, and the face of the cliff, draped with moss of varied colours, sparkles with the scattered waters of a scarcely visible cascade that pours in spray from the summit ; below, is 'the great bath of the seagull,' whither that clamorous bird is taking his way ; in front, are giant rocks towering out of the water, so white that they seem to have caught the whiteness of the foam ; and, wending along an upward path, certain children, headed by a priestly figure, and two or three 'sisters' in snowy head-dresses, are going to early prayers. One thing is noticeable at Etretat—no matter how calm the sea, it is never silent ; the echoes from the grottos are perpetual, though ranging from a sonorous murmur to a thunderous uproar ; for the

waters often come in, though not in this June weather, so mightily and fiercely, that they seem as if about to rend the great rocks from their foundations. By some, indeed, the village is preferred as a winter lounge ; but it is seldom real winter at Etretat, notwithstanding its northerly position—that is, you rarely have any snow, and people frequently bathe in December. I have seen it under both aspects, and while remembering pleasantly its new-year galas, prefer the sultrier month that dresses with figs, and shades with linden trees, the stony foundations of the Petit Val. The good wives sit chatting in the open air ; the tide swells hotly in, with the sun glancing deep into its waters ; the craft of the fishermen, whether lazily stranded, or as lazily afloat, or skimming, as if under sails of brick-red fire, far out beyond the chalky monolith of Beval, seem to glow together with one reflex of the season ; green and yellow rushes, or, rather, a peculiar species of sea-weed, here and there fringe the sand ; and a miniature white château, approached by trellised walks, suggests the idea of a summer-house. There is a girl standing on a hill, shading her eyes with one hand, and holding a child with the other, who is expecting something to make its appearance round that corner of the cliff, down which loose grass and stones are slowly rolling, as if they had done nothing else since the creation.

Women, we see, are hurrying down by La Val-leuse, a steep flight of steps, partly built in the soil above, partly chiselled out of the living rock ; for the sea is going out, and the sands will soon be free from its salt, saturated by the fresh streams that, usually unseen, percolate in all directions the chalk ; and this is the time for Nausicaa and her maidens to be at work—very brawny Nausicaas, very un-Grecian maidens. Here they are, each with a bundle of 'linen' (French for dirty clothes of all sorts) under her arms. They disperse to their several stations ; they kick up holes in the sand with their wooden shoes, which instantly brim with soft, fresh water, and they ply their labours in this natural laundry amid a din of talk. For this is the Rialto, the Parliament, the Exchange of the fishing-people of Etretat. It is here that all matters are discussed interesting to them and theirs : the price of their single commodity in the neighbouring hamlets ; how much the owner of boat 49 will have earned by next St Sylvester's Day ; what marriages are whispered of. And the dames and damsels of the locality have it all their own way here ; no man ever approaches their conference, unless it be, at long intervals, some unlistening coastguard, or unconscious stranger. But even this privileged and primitive ground of gossip is in danger by another tide than that of the sea. Already, the purely local chatter is mingled with echoes from a world which, within living memory, might have been heard of, but certainly never had been seen in that sequestered angle of the Norman coast. The original simplicity is fading out. 'Tourists,' or the Parisian equivalent for them, scrawl their names on the rock walls of the Maidens' Chamber, and would, for the same purpose, try to reach Romaine's Cavern, if they dared to try. Nowhere near Etretat at all will remain those 'solitudes for two,' which, in all likelihood, will long be found in the farther seclusions ; and the little cliff-defended, church-tipped, cottage-clustered, white-fronted, yellow-floored, blue-edged, green-embroidered valley,

shorn of its idyllic graces, must in course of time degenerate into a play-ground for the bigger valley which brings the Seine from Paris, and a good deal of Paris with it.

### EDIBLE BIRDS' NESTS.

EDIBLE birds' nests are found for the most part in the Southern Archipelago. The chief region of supply is that comprising Java, Borneo, Celebes, and the Sulu Islands. The bird, which produces the nests is a little swallow, *Hirundo esculenta*. This salangan swallow, as it is called, is slightly bigger than a blue tit; it has a brown back; but the under surface of its body, as also the extremities of the feathers in its forked tail, are white. It flies with wonderful speed and precision; and on the Javan coast, where the surge breaks wildly against the precipitous and caverned walls of rock, the little birds may be seen in swarms darting hither and thither through the spray. They probably feed on fragments of molluscs and other small animals which abound on those coasts. As you watch the surface of the water rising and falling, you notice how the holes in the rock are now concealed, now open again; and the little creatures, watching their opportunity, dart in and out with lightning speed. Their nests are fixed to the arched roof of these caverns.

What sort of a thing, then, is the edible bird's nest that ministers to the taste of the luxurious Chinese? It is that portion of the fabric which serves as a sort of bracket on which the nest itself (made of grass, sea-weed fibres, small leaves, &c.) is built. There are two forms of this support, one flat like an oyster-shell, the other deep and spoon-shaped. It is a transparent mass, somewhat like isinglass, mother-of-pearl, or white horn, and is of animal origin. It was formerly supposed that this gelatine-like mass might be prepared in the bird's crop, from sea-weed and other marine plants. This, however, is a mistake. If one opens the animal's stomach about the time of building, it is found to contain insects, but no vegetable matter; moreover, in all species of the family of swifts, the crop is wanting. Dr Bernstein has found that at that season the salivary glands under the tongue are enormously developed. On opening the bill, they are seen as two large swellings, one on either side, and these chiefly supply the material in question. They secrete a viscid mucous substance like a concentrated solution of gum-arabic, which can be drawn out of the mouth in long threads; and in the air, it soon dries, and is found to be the same (even microscopically) as the bracket material. Blades of grass and similar objects can be stuck together with this saliva; and there is a species of salangan (supposed, but erroneously, to feed on sea-weed) which does not make a pedicle or bracket on which to build its nest, but merely sticks together, by means of its saliva, some grass, dry leaves, and sea-weed, and fixes them directly to the rock. The nests of this species, however, are not of great commercial importance.

When one of the little birds wishes to begin building, it flies repeatedly against the selected spot, pressing each time a little saliva against the rock with the tip of its tongue. This it will do from ten to twenty times, moving away not more than a few yards in the intervals. It then alights, and arranges the material in semicircular or horse-shoe form on the rock, continuing to add saliva; and by the motions of its body from side to side, the yet soft saliva is forced out over the harder parts, producing those peculiar undulatory bands which give the nest a stratified appearance. It is thought not unlikely that part of the secretion used by the bird comes from the largely developed glands in its stomach; also, that gelatinous matters picked up in the surge are employed in the construction of its nest. The salangan never uses the same nest more than once, and that for only a month, and after the young brood is flown, the nest soon decays and falls to pieces. The salangans are generally found to build their nests in the rocks of the coast, but not always. Thus, multitudes of them are met within the limestone caverns of the district Bandong, which is nearly in the middle of Java, and ten miles from either the north or the south coast. It is ascertained, too, that these birds leave their nests every morning to seek their food along the coast, so that they must travel at least a score of miles daily; in fact, these busy creatures, like the swifts of our summer, appear to be on the wing the whole day long.

If we are ready to wonder at the dexterity with which the little birds dart in and out of their dark rocky home, against which the ocean surge thunders with ceaseless fury, and bursts into upward-leaping foam, the exploits of the hardy natives whose business it is to 'pluck' the nests will still more surprise us. These men form a distinct and very exclusive class or craft. They have a special guardian angel, the goddess Loro, the queen of the coast, who rules the surge. This goddess (Jungghuh informs us) is held in high reverence. At a place called Rongkop, there is, on the summit of a bold rock, a temple erected in her honour. No mortal dwells there; and no one will pass without raising his hands to his head in grave salutation. It is death for any one to attempt to enter, except the chief of the society of nest-pluckers, who fills the office of priest. The goddess is supposed sometimes to come up from the sea, and go into this her dwelling, which is adorned with beautiful vessels, couches, and garments, whereof she may make use at her pleasure. The priest occasionally enters to remove dust from the furnishings. At such times, sacrificial incense is burnt at the door; not a word escapes the chief's lips; and the company outside remain in silent reverence on their knees. The plucking of the nests is preceded by a festival before the house of the goddess. Clean mats are spread on the grass, and covered with various articles of food. The priest first invites Queen Loro to take her place and partake of the dainties, while all the company throw themselves on their faces on the ground. Then the priest gives a signal, the men rise again, and the feast proceeds; while sounds of music come from the background, and dancing-girls make their appearance, decked with flowers.

We have now to consider the adventurous work of gathering the nests. The plucker, with nothing on but a cloth round his loins, and with a knife and a

netted bag at his side, takes his place on a stage (of two cross-bars) fastened to the end of a rope, and is let down against the face of the precipitous rock. With the left hand he grasps the rope; in the right, he has a rod, with which he holds himself as far as possible from the rock. Thus he descends, often several hundred feet, amid the roar of the breakers and the swarming of innumerable birds. When he has come opposite a salangan hole, he makes a signal, and the lowering is stopped. He now sets himself swinging—and here follows the most dangerous part of the operation—gradually increasing his width of swing, till he thinks he will be able to leap off into the hole, and find foothold on a part of the rock which he has previously noted. Should the venture fail, death is certain. The man has generally a thin cord fastened round his body, and connected with the rope, so as to enable him to pull the stage to himself again. Sometimes, though rarely, this cord breaks, and then there is nothing for it but to make a bold spring out towards the dangling stage. But so fearless and practised are the men, that they generally accomplish this fearful leap successfully, even when laden with their booty. When the plucker has got safely into the hole, he cuts off the nests with his knife, and puts them in his bag; for those high up, he uses the rod with the knife fixed to the end of it. The operation demands great address; the slippery rock, perhaps, hardly affords standing-ground, and the man will cling with hand and feet to the little cracks or projections; while the alarmed birds flit to and fro in the gloom, and the tumultuous water beneath flashes with phosphorescence. The plucker, however, knows his work, and when he is sufficiently laden, he draws the stage towards himself, mounts it, and is pulled up by his companions. Thereupon, another repeats the operation.

As the method just described is both a dangerous and a slow one, the natives adopt, when possible, another, which consists in fixing a rope-ladder from the top of the rock down to the cavern, and also a sort of hanging bridge of rope within the cavern, either running round the wall, or passing across. The internal surface of the cavern is often greatly pitted by the action of the weather, presenting a spongy appearance, so that it is not difficult to find points for attachment of the ropes. The craft is so very exclusive that no foreigner is permitted to enter the cave or be present at the ceremonies. Some Dutch merchants, indeed, once attempted to enter the caves, but none of them ever saw the light again. 'The goddess Ioro has taken them to her bosom,' said the Javanese; and this was all the explanation they would vouchsafe.

The salangan swallows breed four times in the year, each time (as has been said) building a fresh nest. The nests are plucked three times, and thus only one brood is left to the birds. There is no perceptible diminution, however, of their number, which is pretty accurately known, as the nests are counted, and two birds are reckoned to each. The five caverns at Karang Bollong, in Java, thus contain 330,000 swallows, from which, in three pluckings, about 600,000 nests are annually taken. The plucking takes place always at the time of 'ripeness'; that is, when the majority of the nests contain young that are just beginning to be fledged. When they are fully fledged, the nests have become

coloured and useless. All the young birds and eggs found are cruelly thrown into the sea. The best 'harvest' is in the months of July and August; the next best, in November and December; the worst, in April and May. The collected nests are cleaned and assorted; they are first packed in bags of bamboo fibre or palm bast, and the merchants again pack them for the market (after a second assortment) in cases containing a half picul, or seventy pounds.

China is the only considerable recipient of these cases; the few cases which are brought as a curiosity to Europe and America are hardly worth mention. The greatest trade in birds' nests is done with Canton, the entire import there being reckoned at 1200 piculs, or 168,000 lbs. We may reckon on fifty nests to the pound, so that altogether 8,400,000 nests, or, from three pluckings, the products of 2,800,000 pair of birds, are annually introduced into China. There are, principally, two kinds of nests distinguished in Canton—the mandarin nests, and the ordinary; the former, or perfectly white kind, are sold at three to four thousand dollars per picul, which is double their weight in silver. Each pound thus costs in China twenty to thirty dollars, a quite exorbitant price, compared with that which the salangan pluckers themselves receive for their dangerous work, and which is, at the most, only ten to twelve per cent. of the market value. The second quality of nests are sold at sixteen hundred to twenty-eight hundred dollars. There is a small trade done in the kind of nest built by the so-called seaweed-eating salangan, referred to above; these are sold at two hundred dollars the picul. The nests are dissolved in water or broth, and so taken as soup. It is highly spiced with minor substances. This forms an entrée which is rarely wanting on the tables of the wealthy Chinese, and never from that of the imperial court at Peking. The Chinese set a high value upon it, considering it one of the best stimulants; but for this opinion there seems to be little or no ground. The most recent analysis of the nests we owe to Professor Troschel of Bonn. He finds that the material does not consist of specially nourishing or stimulating substances, but is quite similar in constitution to any animal saliva. Thus the Chinese pay dearly for what has really no intrinsic value.

#### SONNET.

How sweet to watch from some vine-covered hill,  
That overlooks the peaceful vale below—  
Round which in solemn grandeur white and still,  
Clad in their robes of everlasting snow,  
With hoary peaks uplifted to the sky,  
Italia's sentinels, her mountains, stand—  
A summer sunset and the daylight die  
First in the valley, as if Twilight's hand  
Were laid upon it, and it fled away  
To sleep amid the mountains' ice and snow;  
To nestle there until a new-born day  
Shall wake to joy and life the world below.  
If thou hast ever seen this picture, say,  
Can any land a fairer, brighter shew?

Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, 47 Paternoster Row, LONDON, and 339 High Street, EDINBURGH.  
Also sold by all Booksellers.

# CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

OF

POPULAR

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

Fourth Series

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS.

No. 608.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 21, 1875.

PRICE 1½d.

## A CARNIVOROUS PLANT.\*

Is it a fact that some plants capture and feed upon insects? Can they digest animal food, and are they nourished by it? Numerous careful observations have placed this fact beyond doubt; but not content with the views of others, I have tried many experiments which have confirmed me in the above opinion. Throughout the vegetable world there are many instances of plants being fly-catchers, without being at the same time fly-digesters. Of these I shall not treat, but shall confine myself to those which digest and absorb the victims which they have seized, and even this class includes several—such as the Sundews, which sparkle in the sunshine in so many marshy spots in our own country; Venus' Fly-trap, whose geographical distribution is confined to the marshes of North Carolina; the common Butterwort, which inhabits our island, and shews its incurved leaves on marshy soil; and the Pitcher-plants, which never grace our country with their presence, except in hot-houses, where many species are cultivated. There are other plants to which a like property has been attributed, but, instead of enumerating these, I shall best succeed in introducing my readers to the mysteries of the process which they adopt, by selecting one of those already named, and tracing the course which it pursues when an unwary fly has come within its reach.

I have no hesitation in choosing Venus' Fly-trap (*Dionæa muscipula*), as it is the best known of this class of plants. It has a peculiar appearance, and when once seen is not easily forgotten. A number of winged leaf-stalks spread out in a radiating manner from the root, each carrying at its termination a leaf in connection with which all the strange phenomena are displayed. This leaf consists of two blades, on each of which are three hairs; a midrib or kind of hinge unites the two

blades, while these latter are surrounded above by hair-like processes much resembling eyelashes, but which, from being connected with the deeper structures, and not with the superficial ones alone, are not generally regarded as *true hairs*, and hence we shall name them spines. Over the upper surface of each blade are numerous little red bodies, which are specially abundant in the vicinity of the six hairs. When these hairs are touched, the blades close, and the spines cross at right angles, interlocking exactly like the fingers of a closed hand; and the red bodies yield the secretion which is the active agent in digestion. Let us now view the plant in active operation. The weather is warm, and consequently its appetite is very keen, when an incautious fly, attracted, it may be, by the roundish glands of a fine red hue, lights on the surface of the leaf, and has scarcely taken a step when one or more of the six sensitive hairs are touched, and immediate closure of the blades ensues; even if this process were not instantaneous, the bending of the marginal spines would present a barrier to its upward progress, and cause it to irritate anew the hairs, and thus hasten the contraction. The fly is now caught; but, as the leaves have only come together at their margins, a considerable hollow space is left in the centre, and if the leaf be held between the observer and the light, the fly may be seen moving about from end to end of the leaf in quest of a means of escape. The force with which the blades contract is very considerable, and renders it quite impossible for the fly to force it open. In this narrow prison it may remain alive for some time, for even at the end of two days I have removed one still living; but sooner or later a slightly viscid fluid, secreted by the red glands, is thrown out, which envelops the insect and soon terminates its existence. The blades now press more closely together, till ultimately the two sides are in close apposition, so far as the inclosed object will admit of that. This secretion is of an acid character from the presence of formic acid, and there is reason to believe that there is in it a substance like pepsine, which plays so important a part in

\* This article has been written for us by an experienced naturalist. The interesting work on *Insectivorous Plants*, by Charles Darwin, may be consulted for further details on the subject.—ED.



the digestion of man and of the lower animals; and under the influence of this, the material of the fly capable of yielding nourishment to the plant is digested, and ultimately absorbed by the same red glands which secreted the fluid, and which have in their interior bodies like mouths, which botanists call stomata. This process may not be completed for three weeks, but it is sometimes accomplished in a shorter time, and after the whole material substance of the fly has disappeared, the two blades of the leaf again open, when a mere semblance of the creature is found lying on them, which, on pressure, yields nothing from its interior, all its substance having been absorbed. Some supposed that the digested material was not absorbed by the leaf, but that it ran down the channelled petiole and so came into contact with the roots, which absorbed it; but experiment shews that such is not the case, and hence we are shut up to the idea of absorption, for the substance was certainly inside the leaf, nothing has escaped from the leaf outwardly, and yet nothing is now found within. Darwin has shewn that there is direct evidence of absorption, for 'where bits of meat and crushed insects were several times placed on glands, and these were compared after some hours with other glands from distant parts of the same leaf, the latter shewed not a trace of aggregation, whereas those which had been in contact with the animal matter were well aggregated.'

Such is the merest sketch of the mode in which a fly is caught and digested, and if you ask me how large a creature can be thus summarily disposed of, I answer that that depends very much on the size of the leaf. Now, these leaves of the Venus' Fly-trap vary much in dimensions: the largest which I have ever seen measured in length, from one end of the blade to the other, an inch and a half; from the midrib to the edge of leaf, from which spines proceed, three-quarters of an inch; while the spines themselves measured half an inch. The spines numbered twenty-four on the margin of the right blade, and twenty-three on that of the left. It had a grand and imposing effect as it stood erect in a hanging basket in a green-house, but I doubt not had sent many a thrill of horror through the frames of beetles, cockroaches, spiders, &c. Yet we must not suppose that our friends the *Dionæas* are chargeable with gluttony; on the contrary, their appetites are easily satisfied, two or three flies of moderate size being the limit beyond which they seldom go. They also seem to prefer the catching of their own game, for if we take to feeding them artificially, and with injudicious kindness attempt to overdo that act, they are almost certain to fall victims to such an attempt. I have seen fatal issues from such a course, where raw beef was the substance employed; in moderate quantity they can digest this well, but a surfeit proved fatal. Milk they can take easily, and with relish, and if you indulge yourself with a peep into their leafy stomach after that diet has been taken, you will find that it has speedily separated into curd and whey, and that the former becomes dissolved; nine days in one instance sufficed to make the curd nearly disappear. But while casein in this loose form seems only to benefit the plant which partakes of it, yet in its compressed form, as cheese, it is highly detrimental, and on several occasions it has caused the death of the

leaf which had inclosed it. In one instance I trusted that, as old moulded cheese is rather an aid to digestion in the human stomach, it might prove to be equally so in that of the *Dionæa*, but I was doomed to be disappointed, as the leaf with the fresh and that with the old cheese became black about the same time. Salt, so valuable in human digestion, seemed most deleterious in that of this plant, which succumbed to the attempt to render the boiled white of egg savoury. When a sufficient amount of food has been taken by the plant, it gives distinct indication of such being the case, by refusing to respond to any amount of stimulation of the sensitive hairs.

I have spoken of the blades contracting, and in reference to this property the questions naturally suggest themselves: Has this contraction any relation to the kind of object inclosed? and, How is the closure effected?

In replying to the first question, I unhesitatingly affirm that it does bear an important relation to such an object; for, if the inclosed substance be an indigestible material, such as a pebble, brick, or chalk, &c., the contraction, though it takes place in response to the irritation of the hairs, will not continue for any length of time; whereas, if the substance offered has nutrient material, the leaf not only closes, but continues closed till the nutriment has been exhausted.

The second question, as to the means by which the closure is effected, is one of considerable difficulty. Carpenter and some others believed that it was owing to two sets of cells in the midrib, situated in the upper and lower layers of that structure, the former being endowed with the power of contraction, and the latter being equally so with that of distension. When a stimulus is applied, the contracting cells send their contents into the lower or distensible ones, which naturally enough causes the blades to close. But the removal of the lower half, or even more of the midrib, does not prevent the closure from taking place. We may therefore dismiss this supposed means of explanation. Mr Darwin, in his recent work *Insectivorous Plants*, propounds a theory founded on observed facts connected with this plant, and which is applied both to the general closing and to the incurving of the blades; but neither his view nor that of Carpenter accounts for the special movements of the marginal spines, which take place at first simultaneously with the closure of the leaf, but which afterwards exhibit independent movements. Moreover, the amount of contraction of the leaf-cells does not seem to me to be sufficient to close the blades. On the whole, I cannot regard Mr Darwin as so felicitous in this instance as, in so many others, he undoubtedly is. His accurate observations, however, on this point are most valuable, and unquestionably have a very important bearing on the process, though they do not completely account for the full closure of the leaf.

These blades have spiral vessels running through them from the midrib; and these enter the spines, where I have traced them, for four-fifths or five-sixths of the length of the spines. They form a very peculiar and interesting kind of network in the blades, but it is quite different from the reticulated structure in ordinary leaves; in some parts they bear no small resemblance to the arrangement of the fibres in the optic nerve. I cannot

doubt that these spiral or corkscrew-like vessels play some important part in connection with the simultaneous movement of all the parts.

But what, you may ask, about the sensitive hairs, placed on the surface of the blades, and which are so intimately connected with the closing of the leaf? They are six in number, three on each blade, though in some rare cases they may be more or fewer; thus, in one instance, I found only five in all, three on one, and two on the other; and Darwin speaks of having seen two leaves with four filaments or hairs on each side, and another with only two. These hairs often stand erect, but they are sometimes slightly inclined. On looking across the leaf at them, you may observe a thicker portion next the leaf; this is a sort of pedestal consisting of a different kind of cells from that which constitutes the tapering hair; but in the case of both hairs and pedestals I could never find anything entering into their construction but simple cells. At the junction of the hair with the pedestal, there is a peculiar appearance, which naturally leads one to suppose that it would serve as a joint for the hair, enabling it to bend to the side when the contraction of the blades had reached that point where the opposite sides were nearly in contact, or when they were pressing on an interposed object. Where there is sufficient space for them in the interior they do not bend, for I have cut a leaf, on which a small piece of albumen had been placed, right through from the midrib to the spines, and have seen the hairs projecting out from the sides in a straight direction.

By frequently touching these hairs, and causing the leaf to close, you ultimately much impair their irritability. A curious circumstance connected with these sensitive hairs, is that, if you cut them quite off, the leaf closes, and on opening and being irritated at the part where the hairs used to be, it sometimes refuses to close, and at other times closes very slowly and awkwardly, while on other occasions it does so at once: thus, on June 29, hairs all cut off and the leaf closed; June 30, still closed; on July 1, leaf open, and will not close on irritation; July 2, leaf closed slowly on irritation; July 5, leaf open, but will not close on any amount of irritation being applied; July 6, irritation to-day, though repeated several times, has no effect in making it close; July 7, leaf quite open, but closes easily on irritation.

Some other experiments gave somewhat similar results. In one of these I had irritated to a great extent the part from which the hairs had been removed, without the least movement taking place, but in about half-an-hour afterwards I was astonished to find the leaf quite closed.

The removal of the hairs does in almost all instances very seriously affect the closing movement, for there is then generally an unusual slowness manifested in accomplishing that act, and there is also often a great awkwardness displayed by the two blades failing to act in concert.

It is difficult to account for the leaves closing at all under such circumstances. Is it the case that, when the usual medium for receiving impressions has been withdrawn, other parts of the leaf are to a certain extent endowed with this peculiar property? Such a question is difficult to answer, but the facts seem to point to some such solution of the difficulty, for in all ordinary cases we have already seen that the impression must in the first

instance be made *on the hairs*, and from them it radiates in all directions. I am aware that the absorption of nitrogenous matter will cause a slow closing movement, as well as secretion of fluid, for I have myself witnessed such a result; but such a case is entirely different from those above mentioned, as in them nothing was employed but simple stimulation by a pencil or knife, &c.

When we contemplate the admirable provision which has been made in connection with this leaf, for enabling the plant to secure its supplies of nourishment; and when, moreover, we contemplate how wondrously the whole arrangement adapts the plant and its allies for clothing with variety marshy districts—for in such places the supply of nitrogen is scarcely to be obtained from the soil, and the roots bear testimony to the same fact, being of a most undeveloped nature—when, I say, we contemplate these things, can we refrain from exclaiming with grateful and adoring hearts, 'O Lord, how manifold are thy works! in wisdom hast thou made them all.'

## THE FLAG OF DISTRESS.

### CHAPTER VII.—A COUPLE OF CALIFORNIAN 'CABALLEROS.'

THE true types of Californian chivalry, or villainy, have just emerged from the suburbs of San Francisco, taking the road which leads southward along shore.

Both are garbed in grand style—in the national costume of California, which in point of picturesque-ness is not exceeded by any other in the world.

They wear the wide trousers (*calzoneras*), along the outer seams lashed with gold lace, and beset with filigree buttons; the snow-white drawers (*calzoncillos*) here and there puffing out; below, *botas* and spurs—the last with rowels several inches in diameter, that glitter like great stars behind their heels. They have tight-fitting jackets of velveteen, closed in front, and over the bosom elaborately embroidered; scarfs of China crape round their waists, the ends dangling adown the left hip, terminating in a fringe of gold cord; on their heads *sombreros* with broad brim, and band of bullion—the *toquilla*. In addition, each carries over his shoulders a *manga*—the most magnificent of outside garments, with a drape graceful as a Roman *toga*. That of one is scarlet-coloured, the other sky-blue. Their horses are not less grandly bedecked. Saddles of stamped leather, scintillating with silver studs—their cloths elaborately embroidered; bridles of plaited horse-hair, pointed with tags and tassels; bits of the Manaluke pattern, with check-pieces and curbs powerful enough to break the jaw at a jerk.

The steeds' thus splendidly caparisoned are worthy of it. Though small, they are of perfect shape—pure blood of Arabian sires, transmitted through dams of Andalusia. They are descended from the stock transported to the New World by the *Conquistadores*; and the progenitor of one or other may have carried Alvarado, or Sandoval—perhaps Cortez himself.

The riders are both men of swarthy complexion, with traits that tell of the Latinic race. Their features are Spanish; in one a little more pronounced than the other. He who wears the sky-

coloured cloak has all the appearance of being Mexican born. The blood in his veins, giving the brown tinge to his skin, is not Moorish, but more likely from the aborigines of California. For all that, he is not a *mestizo*; only one among whose remote ancestry an Indian woman may have played part; since the family-tree of many a proud Californian has sprung from such root. He is a man of medium size, with figure squat and somewhat spare, and sits his horse as though he were part of the animal. If seen afoot, his legs would appear bowed, almost banded, shewing that he has spent the greater part of his life in the saddle. His face is flat, its outline rounded, the nose compressed, nostrils agape, and lips thick enough to suggest the idea of an African origin. But his hair contradicts this—being straight as needles, and black as the skin of a Colobus monkey. More likely he has it from the Malays, through the Californian Indian—some tribes of which are undoubtedly of Malayan descent. Whatever the mixture in his blood, the man is himself a native Californian, born by the side of San Francisco Bay, on a *ganaderia*, or grazing estate. He is some twenty six or seven years of age, his name Faustino Calderon—'Don' by ancestral right, and ownership of the aforesaid *ganaderia*.

He in the scarlet manga, though but two or three years older, is altogether different in appearance, as otherwise; personally handsomer, and intellectually superior. His features better formed, are more purely Spanish; their outline oval and regular; the jaws broad and balanced; the chin prominent; the nose high, without being hooked or beaked; the brow classically cut, and surmounted by a thick shock of hair, coal-black in colour, and waved rather than curling. Heavy moustaches on the upper lip, with an imperial on the under one—the last extending below the point of the chin—all the rest of his face, throat, and cheeks, clean shaven—such are the facial characteristics of Don Francisco de Lara, who is a much larger, and to all appearance stronger, man than his travelling companion.

Calderon, as said, is a gentleman by birth, and a *ganadero*, or stock-farmer, by occupation. He inherits extensive pasture-lands, left him by his father—some time deceased—along with the horses and horned cattle that browse upon them. An only son, he is now owner of all. But his ownership is not likely to continue. He is fast relinquishing it, by the pursuit of evil courses—among them three of a special kind: wine, women, and play—which promise to make him bankrupt in purse, as they have in character. For around San Francisco, as in it, he is known as a *roué* and reveller, a debauchee in every form, and a silly fellow to boot. Naturally of weak intellect, indulgence in dissipation has rendered it weaker.

Of as much moral darkness, though different in kind, is the character of Don Francisco de Lara—'Frank Lara,' as he is familiarly known in the streets and saloons. Though Spanish in features, and speaking the language, he can also talk English with perfect fluency—French too, when called upon, with a little Portuguese and Italian. For, in truth, he is not a Spaniard, though of Spanish descent, a Creole of New Orleans—hence his philological acquirements. He is one of those children of chance, wanderers who come into the world nobody knows how, when, or whence;

only, that they are in it; and while there, performing a part in accordance with their mysterious origin—living in luxury, and finding the means for it by ways that baffle conjecture.

Frank Lara is fully thirty years of age; the last ten of which he has spent on the shores of San Francisco Bay. Landing there from an American whaling-vessel, and in sailor costume, he cast off his tarry 'togs,' and took to land-life in California. Its easy idleness, as its lawlessness, exactly suited his natural inclinations; and, above all, his *penchant* for gaming. He soon became a noted character in the cockpit, as at the card-table, making money by both—enough to keep him without the necessity of asking favours from any one.

Similar inclinations and pursuits, at an early period, brought him and Calderon in contact; and relations have been formed between them, now firmly fixed. Of late more than ever; for, since the breaking out of the gold-fever, with its consequent Anglo-Saxon invasion, they have become united in a business partnership—in a *bank*. Not one of the ordinary kind, for discount and deposit, with desks and counters for the transaction of affairs; but such as may be seen in any Californian town. A drinking saloon containing tables, covered with green cloth, and rows of chairs or benches around them: in short, the species known as a '*monté* bank.'

Since the discovery of the gold *placers*, the streets of San Francisco have become crowded with men mad after the precious metal; among them some who do not desire to undergo the toil of sifting it out of sand, washing it from river-mud, nor yet crushing it clear of quartz-rock. They prefer the easier, and cleaner, method of gathering it across the green baize of a gambling-table.

To accommodate such gentry, Don Francisco de Lara has established a *monté* bank, Don Faustino Calderon being his backer. But though the latter is the moneyed man, and has supplied most of the cash to start with, he does not shew in the transaction. He has still some lingering ideas of respectability, and does not desire to appear as a professional gambler. He acts, therefore, as the sleeping partner; while De Lara, with less reputation at stake, is the active and ostensible one.

Such are the two men, splendidly attired and magnificently mounted, who have issued from the new-named town of San Francisco, and are riding along the shore of its bay. As they canter gently through the suburbs, they are seen by several, who know and recognise them; many admire their grand style and picturesque habiliments, and notably the gold-diggers and other late comers to California, who have never before seen citizens in such shining array. Farther on, the gamblers encounter but few people, and fewer still who know them. For they are now straying beyond the range of red-shirts, and meet only the natives of the country, *rancheros* riding townward. Of such as do recognise them, the greater number can tell where they are going. They would say that Calderon is on his way to the *hacienda* of Don Gregorio Montijo, and could guess his errand. About that of De Lara, they might not be so sure, though they would suppose him going there too.

Strange all this to one unacquainted with California and its ways—especially one acquainted with the character of the two individuals in question. He would naturally ask: Could men so

tainted be on visiting terms with the family of a gentleman—among the first in California, ranking with its grandest *ricos*, and *familias principales*? By one knowing the country and its customs in the olden time, the answer would not be a negative. For there and then every second man met with was a gambler, either professionally or in practice. And not a few women as well! He who did not occasionally cast dice, or stake doubloons upon the turning of a card, was a *rara avis*. The keeper of a *monté* bank might not be deemed so respectable as a banker of the ordinary kind; not only was he not socially outlawed, but if rich, 'society' rather caressed him.

As yet, Don Faustino Calderon has not come under the category of the professional 'sport,' and respectability does not repel him. His dissipated habits are far from exceptional, and his father's good name still continues to throw its *egis* over him. Under it he is eligible to Californian society, of the most select kind, and has the *entrée* of its best circles.

And so also Don Francisco de Lara—in a different way. Wealth has secured him this, for although anything but rich, he has the repute of being so, and bears evidence of it about him. He is always stylishly and fashionably attired; his shirt of the finest linen, with diamond studs sparkling in its front. Free in dispensing gratuities, he gives to the poor and the priests—the last kind of largess being a speculation. He intends it as such, and it has well repaid the outlay. For, in California, as in other Catholic countries, the dispenser of 'Peter's Pence' is sure of being highly esteemed. Frank Lara has done this with a liberal hand; and is therefore styled Don Francisco de Lara—saluted as such by the sandalled monks and shovel-hatted priests who come in contact with him. In addition to all, he is good-looking and of graceful deportment, without being at all a dandy. On the contrary, he carries himself with earnest air, calm and cool, while in his eye may be read the expression, *noli me tangere*. A native of New Orleans, where duels occur almost daily, he is up in the *art d'escrime*. Since his arrival in California he has twice called out his man—on the second occasion killing him.

*Escroc* as the French might call him, 'blackleg' in the English vocabulary, 'sport' in American phrase, Frank Lara is a man with whom no one who knows him would like to take liberties.

In the companionship of Calderon—under his wing, as it were—he has been admitted into the best houses, and along with the latter, is now on the way to visit that of Don Gregorio Montijo. That their visit is of unique character, and for an important purpose, can be gleaned from the speech passing between them as they ride along the road.

'Well, Calderon,' says De Lara, 'from something you said before setting out, I take it you're going to Don Gregorio's on business very similar to my own. Come, comrade! declare your errand.'

'Declare yours.'

'Certainly. I shall make no secret of it to you, nor need I. Why should there be any between us? We've now known one another long, and intimately enough, to exchange confidences of even the closest kind. To-day mine is—that I mean proposing to Don Gregorio's daughter.'

'And I,' returns Calderon, 'intend doing the same to his grand-daughter.'

'In that case, we're both in the same boat. Well; as there's no rivalry between us, we can pull pleasantly together. I've no objection to being your uncle; even admitting you to a share in the Spaniard's property, proportioned to your claims of kinship.'

'I don't want a dollar of the old Don's money; only his grand-daughter. I'm deeply in love with her.'

'And I,' continues De Lara, 'am just as deeply in love with his daughter—it may be deeper.'

'You couldn't. I'm half-mad about Inez Alvarez. I could kill her—if she refuse me.'

'I shall kill Carmen Montijo—if she refuse me.'

The two men are talking seriously, or seem so. Their voices, the tone, the flashing of their eyes, the expression upon their faces, with their excited gesticulation—all shew them to be in earnest. At the last outburst of passionate speech they turn round in their saddles, and look each other in the face.

De Lara continues the dialogue: 'Now, tell me, Faustino; what hope have you of success?'

'For that, fair enough. You remember the last *fandango* held at Don Gregorio's—on the day of the cattle-branding?'

'Certainly I do. I've good reason to remember it. But go on.'

'Well, that night,' proceeds Calderon, 'I danced twice with Dona Inez, and made many sweet speeches to her. Once I went farther, and squeezed her pretty hand. She wasn't angry, or at all events didn't say, or shew it. Surely after such encouragement I may ask that hand in marriage—with fair presumption of not being refused. What's your opinion?'

'Your chances seem good. But what about Don Gregorio himself? He will have something to say in the matter.'

'Too much, I fear; and that's just what I do fear. So long as his bit of grazing-land was worth only some thirty thousand dollars, he was amiable enough. Now that by this gold discovery it's got to be good value for ten times the amount, he'll be a different man, and likely enough will go dead against me.'

'Likely enough. It's the way of the world; and therefore, on that account, you needn't have a special spite against the Señor Montijo. You're sure no one else stands between you and your sweetheart? Or is there something in the shape of a rival?'

'Of course there is—a score of them, as you ought to know; same as with yourself, De Lara. Suitors have been coming and going with both, I suppose, ever since either was old enough to receive them. The last I've heard of as paying attentions to Inez is a young naval officer—a midshipman on board a British man-of-war now lying in the harbour. Indeed, there are two of them spoken of; one said to be your rival, as the other is mine. Shall I tell you what's been for some time the talk of the town? You may as well know it, if you don't already.'

'What?' asks the Creole, excitedly.

'Why, that the one represented as your competitor has cut out all Carmen's other admirers—yourself among the rest.'

Bitter words to the ear of Francisco de Lara, bringing the red colour to his cheeks, as if they had been smitten by a switch. With eyes flashing,

and full of jealous fire, he exclaims: 'If that be so, I'll do as I've said'—

'Do what?'

'Kill Carmen Montijo. I swear it. I'm in earnest, Calderon, and mean it. If it be as you've heard, I'll surely kill her. I've the right to her life—by her giving me the right to her love.'

'But did she do that? Has she confessed to loving you?'

'Not in words, I admit. But there are other signs of assent strong as speech, or the hand-squeezings you speak of. Carmen Montijo may be cunning. Some call her a coquette. All I know is that she has led me to believe she loved me; and if she's been playing a false game, she shall rue it, one way or the other. This day I'm determined to ascertain the truth, by offering her my hand in marriage. If she refuse it, then I'll know how things stand, and take steps for squaring accounts between us. She shall find that Frank Lara is not the sort of man to let one of woman-kind either laugh at, or play tricks with him.'

'I admire your spirit, *amigo*. I catch courage from it, and will imitate your action. If it turn out that Inez has been trifling with me, I'll—Well; we must first find what answer there is for us; which we shall, I suppose, soon after ascending yonder hill. One of us may be accepted, the other rejected. In that case, one will be happy, the other wretched. Or both may be accepted, and then we'll both be blessed. Taking things at their worst, and that we both get refused—what then? Despair and a speedy end, I suppose?'

'The last if you like, but not the first. When despair comes to Frank Lara, death will come along with it, or soon after. But we waste time talking; let us forward, and learn our fate!'

With stroke of spur, urging their horses into a gallop, the two *caballeros* keep on; in the countenances of both a cast shewing them half-hopeful, half-doubting—such as may be seen when men are about to make some desperate attempt, with uncertainty as to the result. On Calderon's, notwithstanding his assumed levity, the expression is almost of despair; on that of De Lara it is more of a demon.

#### CHAPTER VIII.—AN ENCOUNTER INEVITABLE.

After having delivered their speeches, so nearly alike in sound, yet so different in sense, the two ladies on the house-top stand for a short time silent, their eyes turned toward the approaching horsemen. These are still more than a mile off, and to the ordinary eye only distinguishable as mounted men wearing cloaks—one of scarlet colour, the other sky-blue. But despite the distance, the young girls easily identify them—both simultaneously, and in tones somewhat contemptuous, pronouncing their names.

'Yes,' says Carmen, speaking in full assurance, with a lorgnette raised to her eyes—hitherto bent upon the British war-ship. 'No truer types of what I've called them than Francisco de Lara, and Faustino Calderon.'

The frown that came over her face at first sight of them remains upon it, as she continues regarding them through the glass. After an interval she adds interrogatively, and with a certain uneasiness of manner: 'Think you they're coming to the house, Inez?'

'That is very likely; I should say, almost certain.'

'What can be bringing them?' mechanically queries Carmen, with an air of increased vexation.

'Their horses, aunt,' rejoins the niece jestingly.

'Don't jest, Inez. It's too serious.'

'What's too serious?'

'Why, these fellows coming hither. I wonder what they can be wanting?'

'You needn't wonder at that,' says Inez, still speaking jocularly. 'I can tell you what one of them wants, and that's Don Francisco de Lara. He is desirous to have a look at the mistress of this mansion.'

'And Don Faustino Calderon is no doubt equally desirous to have a look at her niece,' retorts the aunt in like bantering tone.

'He's quite welcome. He may look at me till he strain his ugly eyes out. It won't make any impression.'

'I'm sorry I can't say the same for Don Francisco. On me his looks do make an impression—one far from being either pleasant, or favourable.'

'It wasn't always so, *thú?*'

'No, I admit. I only wish it had been.'

'But why?'

'Because, now I shouldn't need to be afraid of him.'

'Afraid of him! Surely you're not that?'

'Well, no—not exactly—still'—

She speaks hesitatingly, and in disjointed phrases, her head hung down, with a red spot upon her cheeks, as though she had some reason for reticence—a secret she scarce likes to disclose. Then a quick change comes over her countenance; and, bending closer to the other, she asks: 'Can I trust you with a confidence, Inez?'

'Why need you ask that? You've already trusted me with one, in telling me you love Don Eduardo Crozier.'

'Now I give you another—I once loved Don Francisco de Lara.'

'Indeed!'

'No, no,' rejoins Carmen quickly, and as if half-repenting the avowal. 'Not loved him—that's not true. I only came near it.'

'And now?'

'I hate him!'

'Why, may I ask? What has changed you?'

'That's easily answered. Listen, Inez, and you shall have the explanation. When I first met him I was much younger than now. A mere girl, full of girlish fancies—romantic, as called. They may not be gone yet—not all. But whatever of them remains, no longer turns towards Francisco de Lara. I thought him handsome; and in a sense, so is he. In person, you'll admit, he's all man may, or need, be—a sort of Apollo, or Hyperion. But in mind—ah, Inez, that man is a very Satyr—in heart and soul a Mephistopheles. I only discovered it when I became better acquainted with him. Then, I hated him, and do so still.'

'But why should you be afraid of him?'

Carmen does not reply promptly. Clearly, she has not yet given the whole of her confidence. There is something withheld.

Inez, whose sympathies are now enlisted—seeing that her aunt has some secret cause for suffering—presses for the explanation. She does so entreatingly, in the language of sisterly affection.

'Carmen—dear Carmen! tell me what it is.'

Have you ever given Don Francisco a claim to call you his *novia*?'

'Never! Neither that, nor anything of the kind. He has no claim, and I no compromise. The only thing I've reason to regret is, having listened to certain flattering speeches, without resenting them.'

'Pst! What does that signify? Why, Don Faustino has made flattering speeches to me—scores of them—called me all sorts of endearing names—does so whenever we two are together alone. I only laugh at him.'

'Ah! Faustino Calderon is not Francisco de Lara. They are men of very different characters. In the behaviour of your admirer there's only a little of the ludicrous; in that of mine, there may be a great deal of danger. But let us cease discussing them. There's no time for that now. The question is, are they coming on to the house?'

'I think there can be no question about it; like enough they've heard that we're soon going away, and are about to honour us with a farewell visit.'

'Would it were only that. But visit of whatever kind, 'tis extremely ill-timed, and may be awkward.'

'How so?'

'Supposing they should stay till our English friends arrive? You know 'tis near the hour they were invited to ride out with us. Twelve, father told them, he says. It's now half-past eleven; and if the four should meet here, wouldn't we be in a dilemma? It's very vexatious, the coming of these two cavaliers.'

'Let them come—who cares? I don't.'

'But I do. If papa were at home, I mightn't so much mind it. But, just now, I've no desire to see De Lara alone—and still less while being visited by Don Eduardo. They're both *demonios*, though in a very different way; and sure as fate there'd be trouble, perhaps a fight, between them. That wouldn't be at all pleasant. But, let us hope our friends from the ship won't get here, till our shore-friends—or enemies, I should rather style them—have done their *devoirs*, and gone away.'

'But our ship-friends will be here before that. I declare they're on the way now. Look yonder!'

Iñez points over the bay in the direction of the British frigate, where a boat is in the water under the ship's beam. The sun, reflected from dripping oar-blades, shews that they are in motion. And while the girls continue gazing, the boat is seen to separate from the ship's side, and put shoreward, straight towards the sand-spit which shoots out in front of Don Gregorio's dwelling. The rowers are all dressed alike, the measured stroke of their oars betokening that the boat belongs to the man-o'-war. But the young ladies do not conjecture about that; nor have they any doubt as to the identity of two of the figures seated in the stern-sheets. Those uniforms of dark blue, with the gold buttons, and yellow cap-bands, are too well known, not to be recognisable at any distance to which love's glances could possibly penetrate. They are the guests expected, for whom the spare horses stand saddled in the patio. For Don Gregorio, not displeased with certain delicate attentions which the young British officers have been paying to the female members of his family, has invited them to visit him—ride out along with the ladies, and on return stay to dinner. He knows that a treat

of this kind will be pleasing to those he has asked; and, before leaving home, has given orders for the steeds to be saddled.

It is not the first time Crozier and Cadwallader have been to the Spaniard's house, nor the first to stretch their limbs under his dining-table. But it may be the last—at least while that table is spread in his present abode. For in truth it is to be a farewell visit. But along with this understanding another has been entered into. The acquaintance commenced in California is to be renewed at Cadiz—when the *Crusader* goes thither, which she is ere long expected to do. But for such expectation, Carmen Montijo and Iñez Alvarez would not be so high-hearted at the prospect of a leave-taking so near. Less painful on this account, it might have been even pleasant, but for what they see on the opposite side—the horsemen coming from the town. An encounter between the two pairs gives promise to mar the happy intercourse of the afternoon.

'They'll meet—they must!' says Carmen, speaking apprehensively.

'Let them!' rejoins Iñez, in a tone of non-chalance. 'What if they do?'

'What! They may quarrel. I'm almost sure they will.'

'No fear for that; and, if they should, where's the danger? You, such a believer in the romantic—stickler for old knight-errantry—instead of regretting it, should be glad! Look there! Lovers coming from all sides—suitsors by land and suitsors by sea! No lady of the troubadour times ever saw the like; none was ever honoured by such a rivalry! Come, Carmen, be proud! Stand firm on your castle-keep! Shew yourself worthy to receive this splendid adoration!'

'Iñez, you don't know the danger.'

'There is none. If they should come into collision, and have a fight, let them. I've no fear for mine. If Willie Cadwallader isn't a match for Faustin Calderon, then he's not match, or mate, for me—never shall be.'

'*Sobrina!* you astonish me. I had no idea you were such a *demonio*. The Moorish blood, I suppose. Your words make me almost as wicked as yourself. It isn't for that I'm afraid. I've as much confidence in my lover, as you in yours. No fear that Señor Crozier will cower before Francisco de Lara. If he do, I shall take back my heart a second time, and carry it unscathed to Cadiz.'

Meanwhile, the man-o'-war's boat has been drawing in towards the beach, heading for a little embayment, formed by the shore-line, and the sand-bar already spoken of. The horsemen coming from the town-side do not see it; nor can the crew of the boat perceive them. The land-ridge is between the two parties, its crest concealing them from one another. They are approaching it at a like rate of speed. For although the horses appear to be in a gallop, it is only a fancy gait fashionable among Spanish Californians, its purpose to exhibit equestrian skill. The two horsemen looking up the hill, see two heads on the house-top, and know that ladies' eyes are upon them. Surreptitiously goaded by the spur, their steeds plunge and curvet, apparently advancing at a rapid pace, but in reality covering little ground. At length both parties disappear from the eyes of those on the azotea. They have gone under the brow of the hill, which,

overhanging for a short distance, shuts out a view of the road, as also the strip of sandy shore.

Unseen from above, the man-o-war's boat beaches, and the two officers spring out upon the strand. One of them turning, says something to the coxswain, who has remained in the stern-sheets, with the tiller-ropes held in hand. It is an order, with instructions about where and when he is to attend them for their return to the ship.

'At the new wharf in the harbour,' Crozier is heard to say; for it is he who commands, on account of seniority in rank.

His order given, the boat shoves off, and is rowed back toward the ship; while the officers commence climbing the slope, to get upon the shore-road. At the same time the horsemen are ascending from the opposite side. Soon both parties are again within view of those on the house-top. But neither as yet sees the other, or has any suspicion of their mutual proximity. The crest of the ridge is still between, and in a few seconds more they will sight one another. The men afoot are advancing at about the same rate of speed as those on horseback. The latter have ceased shewing off, as if satisfied with the impression they must have already made, and are now approaching in tranquil gait, but with an air of subdued triumph—the mock modesty of the *matador*, who with blood-stained sword bends meekly before the box where beauty sits smiling approbation. The two pedestrians climb the hill less ceremoniously. Glad to stretch their limbs upon land—shake the knots out of them, as the junior gleefully remarks—they eagerly scale the steep. Not silent either, but laughing and shouting like a couple of school-boys, abroad for an afternoon's holiday.

Suddenly coming within view of the house, they bring their boisterous humour under restraint at sight of two heads appearing above the roof. For they know to whom these belong, and note that the faces are turned towards them.

At the same instant the horsemen also see the heads, and observe that the faces are *not* turned towards them. On the contrary, they are averted, the ladies looking aslant in another direction.

Some chagrin in this. After all their grand caracoling and feats of equestration that must have been witnessed by the fair spectators. At what are these now gazing? Is it a ship sailing up the bay, or something else on the water? No matter what, and whether on land or water. Enough for the cavaliers to think they are being slightly received. Disconcerted, they seek an explanation, mutually questioning one another. Before either can make answer in speech, both have it before their eyes—in the shape of two British naval officers.

Like themselves, the latter have just reached the summit of the ridge, and are coming on towards Don Gregorio's gate. It is midway between; and keeping on at the same rate of speed, they will meet directly in front of it.

Neither pair has ever set eyes on the other before. For all this, there is an expression on the faces of all four that tells of mutual surmises of no friendly nature.

Calderon says to De Lara, *sotto-voce*: 'The English officers!'

Cadwallader whispers to Crozier: 'The fellows we've heard about—our rivals, Ned. Like ourselves, I suppose, going to visit the girls.'

De Lara makes no response to Calderon. Neither does Crozier to Cadwallader. There is not time. They are all close up to the gate, and there is only its breadth between them.

They have arrived there at the same instant of time, and simultaneously make stop. Face to face, silence on both sides; not a word offered in exchange. But looks are quite as expressive—glances that speak the language of jealous rivalry—of rage, with difficulty suppressed.

It is a question of precedence, as to who shall first pass through the gate. Their hesitation is not from any courtesy, but the reverse. The men on horseback look down on those afoot contemptuously, scornfully. Threateningly, too, as if they thought of riding over and trampling them under the hoofs of their horses. No doubt they would like to do it, and might make trial, were the young officers unarmed. But they are not. Crozier carries a pistol—Cadwallader his midshipman's dirk, both appearing outside their uniforms.

For a period of several seconds' duration, the rivals stand *vis-à-vis*, neither venturing to advance. Around them is a nimbus of angry electricity, that needs but a spark to kindle it into furious flame. A single word would do it. This word spoken, and two of the four may never enter Don Gregorio's gate—at least, not alive.

It is not spoken. The only speech is one which passes from Crozier to Cadwallader—not in a whisper, but aloud, and without regard to the effect it may have on the Californians.

'Come along, Will! We've something better before us than stand shilly-shallying here. Heave after me, shipmate!'

Crozier's speech cuts the Gordian-knot; and the officers, gliding through the gateway, advance along the avenue. With faces now turned towards the house, they see the ladies still upon the *azotea*. Soon as near enough for Carmen to see it, Crozier draws out the treasured tress, and fastens it in his cap, behind the gold band. It falls over his shoulder like a cataract of liquid amber. Cadwallader does likewise; and from his cap also streams a tress, black as the plumage of a raven. The two upon the house-top appear pleased by this display. They shew their approval by imitating it. Each raises hand to her riding-hat; and when these are withdrawn, a curl of hair is seen twining over their *toquillas*—one chestnut-brown, the other golden-hued.

Scarcely is this love-telegraphy exchanged, when the two Californians come riding up the avenue at full speed. Though lingering at the gate, and still far off, De Lara has observed the affair of the tresses, and understood the symbolism of the act. Exasperated beyond bounds, he can no longer control himself, and cares not what may come. At his instigation, Calderon spurs on by his side, the two tearing furiously along. Their purpose is evident: to force the pedestrians from the path, and so humble them in the eyes of their sweethearts. On his side, Crozier remains cool, admonishing Cadwallader to do the same. He feels the power of possession: assured by those smiles, that the citadel is theirs. It is for the outsiders to make the assault.

'Give a clear gangway, Will,' he says; 'and let them pass. We can talk to the gentlemen afterwards.'

Both step back among the *manzanita* bushes, and



the *ginetes* go galloping past; De Lara on Crozier's side scowling down, as if he would annihilate him with a look. The scowl is returned with interest, though the officer still reserves speech. On the other edge of the avenue the action is a little different. The midshipman, full of youthful freak, determines on having his lark. He sees the chance, and cannot restrain himself. As Calderon sweeps past, he draws his dirk, and pricks the Californian's horse in the hip. The animal, maddened by the pain, bounds to one side, and then shoots off at increased speed, still further heightened by the fierce exclamations of his rider, and the mocking laugh sent after him by the mid. Under the walls the two horsemen come to a halt, neither having made much by their bit of rude bravadoism. And they know they will have a reckoning to settle for it—at least De Lara does. For on the brow of Crozier, coming up, he can read the determination to call him to account. He is not flurried about this. On the contrary, he has courted it, knowing himself a skilled swordsman and dead shot. Remembering that he has already killed his man, he can await with equanimity the challenge he has provoked. It is not fear has brought the pallor to his cheeks, and set the dark seal upon his brow. Both spring from a different passion: observable in his eyes as he turns them towards the house-top. For the ladies are still there, looking down.

Saluting, he says: 'Doña Carmen; can I have the honour of an interview?'

The lady does not make immediate answer. A spectator of all that has passed, she observes the hostile attitude between the two sets of visitors. To receive both at the same time will be more than embarrassing. With their passions roused to such a pitch of anger, it must end in a personal encounter. Her duty is clear. She is mistress of the house, representing her father in his absence. The young officers are there by invitation. At thought of this, she no longer hesitates.

'Not now, Don Francisco de Lara,' she says, answering his question; 'not to-day. We must beg of you to excuse us.'

'Indeed!' rejoins he sneeringly. 'Will it be deemed discourteous in me to ask why we are denied?'

It is discourteous; and so Doña Carmen deems it. Though she does not tell him as much in words, he can understand it from her reply.

'You are quite welcome to know the reason. We have an engagement.'

'Oh! an engagement!'

'Yes, sir, an engagement,' she repeats, in a tone telling of irritation. 'Those gentlemen you see are our guests. My father has invited them to spend the day with us.'

'Ah! your father has invited them! How very good of Don Gregorio Montijo, giving his hospitality to *gringos*! And Doña Carmen has added her entreaties, no doubt?'

'Sir!' says Carmen, no longer able to conceal her indignation, 'your speech is impertinent—insulting. I shall listen to it no longer.'

Saying this, she steps back, disappearing behind the parapet—where Inez has already concealed herself, at the close of a similar short but stormy dialogue with Calderon.

De Lara, a lurid look in his eyes, sits in his saddle as if in a stupor. He is aroused from it by

a voice, Crozier's, saying: 'You appear anxious to make apology to the lady? You can make it to me.'

'*Carrai!*' exclaims the Creole, starting, and glaring angrily at the speaker. 'Who are you?'

'One who demands an apology for your rude behaviour.'

'You will not get it.'

'Satisfaction, then?'

'That to your heart's content.'

'I shall have it so. Your card, sir?'

'There, take it. Yours?'

The bits of pasteboard are exchanged, after which De Lara, casting another glance up to the azotea—where he sees nothing but blank wall—turns his horse's head, and, spitefully plying the spur, gallops back down the avenue—his comrade closely following.

Calderon has not deemed it incumbent upon him to ask a card from Cadwallader. Nor has the latter thought it necessary to demand one from him. The mid is quite contented with what he has done with his dirk.

The young officers enter the house, in cheerful confidence that they have lost nothing by the encounter, and that those inside will still smilingly receive them.

#### NEW TREASURES AT THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

YEAR after year, a vast amount of treasures, interesting as well to the ordinary sight-seer as to the student in every department of human knowledge, is added to the various collections comprised within the walls of our great national storehouse in Bloomsbury, and certainly 1874 does not fall behind its predecessors in either the number or the value of the objects added by donation and purchase. Premising that the number of visitors to the British Museum is steadily increasing, having been 601,843 during the year, or 25,724 more than in 1873, and 53,349 more than in 1872, we proceed to take a brief survey of the progress made in the period referred to, as shewn by the Return published by order of the House of Commons.

In the Department of Printed Books, the number of distinct works comprised in the 37,761 volumes and pamphlets and 40,663 parts of volumes added to the book-shelves, amounted to about 39,800. Besides these, 10,351 articles have been received, including play-bills, single pieces of music, broadsides, songs, and ballads, parliamentary papers, &c. The number of sets of newspapers published in the United Kingdom, and received under the provisions of the Copyright Act, during the past year, has been as follows: 252 published in London and suburbs, 1110 in other parts of England and Wales, 170 in Scotland, and 133 in Ireland. Mr W. B. Rye reports several valuable acquisitions in this department. Many early English works of rarity have been purchased, including a copy of the extremely scarce first edition of Lydgate's translation of Boccaccio's *Fall of Princes*, printed by Pynson in 1494. This volume was rescued from a tobacconist's shop at Lambeth; portions had been cut out to wrap up

tobacco and snuff. The rare edition of the English Bible in octavo, printed in 1612-13, the year after the publication of the authorised version in folio. It was unknown to Dr Cotton, Lea Wilson, and to Lowndes. It is in beautiful condition, and in a binding of embroidered needlework. *Psalms, Hymns, and Spiritual Songs of the Old and New Testament, in English Meter for the Saints, especially in New England*, 1680. Twenty rare Scotch proclamations and other documents of the seventeenth century. Some scarce works of Percy Bysshe Shelley, including the *Refutation of Deism*, of which only two other copies are known to have occurred. A further selection of about five hundred works from the linguistic library of M. Burraud des Marets, comprising works in Basque, in the dialects of Italy, Spain, and Portugal, and in Walachian. This purchase has made the Museum library exceedingly rich in Basque books. The collection of music has also been augmented by the purchase of several hundred volumes, comprising the works of modern German, French, and Italian composers, many in full score. A great number of important treatises on the theory of the art have been acquired, and several valuable additions made to the class of early printed music. The Map Department has acquired, among other curiosities, an anonymous map of Germany and the surrounding countries, engraved on copper, but with the lettering printed from type, published at Eichstatt, in Bavaria, in 1491. In a legend at the top describing the contents, occur the words: 'Gratia sit Cusæ Nicolao,' shewing it to be the surviving representative of an early map, now unknown, made by Cardinal Nicolas Krebs (called Cusanus, from his native village of Cusa, on the Moselle), who died in 1461. On the back of the map is a drawing of a coat-of-arms, headed by the name of the illustrious Willibald Pirckheimer (the Xenophon of Nuremberg), with the date 1529. From this, it may be inferred that he had this identical map before him when he wrote his *Germaniæ ex variis Scriptoribus perbrevis Explicatio*, published in Nuremberg in 1530.

The Department of Manuscripts is not very generally availed of by students, for the number of visitors in 1874 was but 1632, against 1345 in 1873; 22,957 manuscripts, however, were delivered in the reading-room in the year, these being, we presume, of a less valuable character than the 1902 consulted in the rooms of the department. The number of acquisitions is somewhat less than in the previous year, but many are of considerable importance and interest. For instance, forty-nine volumes of Correspondence and Papers of Christopher, first Viscount Hatton, and Daniel Finch, second Earl of Nottingham, Secretary of State in the reign of Queen Anne. The earlier portion, we are told, comprises much that relates to affairs of the isle of Guernsey, of which Lord Hatton was governor, together with extensive family correspondence, and volumes of letters of Sir Charles Lyttelton, Dr Fell, Bishop of Oxford, Dr Edmund King, and others. The latter portion principally consists of letters from ministers at foreign and other public offices, including Lord Treasurer Godolphin, Sir Joseph Williamson, Sir Paul and John Methuen (in Spain and Portugal), the Duke and Duchess of Marlborough, the Duke of Ormonde, Dr Jeremy Taylor, and other persons of note. Original letters of Jean Jacques Rousseau

and David Hume, and other papers connected with Rousseau's residence in England and his quarrel with Hume (1766-69). Stanzas by Lord Byron, in his autograph, accompanied by his letter offering them for publication in the *Monthly Literary Recreations*, dated 21st July 1807.

Thirty-six manuscripts have been added during the year to the Oriental Collection—namely, thirty by purchase, and six by donation, as follows: Arabic, 12; Persian, 10; Japanese, 4; Hindu drawings, 4; Syriac and Hebrew, 2 each; and Sanscrit and Pali, 1 each. The more interesting of these are: A Journal of the Japanese Mission to Europe (*Japanese*), six parts, folio; a Japanese Novel, with miniatures, quarto (both these manuscripts were presented by Ernest M. Satow, Esq., Japanese secretary to the British legation at Yedo); and a large Buddhistic work, written on palm leaves, in the Pali language and Cambodian character, presented by Dr Campbell, R.N., Surgeon to H.M.'s Consulate General, Bangkok, Siam (erroneously described by the Museum authorities as 'Her Majesty's Consul General, Siam').

The number of objects acquired by the Department of Oriental Antiquities, including fragments, was about 3200. Among these are a considerable collection of Assyrian antiquities, obtained from the excavations carried on in Mesopotamia by Mr George Smith, by order of the Museum trustees, in 1873 and 1874; a wooden board of a coffin, on which is painted Merartef worshipping Socharis (presented by C. W. Goodwin, M.A., Assistant Judge of H.M.'s Supreme Court for China and Japan); terra-cotta jug in shape of a female head, and another moulded in the form of a pigeon; a white jasper oval, with magical inscription; &c.

Many interesting objects have been added, by donation and purchase, to the Department of Greek and Roman Antiquities, among which may be mentioned the following: terra-cotta figure of Venus riding on a swan, from Canteras del Puiz, in Spain; five Athenian *lektythi* of fictile ware, with polychrome designs on a white ground, on one of which is represented Charon in his boat beckoning towards a female figure beside a *stelé*, while on three are representations of mourners bringing offerings to tombs; a pair of gold ear-rings, remarkable for the richness of their decoration, and their great size (found in Granada, Spain); two alabaster vases, one of which is of the peculiar funnel shape only met with in the archaic fictile wares of Ialysos and Santorin; sepulchral *stelé* of Demetrios, son of Pancrates, with Greek inscription in verse (from Amyzon, in Caria). We extract the following remarks by Mr C. T. Newton, in regard to excavations at Ephesus: 'Mr Wood has completed the exploration of the site of the Temple of Diana, and the remainder of the marbles discovered by him have been received. In demolishing the walls of Byzantine masonry built against the *cella* walls of the Temple, a number of fragments of architecture and sculpture from the Temple were found. In some places it was discovered that the foundations of this Byzantine masonry rested on ancient pavement, the level of which was intermediate between the levels of the two pavements previously discovered—that is, nearly four feet above the lowest pavement previously discovered, and about three feet six inches below the uppermost step of the latest Temple. On the south side of the site were discovered the

remains of a Doric building, which is probably of the same period as the latest Temple. The excavations were extended on the west without yielding any remains of the Temple; on the east was found an *akroterion* from the roof of the Temple. In the exploration of the cella, a number of archaic fragments of sculpture were found. In several places the diggings were carried down to the original foundations of the earliest Temple, below which was a layer of charcoal distinctly visible. The presence of this layer confirms the statements of Pliny (*Natural History*, xxxvi. 21) and Diogenes Laertius (ii. 8, 19), that the foundations of the Temple were laid on a bed of charcoal and fleeces of wool, an expedient which was probably adopted to prevent the damp rising. After the site of the Temple and the margin of soil immediately adjoining it had been completely explored, the excavations were brought to a close in March 1874.

The Department of British and Medieval Antiquities and Ethnography has again this year acquired many curiosities, which are classed under various headings. Among the more noteworthy are an elaborately carved Chinese glass vase, imitating in colour a sapphire; an ancient Chinese jade vase, found in a tomb near the great wall of China; a Chinese steatite seal, which belonged to the notorious Commissioner Yeh, of Canton; a model of a boat made in cloves, from the Asiatic Archipelago; and a Chinese shirt of rattan—the last two being presented by Mrs Butterworth. The Christy Collection has received several donations, of which, in view of recent events, perhaps the most interesting are the kava bowl of Thakumbau, king of Fiji, and a very large Fiji club. From the fact of this collection being still retained at 103 Victoria Street, Westminster, and being only open on Fridays by means of tickets obtained at the British Museum, there have only been 858 visitors to inspect it during the year, or six less than in the previous twelve months.

The acquisitions in the Department of Coins and Medals number 1525, consisting of Greek, Roman, medieval, and modern English and Oriental coins, classed as gold, silver, copper, billon, and glass.

Professor Owen has even a more flourishing account to give of the additions to the Departments of Natural History during the period under review, than he had a year ago. The aggregate number of specimens added in 1874 is 34,616, against 30,424 in 1873. Of these, 30,699 have been registered in the Department of Zoology, 3103 in that of Geology, and 814 in that of Mineralogy. It would be impossible to notice in detail the numerous acquisitions in the Zoology Department, but two matters are worthy of especial mention, the one under the head of *Birds*, and the other under that of *Insecta*—namely (1), the type of a new pheasant (*Lophophanes Buhleri*) from the interior of Borneo, presented by His Excellency the Governor of Labuan, Sir Henry Bulwer, and named after the donor. 'This,' Dr Gunther remarks, 'is one of the most interesting additions that have been made for some years past to our knowledge of birds. It is a bird rather above the size of the common pheasant, and with skinny wattles on the naked head, which are probably of a bright blue colour during life. The body, which is entirely of a deep black colour (each feather having a glossy margin),

terminates in a long lyre-shaped, snowy-white tail.'

(2) A most important acquisition has been made by the purchase of Mr Edward Saunders' collection of *Duprestidae*, a group of beetles, which, by the beauty of their colours, as well as by the manifold modifications of their form, have always attracted the attention of scientific entomologists and amateur collectors. Mr Edward Saunders having made this group his especial study for many years, had brought together a collection of 7267 specimens in the most perfect state of preservation, which, with the exception of a very small proportion, were named, many from comparison with the types in continental museums. The amalgamation of this collection with the one previously existing in the British Museum has raised this part of the Entomological Collection to a condition of unrivalled completeness. Under the head of *Radiata* (and *Vermes*) the most notable presents are two magnificent tree-like corals (*Antipathes*) from the Bermudas and the Samoa Islands: the former from Dr Hooker, C.B., P.R.S.; and the latter from H. R. Williams, Esq.

In the Department of Geology, 8920 new specimens were registered in 1874, while the additions to the collection of minerals are described as 'valuable rather than numerous.' Mr Story-Maskelyne reports the acquisition, among other treasures, of a large deep yellow sapphire, faceted; a colourless sapphire, also faceted; a bright little faceted specimen of hyacinth from Ceylon; a large crystal of kieselophane from Krageroe, Norway; specimens of precious opal, associated with ferruginous sands and jasper, Baracoo River, Queensland, Australia—one of them, a cut specimen remarkable for its fire and the dark colour of the matrix; precious opal with native gold, Czerwenicza, Hungary; and a very large cavernous mass of botryoidal pale sard, from India.

The Department of Botany has received many additions in its various subdivisions, and several British and foreign botanists of eminence have used the Herbarium in prosecuting their various studies.

In conclusion, we have only to call attention to the Department of Prints and Drawings. Considerable progress, we find, has been made with the third volume of the Printed Catalogue of Satirical Prints and Drawings; all the works of Hogarth have been described, and the allusions in which they abound exhaustively explained; in this respect the catalogue will probably leave nothing to be done, and will represent Hogarth completely. The catalogue of other works is practically finished up to the year 1743, including many hundreds of entries; and numerous later examples have also been described. No less than 11,381 acquisitions have been made in this department during the year, including many valuable presents. The most important examples acquired by purchase have been selected from the fine collection formed by Hugh Howard, an eminent connoisseur, at the commencement of the last century; at his death, in 1737, the collection was removed to Ireland, where it remained without being in any way interfered with, until its sale, in two portions, in December 1873 and November 1874; from each division, previous to its sale, the Museum authorities were permitted to select whatever specimens were required for the department. Finally, under the head of Engravings of the English School, we

learn that the nation has become possessed of an extremely interesting woodcut in three blocks, representing the *Ark Royal*, the largest vessel in Queen Elizabeth's navy, and the flag-ship of Lord Howard of Effingham in the battles with the Armada. She carried fifty guns, and was of eight hundred tons burden. In the woodcut she is represented as rigged with four masts, and carrying the admiral's standard at her gangway, thus continuing the custom, which obtained in ancient as well as medieval times, of exhibiting the armorials of the warriors on board a vessel, on shields suspended at her sides; the royal standard flies at her mainmast head; the Tudor rose is on a flag at the summit of her mizzen-mast, and a St George's Cross appears at her foremast truck. This woodcut, if it is of English origin, is one of the oldest works of the kind executed in this country.

#### AN ADVENTURE IN IRELAND.

THE winter of 1867 was a severe one in Ireland, and the poor misguided Fenians who spent hours and hours shivering on the bare hill-sides of Kerry or the bogs of Athlone must have had a hard time of it. While marching and countermarching, the cold might be endurable; but when it came to listening to a speech for two hours at a time—and, unfortunately, the Fenians were very fond of speaking, and very averse to action—it must have cooled down the ardour of a good many of the patriots.

I was not a Fenian, I need hardly say, nor had I any sympathy whatever with them. I was—and in fact am—an officer in Her Majesty's — Regiment, and only happened to be in Ireland at that time on a short leave of absence. Though an Irishman by birth and education, I am not politically bilious, nor nationally dyspeptic, nor have I 'a grievance'—and I believe I am about the only Irish gentleman I know who can say as much. We have always been a loyal family; our ancestors for generations distinguished themselves for unwavering fidelity to their sovereigns; represented the family borough in parliament in the Tory interest, and were hereditary deputy-lieutenants and justices of the peace. I reached home two days before Christmas eve, to find my father and mother both away, and learned that they would not be back for three or four days. It was a sad disappointment; but as my coming was meant for a surprise, and about the most unexpected event that could possibly happen, I could hardly blame them. The first day, I spent roaming over the house and stables, and in the evening I idled over my dinner, and yawned over a novel afterwards. A great gloomy country-house, with no one in it but yourself, is not the pleasantest place in the world to spend a long December evening.

The next day it rained as it only can rain in the south of Ireland—with a calm, deliberate, dogged perseverance; and I sat at the window and watched the unceasing drip-drip from the leaves of the laurustinus and holly, and smoked as persistently almost as the rain descended. The next morning,

just as I was entertaining seriously the notion of returning to London by the next mail from Limerick, a note was brought me from Sir William Ayr, asking me to dine with him that evening. Sir William was the father of Captain Ayr, a brother-officer, and I was delighted at the prospect of renewing my acquaintance with the old gentleman, who used to 'tip' me royally when I was a schoolboy. I had not seen him for seven years; and as I dressed for dinner, I remembered that Sir William had some daughters, who promised to be very charming girls when I last saw them. Therefore, I dressed with more than usual care; and putting on a frieze greatcoat, for the night was intensely cold, I mounted Comet, my father's favourite chestnut, a magnificent thorough-bred, and at six o'clock started for Glenloe, Sir William's residence—a ride of eight Irish miles, through that bleak and desolate stretch of country where the county Limerick adjoins the county Clare.

I had not got more than three miles from home, when I suddenly pulled up my horse and listened, for I heard the most heart-rending groans imaginable, which seemed to proceed from a neighbouring field. Riding on a little, the cries sounded nearer, and then I felt sure that they came from some one lying a little way up a narrow lane just before me. I listened a moment, and then, urged by a sort of curiosity, I dismounted, and tying my horse to a tree, went on a voyage of discovery. I had not gone more than two dozen yards when I stumbled over the body of a man lying across the path.

'Hollo!' I said, 'what's the matter?'

'Och, *mille murther*; don't, yer honour, don't touch me! Shure, I'm a decent boy. Oh! Oh!'

'What's the matter?' I again asked. 'Are you hurt?'

'There's not a bone in me body that isn't broke, yer honour. Me two eyes is druv into one, an I'm black an blue all over. It's them blagourd Fenians, sur.'

'How—when?' I said. 'What's your name?'

'Michael Hennessy, sur; an I was comin home from the fair of Killaloe, when four men came from behind a hedge, an knocked me down, took all me money, an beat me till they left me for dead. Oh! Oh!'

'Don't howl so dismally, man. You're not dead yet, nor anything like it. Stand up, and try if you can walk,' I said. 'Do you live far from here?'

'Not very, yer honour; an I feel aisier now, since you spoke to me. O wirra, wirra, sir!'

I helped the fellow to his feet, gave him a small flask of brandy I had in my pocket, and saw him safely over the stile on his way home, and then returned to where I had left my horse. To my intense surprise and dismay, I found Comet, my father's pet chestnut, gone, and a miserable knock-knee'd skeleton gray mare shivering in his place. The wretched beast was cropping the grass by the

roadside, and every now and then he gave his head a toss, in a way peculiar to Irish cart-horses, with a partiality for trespassing on some farmer's clover. I walked up and down the road, and glanced over the hedges, but Comet was nowhere to be seen, though what could have become of him puzzled me. Presently I heard an 'halloo!' from the field in the direction Hennessy had gone.

'Is it the chestnut yer looking for, yer honour?'

'Yes,' I replied at the top of my voice. 'Where is he?'

'Faix, I wouldn't wonder if one Captain Casey took a fancy to him, an while yer honour was talkin to me, borrowed the loan of the baste. Good-night, sur, an a pleasant journey to ye on ould Curran's gray mare.' And I just caught the echo of a derisive laugh from the field. It was not in a very pleasant temper that I mounted the old hack and proceeded in the direction of Glenloe, mentally resolving to say nothing of my adventure. That I had been swindled in the simplest way imaginable by a clever but transparent trick, I saw plainly, but I resolved to make the best of it, and account for the disappearance of Comet as best I could. Not blessing the land of my forefathers, and declaring, in no very measured terms, that the Island of Saints was the most delightful one in the world 'to live out of,' I got a few miles farther on my journey, when I was again brought to a stand-still; this time, by about a dozen policemen drawn up across the road. I attempted to pass, but the sergeant very deliberately laid his hand on my arm, and said in measured tones: 'I arrest you, in the name of the Queen.'

'Arrest me!' I cried. 'What for?'

'Treason felony is the indictment in the warrant issued for your apprehension,' one of the men said, slapping me on the shoulder; while another, with a dexterity which puzzled me then, and has continued to do so till this day, slipped a pair of handcuffs on my wrists.

'Where is the warrant?' I asked.

'Safe enough, I warrant,' the sergeant said with a dry little laugh; 'and even if we hadn't that valuable little bit of paper, we would take the liberty of looking after your interests under the Suspension of the Act, all the same. Come along, captain.'

So far I had been perfectly good-tempered, and treated the matter as a joke; but I was soon thoroughly vexed, for I was only a lieutenant at that time, and I resented the sarcasm of the broad-shouldered sergeant of the Royal Irish Constabulary.

'Now look here,' I said; 'I am not going to stand any more of this nonsense; it is going beyond the limits of a jest. Allow me to pass.'

'Come on, sir.—Fall in, men; and in a moment they had formed a square round me with fixed bayonets. I remonstrated, and told them angrily who I was, and where I was going.

'On your way to dine with Sir William Ayr, indeed! Very like a whale that, captain, but not quite so large, you understand!' the sergeant said jeeringly. 'But if it's all the same, you'll dine at

the Queen's expense instead. Don't try to be after humbugging us, my boy! it won't do.'

'But I tell you I am Lieutenant O'Gorman, just come home to see my father at Cross House. You must know Squire O'Gorman,' I cried, losing all patience.

'Now, listen here, captain. We know the squire all right; and Mr Ulic, his son, passed this way twenty minutes ago, riding Comet, that we know on the road better than our own shadows: no fear of our mistaking the chestnut. So come on, and no more nonsense.'

'Come home with me, and ask any one; they will soon satisfy you as to my identity,' I urged.

'Now, captain, do you think I am a bigger fool than I look, or do I look a bigger fool than I am? We have been waiting for you and this same gray mare for three mortal hours, and it is not likely that we are going to walk five miles out of our way to give you a chance of escaping. We have netted you very nicely, and I have no doubt but we will find something valuable on you when we come to search by-and-by.'

'Well,' I said, as a last resource, 'let us call at Sir William's, and if Lieutenant O'Gorman is there, I'll give in.'

'Now, what on earth is the use of bothering, captain? Didn't I tell you I saw Mr Ulic ride by on Comet. I spoke to him, and he answered me. Why continue the delusion with me?'

'But I have Sir William's invitation in my pocket,' I said, after vainly attempting to tell how Comet had been stolen: every time I began that story, I was greeted with roars of sarcastic laughter.

'I'll try and find the invitation, captain; but that will prove nothing, as strange things are often found on strange customers like you—but it's not convenient all the same,' the sergeant added.—'Come on, my boys; quick march! it's cold work idling here.'

In sheer desperation, I resigned myself to my fate, and in sullen silence continued my journey towards Limerick, not even condescending to ask who I was supposed to be. On passing the gates of Glenloe, I begged the sergeant to send one of the men up to ask if Captain Ayr was at home, and if he would come and speak to me; which he consented to do, desiring the man also to ask if Lieutenant O'Gorman was there.

In ten minutes he returned, and told the sergeant that Captain Ayr had not come home, but that the lieutenant was there—just gone in to dinner.

'Now aren't you the coolest and most unblushing villain unhung?' the sergeant asked quietly. 'I believe you would have the impudence to meet a gentleman, and tell him to his face that he wasn't himself. Perhaps you will come on peaceable now, captain?'

I nodded an assent, and we continued our march. It was bitterly cold, and I was growing hungry and tired. I resented the snail's pace at which I had to ride; but most of all, I resented the remarks of the men as to my dodges and impudence, and their supposed softness. We reached Limerick at last, and I hoped the magistrate, or whoever I would be brought before, might be possessed of a little common-sense; but, alas, it was ten o'clock when we reached the 'beautiful city;' and instead of magistrate or police inspector,

I found myself 'run in' to the county jail, where I stormed, and raved, and threatened, and at last asked who I was.

'Captain William Casey, Fenian Centre, at your service,' the turnkey said. 'Would you like to see your likeness?' And taking up the *Hue and Cry*, he read the following description: 'William Casey, height five feet ten inches, blue eyes, brown curly hair, dark whiskers and moustache, white even teeth; last seen in evening dress, wearing white tie, gold studs, sleeve-links, and chain—a gray frieze overcoat, and white muffler round his neck. L.100 reward for his capture, or information that will lead to his capture.'

I read the description over, and then looked at myself, and turned away with a sigh, and the settled conviction that I could never be certain of my own identity again; I might be Ulic O'Gorman, but equally I might be Captain Casey, or any one else. There was my photograph in the *Hue and Cry*, perfect in every detail. I lay on the floor and tried to laugh at myself, but the effort was a miserable failure. I then tried to think over all the events of the evening calmly, but the effort was impossible; and at last, utterly weary in mind and body, cold, hungry, and thirsty, I lay on my wretched little bed and fell asleep.

The first experience of prison-life is not usually considered agreeable, yet I have no fault to find with Limerick jail, for I slept soundly and dreamed pleasantly till ten o'clock the next morning, when I was roused by voices in my cell, and hearing my name mentioned in a familiar voice, I opened one eye and saw several gentlemen I would have called friends had I been myself, but being somebody else, I did not make any advances, but watched them calmly.

'Hollo, Ulic!—are you awake? Rouse up, old fellow,' Captain Ayr said, shaking me.

I raised myself on one elbow, and examined him. 'You know me?' I said somewhat curiously.

'Know you, Ulic? What an absurd question. What do you mean?' Captain Ayr said. 'Of course I know that you are Ulic O'Gorman.—Lieutenant in "ours."'

'Then you know more than I do,' I replied. 'Last night, I was morally convinced that I was Captain William Casey: I had it, I assure you, Walter, on the best authority.'

'Don't be a fool, Ulic, but get up and come out of this den, and we'll explain everything. It has been rather awkward for you, but it is an uncommonly good joke.'

'It may be, but I do not quite see it,' I replied, as I followed Captain Ayr out of the cell, while the turnkey tried to hide his diminished head as we passed. Outside, we found my father, Sir William Ayr, the county inspector, and several other dignitaries of the law; and many confused explanations followed, to which I listened patiently. It appeared a ridiculously improbable story, but that it was true I knew only too well. Captain William Casey's servant, who was no other than the rascal Hennessy, was a brother to my father's butler, and from him they learned my movements. Casey, knowing that he was suspected of being in the neighbourhood, and closely watched, formed the plan of stealing Comet, which he did while I was speaking to his servant, quietly leading the horse to a safe distance, and then mounting him. He passed the patrol of police without suspicion, and on reaching Glenloe,

asked at the lodge if Captain Ayr had returned; on the keeper replying in the negative, he rode boldly up to the house, and introduced himself as Lieutenant O'Gorman, relying on the fact of my long absence from home, and his remarkable likeness to me, for escape from detection. He had learned many things about our family from his servant, and made a most favourable impression on Sir William and his family. But about ten o'clock there was a sound of wheels and a ringing of bells, and Captain Ayr arrived most unexpectedly. After he had spoken to his family, he asked for O'Gorman, and then the lieutenant was missed. Sir William supposed that he had gone into the garden or conservatory to smoke a cigar; but when half an hour passed, and he did not return, they began to feel uneasy; and on questioning the servants, they learned that he had gone—not on Comet, but on one of Sir William's horses.

'It's most extraordinary,' the captain said; 'I never knew Ulic do such a thing before.—Hollo! what's this?'

On the drawing-room table, placed there by some mysterious agency, lay a card with the words written in pencil: 'Captain William Casey, with compliments, and thanks for a pleasant evening.'

'In a moment,' said Sir William, 'I saw what the dodge was; and at five o'clock this morning we drove over to where your father was staying, and explained the circumstance to him, and then came on here, to get you out.'

And Captain William Casey? I asked.

'Escaped, by George! got clean off: no trace or tidings of him anywhere,' cried Captain Ayr. 'He is about the cleverest and most audacious villain I ever heard of.'

'Well,' I said, 'I don't know what you local authorities think of the Royal Irish Constabulary, but it seems to me that they just a trifle overdo the thing. I would much rather Captain Casey spent Christmas eve in Limerick jail than Ulic O'Gorman.'

Never mind, my boy; you will laugh at this adventure some time,' said my father. I thought it possible, but not very probable, and it has taken me seven years to see the joke.

'Do you know, Ulic, I can't help admiring that Casey,' Captain Ayr said. 'It was a daring thing of him to come and pass himself off for you; and he did it well too, old fellow. My sister Julia was loud in his praises, last night. But come along; the sooner we all get to Glenloe the better.'

'It seems to me that I am about the greatest sufferer so far,' said Sir William ruefully, as we drove up the avenue. 'Captain Casey is a capital judge of horse-flesh, if he is nothing else. I believe, O'Gorman, your father's chestnut is about the best animal in the county; but if there is a better, it's my roan mare Firefly that Casey has taken.'

'It's so Irish,' I said, 'so essentially Irish, from beginning to end, and so absurd, that I can't for the life of me help laughing. The idea of an officer in "ours" being arrested for treason felony—it's a rare joke.'

'Especially the appropriating of my Firefly,' interposed Sir William. 'Still, looking at it what way you will, there is a humorous side to it. Who but an Irishman would risk his liberty for the sake of a practical joke!'

'And who but an incorrigible Irishman would

play the good Samaritan under such circumstances as Ulic did!" said my father.

"And certainly, no one but an Irishman would take it as well as O'Gorman does," cried Walter. "But let us change the subject. Sometime or another, we will have a hearty laugh at the events of last night."

Nearly seven years have passed away, and as I write this, Julia, my wife, is looking over my shoulder, my eldest boy is making frantic efforts to climb on to my knee, while a tiny little Julia is running a fearful risk of having her neck broken by her uncle Walter, now Colonel Ayr; and I am really a captain, and can afford to see the joke of that Fenian adventure, and relate it too.

### ABOUT GAS-METERS.

PROCEEDINGS which have lately taken place in our courts of law between gas consumers and the gas companies have shewn the utter ignorance of the public in the nature and action of the gas-meters, which in many cases are alleged to register falsely for the consumer, or are wilfully misread by the inspectors and collectors. If such is the case, the following observations, gathered from accredited sources, may prove of service.

There are many makers of gas-meters, and these are known by different names, such as, the Wet, the Dry, the Unvarying, Water-line, the Fountain, the Compensating, and the like. Much controversy has also arisen at different times as to which are preferable, the wet or dry meters; but hitherto, the wet have been the most generally used. They are called wet meters on account of water being used to regulate the size of their measuring chambers, which are inserted in a round metal drum, and as one of these chambers is being filled with gas, another chamber previously filled, is being emptied. As the gas is being used, however, the drum revolves, and this carries motion to the index, which registers in cubic feet the gas that has passed through the chambers, whether burned or otherwise wasted. A great deal of gas often passes through the meter which is not consumed, but is wasted in various ways.

Above the index there is another little drum, called an indicator. This is never used in taking the state of the meter, but to check waste or detect the escape of gas; and by it, any gas-fitter who thoroughly understands his business can find out in a few minutes whether or not there is an escape of gas from any of the pipes connected with the meter.

With regard to meters, dry ones require no regulating, and it is not a matter of great importance in what part of the premises they are placed; but all wet meters should be arranged so as to be below the level of the pipes carrying gas to the burners, and in a moderately cool place, for if too warm, a vapour will arise from the water in the meter, and ascend into the pipes with the gas, causing those jumping lights which we all have at times observed. The same kind of jumping is also

liable to take place if the pipes are laid below the meter, or badly laid, owing to water getting into the pipes, if the drum be overworked. Neither should a wet meter be placed in an exposed situation, where it would be liable, in winter, to freeze. Should, however, the water in a meter become frozen, the only way to thaw it with safety is to pour boiling-water into it till the object be attained.

To regulate the meter with water, the gas from the main tap must be turned off. The tap of one of the burners nearest the meter should also be turned on, to let out the air in the meter, that the water may more readily be poured into it. This being done, take out the bottom and top screws, pour water in at the place of the top screw till it runs out at the lower screw. Let it drain dry, then pour more water in, and let it drain a second time. Then put in both screws, and the meter will be in perfect order, and the gas will burn more clear and brilliant than when short of water. It has been sometimes found necessary, in order to get a good light, to take out the lower screw after the gas has been burning, some time after refilling, to drain off any small quantity of water that may have been thrown into the outer case by the revolution of the drum, as is not unfrequently the case, especially if the meter is hard-worked.

But although now scarcely a house of any size is without a meter, a writer in the *Leigh Chronicle* truthfully observes, that "if we were to take the average of gas consumers in the country, perhaps we should find that fully eighty per cent. of those who burn gas are unable to read their meters." But every man, and, for the matter of that, lady too, who consumes gas, ought to be able to read the meter, and to keep a check against the gas company, if for nothing else, for the sake of the honesty of the company's servants; just as the tradesman ought to examine every invoice of goods received from his wholesale merchant.

The dial index (the key to the gas used) is easier to understand than is generally supposed. Most meters have three dials; large ones have four; and very small meters have only two dials. Those with three dials, however, except in factories and large establishment, are most frequently used. The pointer or index-hand of the right-hand dial moves in the same direction as the hands of a watch—from right to left; that of the dial next to the left moves in an opposite direction; while on the third or left-hand dial the pointer or hand moves in the same direction as the first. The figures on the dial—1 2 3 4 &c.—of course shew which way the hand turns. When a meter is new, all the fingers or pointers of course stand upright to start fair; but as soon as gas enters for the purpose of burning, the pointer of the third or right-hand dial begins to move from the figure 0 to the figure 1, and when it has arrived at that figure, it shews that one hundred cubic feet (scale at which gas is sold) have been consumed. If you look at



your meter, you will observe that over the dials is the word 'cents,' which means 'hundreds;' and under the right-hand dial is the word 'units,' meaning 'hundreds of units of cubic feet;' under the second dial is the word 'tens,' meaning 'hundreds of tens of hundreds of cubic feet;' under the third dial is the word 'hundreds,' meaning 'hundreds of hundreds of cubic feet;' and in a four-dial meter, under the left-hand dial is the word 'thousands,' meaning that it measures hundreds of thousands of cubic feet of gas. Or, to make the matter still more plain, let it be remembered, that as the pointer of the right-hand dial moves from figure to figure, it means that an additional hundred feet of gas have been burned. When it moves to the figure 3, it shews that three hundred feet have been burned; when it points to 4, it shews that four hundred feet have been consumed; and so on. But now, mark: when this third dial with its pointer has made the complete revolution of its disc, and stands at the upright position from which it started, the pointer of the second dial begins to act as a multiplier, and the second dial indicates the figure 1; shewing that one hundred tens, or, in other words, one thousand feet of gas have been burned. When this pointer arrives at the figure 2, it shews that two thousand feet have passed through and been burned; and so on; and when this pointer has made one entire revolution, the pointer on the third or left-hand dial will have arrived at figure 1; shewing that ten thousand cubic feet of gas have passed through the meter, &c.

The way, then, to read your meter—and all meters are read alike—is to begin at the left-hand dial, and read forward, as you would a book. If the pointer stands, say, between the figures 6 and 7, put down the figure the pointer has last passed, which will be the figure 6; if that on the middle dial stands between the figures 7 and 8, put down the lowest figure, 7; and if the pointer on the right-hand dial stands, say, at the figure 5, put down the figures 500. You will then have the figures thus: 67,500; shewing that that number of cubic feet of gas has to be paid for. If the meter be a four dial one, and the pointer stands between 5 and 6, and the other figures the same as shewn on the three-dial meter, the account would stand thus: 567,500.

Now, we will suppose that at any one quarter your meter stood thus: Between 3 and 4 on the left-hand dial, between 5 and 6 on the middle dial, and between 7 and 8 on the right-hand dial. The way to read it would be 35,700. Then, in the coming June quarter, perhaps the hands would stand as follows: Left-hand dial between 3 and 4, middle dial between 8 and 9, and right hand between 3 and 4. This will shew the figures thus: 38,300. Then, to shew how much gas has been burned during the quarter, you deduct the index figures, 35,700, from the index figures in the June quarter, 38,300; shewing the consumption to have been two thousand six hundred cubic feet, which, say, at five shillings per thousand, would amount to thirteen shillings.

The above gives the consumer no check upon the quality or illuminative power of the gas supplied; and as it is asserted that the heavier the volume of the gas—in other words, the worse the gas—the greater the power exerted on the index, this is worthy of consideration. There are many

questions thus suggested with reference to this now universal product, and not the least are those which, quitting the meter, find their development and inquiry at the nipple or escape of the product when under combustion.

### MEMORIES.

MEMORIES on which we dwell—

Are they those that, well defined  
By their crystal clearness, quell  
Saddest longings of the mind?  
Or which, softly indistinct,  
Full of shadows as in dreams,  
By their mystic beauty link  
Reality to that which seems?

Faces on our way through life,  
Haunting every step we take,  
Some that help us through the strife,  
Some we love for their own sake;  
Are they those on which are stamped  
Energy of thought and will;  
Action that is never cramped,  
Working always, restless still?

Rather those o'er which are thrown  
Gleams of mellow, tender light,  
Wing'd grace of heart and soul,  
Charmed sense of conscious right.  
Artists that we choose apart  
From the few who high are set,  
Just because their lesser art  
Quivers o'er a dead regret;

Are they those who, firm of hand,  
Try the veil of life to raise,  
Though they know the spirit-land  
Never may reward their gaze?  
Rather those who by a touch,  
Or a subtle, silver gleam,  
Shew the sunlit thoughts that rush  
Out of some fantastic dream.

Chords from out some well-worn strain,  
Struck at random when alone,  
Often shadow forth a pain  
Drifting into deeper tone.  
Voices, musical and sweet,  
Sunlit with emotion rife,  
Like the touch of angel-feet,  
Thrill across our inner life.

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# CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

OF

POPULAR

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

*Fourth Series*

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS.

No. 609.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 28, 1875.

PRICE 1½d.

## FACTORY LIFE IN LANCASHIRE.

CONSIDERABLE interest has lately been roused concerning the alleged physical deterioration of young persons employed in factory labour in Lancashire. To guard against such possible consequences, certain acts of parliament were passed, enforcing rules as to hours of labour, the age at which children could be employed, and so on; and there was a belief that regulations of this nature had stemmed a serious growing evil. Some examinations lately made by the Royal Commissioners appointed to inquire into the operation of the Factory and Workshops Acts, serve to shew that in Lancashire the supposedly excellent regulations fall greatly short of their intentions. The truth seems to be, that in this, as in a few other matters, acts of parliament are hopelessly inadequate to reach an acknowledged evil, which is not only physical but moral. The law can punish offences, but it does not effectually check greed or any of the baser passions. In short, it does not prevent expenditure on those wretched indulgences which tend to deteriorate the physical and moral qualities of the population. It may, indeed, be said, that a reliance on acts of parliament for the removal of moral evils has, by relaxing individual effort, first and last done incalculable mischief.

Among those who were examined at Manchester by the Royal Commissioners was Dr Ferguson, of Bolton, for fourteen years a certifying surgeon under the Factory Act. It was his duty to certify as to the age of children presented for employment, and it appears from his evidence that one-half of the children offered were physically unable to work full time, and that proofs of this were increasing from year to year. Here is a sorrowful fact. The statement that the bone and sinew of wealth-producing Lancashire are degenerating year by year is a startling one, not only for philanthropists, but for all who have the welfare of the working-classes at heart, to say nothing of the economists, who for years have looked upon Lancashire as 'the workshop of the world.'

Bolton—the town in which Dr Ferguson prac-

tises—seems unfortunate in the matter of health. It is now nearly four years since Dr Ballard, of London, was appointed by government to inquire into the high rate of mortality then existing in the town, especially amongst infants. He visited Bolton and the district, and some months afterwards gave in his Report. At that time, he states in one paragraph: 'Mr Ferguson, one of the oldest medical practitioners in the town, and a certifying surgeon under the Factory Acts, informed me that he has observed a steady physical degeneration proceeding, which he attributes in part to the intemperate habits of the parents, and in part to the bad feeding of the children up to the time that they are old enough to work in the factories.' Dr Ballard attributed the high rate of mortality in the town to deficient sanitary arrangements, the condition of the dwellings, the ignorance of mothers, the neglect of infants, and improper diet. Under the latter heads he stated: 'The other cause to which the high death-rate amongst infants must be referred, is the practice amongst the operatives who become mothers of returning to their work at the factory as soon as possible after their confinement. On inquiry amongst the women themselves, and of the surgeons practising in Bolton, I learn that in some cases the women have been known to return as early as a fortnight after their infant has been born; and very commonly they return to their labour within the month. If the woman should chance to have a relative or female friend at home, or a girl sufficiently old to carry a baby, with whom she can leave it, this is the plan usually adopted. But if not, when she leaves for the mill at half-past five o'clock in the morning, she takes the baby out of a warm bed, and carries it to some person—generally an elderly female—with whom she leaves it for the day. In preference, she will carry it to some one residing near the factory at which she works, and this may be half a mile or a mile from her house. The season of the year makes no difference. If the distance is not great, the mother will return at breakfast or dinner time, or both, to suckle her infant, otherwise she will not see it again until

she leaves work in the evening. In the meantime the infant must be fed. Very young babies are fed usually with milk (such as it is) out of a bottle. Some of those bottles which I saw in use were uncleansed, sour, and incrustated with curdled milk; and the medical men informed me that this quite coincides with their own repeated observations. In other cases, the youngest infants are fed, as those a few months old are, with bread sopped in warm water, in a cup which is left for hours upon the hob to keep warm and become sour. When about to be used, the bread is broken down with a spoon, and a little milk is added. I saw one cup of sopped bread thus prepared for use. It was said to have been boiled, but it contained tough pieces which boiling had not even softened. A halfpenny-worth or a penny-worth of milk (quarter of a pint to a pint according to quality) per diem is considered a liberal allowance. The mothers pay, I understand, from half-a-crown to three shillings and sixpence per week to the persons who take charge of their babies—this to include food. Those persons having their own household business to attend to, and, moreover, a certain and considerable amount of neighbourly visiting and gossiping to perform, commonly depute some little girl to hold the baby in their absence; and such children may be seen any day and any hour, and almost anywhere in the town, sitting on a doorstep, exposing the infant to the cooling influence of the draught between the door and the fire. It is no matter of surprise that this system of management results in all the evils of mal-nutrition, in attacks of diarrhoea in the summer, and of pulmonary inflammation in the winter, and very often in the death of the infants. One of the district registrars informed me that he had often occasion to reprove the mothers coming to him for the necessary certificate to present to the burial clubs in which their infants had been entered, on account of the jaunty way in which they made the application. In the course of my experience as a Medical Officer of Health, I have seen a great deal of the families of the poor in London, but I can safely say that, during the few days I was engaged in visiting the habitations of the operatives in Bolton, I saw a larger number of miserable emaciated infants undergoing the process of gradual starvation upon the system then in vogue than I had ever seen before in as many months. Here the doctor gives cases in support of his observations, all of a more or less harrowing nature.

This extract, amongst many more from Dr Ballard's Report, revealed a state of affairs existing in the town at the period of his visit which was most alarming, and called for immediate action. Energetic measures were at once taken. A Medical Officer of Health—one in reality, and not the mere nominal official who previously existed—was appointed, nuisances were removed, back-to-back houses and cellar-dwellings condemned, and destroyed or closed, drainage supplied, and many other improvements effected, which Dr Ballard recommended should be accomplished. But this promptitude could not nullify the bad effects of all the previous evil which had existed; and the Report of Dr Ballard confirms Dr Ferguson in his statements before the Commission as to the sickly condition of the children in many of the cotton factories of Lancashire. Children thus nursed, or rather 'dragged up,' to use a local phrase,

and having had the good or ill fortune to escape a premature grave, could not but be puny, stunted, rickety offspring; and yet when these unfortunate weaklings—the appearance of many of whom reminds one of the inmates of Dotheboys Hall—reach the age of thirteen, they are compelled to work from six o'clock in the morning until half-past five o'clock in the evening, precisely the same as a full-grown man.

And now we come to the causes which, according to Dr Ferguson, have originated such pitiable results. In addition to the infantile neglect referred to by Dr Ballard, Dr Ferguson ascribes the condition of the children to the fact, first, of the intemperate habits of the factory workers—the parents of the children. By free indulgence in stimulants, and in many cases by excess in smoking, they debilitated their own constitutions, and in that way transmitted feeble constitutions to their children. The next cause of this state of things he considered to be, that during the last thirty years the people had adopted a mode of rearing their children which he looked upon as exceedingly vicious. Instead of bringing them up on milk, they habitually fed them on tea or coffee night and morning, and in many instances on tea three times a day, and gave them very little milk. He found, from the information he had obtained, that while children between thirteen and sixteen years of age who had been brought up on tea or coffee increased in weight only about four pounds a year, those fed on milk increased at the rate of about fifteen pounds a year. Another cause of the degeneracy of the male population was, that youths between the ages of twelve and twenty smoked or chewed tobacco; and however well an adult might be able to bear moderate smoking, there was no doubt that it operated most prejudicially on the health and development of a growing child. In conclusion, he expressed his conviction, that during the last fourteen years children had decidedly deteriorated physically, not in consequence of any restriction in the hours of labour under the Factory Acts, but in consequence of the operation of the causes he had mentioned. His opinion was, that the standard of age should be kept at thirteen years, and that the child should be of the ordinary appearance and strength of thirteen. If that rule were enforced, and universally known among parents, he believed it would compel them, in their own interest, to use a different mode of bringing up their children.

The cause of perhaps the chief of these evils is, no doubt, the great cost of pure and good milk compared with that of tea. The article so called cannot be bought in Bolton under threepence a quart; while scores of shops in the town offer tea at two shillings per pound, many of them offering at the same time showy goods, such as glass candlesticks, chimney ornaments, common German prints, and other articles, as premiums to be presented to the purchasers of so many pounds of the worthless rubbish they accompany. As for the intemperance of the parents, the appearance of the streets of Bolton as well as other Lancashire towns on Saturday nights is quite sufficient to convince the most sceptical of the fact, that a great deal of money is needlessly spent in public-houses by the working portion of our towns. The doors of spirit-vaults are kept constantly on the swing until 'closing time,' and every tap-room is filled. And yet

such is the force of habit in the effect upon the constitutions of some of the tipplers, that some of the factory operatives have been heard to boast that they had imbibed eight or ten pints of liquor between three o'clock in the afternoon and eleven in the evening, without going home 'fuddled.' Others never resume work until the Tuesday following, the intervening time being spent in drinking; while some there are who are in a constant state of intoxication for weeks together. Such being the case, no wonder that so many children are born into the world inheriting the 'sins of the fathers' in debilitated constitutions and impaired intellects. The habit of smoking is also, no doubt, indulged in to a great extent by the growing youth of our factory population, and, carried as it is to excess, cannot be too strongly deprecated.

The remedy for many of the evils which have been pointed out by Dr Ferguson cannot, we think, be supplied by legislative enactment. It is for the social reformer to devise means to counteract the influences which are at work, and endeavour to stop the decadence among the factory population which it is stated has commenced. Educational agencies, now happily in full exercise, may do something; so may the diffusion of a taste for reading and rational recreation; and so likewise will be the exhortations of those who, in their lives, can offer an example worthy of being followed. It is at all events important to know that acts of parliament are not exactly the thing to be relied on.

## THE FLAG OF DISTRESS.

### CHAPTER IX.—A SHIP WITHOUT SAILORS.

AMONG the vessels lying in the harbour of San Francisco is one, athwart whose stern may be read the name *El Condor*.

She is a ship of small size—some five or six hundred tons—devoted to peaceful commerce, as can be told by certain peculiarities of rig and structure understood by seamen.

The name will suggest a South American nationality—Ecuadorian, Peruvian, Bolivian, or Chilean—since the bird after which she has been baptised is found in all these states. Columbia and the Argentine Confederation can also claim it.

But there is no need to guess at the particular country to which the craft in question belongs. The flag suspended over her tailfin declares it by a symbolism intelligible to those who take an interest in national insignia.

It is a tricolour—the orthodox and almost universal red, white, and blue—not, as with the French, disposed vertically, but in two horizontal bands, the lower one crimson red, the upper half-white, half-blue, the last contiguous to the staff, with a single five-pointed star set centrally in its field: this, with the disposition of colours, proclaiming the ship that carries them to be of Chili.

She is not the only Chilean vessel in the harbour of San Francisco. Several other craft are there, that shew the same colours; brigs, barques, schooners, and ships. For the spirited little South American republic is prosperous as enterprising, and its flag waves far and wide over the Pacific. With its population of skilled miners, it has been among the first of foreign states in sending a large representative force to cradle the

gold of California. Not only are its ships lying in the bay, but its *guasos* and *gambusinos* in goodly number tread the streets of the town; while many of the dark-eyed damsels, who from piazzas and balconies salute the passer-by with seductive smiles, are those charming little Chileñas that make havoc with the heart of almost every Jack-tar who visits Valparaiso.

On the ship *El Condor* we meet not much that can be strictly called Chilean; little besides the vessel herself, and the captain commanding her. Not commanding her sailors; since there are none aboard, hailing from Chili or elsewhere. Those who brought her into San Francisco Bay have abandoned her—gone off to the gold-diggings! Arriving in the heat of the placer-fever, they have preferred seeking fortune with pick, shovel, and pan, to handling tarry ropes at ten dollars a month. Almost on the instant of the *Condor's* dropping anchor, they deserted to a man, leaving her skipper alone, with only the cook for a companion. Neither is the latter Chilean, but African—a native of Zanzibar. Neither are the two great monkeys observed gambolling about the deck; for the climate of Chili, lying outside the equatorial belt, is too cold for the *quadrumanus*.

Not much appearing upon the *Condor* would proclaim her a South American ship. And nothing in her cargo, though a cargo she carries. She has just arrived from a trading voyage to the South Sea Isles, extending to the Indian Archipelago; whence her lading, a varied assortment, consisting of tortoise-shell, spices, mother-of-pearl, Manila cigars, and such other commodities as may be collected among the oriental islands. Hence also two large *myas* monkeys—better known as orang-outangs—seen playing about her deck. These she has brought from Borneo.

Only a small portion of her freight had been consigned to San Francisco; and this has been long ago landed. The rest remains in her hold, awaiting transport to Valparaiso. How soon she may arrive there, or take departure from her present anchorage, is a question that even her captain cannot answer. If asked, he would most probably reply, '*Quien sabe?*' and further pressed, might point to her deserted decks, offering that as an explanation of his inability to satisfy the inquirer. Her captain—Antonio Lantanas by name—is a sailor of the Spanish-American type; and being this, he takes crosses and disappointments coolly. Even the desertion of his crew seems scarcely to ruffle him; he bears it with a patient resignation that would be quite incomprehensible to either English or Yankee skipper. With a broad-brimmed *jipi-japa* hat shading his thin swarth features from the sun, he lounges all day long upon his quarter-deck, with elbows usually rested upon the capstan-head; his sole occupation being to roll paper cigarritos, one of which is usually either in his fingers or between his lips. If he at any time varies this, it is to eat his meals, or take a turn at play with his pet monkeys. These are male and female, both full of fun in their uncouth fashion; and Captain Lantanas takes it out of them by occasionally touching their snouts with the lit end of his cigarette; laughing to see them scamper off, scared at the singular, and somewhat painful, effect of fire.

His meals are served regularly three times a day; and his cook—a negro, black as the tar upon

the ratline ropes—after having served them, returns to an idleness equalling his own. He, too, has his diversion with the oranges, approaching much nearer to them in physical appearance, and for this reason, perhaps, to them a more congenial playmate.

Once a day, the skipper steps into his gig, and rows himself ashore. But not to search for sailors; he knows that would be an idle errand. True, there are plenty of them in San Francisco; scores parading its streets, and other scores seated or standing within its taverns and restaurants. But they are all on the spree—all rollicking, and if not rich, hoping soon to be. Not a man of them could be coaxed to take service on board an out-bound ship, for a wage less than would make the voyage unprofitable to her owners.

As the Chilean skipper is not only master, but proprietor of his own craft, he has no intention to stir under the circumstances; but is contented to wait till times change, and tars become inclined again to go to sea. When this may be, and the *Condor* shall have spread her canvas wings for a further flight to Valparaiso, he has not the remotest idea. He enters the town but to meet other skippers with ships crewless as his own, and exchange condolences on their common destitution. On a certain day—that on which we are introduced to him—he has not sculled himself ashore; but abides upon his vessel, awaiting the arrival of one who has sent him a message.

Although San Francisco is fast becoming transformed into an American city, and already has its several newspapers, there is among them a small sheet printed in Spanish, by name *El Diario*. In this, Captain Lantanas has advertised his vessel, open for freight or passage, bound for Valparaiso, and to call at intermediate ports—Panama among the number. The advertisement directs reference to be made to a shipping-agent, by name Don Tomas Silvestre. In answer to it, Captain Lantanas has received a letter from a gentleman who has already communicated with his agent, and who has promised to present himself on board the *Condor* by twelve meridian of this day.

Although a stranger to the port of San Francisco, the Chilean skipper has some knowledge of his correspondent; for Don Tomas has the day before informed him that a gentleman from whom he may expect to hear—the same whose name is signed to the letter—is a man of wealth; a large landed proprietor, whose acres lie contiguous to the rising city of San Francisco, and for this reason enormously increased in value by the influx of gold-seeking immigrants. What this important personage may want with him, Lantanas cannot tell; for Silvestre himself has not been made aware of it—the gentleman declining to state his business to any other than the captain of the ship.

On the morning of the appointed day, leaning as usual against his capstan, and puffing his paper cigar, the Chilean skipper is not in a mood for playing with his monkey pets; his mind is given to a more serious matter, his whole thoughts being absorbed in conjecturing for what purpose his unknown correspondent may be seeking the interview. He is not without surmises, in which he is assisted by something he has heard while mixing in Spanish circles ashore—this, that the landowner in question has lately sold his land, realising an immense sum—half a million dollars

being rumoured. Furthermore, that, being a Spaniard, and neither Mexican nor Californian, he is about to return to Spain, taking with him his household gods—Lares, Penates, and all. These could not be stowed in a single state-room, but would require a whole ship, or a goodly portion of one. The *Condor* has still plenty of room to spare. Her hold is not half full; and her cabin has accommodation for several passengers. It may be on this very business his correspondent is coming aboard? Captain Lantanas so interrogates himself, while standing upon his quarter-deck, and with the glowing coal of his cigarrito fending off his hairy familiars, who, in their play, at times intrude upon him. It pleases him to think he may have surmised correctly; and while still indulging in conjecture, he sees something which puts an end to it. This is a shore-boat, with a single pair of rowers, and a gentleman—evidently a landsman—seated in the stern-sheets, to all appearance coming on for the *Condor*. Captain Lantanas steps to the side of his ship, and, standing in her waist, awaits the arrival of his visitor. As the boat draws near he makes out a man, dressed in semi-Californian costume, such as is worn by the higher class of *hacendados*. The skipper can have no question as to who it is. If he has, it is soon answered; for the boat touching the ship's side is instantly made fast; the Californian mounts the man-ropes; and, stepping down upon the deck, hands Captain Lantanas his card.

He who has presented himself on the quarter-deck of the *Condor* is a man in years well up to sixty, and somewhat above medium height. Taller than he appears, through a slight stoop in the shoulders. His step, though not tottering, shews vigour impaired; and upon his countenance are the traces of recent illness, with strength not yet restored. His complexion is clear, rather rubicund, and in health might be more so; while his hair, both on head and chin—the latter a long flowing beard—is snow-white. It could never have been very dark, but more likely of the colour called sandy. This, with grayish-blue eyes, and features shewing some points of Celtic conformation, would argue him either no Spaniard, or if so, one belonging to the province of Biscay.

This last he is; for the correspondent of Captain Lantanas is Don Gregorio Montijo.

#### CHAPTER X.—A CHARTER-PARTY.

Soon, as assured—by a glance at the card given him—that his visitor is the gentleman who has written to appoint an interview, Captain Lantanas politely salutes; and, jipi-japa in hand, stands waiting to hear what the *hacendado* may have to say.

The latter, panting after the effort made in ascending the man-ropes, takes a moment's time to recover breath; then, returning the skipper's bow, he interrogates: 'Captain Lantanas, I presume?'

'Si, señor,' responds the master of the *Condor*, with a bow of becoming humility to a man reputed so rich. Then adding: '*A disposicion de V.* [At your service].'

'Well, captain,' rejoins Don Gregorio, 'I shall take it for granted that you know who I am. Don Tomas Silvestre has informed you, has he not?'

'He has, señor.'

'And you've received my letter?'

'Si, señor.'

'That's all right, then. And now to proceed to the business that has brought me aboard your ship. Having seen your advertisement in the *Diario*, I communicated with Don Tomas, but only so far as to get your correct address, with some trifling particulars. For the rest, I've thought it best to deal directly with yourself; as the matter I have in hand is too important to be altogether intrusted to an agent. In short, it requires confidence, if not secrecy; and from what I've heard of you, captain, I feel sure I can confide in you.'

'You compliment me, Señor Montijo.'

'No, no; nothing of the kind. I but speak from the impression Silvestre has given me of your character. But now to business. Your ship is advertised for freight, or passage?'

'Either, or both.'

'Bound for Valparaiso and intermediate ports?'

'Anywhere down the coast.'

'Have you any passengers already engaged?'

'Not any as yet.'

'How many can you take?'

'Well, señor, to speak truth, my craft is not intended to carry passengers. She's a trading-vessel, as you see. But if you'll step down to the cabin, you can judge for yourself. There's the saloon—not very large, it is true—and sleeping accommodation for six—two snug state-rooms, that will serve, if need be, for ladies.'

'That will do. Now about the freight. Don Tomas tells me you have some cargo aboard.'

'A portion of my ship is already occupied.'

'That won't signify to me. I suppose there's enough room left for something that weighs less than a ton, and isn't of any great bulk. Say it will take half a score of cubic feet. You can find stowage for that?'

'O yes; much more than that.'

'So far good. And you can accommodate three passengers: a gentleman and two ladies? In short, myself and the female members of my family—my daughter and grand-daughter?'

'Will the Señor Montijo step into the *Condor's* cabin, and see for himself?'

'By all means.'

Captain Lantanas leads down the stair-way, his visitor following. The saloon is inspected; after it the sleeping-rooms, right and left.

'Just the thing,' says Don Gregorio, speaking in soliloquy, and evidently satisfied. 'It will do admirably,' he adds, addressing himself to the skipper. 'And now, Captain Lantanas, about terms. What are they to be?'

'That, señor, will depend on what is wanted. To what port do you wish me to take you?'

'Panama. 'Tis one of the ports mentioned in your advertisement?'

'It is, señor.'

'Well, for this freight—as I've told you, about a ton, with some trifling household effects—and the three passengers, how much?'

'The terms of freight, as you may be aware, are usually rated according to the class of goods. Is it gold, Don Gregorio? From your description, I suppose it is.'

The skipper has guessed aright. It is gold—nearly a ton of it—accruing to Don Gregorio from the sale of his land, for which he has been paid in dust and nuggets, at that time the only coin in California—indeed, the only circulating medium,

since notes were not to be had. The ex-haciendado is by no means a niggardly man; still, he would like to have his treasure transported at a rate not exorbitant. And yet he is anxious about its safety; and for this reason has resolved to ship it with secrecy, and in a private trading-vessel, instead of by one of the regular liners, already commenced plying between San Francisco and Panama. He has heard that these are crowded with miners returning home; rough fellows, many of them queer characters, some little better than bandits. He dislikes the idea of trusting his gold among them, and equally his girls, since no other ladies are likely to be going that way. He has full faith in the integrity of Captain Lantanas, and knows the Chilean skipper to be a man of gentle heart—in fact, a gentleman. Don Tomas has told him all this.

Under the circumstances, and with such a man, it will not do to drive too hard a bargain; and Don Gregorio, thus reflecting, confesses his freight to be gold, and asks the skipper to name his terms.

Lantanas, after a moment spent in mental calculation, says: 'One thousand dollars for the freight, and a hundred each for the three passages. Will that suit you, señor?'

'It seems a large sum,' rejoins the ex-haciendado. 'But I am aware prices are high just now, so I agree to it. When will you be ready to sail?'

'I am ready now, señor—that is, if—'

'If what?'

The captain, remembering his crewless ship, does not make immediate answer.

'If,' says Don Gregorio, noticing his hesitation, and mistaking the reason—'if you're calculating on any delay from me, you needn't. I can have everything on board in three or four days—a week at the utmost.'

The skipper is still silent, thinking of excuses. He dislikes losing the chance of such a profitable cargo, and yet knows he cannot name any certain time of sailing, for the want of hands to work his ship. There seems no help for it but to confess his shortcomings. Perhaps Don Gregorio will wait till the *Condor* can get a crew. The more likely, since almost every other vessel in port is in a similar predicament.

'Señor,' he says at length, 'my ship is at your service, and I should be pleased and proud to have you and your ladies as my passengers. But there's a little difficulty to be got over, before I can leave San Francisco.'

'Clearance duties—port dues to be paid. You want the passage-money advanced, I presume? Well, I shall not object to prepaying it in part. How much will you require?'

'*Mil gracias*, Señor Montijo. It's not anything of that kind. Although far from rich, thank Heaven, neither I nor my craft is under embargo. I could sail out of this harbour in half an hour, but for the want of—'

'Want of what?' asks the ex-haciendado, in some surprise.

'Well, señor—sailors.'

'What! Have you no sailors?'

'I am sorry to say, not one.'

'Well, Captain Lantanas, I thought it strange that I observed nobody aboard your ship—except that black fellow. But I supposed your sailors had gone ashore.'

'So have they, señor; and intend staying there. Alas! that's the trouble. They've gone off to the gold-diggings—every one of them, except my negro cook. Likely enough, I should have lost him too, but he knows that California is now part of the United States, and fears that some speculating Yankee might make a slave of him, or that he might meet his old master: for he has had one already.'

'How vexatious all this!' says Don Gregorio. 'I fear I shall have to look out for another ship.'

'I fear you'll not find one much better provided than mine—as regards sailors. In that respect, to use a professional phrase, we're all in the same boat.'

'You assure me of that?'

'I do, señor.'

'I can trust you, Captain Lantanas. As I have told you, I'm not here without knowing something of yourself. You have a friend in Don Tomas Silvestre?'

'I believe I have the honour of Don Tomas' friendship.'

'Well, he has recommended you in such terms that I can thoroughly rely upon you; for that reason, I shall now make known why I wish to travel by your ship.'

The Chilean skipper bows thanks for the compliment, and silently awaits the proffered confidence.

'I have just sold my property here, receiving for it three hundred thousand dollars in gold-dust—the same intended for your freight. It is now lying at my house, some three miles from town. As you must be aware, Captain Lantanas, this place is at present the rendezvous of scoundrels collected from every country on the face of the earth, but chiefly from the United States and Australia. They live and act almost without regard to law; such judges as they have being almost as great criminals as those brought before them. I feel impatient to get away from the place; which, under the circumstances, you won't wonder at. And I am naturally anxious about my gold-dust. At any hour a band of these lawless ruffians may take it into their heads to strip me of it—or, at all events, attempt to do so. Therefore, I wish to get it aboard a ship—one where it will be safe, and in whose captain I can thoroughly confide. Now, captain, you understand me?'

'I do,' is the simple response of the Chilean. He is about to add that Don Gregorio's gold, as also his secret, will be safe enough, so far as he can protect it, when the ex-haciendado interrupts him by continuing:

'I may add that it is my intention to return to Spain, of which I am a native—to Cadiz, where I possess some property. That, I intended doing anyhow. But now, I want to take my departure at once. As a Spaniard, señor, I needn't point out to you, who are of the same race, that the society of California cannot be congenial—now that the rowdies of the United States have become its rulers. I am most anxious to get away from the place as soon as possible. It is exceedingly awkward your not having a crew. Can't something be done to procure one?'

'The only thing is to offer extra pay. There are plenty of sailors in San Francisco; for they've not all gone to gather gold. Some are engaged in scattering it. Unfortunately, most are worth-

less drunken fellows. Still it is possible that a few good men might be found, were the wages made sufficiently tempting. No doubt, an advertisement in the *Diario*, offering double pay, might procure me as many hands as should be needed for working my ship.'

'How much would it all amount to?'

'Possibly an extra thousand dollars.'

'Suppose I pay that; will you engage the whole ship to me; that is, take no other passengers, or wait for any more freight, but sail at once—soon as you've secured a crew? Do you agree to such terms?'

'Si, señor; they are perfectly satisfactory.'

'In that case, I'll be answerable for the extra wages. Anything to get away from this pandemonium of a place.'

'I think we shall have no great difficulty in getting sailors. You authorise me to advertise for them?'

'I do,' answers Don Gregorio.

'Enough!' rejoins the skipper. 'And now, señor, you may make your preparations for embarking.'

'I have not many to make. Nearly all has been done already. It's only to get our personal baggage aboard, with the freight safely stowed. By the way,' adds the ex-haciendado, speaking *sotto-voce*: 'I wish to ship the gold as soon as possible, and without attracting any attention to it. You understand me, captain?'

'I do.'

'I shall have it brought aboard at night, in a boat which belongs to Silvestre. It will be safer in your cabin than anywhere else—since no one need be the wiser about the place of deposit.'

'No one shall, through me.'

'That I feel certain of, Señor Lantanas. Don Tomas is your endorser; and would be willing to be your bondsman, were it needed—which it is not.'

Again the *Condor's* captain bows in acknowledgment of the confidence reposed in him; and after some further exchange of speech, respecting the shipment of the treasure, and the writing out an advertisement which Don Gregorio is to get inserted in the *Diario*, the latter returns to his boat, and is rowed back to the shore; while the Chilean skipper lights a fresh cigarrito, and with elbows rested on the capstan-head, resumes the attitude of *insouciance*, out of which he has been temporarily aroused.

#### CHAPTER XI.—IN SEARCH OF A SECOND.

Just about the time Don Gregorio is taking leave of Captain Lantanas, the two unreceived visitors are turning their backs upon his house. De Lara feels the discomfiture the keenest. His heart is harrowed with mingled emotions—passions of varied complexion, all evil. His lips are livid with rage, his brow black with chagrin; while his eyes fairly scintillate with unsatisfied vengeance. While returning along the avenue he neither looks back, nor up. Not a syllable escapes him. With glance upon the ground, he rides in sullen silence.

After clearing the entrance-gate, and again upon the outside road, he turns face toward the dwelling whose hospitality has been denied him. He sees nought there to soothe, but something which still further afflicts him. Four horses are filing out through the front-gate, conducted by



grooms. They are saddled, bridled, ready for being mounted. To his practised eye, their caparison tells that they are intended only for a short excursion, not a journey. And though their saddles are nearly alike, he knows that only two of them are to be mounted by men, the other two to carry ladies. The señoritas are going out for a ride—a *paseo de campo*—accompanied by their English guests. Simultaneously, as instinctively, the two Californians arrive at this conclusion. Now they know why they were not received; a knowledge which, instead of tranquillising their chafed spirits, but maddens them the more. The thought of their sweethearts being escorted by their rivals, riding along wild unfrequented paths, through trees overshadowing, away from the presence of spying domestics, or the interference of protecting relatives, beyond the eyes and ears of every one—the thought that Carmen Montijo and Inez Alvarez are setting out on an excursion of this kind, is to Frank Lara and Faustino Calderon bitter as deadliest poison. And reflection embitters it the more. The excursionists will have every opportunity of wandering at will. They will become separated; and there can be no doubt as to how the partition will be made: the older of the two officers will pair off with Doña Carmen, the younger with Doña Inez. Thus, they will ride unmolested, unobserved; converse without fear of being overheard, clasp hands without danger of being seen—perhaps exchange kisses. O the dire, maddening jealousy! Even the dull brain and cold heart of Calderon are fired by these reflections. They sting him to the quick. But not as De Lara, for not as De Lara does he love.

After gazing for a while at the house—at the horses and grooms—at the preparations that are being made for mounting—noting their magnificent style—with a last glance such as Satan gave when expelled from Paradise, the Creole drives the spur deep into his horse's side, and dashes off down the hill, Calderon keeping after. At its bottom they again halt, being now out of sight of the house. Facing toward his companion, De Lara says: 'We're in for a fight, Faustino; both of us.'

'Not both. I don't think I'm called upon to challenge that youngster. He's but a boy.'

'He's been man enough to insult you; and, if I mistake not, you'll find him man enough to meet you.'

'I don't see that he *did* insult me.'

'Indeed; you don't! Sticking your horse, as if it were a pig, and sending him off in a stampede that well-nigh dismounted you; all before the face of your lady-love—right under her eyes! You don't deem that an insult, eh?'

'But you must remember, I gave him provocation. At your instigation, I nearly rode over him. Looking at it in that light, he's in a sense excusable for what he did. Besides, he only meant it as a joke: when it was all over, he laughed at it.'

'Not at it, but at you. So did your sweetheart, *amigo*. As we reined up under the walls, I could see her long lashes drooping down, her eyes looking disdain at you, with her pretty lips pouting in scorn. You're evidently out of her good graces, and you'll have to do something ere you can reinstate yourself.'

'Do you really think so?'

'I'm sure of it. Never surer of anything in my life.'

'But what would you have me do?'

'You ought to know without asking me. Call out the cub, and kill him—if you can. That's what I design doing with my gentleman.'

'Ah! you're a dead shot; and that makes all the difference. These Anglo-Saxons always use pistols; and if I challenge him, he'll have the choice of weapons.'

'Quite true. With me it will be different. I took care to give the affront, and you should have done the same. Seeing you got the worst of it, you ought to have followed up your first dash at him by something besides—a slap across the cheek, or a cut with your whip.'

'I'm sorry now, I didn't do one or the other.'

'Well, you may find an opportunity yet. For my quarrel, I don't care a toss whether it be settled with swords or pistols. We Creoles of Louisiana are accustomed to the use of either weapon. Thanks to old Gardalet of the Rue Royale, I've got the trick of both; and am equally ready to send a half-ounce of lead, or twelve inches of steel, through the body of this Britisher. By the way, what's his name?'

The speaker pulls out the card given him by the English officer, and glancing at it, answers his own question: 'Edward Crozier, H.M.S. *Crusader*. Ha! Mr Ned Crozier!' he exclaims, speaking in plain English, the sight of the card seemingly giving a fresh fillip to his spleen; 'you've had your triumph to-day. It will be mine to-morrow; and, if my old fortune don't fail me, there'll be an empty seat at the mess-table of the ship *Crusader*.'

'You really intend fighting him?'

'Now, Don Faustino Calderon, why do you ask that question?'

'Because, I think, all might be arranged without—'

'Without what? Speak out, man!'

'Why, without any spilling of blood.'

'You may arrange that way, if you like. Your quarrel is a distinct one, and I've nothing to do with it, having my own hands full. Indeed, if they were empty, I'm not so sure I should second your talking as you do. However, that's not the purpose now. In answer to your first question, I can only say what I've said before. I not only intend fighting this Crozier, but killing him. I may fail in this my intention—if so, there's an end of it, and of *me*. For once on the ground, I don't leave it a living man if he do. One or both of us shall stay there till we're carried off—dead.'

'*Carramba!* your talk gives me the trembles. It's not pleasant to think of such a thing, let alone doing it.'

'Think your own way, and welcome. To me it would be less pleasant to leave it undone, now, than ever in my life. After what I've gone through, I don't care much for character—in truth, not a straw. That's all stuff and pretension. Money makes the man, and without it he's nothing; though he were a saint. Respectability—bah! I don't value it a *claco*. But there's a reputation of another kind I do value, and intend to preserve. Because in my world it counts for something—has counted already.'

'What is that?'

'Courage. Losing it, I should lose everything. And in this very city of San Francisco, I'd be only

a hound where I'm now a hunter; barked at by every cur, and kicked by every coward who chose to pick a quarrel with me.'

'There's no danger of that, De Lara. All who have had dealings with you, know better. There's little fear of any one putting a slight upon you.'

'There would be if I refused to fight this fellow. Then you'd see the difference. Why, Faustino Calderon, I couldn't sit at a *monté* table, and keep the red-shirts from robbing us, if they didn't know 'twould be a dangerous game to play. However, it isn't their respect I value now, but that of one very different.'

'Who?'

'Again you ask an idle question; so idle, that I don't believe you care a straw for Láz Alvarez—or know what love is.'

'What has she to do with it?'

'She—nothing. That's true enough. I don't care aught for her, or what she might think of me. But I do for Carmen Montijo, and her good opinion. At least, so far that she shan't think me either fool or coward. She may be fancying me the first; but if she do, she'll find herself mistaken. At all events, she'll get convinced that I'm not the last. And if it be as rumour reports, and as you say you've heard, that she's given her heart to this *gringo*, I'll take care she don't bestow her hand upon him—not while I live. When I'm dead, she can do as she likes.'

'But after what's passed, do you intend returning to propose to her?'

'I do. Though not till we've finished this affair with the fellows who've interrupted us. Yes; I'll give her every chance to save herself. She shall say yea, or nay, in straight speech, and in so many words. After that, I'll understand how to act. But come! we're wasting time. A duel's a thing won't do to dally over. Do you intend to meet your man, or not?'

'I'd rather not,' replies the poltroon, hesitatingly; 'that is, if the thing can be arranged. Do you think it can, De Lara?'

'Of course, it can; your thing, as you call it; though not without disgrace to you. You should fight him, Faustino.'

'Well; if you say I should, why, I suppose I must. I never fired a pistol in my life, and am only second-rate with the sword. I can handle a *machete*, or a *cuchilla*, when occasion calls for it; but these weapons won't be admitted in a duel between gentlemen. I suppose the sailor fellow claims to be one?'

'Undoubtedly he does, and with good reason. An officer belonging to a British man-of-war would call you out for questioning such a claim. But I think you under-rate your skill with the small-sword. I've seen you doing very well with it at Roberto's fencing-school.'

'Yes; I took lessons there; but fencing is very different from fighting.'

'Never mind. When you get on the duelling-ground, fancy yourself within the walls of Roberto's shooting-gallery, and that you are about to take a fresh lesson in the *art d'escrime*. Above all, choose the sword for your weapon.'

'How can I, if I'm to be the challenger?'

'You needn't be. There's a way to get over that. The English officers are not going straight back to their ship; not likely before a late hour of the night. After returning from this ride, I

take it they'll stay to dinner at Don Gregorio's, and with wine to give them a start, they'll be pretty sure to have a cruise, as they call it, through the town. There, you may meet your man, and can insult him by giving him a cuff, spitting in his face, anything to put the onus of challenging upon him.'

'*Por Dios!* I'll do as you say.'

'That's right. Now, let us think of what's before us. As we're both to be principals, we can't stand seconds to one another. I know who'll act for me. Have you got a friend you can call upon?'

'Don Manuel Diaz. He's the only one I can think of.'

'Don Manuel will do. He's a cool hand, and knows all the regulations of the *duello*. But he's not at home to-day. As I chance to know, he's gone to a *funcion de gallos* at Punta Pedro; and by this time should be in the cockpit.'

'Why can't we go there? Or had we better send?'

'Better send, I think. Time's precious—at least mine is. As you know, I must be at the *monté*-table soon as the lamps are lit. If I'm not, the bank will go begging, and we may lose our customers. Besides, there's my own second to look up, which must be done this day before I lay a hand upon the cards. What hour is it? I've not brought my time-piece with me.'

'Twelve o'clock, and a quarter past,' answers Calderon, after consulting his watch.

'Only that! Then we'll have plenty of time to get to the cock-fight, and witness a main. Don Manuel has a big bet on his *pardo*. I'd like to stake a doubloon or two myself on that bird. Yes, on reflection, we'd better go ourselves. That will be the surest way to secure the services of Diaz. *Vamonos!*'

At this the two intending duellists again set their steeds in motion; and, riding for a short distance along the shore-road, turn into another, which will take them to Punta Pedro. Their jealous anger still unappeased, they urge their horses into a gallop, riding as if for life, on an errand whose upshot may be death—to one, or both of them.

#### SEVENTEEN YEARS AMONG SAVAGES.

A REMARKABLE case of the naturalisation of a French sailor-boy among savages during the period of seventeen years, has just been brought to light by Australian correspondents of *The Times*, in which paper for July 21 an account of the case is amply detailed. From it we offer the following condensed statement.

In 1858, the ship *St Paul* of Bordeaux sailed from China for Australia, having on board three hundred and fifty Chinese coolies. The vessel was not so fortunate as to reach its destination. It was wrecked, one dark night, on a reef of Roussel Island, in the Louisiade Archipelago, east of New Guinea. The captain and sailors got off in three boats, and made for the main island, leaving the Chinese and a sailor-boy, named Narcisse Peltier or Pelletier, to their fate; so deserted, they walked along the reef to a small island connected with it. The captain's party being attacked by natives,

retreated to the small island where the Chinese had found a temporary refuge. Again, the captain and sailors made off in their boats. Besides leaving the Chinese, they intended to desert the boy Narcisse; but he discovered their intentions, and, following them to the boat, was taken on board. How long their voyage lasted, is uncertain. They subsisted on a paste of flour and water, and such sea-birds as they could catch, which were devoured raw. Two or three days before they reached the Australian coast, their supply of fresh-water failed, and when at length they made the shore, which they did at First Red Rock Point, south of Cape Direction, lat.  $13^{\circ} 4' S.$ , long.  $143^{\circ} 32' E.$ , their first thought was the alleviation of their thirst. Leaving the boat, they wandered along the shore, until at length they found a small quantity of water, the whole of which was eagerly drunk by the men, leaving none for the poor little cabin-boy, half-dead with hunger, thirst, exposure, and fatigue, and whose feet were cut to pieces by the sharp coral of the reef. Their thirst having been quenched, the captain and his men—eight in all—returned to their boat, and sailed away again, leaving the boy to die by the empty water-hole. They reached New Caledonia in safety, and there the captain reported the loss of his vessel, and the hardships which he and his companions had undergone. He did not, however, report his abandonment of Narcisse Peltier.

The Chinese left at Roussel Island were, it was afterwards ascertained, gradually killed and eaten by the natives, with the exception of some twenty, who ultimately escaped.

The career of the boy Narcisse Peltier would undoubtedly have come to a close even before his captain's arrival in New Caledonia, had it not chanced that some blacks crossed the footprints left by the sailors in their search for water, and followed them up until they found the dying boy by the side of the dried-up well. They gave him food of a wretched kind, and then led him away gently by the hand to their tribe, with which he has remained uninterruptedly until the present time. He might never have been discovered at all, but for the accident of the *John Bell*, schooner, touching at Night Island, on the north-east coast of Queensland, on the 11th of April, when engaged in the *bêche de la mer* fishery. A party in the boats being despatched to the island in search of water, encountered a number of aboriginal blacks, with whom they found a white man, who was, like the blacks, perfectly naked, and appeared to be completely identified with them in language and habits. On these facts being reported to the master of the *John Bell*, he determined to make an effort to rescue the man, and with this view sent on shore the following day a large supply of articles of barter, which it was endeavoured to explain to the natives were intended to be exchanged for their guest or captive. The white savage was induced to enter one of the ship's boats, where he was given biscuit to eat, and told to sit

still, muskets being at the same time pointed at the natives, and fired over their heads, to induce them to retire, which they were very unwilling to do without being accompanied by the white man, whom they begged to return with them.

The *John Bell* brought her prize to Somerset, the settlement at Cape York, where he was clothed and cared for by the resident magistrate, Mr Aplin. For some days after his arrival, he sat the greater part of the day perched on the rail-fence of a pulldock, casting quick, eager, suspicious glances around him on every side and at every object which came within his view, rarely speaking, and apparently unable to remember more than a few words of his own language, although he said enough to shew that he was a Frenchman, and wrote down on paper, in a stiff, upright French hand, his own name and a few almost unintelligible sentences, which were subsequently found to contain a short account of his history. On the return to Cape York of Lieutenant Connor, R.N., who speaks French fluently, a good deal more was extracted from the savage, and it appeared that his name was Narcisse Pierre Peltier, or Pelletier, son of Martin Peltier, shoemaker at St Gilles, department of Vendée, France. At twelve years of age, he had embarked as a cabin-boy on board the *Sé Paul* of Bordeaux.

The account given of Narcisse is, that he is a short, thick-set, active man. His skin is of a bright red colour, and glazed upon the surface by continued exposure to the sun. He is clean in his person, and says that the blacks among whom he has lived are so also. Across his chest are two horizontal lines of raised skin, with other marks in the nature of tattooing, and designed for ornament. The lobe of his right ear has been pierced, and so also has his nose, for the admission of some rude decoration, probably a bit of the pearl-oyster. When first found by the blacks, he says he was very unhappy, often thought of his father, mother, and brothers, and longed to get away. In the course of time the recollection of them became less vivid and less painful, and he ultimately completely identified himself with the tribe. He had never made an attempt to escape, as being alone he could not have managed a canoe out at sea; and though he had often seen vessels passing along the coast, he had never been allowed to get near them, having been always sent by the blacks into the woods in the interior when they went on board a ship. It is not very clear how they came to allow him to be seen at last by the sailors of the *John Bell*.

The great length of time he had been in the hands of savages had obliterated early recollections, and he could hardly recall a word of French. A little practice, however, brought back his native language. He now speaks French fluently, and in proportion as it returns to him he forgets the language of his tribe, of which, however, about a hundred words have been collected from him and taken down. What is very much more remarkable, however, than his recovery of his mother-tongue, is the fact that he has not lost the powers of reading or writing after a disuse of seventeen years, during which he of course never saw a book, and, as he says, never wrote a line; nor, indeed, did the blacks know that he possessed the power

to do so. Very probably he did not know it himself. After two or three weeks' residence at Somerset, however, he wrote, as has already been mentioned, a few almost unintelligible lines. Before coming on board the *Brisbane*, he had much improved in intelligence, and pronounced correctly the names he saw written up on the boats and elsewhere about the ship. His progress since has been most rapid. He now spends a portion of every day in reading, though whether he understands all that he reads, may possibly be doubted. He displays considerable intelligence, but at the same time a childish dependence and imitativeness of others. That anything is done by *les autres* is sufficient to induce him to attempt it himself. He is generally good-humoured, though with occasional fits of apparently causeless sulkiness; he frequently coughs violently, and his habits of crouching about here and there are still those of a savage.

He is very bitter against the captain of the *St Paul* for deserting him, but at the same time appears to be afraid of him. He speaks with kindness of his family, which he distinctly remembers, but always maintains that they must all, even including his younger brothers, be now dead; and it would appear as if, having no measure of the time he has passed with the savages, the past appears to him at so vast a distance as to have given him the impression that he is extremely old, although in fact barely thirty. He says he wished to remain with the blacks, and, although he acquiesced in his removal, he is evidently by no means as yet either happy or satisfied.

The name of the tribe with which he has lived is Macadama. They have no kings, chiefs, or leading men among them, all the males being equal. The men, he says, are strong, but observes with pride that he himself is very strong, much stronger than the blacks. On the other hand, though he says he is a good swimmer and diver, he acknowledges that in the water the blacks far surpass him. The tribe subsists chiefly on fish, turtles, turtles' eggs, alligators' eggs, and roots and fruits. Sometimes they hunt animals, but apparently not often. The occupation of the men is fishing; that of the women, to gather roots, and sometimes also they get honey. They have no knowledge of nets, lines, or hooks. The larger fish are harpooned from canoes, the smaller speared with a three-pronged spear. The canoes are cut out of trees with knives formed of hoop-iron obtained from barrels washed up from wrecks. Of this hoop-iron also the heads of their spears and harpoons are made. Narcisse says he has himself constructed two canoes, which he has left behind him. He describes the condition of the women of the tribe as very pitiable, but that is generally the case in nations of savages. The blacks, he says, have no knowledge of any Superior Being, and no form of religion of any kind whatever. The dead are tied up with cords after the fashion of a mummy, and exposed to the action of the sun either in the forks of trees or on a rough scaffold. Rude as were the beings among whom he lived, they were not unkind to him, and he thinks they would treat any white man well. He states that he has heard that in his tribe there was an old white man who had lived among them for many years, and was at last drowned while out fishing. He does not recollect having seen this

man himself, and is not sure when his death occurred.

From these notes, it appears that Narcisse is by no means deficient in observation, and only needs cultivation to bring him forward. By latest accounts, he was to be handed over to the French Consul at Sydney, by whom he will probably be sent to France. We shall be glad to know that the captain who basely deserted him has been punished according to his deserts.

#### AN EVICTION.

'MARY, Mary! do you hear what the neighbours say—that we're all going to be evicted?' cried Denis Connor, entering his cabin one evening towards the end of October, and sitting down dejectedly; while Mary his wife looked up from her work in blank dismay.

'What do you mean, Denis?' she asked. 'Sure, we don't owe a penny of rent, and if the Lord spares us our health, we'll remain so.'

'It's too true, I'm afraid. O Molly, it'll break my heart to leave the old place; and what'll you and Oona do?' and the old man rocked himself to and fro, and moaned bitterly.

'Whist, Denis dear,' Mary said, gently placing her hand on her husband's shoulder: 'there's some mistake, ye may be certain. His Honour could not mean to turn us out, for sure there's no decenter poor people on all the property than the neighbours. It isn't like as if we were living entirely on the land, and couldn't pay the rent. His Honour couldn't mean to evict us, Denis!'

But His Honour did mean to evict them, as they learned formally a few days after; the entire village of Cloonabeg was to be swept away.

It was a wild bleak spot on the west coast of Ireland, not many miles from the ancient 'Citie of the Tribes.' The village consisted of a long straggling row of cabins, on the edge of a common, and within a stone's-throw of the sea. The inhabitants of Cloonabeg were fishermen, poor, simple, honest, hard-working people, who had been born in the cabins they dwelt in, and their fathers and grandfathers before them, and knew little of the world beyond. They all had the right of the common—on the other side of which stood the village of Cloonamore, a much more important place, which boasted the possession of a police barrack, a chapel, and a national school. There was little intimacy between the inhabitants of the two villages. The Cloonamore people were farmers, comfortable as farmers go in the west of Ireland, where they have to toil, and toil continually, to make the wretched land produce anything. They were very jealous of their neighbours down by the sea-side, who paid far less rent, and on the whole seemed not only to work less, but to be more comfortable.

The fishermen were quiet, proud, reserved people, who lived entirely to themselves, helping each other in difficulty, consoling each other in trouble, and taking little interest in anything save the coming and going of the shoals of fish.

They spent their evenings, when not out on the bay, with their wives; and it was pleasant to see them sitting outside their cabin doors, smoking their pipes, or mending their nets and sails—the

men in their rough home-knit blue guernseys, the women in their scarlet jackets. They were very poor, but then their wants were few, and they were contented and happy in their simple way.

Denis Connor was considered the most comfortable man in Cloonabeg. He had a son in America, who often sent him money; and a daughter married to a fishmonger in Galway, who was considered almost a merchant. One other child he had, Oona, a pretty golden-haired girl, the pet of the whole village.

In the next cabin to Denis Connor's lived a very old woman, named Merrick; poor Judy she was called, for she had had many troubles in her lifetime. Her husband and only son were drowned twenty years before, trying to save the crew of a brig which struck on 'Marguerite's Rock.' Young Merrick left a wife, who died a few months after, and one sickly little boy. Poor Judy took the child, and managed to bring him up and keep a roof overhead by constant hard work. She assisted the neighbours in their housework, who paid her in kind; and made and mended nets for any of the men who could afford to pay her a trifle just sufficient to pay the rent. For fifteen years Judy toiled late and early, and then her grandson Willie was old enough to take his father's boat and nets and earn his living, and support his grandmother. A fine, handsome, manly lad was Willie Merrick, full-chested, clear-eyed, and supple sinewed like the majority of the hardy sons of the sea-coast.

In the market, every one liked to buy his mackerel and haddocks, not only because they could depend on whatever he offered for sale being genuinely good and moderate in price, but they liked the look of his honest face and clear hazel eyes, and the sound of his hearty voice.

Mrs Merrick was proud of her grandson, and not without some reason, for he was a universal favourite, and deserved to be.

A few evenings after Denis Connor had told his wife of the threatened eviction, Oona, his daughter, was sitting with Willie Merrick on the stone seat outside old Judy's cabin. There was no 'take,' and the men were all about the beach attending to the drying of the nets, or watching a little boat which was making for the quay against wind and tide.

'She'll never get in, Oona, if they don't tack more to the east'ard,' Willie said. 'Oh, if I had a boat like her, wouldn't I be happy!'

'Aren't ye happy as ye are, Willie?' Oona asked. 'Ye told me the other night that ye was the happiest boy in Cloonabeg, or Cloonamore either.'

'So I am, darlin',' Willie said, looking tenderly at the fair saucy face beside him; 'but I'll be happier when yer my own intirely. When is it to be?'

'Whenever ye like, Willie; father and mother are willing, and yer granny is teasing me every day. Sure, we're all as one as married, aren't we, Willie?'

'Yes, darlin'; but I want the priest to spake the words, and put this on yer *weeshy* little finger;' and young Merrick pulled from his pocket a canvas bag, from the farthest corner of which he pulled a wedding-ring.

'This Shrovetide, then, Willie,' Oona whispered with a blush. 'Now, I must go in, as mother'll be wanting me. Is that the agent gone into

Martin Gill's, Willie? I didn't think it was rent-day yet.'

'Yes, faix, it is, Oona, and it wants a week yet to the half-year,' and Oona went into the house, while Willie went to see what the people were gathering into groups for, and talking so mysteriously about. A very few words served to explain the object of the agent's visit. He had come accompanied by the bailiff, to serve 'notice to quit' on every house. 'His Honour the landlord wanted the place cleared down,' was all the reason he gave. It was a sad thing to walk through the village of Cloonabeg that evening, and go from house to house with the agent. Everywhere he said the same thing: 'Ye must clear out; His Honour wants the place. I'll forgive ye half this half-year's rent all round, and give ye till the 1st of January to get away. But remember the men'll be here on New-year's Day to pull down these dens.'

By the time they had reached Denis Connor's, the whole village—men, women, and children—were after them, crying bitterly, and Judy Merrick came to ask what the matter was.

'It's evicted we are—served with notice to quit, Judy,' Mary Connor said quietly. 'It isn't easy to leave the place ye were bred and born in, and go out on the world. But God's good: cheer up, Denis avic.'

'What does she mean, Denis Connor?' Judy cried. 'Is it that they're goin' to dispossess ye—to turn ye out of the cabin ye were born in, and yer father and grandfather before ye?'

'Yes, ma'am; that's exactly what we mean,' the bailiff said. 'I'm going to serve you next.'

'Serve me! evict me! turn me, an old woman of threescore and ten, out on the roadside!' Judy screamed. 'No! I was born in that cabin; my father lived and died in it; my ancestors were the first that ever raised a stone of Cloonabeg. Old Judy, poor Judy, Judy Merrick, ye may call me, but I'm Julia O'Brien, and in the cabin I've lived in there I'll die.'

'We'll see about that,' the bailiff sneered, and Judy rushed out, and knelt down at her door-step. 'The first one of ye that crosses here will have to walk over me,' she shrieked; but the bailiff advanced, and laying his hand on her shoulder, gave her a printed form, and said jeeringly:

'You're served, Mrs Merrick; and I'd take it easier, if I were you.—Come on, sir,' he added, turning to the agent, who was examining the condition of the house.

Judy Merrick stood up, and looked at the notice in her hand, and then advanced to the agent's side. 'Mr Hayes, sir,' she said slowly, 'I'm to be out of this cabin on the 1st of January, amn't I?'

'Yes; and see that you are,' Mr Hayes replied.

'Where am I to go to, sir?'

'My good woman, that's nothing whatever to me,' he said, shrugging his shoulders; 'go wherever you like.'

'You know, sir, that in Cloonamore one of us can't get bit, nor sup, nor lodging, for love or money, even if we had that same. Where'll we go to, Mr Hayes, sir; will ye ask His Honour that?'

'That's nothing whatever to His Honour; he wants his houses, and I suppose he has a right to them. It's not every landlord would treat ye so well as to forgive ye a quarter's rent, and then give

ye two months' notice and nothing to pay,' the agent said.

'It's not every tenant that treats a landlord as well as we did. In my memory—and that's more than threescore years—he never lost a penny on one of these cabins, and one of us was never a day behind with sixpence o' rent. Can Cloonamore say that, Mr Hayes, sir? Go back to the big house, and tell His Honour that Judy Merrick is going to die in the cabin she lived in, or on the heap of stones ye level it to.'

'Come, come; that's all nonsense. See that you are out, bag and baggage, before the 1st of January,' the bailiff said, roughly laying his hand on the old woman's shoulder.

'Don't touch me, ye miserable creature!' she cried, shrinking back. 'Don't lay yer dirty hand on me, ye black-hearted villain. Look at him, neighbours, mark him, the evictor! It's all his doin's, and his'—pointing to the agent. 'Mark them, Willie! Don't forget their evil faces!'

'I'll not forget them, granny,' Willie Merrick said sternly, with quivering lips and flashing eyes; 'and if I ever have a chance, God help them both.'

'Och!' Judy cried, lifting up her hands; 'may God forget them at their greatest need, and forgive them like as I do now;' and then she went in and sat rocking herself for hours over the fire.

The 1st of January 185- was a bleak wild day, with a fierce east wind, driving a cutting, bitter sleet before it. The sea and sky, of a gray leaden hue, seemed to meet, you could scarcely distinguish one from the other; and the storm raged along the desolate coast.

The village of Cloonabeg presented a very pitiful sight that New-year's Day—a sight, once seen, never to be forgotten—a sight which impressed itself on the memory with burning intensity, the sight of an eviction! All words are inadequate to describe the scene—it is something one must look on to thoroughly comprehend. That morning, on the common, wherever a stunted shrub offered the faintest shelter from the bitter east wind, the people were sitting huddled together, or lying on their poor beds to keep themselves warm, waiting for the demolition of their cabins; women weeping bitterly, children shivering, and men with folded arms, set teeth, and blanched faces, men poor, ignorant, homeless, yet exercising a self-control wonderful and touching. The lane leading to the village was also lined on each side by the unfortunate people; and as the bailiffs came with picks to begin their work, the women greeted them with a terrible cry.

The men were silent, calmly, grandly silent. They could have easily beaten off the intruders—they could have chased them into the sea, or dashed their brains out against the rocks; but what would it avail; others would come and take their places, for Cloonabeg was doomed. The men looked passively on as they saw their homes levelled to the earth, as they saw cabin after cabin fall in.

Opposite their door, Denis Connor and his wife and daughter sat waiting for the end before starting for Galway. In vain they entreated Judy Merrick to accompany them; she would not leave her cabin. Grim and resolute she sat on her bed, and declared solemnly that out she would not go. And her grandson, Willie? Poor fellow, he was in

Galway jail on a charge of attempted murder. Mr Hayes the agent had been fired at, and without any hesitation he accused Willie Merrick, and the bailiff swore he heard the young man threaten him; so he was committed to stand his trial at the spring assizes.

When the men came to Mrs Merrick's house, and found her still inside, they paused in dismay, but the head bailiff's order came sharp and decisive: 'Go on!' and a shower of dust and stones about poor Judy's ears, shewed that they were going on without any mistake. Then Denis Connor rushed in, and seizing the woman in his arms, carried her out, just as the roof gave way; but he might as well have left her in her dearly loved cabin, for Judy Merrick was dead! The first desecrating blow struck to the roof which had so long sheltered her, had stilled her heart for ever.

All through that dreary winter-day the people sat shivering by the wayside, mourning over their ruined desolated homes, and at night some few of them were sheltered in barns and out-houses, while others lay under the hedges or on the fallen cabins. The next morning, vans came and took the very old and sick to the workhouse, and those who were able to walk and work went hither and thither in search of employment.

All this time His Honour the landlord was enjoying his honeymoon on the shores of Lake Lemane, and knew no more about the fearful scene enacted in Cloonabeg than his somewhat tenants knew about his locality. The agent thought the little village in the way; the common would, he fancied, make a valuable piece of pasture-land; and so he wrote to his master, and said the houses were only dilapidated dens; declared the tenants never did, or could, or would pay any rent; and that the best thing for all parties was to pull the cabins down, as the people would then emigrate to America. And so Mr Hayes evicted the people, and razed their homes to the earth! Such things have been common, and are still not unknown in the west of Ireland.

Months passed, and Willie Merrick still lay in jail awaiting his trial. At the assizes, there was not a shadow of proof against him, and one of the gamekeepers on an adjoining estate confessed that it was he fired the shot which wounded the agent; so Merrick was acquitted; and a few kind-hearted people subscribed enough money to pay his passage to America.

'You'll come out to me, Oona darling, won't you?' he said, holding his promised wife in his arms as he said good-bye. 'You aren't ashamed of me, are you?'

'No, Willie; but I'll not follow you to America,' Oona said sadly. 'I'm going a longer journey. O Willie, Willie, my heart is broken. You'll never look on the face of Oona Connor again! Good-bye, and may Heaven for ever bless you!'

Willie was pushed into the train which was to take him to Cork, and Oona fell fainting into her father's arms.

Three months after, there was a quiet funeral in the old graveyard of Cloonabeg, an old man and an old woman the only mourners.

Oona Connor was dead, and her last wish had been to sleep beside her brothers and sisters in the little country graveyard she had played in as a child. There she sleeps, with no cross at her

head or stone at her feet; but her grave is well known, and the memory of the events which caused her death green. No one in the west of Ireland has forgotten the Cloonabeg eviction.

### THE MONTH: SCIENCE AND ARTS.

THE Royal Commission appointed to inquire into the great question of the relations of government to science and scientific education, have brought their years of inquiry to a close, and delivered their final Report. They have taken a wide range, and heard many and divers opinions and statements; but they have not been led astray by sanguine advocates of plausible theories. Build a great national laboratory, say some, furnish it with all needful appliances, and a host of experimentalists will resort thereto, and develop chemistry and natural philosophy, and make the nation rich, and themselves famous. The Commission have been slow to believe in the existence of cases of scientific genius pining for want of encouragement, and they have not recommended that a big laboratory should be built at the national expense. But they do recommend that elementary and advanced science should be taught in schools, and that scientific research should, under certain conditions, be aided by grants of money. Science deals with laws of nature and with facts; hence, if education can be improved by the accurate methods of science, so much the better for the educated. Recently, the worshipful Company of Spectacle-makers entertained the Astronomer-royal at dinner. In his after-dinner speech, that learned gentleman told them there was but one man in London who knew how to make spectacles! The Company have resolved that henceforth that reproach shall not be theirs, and we may believe that in time a citizen and spectacle-maker will know something about optics and the physiology of the eye. If, as is anticipated, the labours of the Commission should result in the appointment of a Minister of Education, then education may come to mean something very different from what it is at present.

As everybody knows, there are some months of the year in this climate of ours in which we contrive to keep ourselves tolerably comfortable without sunshine. The convenience of being able to make use of an equivalent for sunshine is obvious, and is often exemplified in manufacturing operations. Even hop-growers have been known, in moments of despair, during a wet season, to lay armfuls of their precious plants before the kitchen fire; but, with that exception, we have never heard of a substitute for sunshine in agricultural operations, until now; and now, Mr W. A. Gibbs, of Chingford, Essex, has brought out a machine for drying hay by artificial means. With a portable stove and a swift fan he produces a blast at high temperature (four hundred degrees or more), and drives it into a long trough, down which the wet hay, or grass, slowly travels, continually stirred and shaken up by small levers, contrived for the purpose. The hot, dry air, rushing with velocity, at once licks off all the moisture, and converts 'partially made, but wet hay, into a thoroughly dry condition for the stack;' and, as is reported to the *Times* by a competent onlooker, 'we saw spoilt and musty hay dried into hay of fair ap-

parent quality and pleasant fragrance; and we saw freshly-cut grass, saturated with rain from a very heavy thunder-shower which poured down at the time, dried into hay of first-class colour, and possessing the rich malt odour peculiar to well-made hay.' The cost of converting fresh-cut grass into hay is two pounds per ton; if partially dried by the weather, the cost is not more than seven or eight shillings per ton. The inventor of the machine is of opinion that, even in fine weather, the quality of the hay would be improved by a spell of the hot-blast. As regards the economy of the operation: we are informed that there are in the United Kingdom about nine million acres of grass, natural and artificial; that they produce twelve million tons of hay, worth, on the average, four pounds per ton. The amount and importance of the total value may thus be easily seen; and any reader materially interested in the question may calculate the difference in value between hay properly dried and hay badly made under unfavourable circumstances. The late 'catching' summer will have prepared many minds for a solution of the question.

What to do with our sewage? is still a difficult problem to answer, either from the urban or the agricultural point of view. General Scott, whose endeavours in connection therewith we have before noticed, has just published 'A Compendious Statement of the Nature and Cost of certain Sewage Processes,' which is full of practical suggestion, and well worth consideration. There are five ways in which sewage may be utilised: (1) By irrigation of a farm, which will yield a small profit, say £300 a year for a town of 100,000 inhabitants; (2) purification of the fluid waste by chemical means, involving the lime method of precipitation, and the manufacture of dry sewage manure; (3) the cement process; (4) the improved calcination and manure process. As regards the merits of these several ways, we are told that 'each of the first two costs about fivepence per head per annum for the population; the third, in any town large enough to afford a market for cement, will yield an annual profit of nearly a penny per head; and the fourth may be made to yield a profit of more than three times that amount—apparently the extreme limit to which, as a matter of finance, the utilisation of liquid sewage can be carried.'

The fifth way which General Scott now puts forward bears a high profit. In this, the excretions are not mixed with water, but are kept separate and undiluted. The liquid portion contains ammonia, and this ammonia is valuable. It is possible to separate the liquid from the solid portion. The ammonia can then be separated from the liquid by a 'chemical process of extreme simplicity.' The liquid is passed through a series of tanks in which is a layer of phosphate of magnesia. This phosphate absorbs the ammonia. In other tanks, lime is used to arrest the phosphoric acid, which otherwise would be carried away in solution, and the resulting ammonio-phosphate of lime is treated with sulphuric acid, which removes the ammonia, and the solution thus obtained is concentrated, and set aside to crystallise. The phosphate of magnesia having been washed clean by the operation here described, can be used over and over again a number of times; but in the form of ammonio-phosphate it can be readily sold at £20 a ton. Meanwhile, the solid part of the excretions has



been dried and reduced to powder; and General Scott proposes to fortify this powder with a small quantity of the ammonio-phosphate, and so produce a fertiliser worth from L.6 to L.7 a ton. This method has been tried at Oldham with complete success, and measures are set on foot for its introduction into other towns. The annual value of the excreta collected in Manchester is at present L.7000. We are told that it would be L.177,000 under the new process, and that if the process were generally adopted, 'it would render this country independent of Peruvian guano, and at the same time lift an enormous load off the shoulders of urban ratepayers.' It would, moreover, prevent waste of money in unwise schemes, as, for example, in a town not forty miles from London where the sewage, at heavy cost, is pumped up a long hill to its outflow on a farm.

At mining-works in the Isle of Man there has been for some time in use a magnetic ore separator, which, as its name indicates, picks out from a mass of ore the portion which contains most iron. In the 'dressing' of ore—that is, preparing it for the smelting furnace—water is commonly used to effect the separation, and can be depended on where the kinds of ore are not of the same specific gravity. But when, as often happens, the same vein yields spathose iron, blende, iron pyrites, and copper pyrites, separation by hydraulic means is impossible, and the value of the ore in the market is lessened. Under these circumstances, Mr F. J. King invented the above-mentioned separator, which may be generally described as a wheel or series of wheels that can be magnetised at pleasure. The magnetism is sufficiently powerful to pass through the thin band by which the wheels are moved. The broken ore travels on this band: the lumps containing iron are retained by the magnetism, while all the others fall off; and in this mechanical way the separation is effected, and the good ore picked out ready for the market. Further particulars of this machine may be read in the forty-second annual Report of the Royal Cornwall Polytechnic Society.

The same Report gives information concerning pilchards which may be regarded as of national importance. In 1871, more than 135 millions, or 45,682 hogsheads, of those fish were sent abroad; while probably not more than one million were eaten in England. The price per hogshead varies from L.1, 6s. to L.5, 2s., and pilchard oil is worth from L.25 to L.40 per tun. The reason why, for the small home consumption, is, that fresh pilchards are too delicate to bear carriage to a distance, and that the cured fish are prepared in a way not generally agreeable to the palate of English folk. Whether for export or home use, the largest fish only are cured: the millions on millions of small ones being either released from the nets, or brought on shore and sold as manure. On the coast of France, the nets are made expressly to catch the little fishes. It has been proved by naturalists that the Cornish pilchard is identical with the French sardine. Why should not the shoals of small pilchards be turned to profit? Experiments were made in 1873 by Mr Fryer of the Salmon Fisheries Office, and now, in conjunction with Fox and Company of Falmouth, he produces Cornish sardines on a large scale at Mevagissey. These sardines are described as 'fully equal to any preserved in France or Spain.'

As our readers are aware, we have many times called attention to instances of the injurious effects on climate of the wholesale cutting down of forests. An interesting account, communicated some time ago to the Linnæan Society by Dr Shaw, furnishes an example of another kind, and shews us how the vegetation and climate of the wool-producing region of the Cape Colony are being changed for the worse by 'a persistent and greedy system of overstocking.' The region in question is known as the 'Midlands'; situate far in the interior beyond the Sneeuwberg range (or Snowy Mountains); and in the days of the first settlers was the pasture-ground of thousands of antelopes and other animals, which, following the rains, migrated from one end to the other. It is very different now.

When first introduced, the sheep thrived so in that prairie-like land that the settlers crowded it more and more with sheep. Soon the grass was all devoured, and plants and shrubs were attacked, and came to be the main resource of the flocks. The ground was consequently left to bush and scrub, and to obnoxious and poisonous herbs, and the intoxicating *Melica*—the 'dronk' grass of the Dutch colonists.

'The climate,' says Mr Shaw, 'necessarily became affected. The rainfall came down less certainly and oftener, in the form of thunder-torrents. Side by side with the attacks of the flocks the more subtle and insidious agency of a changing climate came into power. The hardy plants of the Karoo commenced to travel northwards, and added their energies to the extirpating of the indigenous and proper flora of the region, and being of a bitter and nauseous character, they enjoyed immunity, and were only eaten by sheep in circumstances of dire necessity. Sweet bush, such as *Lyciums*, vanished before them; and the *veld* has become what is called by the farmers, and indeed is now, a "bitter veld," and is rapidly becoming an extension of dreary, scrubby, half-desert Karoo.' Besides all this, the ground becomes harder, and the perennial 'springs weaker.

It is clear that if some remedial measures are not applied, this once prosperous region will become a wilderness. Dr Shaw is of opinion that the Cape government should 'experiment on the introduction of grasses,' and, 'by the construction of colossal dams, save the country, keep up the deep springs, and in connection therewith, rear the beginnings of forests, to modify and increase the rainfall.' Nothing stops the extension of the 'wild Karoo,' as Barry Cornwall calls it, so effectually as permanent moisture. As Dr Shaw says in conclusion: 'It is certainly a subject of alarm to the country when it is known that a drier season than usual entails poverty and death to an incalculable extent among our flocks in South Africa. Some tracts of country are poisoned by the extraordinary increase of the *Tripteris flexuosa*; and transport riders, with their oxen (our only carrying-power), have to travel through certain parts of the country without pausing, on account of the *Melica*, grasses which have increased within the past few years to a degree scarcely credible, and on eating which cattle become intoxicated to an alarming extent.'

In addition to advising the government, Dr Shaw should preach to the 'greedy' sheep-farmers, and warn them against making haste to be rich.

The floating swimming-bath on the Thames, by

Charing-Cross railway bridge, is supplied with filtered water. In experiments made to discover the best form of filter, it was found that specimens of the water strained through stone filters became putrid in the course of two or three weeks; while water strained through bags of cloth shewed no signs of alteration either to taste or smell. In fact, the men employed in the experiments on board a barge moored in the river, drank the bag-filtered water during two or three weeks, and water thus filtered is now supplied to the bath; but after all it is only comparatively pure.

At a meeting of the Institution of Mechanical Engineers, where these particulars were communicated, one of the speakers mentioned that, at the Burton-on-Trent breweries, 'the whole of the water used was spring-water pumped from the red sandstone, not only for brewing, but also even for rinsing the casks containing the fine ale that was sent to India. The use of water from the river Trent was carefully avoided, even for cleansing the casks, because if they were rinsed with river-water it was found to set the ale fermenting in some unaccountable way; and at those breweries it was therefore essential to use spring-water entirely free from all organic impurity.' Forty years ago, it was the practice to fill ships' casks with water direct from the Thames. During the first week or two of the voyage, the water turned 'sick' for a few days, and smelled badly; but after that became bright and palatable. But, forty years ago, the towns in the Thames valley did not pour their sewage into the river as they do now.

Railway signals which work without the help of human hands seem to offer some assurance of safety that has so long been desired by travellers. It is known that the distance-signals, worked by long wires, are liable to get out of order, and that there is a limit to the distance at which they can be placed. Mr Spagnoletti, chief electrician to the Great Western Railway, has invented an electro-magnetic signal which is well deserving of attention, inasmuch as it can be worked at any distance—at two or ten miles, as well as a hundred yards. The ordinary out-stretching signal-arm, with which we are all familiar, is attached to a rocking lever between two electro-magnets; these are connected with a battery in the ordinary way, and contact can either be made by a signalman touching a key, or by the locomotive pressing down a treadle. For night-service, coloured lamps can be worked as readily as the signal-arm.

To an outsider, the numerous signals at a railway station appear confusing and complicated. If this electro-magnetic signal were taken into use, no other would be required, and thus simplicity would come into play. In cases where the apparatus is worked by hand, a little copy of the signals in the signalman's box tells him whether the distant signal, far out of sight, is working properly or not. But, as before stated, the locomotive itself will set the signals; will leave a danger-signal standing in the rear; will ring a bell to announce its approach; and, on arrival at the next station, lets down the danger-signals first put up, raises the next, sends on the warning whistle, and so does all the signalling with the regularity of clock-work. Of course there must always be a sufficiency of battery-power to keep the magnets up to their duty: if this be done, the signal-post may be fixed in any place wherever it is likely to be most effective.

It is unfortunate, yet true, that things will get dirty even in an Art Museum. Plaster-casts, especially, shew the ill effects of dust, and hitherto no effectual means of cleaning them, except by washing, has been discovered. But to wash a plaster-cast without injury or risk is almost if not quite impossible. Under these circumstances, the Prussian government have offered a prize of a hundred and fifty pounds 'for the discovery of a new method of preserving plaster-casts from deterioration by repeated washings.' It is required that the method shall be applicable to all kinds of plaster and to all colours; and that the hardness of the cast shall not be diminished. Another prize, about five hundred pounds, is offered 'for a material for making casts of art-works, possessing the advantages of plaster, but which, without any special preparation, will not deteriorate by periodically repeated washings.' In this case the conditions are, that the new material must easily allow casting in original moulds; that it shall be strong enough for the largest casts; and that the colour, if yellowish, or any warmer tint, shall be even throughout. The consignments of specimens, with proper descriptions, are to be delivered at the Royal Prussian Ministry of Public Worship, Instruction, and Health, Berlin, not later than the last day of the present year.

Mr A. J. Harvey, who has advocated the establishment by government of a museum of popular astronomy, a people's geographical garden, and other beneficial schemes, now wishes to see a people's museum of human anatomy, physiology, and popular surgery, with a department of popular medicine, established in every large town. If this were done according to a plan which he sketches, Mr Harvey is of opinion that intemperance would disappear, that every one's muscles would be properly exercised, that the 'masses of this good and great country' would be saved from 'helplessly and piteously leaning upon an army of skilled physicians for peace of body,' and from the 'widespread vice and refuge of habitual indiscriminate medicine-taking.' If all this could be accomplished by the establishment of museums, a great deal would have been achieved long ago; but facts point to a different conclusion. There can be no royal road for educating the masses, as there can be none for the individual, and we all know that many of those institutions, established to educate the people in science and art, have degenerated into mere places of amusement.

## SEQUEL TO AN ADVENTURE.

WE are informed by the writer of an adventure with brigands on the Appian Way, near Rome—of which an account was given in this *Journal* for July 17—that its unpleasantness did not terminate with her return to the city. 'On the contrary,' says the writer, 'and so we were glad at last to leave them and the Eternal City itself far behind us.'

'How many times the story of our adventure had to be told on the evening of our safe return to Rome, I cannot say; but at last night came, and I retired from the hum and bustle around me. Rest, however, was sought in vain, for even when I did sleep, I was tormented by dreams of gleaming pistol-barrels, long-bladed knives, and—most

horrible of all—a beardless, thin, dark face, with a pair of shining, closely set eyes, from whose gaze I could never escape. Never had I so rejoiced at the approach of morning.

‘With the day commenced the arrival of *gendarmes, carabinieri*, messages from the Questura, &c. The curiosity of the authorities seemed insatiable, and extended even to our most private affairs.

‘As British subjects, however, we felt that we must ourselves take some active steps in the matter, and accordingly we called next day upon an official of high standing, and gave him an account of our misadventure.

‘Some time after this there came some personages from the Questura, asking us to go to the convent of San Andrea delle Fratte, in the empty cells of which some newly taken criminals were confined. These prisoners were to be submitted to our inspection, so that we might judge if any of them had been among the perpetrators of the outrage of which we had been the victims. Arrived at the convent, I waited with dread the passing of the criminals before me. I could not help thinking of these keen, shining eyes that had haunted my dreams, and I shuddered at the idea of again seeing them fixed on mine. Strange as it may seem, I actually felt relieved when the review was finished, and I found that *our brigands* had not been captured.

‘On the following day we received a similar message, and drove, as was demanded, to the Questura. Here we had to listen to the account of another attempt at robbery, more recent than that upon us, in which the brigands had been beaten off, and one of their number killed. At the end of the narration, instead of my being confronted with the living robbers, the clothes of the dead one were shewn to me, and I was asked if I recognised them! They held them up as if their late owner still tenanted them, and put the hat above, but in vain. They awoke in me no thrill of recognition, only one of horror and disgust.

‘Next day came another summons. This time we were requested to go to — Prison, formerly a *carceri* reserved for political offenders. Here we were suddenly brought face to face with three prisoners, who even my inexperience assured me were deeply versed in crime. One face, beardless, dark, thin, with prominent glassy eyes, that seemed to fasten themselves to mine, caught my attention at once; and as, with dumb horror, I gazed as if fascinated, my dream was forcibly recalled to me. I could not, however, be certain that this had been one of the robbers who had attacked us, and even when the prisoners were made to walk, run, and shout, I was still at a loss. I could not swear to any of them.

‘On comparing notes with my cousin, when outside of the prison, I found, to my astonishment, that we had each partially identified a different man! All these trying scenes of attempted identification, where our recognition might have been death to the recognised, had thus proved fruitless. We had not been able to identify any one.

‘The finishing touch was put to my grievances that evening, when I found in the salon an artist busily engaged in sketching my features. My face to be made public property, as that of the lady who had been attacked by brigands! I had borne many annoyances, but here my patience failed—it

was too much. I rose and left the room, glancing at the artist a look of indignation and scorn I believe not easily to be forgotten. We forthwith determined to leave Rome, and one day’s journey brought us to the peaceful retreat where I pen this, the sequel to our Adventure with Brigands.’

### HOLIDAY BOTANISING.

IN speaking of Botanising, and the pleasing occupation it offers, to ladies especially, during the summer and autumn holidays, the *Queen*—to which excellent paper we are indebted for the information—says:

‘In making observations on plants, their dwellings and their habits of growth, ladies have not only the benefit of attaining real knowledge, but they also have the great pleasure of having a definite object in their rambles. Nothing can be more dreary than the set walk day by day for a particular distance at a given hour, with nothing specially in view. But, if a search for a particular plant is to be made, the whole aspect of affairs is changed. The walk has an object, and the plants obtained furnish much interest in drying, in fixing in the herbarium, in naming and in dating, while, long after, the little collection affords means of pleasant reminiscences to all who have been of the party. Perhaps, even the time may come when the dried forms of the plants are all that we have to tell us of happy days past, and of loved companions gone for ever.

‘In collecting botanical specimens, as in other occupations in life, co-operation, if it can be secured, is a very good thing, and the more widely this co-operation can be extended the better.

‘We have just heard of a botanical society, particulars of which, we think, may be interesting to our readers, either in the way of inducing some of them to become members of it, or to plan and originate something of a similar character.

‘The society has a secretary who takes an active part in the management, and who does, as will be seen, a very large amount of work. Each member of the society collects and dries specimens during the annual holiday. Some of these, of course, he adds to his own collection; but he brings home more than he wants for himself, and all duplicates he sends to the secretary. At the same time, he furnishes the secretary with the names of any plants or specimens he may desire for himself. The surplus specimens of all the members form thus a stock, which the secretary distributes to the members at the end of the season, each member thus getting something new. We understand that, by this mode of co-operation, some of the members have got together magnificent collections of specimens. Of course, care must be taken in the preparation of the surplus specimens, at least as great as would be expended on those kept by the members for themselves. Both ladies and gentlemen are members of this society.’\*

\* Full particulars may be obtained by application to R. Tucker, Esq., 27 Cantelow’s Road, Camden Square, N.W. This gentleman is secretary, and would answer all communications.

Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, 47 Paternoster Row, LONDON, and 339 High Street, EDINBURGH. Also sold by all Booksellers.

# CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

OF  
POPULAR

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

*Fourth Series*

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS.

No. 610.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 4, 1875.

Price 1½d.

## CURIOSITIES OF FEVER INFECTION.

IN our young days it used to be said that 'death was in the pot.' So many articles of meat and drink were adulterated with deleterious materials, that no one was thought to be safe. You might, as was averred, be poisoned in allaying thirst with a glass of beer. We fortunately do not now hear much of 'death in the pot.' Thanks to the law and magisterial vigilance, matters in that respect are considerably mended. In these later times, Death is busy in a different and unsuspected quarter. He insidiously approaches in odours from drains, from the pollution of rivers, and from fever contagion altogether unrecognisable by the senses. We have heard the late Sir James Simpson say that hospitals conducted on the ordinary plan, clean them as you will, are vehicles of contagion. You may scour their floors, scrape their walls, furnish them afresh, and yet the prolific germs of fever remain in them. The radical cure, as he said, was to construct the hospitals of cast-iron, and when contaminated, burn them, and cast them anew. Then, only, you would be safe. It is obvious that in the general intercourse of the world, great risks of infection are occasionally run.

Men of science speak of epidemic waves, and of scarlet fever being communicated by the few drops of milk which you pour into your tea, or the cream diffused in a dish of strawberries. On a late occasion, at a fashionable dinner-party in London, as many as eight or ten of the guests, and seven members of the household, took scarlet fever. Obviously, the infection must have been caught at the dinner-party; but *how* was the puzzling matter of inquiry, for no one in the family of the host was known to have been affected with the disorder. Was the disease brought to the house by a waiter? Was it conveyed in the table-linen from the washerwoman? Was it somehow incorporated in the cream that had been used in the dessert? An investigation on these and other points, as we understand, was made, but not with any satisfactory result. The cream was thought to be the most likely vehicle of infection; but how could

any one be certain on the point? The cream employed in fashionable dessert in London is possibly made up of half a dozen creams from as many dairies, and inquiry ends only in vague conjecture. Rather a hazardous thing, one would say, going out to dinner where you may run the chance of being killed in a manner so very mysterious.

People, in their innocence, are not aware of the manner in which contagious diseases may be communicated by public conveyances, by articles of dress, by dwellings, by the very atmosphere. We have just heard an instance of the communication of scarlet fever by means of a 'kist,' the name usually given in Scotland to a servant's trunk. A servant-girl in Morayshire fell ill with scarlet fever, and died. Her kist, a painted wooden box containing all her worldly goods, her later clothing included, was sent home to her relations, and lay for some weeks at a station on the Speyside railway before an opportunity occurred for removing it by a cart to her mother's cottage among the hills. During this interval, the station-master's children, in romping about, conducted their gambols on the kist, which was a repository of contagion, and in due course were struck down with scarlet fever. At length, the fatal kist was conveyed to its destination, and the contents were dispersed among friends and neighbours. The donations were kindly meant, but they proved fatal. No precautions had been taken to disinfect the articles, the result being that wherever the clothes of the deceased girl were taken in, scarlet fever found its victims. For several months the fever raged, until the wave of its infection was expended. Now ensued a remarkable event. The outbreak proved to be an opposing barrier to the spread of a more virulent type of scarlatina advancing from another quarter at a later period of the year. On reaching the former scene of the disease, it was arrested, for want of material to feed upon; a second attack being very unusual.

The next case of a similar kind to which we may allude occurred some years ago, and is worthy of note, from the distinctness of the evidence, as reported by a distinguished medical man who was

personally cognizant of the circumstances. It was briefly this: A soldier was seized with cholera in Dublin, and died, when his box, as in the previous case, was sent home to his relations in Scotland. In this instance, the clothes were submitted to the tub to be thoroughly washed. All right so far; but mark the strange way the contagion was communicated. The clothes were washed in an old thatched cottage, which happened to have some holes in the roof. At the time of the ablutionary operations, an aged thatcher was occupied in repairing the roof; and inhaling the hot poisonous fumes which eddied upwards, he became faint, and dropped in a state of insensibility. The old man was poisoned. After a few days' illness, he died of cholera, leaving a terrible legacy of disease to the village. This case was followed by about a hundred other cases, which proved more or less fatal.

Some time since, a lady from London, with her little daughter, were visiting a friend in the country, and, by a luckless incident, the child became affected with symptoms of scarlet fever in a way wholly unexpected. In walking out, the mother and daughter sat down to rest on the trunk of an old tree that lay along the roadside. This tree had been habitually visited by some village children just recovering from scarlatina. From this simple circumstance the little girl carried away the infection. She was for some weeks ill, but happily recovered.

Instances are known of contagious diseases being communicated by cats and dogs. One of these animals may carry in its fur infection from one house to another. Mr W. Lattimer of Carlisle, in a pamphlet on the subject of Contagion, mentions the case of a neighbour whose child died of scarlet fever of a malignant type, after twenty-eight hours' illness. Puzzled to account for the origin of the infection, he says, 'I requested my neighbour to see if there was anything in his house—any old clothing, or other matter, seriously charged with the seeds of contagion—that was doing mischief. He could find nothing; and after carefully disinfecting everything, he hoped that the evil was ended. But in two months another child took the same form of the disease, and died after twenty-two hours' illness. Becoming convinced that the poisoning agent was lurking somewhere, he made another investigation, and at length discovered that it was a retriever pup, which he had got about three months before, which had been reared in a friend's house where scarlatina was present, and where, very probably, the pup, through being fondled by the scarlatina convalescent, had got its woolly hair so charged with the contagious matter as to produce the malignant form of the disease in these two children. In reply to my inquiry, if they were in the habit of playing with the pup, the father said: "They were never off its back, rolling about the floor with it from morning to night."

The same writer proceeds to quote a remarkable case of disease communicated through the agency of mice, which is mentioned in a pamphlet by Dr McCall Anderson, Professor of Clinical Medicine in the University of Glasgow. Dr Anderson says: 'In the course of the year 1854, several members of a family, amongst whom was a young physician,

remarked that several mice, caught in a trap, were affected by a peculiar disease. Upon the head and front legs there were crusts of a sombre yellow tint, of a regularly circular form, and more or less elevated above the level of the neighbouring healthy parts. A manifest depression was likewise detected in the centre of each crust, and the parts where these had fallen off were ulcerated, and the skin appeared to be destroyed throughout the whole thickness. These mice were given to a cat, which exhibited, some time afterwards, above the eye, a crust similar to those on the mice. Later still, two young children of the family who played with the cat, were successively affected with the same disease, yellow crusts making their appearance on several parts of the body, on the shoulder, face, and thigh.' The above case naturally set medical men to look for others of a similar character; and Dr Anderson adduces instances where mice, affected in the same way, had transmitted the disease, both indirectly through cats, and directly through the mice themselves having been handled by children, to the human subject. As facts such as those become better known—that certain diseases are lurking in dogs, cats, mice, &c., that only want the opportunity of transplanting themselves into the human subject—an important step will have been taken towards a solution of the mystery of contagion, and towards the correction of that quasi-pious, but really fatalistic notion, only too prevalent, that all disease and premature death are unavoidable.'

A lady, wife of a London physician, lately gave her experiences as to the spread of fever in a paper in the *British Medical Journal*. From this paper, we draw the following particulars, by way of warning:

'Our immediate social circle has been somewhat disturbed lately by the outbreak of scarlet fever amongst us. The first question that arises is, Whence has it sprung? We are puzzled to know how, when, and where, we got upon the unseen track. Perhaps, the very history of our own experiences may explain how the mystery comes about. Lady D. was startled one day to find her eldest boy brought home from school in a cab, wrapped in blankets, and deposited in the hall in a blaze of eruption. The boy had naturally to be carried straight to a bedroom without any preparation for an infectious disease. The mother, nursing a baby five weeks old, was advised by her physician to leave the house at once with her younger children, and the sick-room was given over to the care of a nurse from a highly esteemed sisterhood. The printed rules of the establishment brought by the nurse were admirable, and might have been efficacious if carried out. Instead, however, of a cotton dress being worn, according to the rules, the nursing of this highly developed case of scarlet fever was conducted throughout in the black alpaca in which she arrived. When the peeling was over, and the child considered safe for the journey, this dress was changed for a private costume, to the woman's mind more suitable and becoming for the seaside. In the course of other six weeks, the house had been thoroughly disinfected, and all the bedrooms on the sick-room floor repapered and painted, the family had gone back, and the invalid was to return. Here, then, arose fresh dangers, not from the boy, but from the nurse, who had persistently broken the rules

she ought to have obeyed. It became necessary for her to change the surreptitious costume for the sombre dress of the establishment, and she desired to be shewn into a bedroom to effect the transformation. Fortunately, Lady D. was at hand, and forbade her the use of any of the rooms, and despatched her under protest to the scullery to open the dangerous box. The next scene was her departure in a cab in the infected alpaca of the sick-room, in which she duly appeared amongst the trusting sisterhood.

'Another friend has just informed me that her coachman is in affliction, owing to the death of his daughter last week, from scarlet fever. It seems the girl was in service in Richmond, when she fell ill, and was sent home. The process to be gone through before getting home was a cab to the station, thence in the train to Bromley, and thence another cab to the lodge on the estate where her mother lived. Here she arrived in the midst of the family circle, having suffered from sickness the whole way, in cabs and train alike, and here the unfortunate girl died a week from the day she arrived. The disease, pursuing its course, has since attacked another sister, who is lying dangerously ill at this moment.

'In contrast to the foregoing, I must relate a case of my own, in which the situation was curiously reversed. Some months ago, I received the intelligence that my boy, along with others at the same school, a few miles from town, was stricken with scarlatina, and had been removed to the infirmary. Finding next day that no rash had appeared, I resolved to have him home. Having given directions for the sick-room to be prepared, I proceeded forthwith to St George's Hospital to arrange about sending the fever-carriage for the boy. I found, to my dismay, although it proved ultimately for my good, that the carriage was impracticable, owing to the fact that it would not permit of two horses, and one could not accomplish the journey. I was compelled, therefore, to go to our livery-stable keeper, give him my confidence, and bind him over to take all necessary precautions afterwards. We had all the cushions removed, and air-cushions and a few washable wrappers put in, and a servant was despatched to bring back the patient. Meanwhile, the sick-room was prepared; and, for the sake of others, I may as well describe it. A well-ventilated room at the top of the house, cut off by a long passage from other rooms. The walls and ceiling are lightly papered and varnished; a slip of carpet is easily removed, leaving bare boards. No curtains, painted furniture, and an iron bedstead, with woven wire mattress, and a light hair mattress above. This is commonly called an hospital bed. The drawers were removed with their contents into another room, leaving the frame-work to serve the purpose of shelves. Disinfectants and a hot bath were in readiness. About 8 P.M., the carriage drove up, and a most hilarious invalid bounded forth an emancipated slave! He had eaten all the oranges, enjoyed the drive, and exercised his lungs in puffing out the air-cushions. Although the child had actually been in the infirmary mixed up with some severe cases, beyond a little sore throat, the disease did not develop, and he escaped. Since then, I have been to Brighton with my children in pursuit of health, and found, in the course of a few days, I was in the same "mansion" with a family

affected with the measles. Not a word of warning was given to me. I went a refugee, and returned a fugitive.'

With a constant liability to catch infection from circumstances purely accidental, it is nevertheless certain that the exercise of common-sense in securing proper ventilation, in avoiding places likely to be contaminated by bad drainage and impure water, and in steaming infected articles, will go a great way in securing immunity. It is above all important to keep in remembrance that nothing carries away infection so readily as woollen articles of dress, woollen carpets, everything woollen. If in any doubt regarding these articles, by all means shun them, let them be burnt out of doors, allow no one to touch them. The case lately mentioned in these pages of a child dying of a fever caught from a doll was no fiction. The doll presented to her had been the plaything of a girl who had died of scarlet fever. Let families take care how they introduce second-hand dolls into their household.

As infection in spite of all precautions will take place, we would hint that in London and other large seats of population, it would be advantageous to establish boarding-houses, or sanatoria, to which infected persons could be immediately transferred, and there placed under the treatment of the family physicians to whom they are accustomed as patients. The want of retreats of this kind are keenly felt among the higher and middle classes of the metropolis, and we can only wonder that such have not long since been set on foot. It is not uncommon for people in good positions to be driven to their wits' end on the occurrence of a case of scarlet fever in their family. They can neither seclude the patient from the other members of the household, nor can they get lodging-house keepers to give them accommodation; while at the same time they shrink from making use of fever hospitals. A case has been mentioned to us of a lady, the keeper of a boarding-school, being unable to find an open door for a pupil taken suddenly ill with a contagious fever, and being obliged to rent an entire and ready furnished house for reception of the invalid. Two or three well-conducted sanatoria in the environs of the metropolis would be a welcome accession in the cause of suffering humanity. W. C.

## THE FLAG OF DISTRESS.

### CHAPTER XII.—A 'PASO DE CABALLO.'

THE promontory called Punta Pedro is not in San Francisco Bay, but on the outside coast of the Pacific. To reach it from the former, it is necessary to traverse the dividing ridge between the two waters—this a spur of the 'Coast Range,' which, running higher as it trends southward, is known to Spanish Californians as the San Bruno Mountains. Punta Pedro abuts from their base into the ocean; the coast in this quarter being bold and picturesque, but almost uninhabited. Here and there only the solitary hut of a seal-hunter or fisherman, with a small collection of the same near the Point itself, bearing its name, and a somewhat indifferent reputation. The Anglo-Saxon gold-seekers do not go there; it is only frequented by the natives. From San Francisco to Punta Pedro the road runs past Dolores—an ancient mission of the Franciscan

monks ; whose port was, as already stated, Yerba Buena, previous to becoming rechristened San Francisco. This route De Lara and Calderon have taken, getting into it by a cross-cut ; and along it they continue to ride, still at a gallop, with faces set for Dolores. They are not the only equestrians upon that road. The dust kicked up by their horses' hoofs has just settled down, when a second party appears, going in the same direction, though in a gentler gait ; for it is a cavalcade composed partly of ladies. It is a quartette, two of each sex ; and as the horses are the same already seen standing saddled in the courtyard of Don Gregorio, it is not necessary to give the names of the riders. These can be guessed. Doña Carmen is carrying out the instructions left by her father ; who, Californian fashion, supposed he could give his sailor guests no greater treat than a *paseo de caballo*, including an excursion to the old Dolores mission, without a visit to which no exploration of the country around San Francisco can be considered complete. It is not the least of the 'lions.'

Like most Californian damsels, Don Gregorio's daughter takes delight in the saddle, and spends some part of each day in it. An accomplished *equestrienne*, she could take a five-barred gate, or a bullfinch, with any of the hunting Dianas of England ; and if she has not ridden to hounds, she has chased wild horses, mounted on one but little less wild. That on which she now sits seems but half-tamed. Fresh from the stable, he rears and pitches, at times standing erect on his hind legs. For all, his rider has no fear of being unhorsed. She only smiles, pricks him with the spur, and regardlessly strikes him with her *cuarto*. Much after the same fashion acts Inez ; for she too has learned the Californian style of equitation. The two present a picture that, to the eye unaccustomed to Mexican habits, might seem somewhat *bizarre*. Their mode of mount, as already said, *à la Duchesse de Berri*, their half-male attire, hats of vicuña wool, *calzoncillos* lace-fringed over their feet, buff boots, and large rowelled spurs—all these give them an air of picturesqueness. And if appearing bold, still beautiful, as the South Sea wind flouts back the limp brims of their sombreros, and tosses their hair into dishevelment ; while the excitement of the ride brings the colour to their cheeks, with flashes as of fire from their eyes.

The young English officers regard them with glances of ardent admiration. If they have been but smitten before, they are getting fast fixed now ; and both will soon be seriously in love. The *paseo de caballo* promises to terminate in a proposal for a longer journey together—through life, in pairs. They are thus riding : Crozier alongside Carmen, Cadwallader with Inez. The officers are in their uniforms ; a costume for equestrian exercise not quite ship-shape, as they would phrase it. On horseback in a naval uniform ! It would not do on an English road ; the veriest country lout would criticise it. But different in California, where all ride, gentle or simple, in dress of every conceivable cut and fashion, with no fear of ridicule therefor. None need attach to that of Edward Crozier. His rank has furnished him with a frock-coat, which, well-fitting, gives a handsome contour to his person. Besides he is a splendid horseman—has hunted in the shires before he ever set foot aboard a ship. Carmen Montijo perceives this. She can tell it with half a glance. And it pleases

her to reflect that her escorting cavalier is equal to the occasion. She believes him equal to anything.

With the other pair the circumstances are slightly different. Willie Cadwallader is no rider, having had but scant practice—a fact patent to all—Inez as the others. Besides, the mid is dressed in a pea-jacket, which, although becoming aboard ship, looks a little *outré* in a saddle, especially upon a prancing Californian steed. Does it make the young Welshman feel ridiculous ? Not a bit. He is not the stuff to be humiliated on the score of an inappropriate costume. Nor yet by his inferiority in horsemanship, of which he is himself well aware. He but laughs as his steed prances about—the louder when it comes near throwing him.

How does he appear in the eyes of Inez Alvarez ? Does she think him ridiculous ? No. On the contrary, she seems charmed ; and laughs along with him, delighted with his naiveté, and the courage he displays in not caring for consequences. She knows he is out of his own element—the sea. She believes that there he would be brave, heroic ; among ropes the most skilled of reefers ; and if he cannot gracefully sit a horse, he could ride big billows, breasting them like an albatross.

Thus mutually taking each other's measure, the four equestrians canter on, and soon arrive at the Mission. But they do not design to stay there. The ride has been too short, the sweet moments have flown quickly ; and the summit of a high hill, seen far beyond, induces them to continue the excursion. They only stop to give a glance at the old monastery, where Spanish monks once lorded it over their red-skinned neophytes ; at the church, where erst ascended incense, and prayers were pattered in the ears of the aborigines, by them ill understood. A moment spent in the cemetery, where Carmen points out the tomb inclosing the remains of her mother, dropping a tear upon it—perhaps forced from her by the reflection that soon she will be far from that sacred spot—it may be, never more to behold it. Away from it now ; and on to that hill from which they can descry the Pacific !

In another hour they have reined up on its top, and behold the great South Sea, stretching to far horizon's verge, to the limit of their vision. Before them all is azure and beautiful. Only some specks in the dim distance, the lone isles of the *Farralones*. More northerly, and not so far off, the 'Seal' rock, and that called *de Campana*—from its arcade hollowed out by the wash of waves—bearing resemblance to the belfry of a church. Nearer, a long line of breakers, foam-crested ; and nearer still, the strip of stony beach, backed by a broad reach of sand-dunes—there termed *medanos*.

Seated in the saddle, the excursionists contemplate this superb panorama. The four are now together, but soon again separate into pairs, as they have been riding along the road. Somehow or other, their horses have thus disposed them ; that ridden by Crozier having drawn off with the one carrying Carmen, while the steed so ill managed by Cadwallader has elected to range itself alongside that of Inez. Perhaps the pairing has not been altogether accidental. Whether or no, it is done ; and the conversation, hitherto general, is reduced to the simplicity of dialogue.



To report it correctly, it is necessary to take the two pairs apart, giving priority to those who by their years have the right to it. Crozier, looking abroad over the ocean, says: 'I shall ere long be upon it.' He accompanies the speech with a sigh.

'And I, too,' rejoins Carmen, in a tone and with accompaniment singularly similar.

'How soon do you think of leaving California?' queries the young officer.

'Oh, very soon! My father is already making arrangements, and expects we shall go away in a week, if not less. Indeed, he has this day been to see about taking passage for us to Panama. That's why he was not at home to receive you; leaving me to do the honours of the house, and apologise for his seeming rudeness.'

For that certes no apology was needed, and Crozier is silent, not knowing what next to say. Love, reputed eloquent, is often the reverse; and though opening the lips of a landsman, will shut those of men who follow the sea. There is a modesty about the latter, unfelt by the former, especially in the presence of women. Why, I cannot tell; only knowing that, as a rule, it is so, and certainly in the case of Edward Crozier. In time he gets over his embarrassment, so far as to venture: 'I suppose, Doña Carmen, you are very happy at the prospect of returning to Spain?'

'No, indeed,' answers Don Gregorio's daughter. 'On the contrary, it makes me rather melancholy. I like California, and could live in it all my life. Couldn't you?'

'Under certain circumstances I could.'

'But you like it, don't you?'

'I do now. In ten days from this time I shall no longer care for it.'

'Why do you say that, Don Eduardo? There's an enigma in your words. Please explain them?' While asking the question, her gray-blue eyes gaze into his with an expression of searching eagerness, almost anxiety.

'Shall I tell you why, señorita?'

'I have asked you, señor.'

'Well then, I like California now, because it contains the fairest object on earth—to me the dearest, since it is the woman I love. In ten days, or less, by her own shewing, she will be away from it; why should I care for it then? Now, Doña Carmen, I've given you the key to what you have called an enigma.'

'Not quite. But perhaps you will pardon a woman's curiosity, if I ask the name of the lady who thus controls your likes and dislikes as regard our dear California?'

Crozier hesitates, a red spot starting out upon his cheek. He is about to pronounce a name—perhaps adding a speech, the most important he has ever made in his life, because laden with his life's happiness, or leading to the reverse. What if it should be coldly received? But no; he cannot be mistaken. That question, asked so quaintly, yet so impressively—surely it courted the answer he intends giving it? And he gives it without further reflection—her own name, not an added word: 'Carmen Montijo.'

'Eduardo,' she asks, after a pause, dropping the Don, 'are you in earnest? Can I take this as true? Do not deceive me—in honour do not! To you—and I now tell you—I have surrendered all my heart. Say that I have yours!'

'I have said it, Carmen,' he too adopting the familiar language of love. 'Have I not?'

'Sincerely?'

'Look in my eyes for the answer.'

She obeys; and both coming closer gaze into one another's eyes; the flashes from the blue crossing and commingling with those from the brown. Neither could mistake the meaning of the glance, for it is the true light of love, pure as passionate. Not another word passes between them. The confession, with its dreaded crisis, is past; and, with hearts quivering in sweet content, they turn their thoughts to the future, full of pleasant promise.

Near by are two other hearts, quite as happy as theirs; though after a scene less sentimental, and a dialogue that, to a stranger overhearing it, might appear spoken in jest. For all, in real earnest, and so ending, as may be inferred from the young Welshman's final speech, with the reply of his Andalusian sweetheart: 'Inez, you're the dearest girl I've met in all my cruising. Now don't let us beat about any longer, but take in sail, and bring the ship to an anchor. Will you be mine, and marry me?'

'I will.'

No need to stay longer there—no object in continuing to gaze over the ocean. The horses seem instinctively to understand this; and, turning together, set heads for home.

#### CHAPTER XIII.—A 'GOLPE DE CABALLO.'

The bright Californian sun is declining towards the crest of the Coast Range, when two horsemen, coming from the Pacific side, commence ascending the ridge. As the sultry hours have passed, and a chill breeze blows from the outside ocean, they have thrust their heads through the central slits of their cloaks—these being *mangas*—leaving the circular skirts to droop down below their knees, while draping back, cavalry fashion, over the hips of their horses. The colours of these garments—one scarlet, the other sky-blue—enable us to identify the wearers as Don Francisco de Lara and Don Faustino Calderon; for in truth it is they, returning from the *pelen de gallos* at Punta Pedro. They have seen Diaz, and arranged everything about the duel. Faustino has finally determined upon fight. Instigated by his more courageous confederate, and with further pressing on the part of Diaz—a sort of Californian bravo—his courage has been at length screwed up to the necessary pitch; and kept there by the potent spirit of Catalan brandy, found freely circulating around the cock-pit. A flask of this he has brought away with him, at intervals taking a pull from it, as he rides along the road. Under its influence he has become quite valiant; and swears that, if he can but again set eyes upon the English *guardia-marina*, he will affront him in such fashion as to leave him no loophole to escape from being the challenger. *Carrai!* he will do as De Lara has recommended: cuff the young officer, kick him, spit in his face, anything to provoke the *gringo* to a fight—that yellow-haired cub without a *bigoté* or beard. And if the cur won't fight, then he shall apologise—get down upon his knees, acknowledge him, Faustino Calderon, the better man, and for ever after surrender all claim to the smiles, as to the hand, of Inez Alvarez!

With this swaggering talk he entertains his

companion, as the two are returning to town. De Lara, less noisy, is nevertheless also excited. The fiery Catalonian spirit has affected him, too. Not to strengthen his courage, for of this he has already enough; but to remove the weight from off his soul, which, after the scene at Don Gregorio's, had been pressing heavily upon it. Six hours have since elapsed, and for the first three he has been brooding over his humiliation, his spirit prostrate in the dust. But the alcohol has again raised it to a pitch of exaltation; especially when he reflects upon the prospect of the sure and speedy vengeance he is determined to take. It does not occur to him to doubt of success. With thorough reliance on his skill as a swordsman, he feels sure of it. Though also a good shot, he prefers the steel for his weapon; like most men of the southern Latinic race, who believe Northerners to be very bunglers at sword-play, though admitting their superiority in the handling of the pistol. As things stand, unlike his comrade Calderon, he will have the choice of weapons. His intended antagonist was the first to demand the card, and must needs be challenger.

As the two ride on, they talk alternately, both giving vent to their spleen—the man of courage as the coward. If not so loud or boastfully as his companion, De Lara expresses himself with a more spiteful and earnest determination; repeating much of what he has already said at an earlier hour, but with added emphasis. Once he has the English officer at his rapier's point, he will shew him no mercy, but run him through, without the slightest compunction. In vain may his adversary cry 'Quarter.' There can be none conceded, after what has that day passed between them. '*Maldiva!* it shall be a duel to the death!' he exclaims, after having given way to a series of threats, the words pronounced with an *impressione* that shews him truly, terribly in earnest. They have been carrying on this excited dialogue as their horses climbed the slope from the Pacific side, its steepness hindering them from going at their usual gait—a gallop. On rising the ridge's crest, and catching sight of San Francisco, with its newly painted white walls, and shining roofs, reflected red in the rays of the setting sun, De Lara, suddenly remembering the pressure upon him as to time, strikes the spur sharp against his horse's ribs, and puts the animal to speed. The other imitating his example, they dash on towards Dolores. They have no intention to make stop at the Mission. But, on reaching it, they draw up, obedient to the hail of a man seen standing in the door of a little tavern or *tinacal*, frequented by the lower class of native Californians. A rough, swarthy-skinned fellow, in a garb that proclaims his calling to have connection with the sea, though not that of a sailor. He may be a shore boatman—perhaps a *peacador*—though, judging by his general appearance, and the sinister cast of his countenance, he might well pass for a pirate.

Stepping a few paces out from the *tinacal*, he salutes the two horsemen, who have halted in the middle of the road to await his approach. Despite his coarse, brutal aspect, and common habiliments, he is evidently on terms of familiarity with both—the style of his salutation shewing it. It is with De Lara, however, his business lies, as signified by his saying: 'I want a word with you, Don Francisco.'

'What is it, Rocas? Anything about seal-skins?' asks the Creole, laying a significant emphasis on the last word.

'*Carramba!* No. Something of more importance than that.'

'Money, then?'

'Money.'

'Do you wish our speech to be private?'

'Just now, yes. Perhaps, in time, Don Faustino'—

'Oh!' interrupts the ganadero, 'don't let me stand in the way. I'll ride slowly on; you can overtake me, Don Francisco.'

'Do,' says De Lara, at the same time stooping down in his saddle, and continuing the conversation with Rocas, in tone so low as to prevent their speech being overheard by two queer-looking customers who have just stepped out of the *tinacal*, and stand loitering at its door.

Whatever Rocas may have said, it appears to make a vivid impression on the gambler. His eyes kindle up with a strange light, in which surprise is succeeded by an expression of cupidity; while his manner proclaims that the revelation made to him is not only important, as he has been forewarned, but also very pleasing. Their muttered dialogue is of brief duration; but ends with a speech which shews it to be only preliminary to a further conference.

'I shall be with you to-morrow, by midday.'

It is De Lara who has said this; after which adding: '*Adios, Don Rafael! Hasta mañana!*' he gives his horse the spur, and gallops to overtake his travelling-companion; Rocas sauntering back towards the tavern.

On coming up with the ganadero, De Lara rides on silently by his side, without shewing any desire to satisfy Calderon's curiosity. He but piques it by saying, that Rocas has made a communication of an intensely interesting kind; which he will impart to him, Faustino, in due time; but now there are other matters of quite as much importance to be attended to. The fighting is before them; and that cannot be set aside. Calderon wishes it could: for the flask has been some time forgotten, and the spirit has been getting cold within him.

'Take another pull!' counsels his companion; 'you may need it. We'll soon be in the town, and, perhaps, the first man we meet will be your yellow-haired rival.'

Scarcely have the words passed De Lara's lips when something in front fixes their attention. At some distance along the road a cloud of dust is ascending; in its midst a darker nucleus, distinguishable as the forms of horses with riders on their backs. There appear to be four of them, filed two and two. Plying their spurs, and galloping closer, the gamblers perceive that this equestrian party is proceeding in the same direction as themselves—towards the town. But they are soon near enough to know that such is not their destination. For, despite the enshrouding dust, they have no difficulty in identifying those who are before them. The horses are the same seen that morning, saddled and bridled, in front of Don Gregorio's house. Two of the riders are Carmen Montijo and Inez Alvarez; the other two— At this point conjecture terminates. De Lara, certain, and no longer able to control himself, cries out: '*Carajo!* it's they returning from their excursion—paired off, as I supposed they would

be! Now, Calderon, you have your chance, sooner than you expected. And without seeking—a lucky omen. There's your rival, riding by the side of your sweetheart, and pouring soft speech into her ear! Now's your time to set things straight—insult him to your heart's content. I feel like giving fresh affront to mine.'

He draws rein, bringing his horse to a halt. Calderon does the same. Scanning the equestrians ahead, they see them two and two, the pairs some ten or twelve paces apart. Crozier and Carmen are in the advance, Cadwallader and Inez behind. De Lara looks not at the latter couple; his eyes are all upon the former, staring with fixed intensity, full of jealous fire, with a glare such as only a tiger might give, as he sees Carmen turn towards her escorting cavalier, and bend over, he to her, till their heads are close together, and their lips seem to meet.

'*Carrui!* they are kissing!' exclaims the Creole, in a tone of bitter exasperation. He can bear it no longer. With a shout, half angry, half anguished, he digs his spur deep, and dashes forward.

The clattering of hoofs behind first warns Cadwallader, who is nearest to the noise. For, up to this time, the lovers, absorbed in sweet converse, dream not of danger behind. The young Welshman, glancing back, sees what it is, at the same time hears De Lara's wild cry. Intuitively he understands that some outrage is intended—a repetition of the morning's work, with doubtless something more. Quickly he draws his dirk, not now to be used in sport, for the mere pricking a horse, but in earnest, to be buried in the body of a man, if need be. This resolve can be read in his attitude, in his eyes, in his features. These no longer bent in a laugh of reckless boyhood, but in the rigid resolute determination of manhood. Badly as he sits his horse, it will not do now to dash against him. The collision might cost life—in all likelihood, that of the aggressor.

De Lara sweeps past him without a word; without even taking notice of him. His affair is with one further on.

But now, Calderon is coming up, clearly with the intent to assault, as shewn in his eyes. Suddenly, however, their expression changes at sight of the bared blade—that diabolical dirk. Despite the pull he has just taken from the flask, his courage fails him; and crest-fallen, as a knight compelled to lower his plume, he too passes Cadwallader, without a word, riding on after De Lara. He overtakes the latter, in time to be spectator of a scene in its commencement somewhat similar to that enacted by himself, but with very different termination.

Crozier, whose ear has also caught the sounds from behind, draws bridle, and looks back. He sees De Lara making towards him; and, at a glance, divines the intent. It is a *golpe de caballo*, or collision of horses—a common mode of assault among Spanish Californians. Instead of turning aside to avoid it, he of Shropshire determines on a different course. He knows he is upon a strong horse, and feels confident he can stay there. With this confidence he faces towards the advancing enemy, and after taking true bearing, spurs straight at him. Breast to breast the horses meet, shoulder to shoulder the men. Not a word between these themselves, both too maddened to speak. Only a cry from Carmen Montijo, a shriek from Inez

Alvarez, heard simultaneously with the shock. When it is over, Don Francisco de Lara is seen rolling upon the road—his horse kicking and floundering in the dust beside him. Regaining his feet, the Californian rushes to get hold of a pistol, whose butt protrudes from his saddle-holster. He is too late: Cadwallader has come up; and, dropping down out of his saddle, as if from a ship's shrouds, makes himself master of the weapon and its companion. Disarmed, his glittering attire dust-bedaubed, De Lara stands in the middle of the road, irresolute, discomfited, conquered. He can do nothing now, save storm and threaten—interlarding his threats with curses—'*Carajos!*' spitefully pronounced.

The ladies, at Crozier's request, have ridden on ahead, so that their ears are not offended.

After listening to the ebullition of his impotent spleen—Cadwallader all the while loudly laughing at it—Crozier, in serious tone, says: 'Mr De Lara—for your card tells me that is your name—take a sailor's advice: go quietly to your quarters; stow yourself out of sight; and stay there till your temper cools down. We don't want you to walk. You shall have your horse, though not your shooting-irons. These I shall take care of myself, and may return them to you when next we meet. The same advice to you, sir,' he adds, addressing Calderon, who stands near, equally cowed and crest-fallen.

After dictating these humiliating conditions—which, *volens, volens*, the defeated bravos are obliged to accept—the young officers remount their horses; and trot off to rejoin the ladies.

Having overtaken these, they continue their homeward ride, with no fear of its being again interrupted by a '*golpe de caballo*.'

#### CHAPTER XIV.—'HASTA CADIZ!'

On leaving Captain Lantanas, Don Gregorio returns to his house—though not direct. He has business to transact in the town, which stays him. He has to see Don Tomas Silvestre, the shipping-agent, and give directions about inserting the advertisement for sailors. That is an affair that will occupy only a few minutes. But he has another with the agent of a more important kind. He is intimately acquainted with Silvestre, who is, like himself, a Peninsular Spaniard and a Biscayan. Don Gregorio knows he can trust him, and does, telling him all he has told Lantanas, making further known the arrangement he has entered into for passages to Panama, and instructing him to assist the Chilean skipper in procuring a crew. The more confidential matter relates to the shipment of his gold-dust. He trembles to think of the risk he runs of losing it. San Francisco is filled with queer characters—men who would stick at nothing. Don Tomas knows this without being told. The thought haunts the hacienda like a spectre, that he will have his treasure taken from him by theft, burglary, or bold open robbery. He has good reason for so thinking. Among the latest accessions to the population of San Francisco all three classes of criminals are represented, and in no stinted numbers. There are ticket-of-leave men from Australia, jail-birds from the penitentiaries of the States, scape-the-gallows customers from every quarter of the globe; to say nothing of the native bandits, of

which California has its share. If known to these that gold-dust, to the value of three hundred thousand dollars, was lying unguarded in the house of Don Gregorio Montijo, it would not be there many days or nights. Its owner has done what he could to keep it a secret; but the sale and transfer of his land have leaked out, as also the handsome price obtained and paid over to him; hence the natural inference being that the cash must be deposited somewhere. And every one well knows it must be in gold-dust, since banks have not yet been established, and there are not obtainable notes enough in San Francisco to cover a tenth part of the amount. He has tried to convert it thus—as more convenient for carriage and safety—but failed. In fine, after confiding his fears to Silvestre, and taking counsel from him, he decides upon the plan, already in part communicated to Captain Lantanas—of having the endangered gold-dust secretly conveyed to the *Condor* as soon as possible. Don Tomas will provide the boat, with a trusty sailor-servant he has attached to his establishment, to assist in the removal and rowing. They can take it aboard without passing through the town, or at all touching at the port. The boat can be brought to the beach below Don Gregorio's house, and the gold quietly carried down to it. Thence they can transport it direct to the ship. Once there, Lantanas will know how to dispose of it; and surely it will be safe in his custody—at all events, safer there than anywhere else in San Francisco. So thinks Don Gregorio, the ship-agent agreeing with him.

Soon everything is settled; for they spend not many minutes in discussing the matter. The haciendado knows that by this time his house will be empty, excepting the servants: for the ride on which his girls have gone was arranged by himself to gratify his expected visitors. He thinks apprehensively of the unprotected treasure, and longs to be beside it. So, remounting the stout horse that brought him to town, he rides hastily home.

On arrival there he retires to his sleeping apartment, where he spends the remainder of the day, and gives orders not to be called till the party of equestrians come back. But although confining himself to the chamber, he does not go to bed, nor otherwise take repose. On the contrary, he is busy throughout the whole afternoon, getting ready his treasure for the surreptitious transport; for it is there in the room—has been ever since it came into his possession. Almost fearing to trust it out of his sight, he sleeps beside it. Some of it is in bags, some in boxes; and he now rearranges it in the most convenient form for carriage to the *Condor*, and safe stowage in her cabin lockers.

He has not yet completed his task, when he hears the trampling of hoofs on the gravelled sweep outside. The riding-party has returned; the *saguan*-bell rings; the heavy door grates back on its hinges; and, soon after, the horses, with the riders still on their backs, stand panting in the *patio*.

The master of the house sallies forth to receive his guests. He sees them hastening to assist the ladies in dismounting. But before either cavalier can come near them, both leap lightly out of their saddles, and, gliding into the corridor, fling their arms around Don Gregorio's neck; daughter and grand-daughter alike styling

him 'papa.' They are effusively affectionate—more than usually so—for this night both have a favour to ask of him. And he knows, or can guess, what it is. He has not been blind to what has been passing between them and the young English officers. He suspects that vows have been exchanged—a double proposal made—and anticipates a demand upon himself to sanction it. In both cases he is prepared to do so. For he is not unacquainted with the character and social standing of those seeking an alliance with him. He has been aboard the British frigate, and from Captain Bracebridge obtained information on these points. Satisfactory in every sense. Both the young officers bear an excellent character. Though differing in other respects, they are alike skilled in their profession—each 'every inch a seaman,' as their commander worded it. Besides, both are of good family; Cadwallader moderately rich, Crozier in prospect of great wealth; either of them fit mate for the proudest señora in Spain. His reason for supposing that on this day engagements have been entered into, is, that the young officers are about to take departure from the port. The *Crusader* is under Admiralty orders to sail for the Sandwich Islands as soon as a corvette coming thence reaches San Francisco. Captain Bracebridge has been commissioned by the British government to transact some diplomatic business with King Kamekameha. That done, he is to look in at Mazatlan, Acapulco, and some other Mexican ports, as also Panama, and Callao; then home—afterwards to join the Mediterranean squadron. As the *Crusader*, on her way to the Mediterranean, will surely call at Cadiz, the vows this day exchanged on the shore of the Pacific, can be conveniently renewed on the other side of the Atlantic.

At dinner—which is served soon after, and in sumptuous style—Don Gregorio makes his guests aware of the fact that he has secured passages for Panama, and may leave San Francisco as soon as they. He confides to them the secret of his having chartered the Chilean ship—in short, telling them all he has told her skipper—echoing the lament made by the latter about his difficulty in obtaining a crew.

'Perhaps,' rejoins Crozier, after hearing this, 'I can help him to at least one good sailor. Do you think, Will,' he continues, addressing himself to the young Welshman, 'that Harry Blew is still in San Francisco? Or has he gone off to the diggings?'

'I fancy he's still here,' responds Cadwallader. 'He was aboard the *Crusader* only the day before yesterday—having a shake hands with his old comrades of the fore-castle.'

'Who is the Señor Bloo?' asks the haciendado.

'A true British tar—if you know what that means, Don Gregorio—lately belonging to our ship, and one of the best sailors on her books. He's off them now, as his time was out; and like many another though not better man, has made up his mind to go gold-seeking on the Sacramento. Still, if he be not gone, I think I might persuade him to bear a hand on the craft you speak of. It was once Harry's sinister luck to slip overboard in the harbour of Guaymas—dropping almost into the jaws of a *tintorero* shark—and my good-fortune to be able to rescue him out of his perilous plight. He's not the man to be ungrateful, and if still in San Francisco, I think you

may count upon him for taking service on board the Chilian ship. True, he's only one, but worth two—ay, ten. He not only knows a ship, but on a pinch could take a lunar, and make good any port in the Pacific.

'A most valuable man!' exclaims Don Gregorio; 'would be worth his weight in gold to Captain Lantanas. I'm sure the Chilian skipper would at once make him his mate. Do you suppose you can find him?'

'If in San Francisco, yes. We shall search for him this very night; and, if found, send him either to the Chilian skipper, or to the ship-agent you've spoken of—Silvestre. By the way, what's his address?'

'Here,' answers Don Gregorio, drawing forth a card, and handing it across the table to Crozier. 'That's the place where Don Tomas transacts business. It's but a poor little shed on the shore, near the new pier, lately constructed. Indeed, I believe he sleeps there—house-rent being at present something fabulous.'

'This will do,' says Crozier, putting the card into his pocket. 'If Harry Blew can be found, he'll not be far from Silvestre's office, if not to-night, by early daybreak to-morrow morning.'

It is not the custom of either Spaniards, or Spanish-Americans, to tarry long over the dinner-table. The cloth once removed, and the ladies gone, a glass or two of Port, Xeres, or Pedro Ximenez, and the gentlemen also retire; not for business, but recreation out of doors, so pleasant in southern climes.

Doña Carmen with her niece have ascended to the azotea, to enjoy the sweet twilight of a Californian summer; whither they are soon followed by Crozier and Cadwallader. The master of the house has for a time parted with them—under the excuse of having affairs to attend to. It is to complete the packing of his gold-dust. But, while emptying their last glass together, he has been approached by the young officers on that subject uppermost in their thoughts, and dearest to their hearts; asked if he be agreeable to become the father-in-law of one, and the—Cadwallader had difficulty in finding a word for it—grandfather-in-law of the other. To both he has given the same answer—'Yes.' No wonder that, with bright faces and bounding step, they spring up to the house-top, there to rejoin the señoritas.

Their tale told to the latter—who have been awaiting them in anxious expectation—will save both a world of confusion and blushes. No need now for *them* to talk to 'papa.' His consent has been obtained—they are aware he will keep his word.

Again the four, now formally betrothed, separate into twos, taking opposite sides of the azotea. They converse about the far future—that awaiting them at Cadiz. But the ladies cannot overlook or forget some perils more proximate. The retrospect of the day throws a shadow over the morrow. The encounter with De Lara and Calderon cannot end without further action. Not likely; and both aunt and niece recall it, questioning their now affianced lovers—adjoining them to refrain from fighting. These reply, making light of the matter—declaring confidence in their own strength and skill, whatever be the upshot—so assuring to their sweethearts that both believe

them invincible, invulnerable. What woman is there who does not think the same of him who holds her heart?

Time passes; the last moments speed silently, in the old, old ecstasy of all-absorbing, tale-telling love.

Then the inevitable 'Adios!' though sounding less harshly by favour of the added phrase, '*Hasta Cadiz!*' [Till we meet at Cadiz!]

## WATERSIDE SKETCHES.

WE have read with much pleasure a work on angling, written somewhat in the gossiping style of old Isaac Walton, entitled *Waterside Sketches, a Book for Wanderers and Anglers* (London, Grant & Co.); the author, W. Senior, being personified as Red Spinner. According to this authority, there is a material difference between an angler and a fisherman. The angler is endued with the poetry of his art, is a lover of nature, and does not fish merely for the sake of filling his basket. The distinction, we fear, is more fanciful than real. Let us, however, give Red Spinner sufficient line to expatiate on the subject, for the benefit of the craft.

'Do you,' says he, 'smile at the high character given to so simple an occupation? Then you know not how fertile are the sources whence spring the angler's joys. When the north winds blow, and the east winds bite, and the yellow floods overflow the spongy banks, and the fisher is a prisoner at home, he forgets, in overhauling his stock, both his ill-luck and the friendly elements. He sits at the blurred window with his scissors, waxed thread, varnish, feathers, fur, and wool, spread out before him; he tests his lines and casts, oils his winches, and resolves himself into a committee of inquiry respecting the joints and tops of his rod, which he regards as companions to be communed with, praised for merits, and remonstrated with for faults. Rest satisfied, therefore'—and here he brings us back to 'Our Opening Day'—'that friends who are now with us, and have brought their instruments into the light for the first time since autumn, have set about their task in the spirit of no common or vulgar ransackers.'

Red Spinner is betimes upon the water, yet the trout have not bleared his mental vision to more elevating thoughts. 'They can wait for us a few minutes,' says he. '*En passant*, I would advise you never to hurry by this corner with your eyes shut, for as the April days multiply there will appear in all their vernal glory a host of marsh flowers and plants. The village children, romping and hallooing in the distance, are bound for the copse, to search out wood anemones, the woodruff, the wild hyacinth, lords and ladies, strawberry blossoms, primroses, violets, crane-bells, and (as they will call them) daffy-down-dillies; but our ruddy-faced little friends are too early in the season, and will meet with but a portion of the treasures they seek.'

Now, let us pause at the weir and watch one of our comrades do his will with the phantom minnow. If he handles his papers at the Circumlocution Office as well as his spinning-rod, he ought speedily to reach a distinguished position in the Civil Service. But he does not find a fish instant, nor will he succeed until the cast places his bait in command of the furthest eddy and scour. This in due time he neatly accomplishes,

and his reward is a vicious snap, a taut line, and a thrilling rod. 'It is a heavy trout, as you may see by the pull; a lively trout, from the speed with which he darts round and across the pool; an artful trout, by his rush for the shallows; a beautiful trout, self-proclaimed in a succession of leaps into the air, during which the sun lights upon his ruby spots and burnished vesture; a princely trout, as you must admit, for the keeper, who knows that the first fish of the season is always an extra coin in his pocket, stands by with the weighing-machine, and announces him a few ounces short of five pounds. He is a goodly fish; yet personally I hold him in light respect, being convinced that nothing would ever induce him to rise at a fly. We have been long familiar with these lusty trout, with their haunts, their vices, their virtues, their dispositions. Sometimes they take a clumsy dead gorge bait, sometimes a live roach or gudgeon, sometimes minnow or worm, but *never* a fly, artificial or real.'

'Never' is a strong term, good Red Spinner. You take small trout with small flies; did you ever try large trout with larger flies? We have, and are fully assured that if proportionately sized flies were offered to these large trout, the result would be far different. This season (1875) a trout of full the weight here mentioned has been taken with a grisle fly in the Thames; and we were present but a few years ago when a celebrated salmon-fisher—impressed with the conviction that some leviathan trout inhabited the weir-pool at Shepperton, which could not be induced to take the several tempting baits above enumerated—hooked and held in captivity three trout quite long enough to declare the weight of each to exceed twelve pounds; but lost them by a series of accidents which rarely occur but to the salmon-fisher. We have the more excuse for thus putting in our say, as Red Spinner, in the very next paragraph, upholds his own inspiration against all comers, although he does not pronounce it with the same claim to experience that we have ventured to do.

'We are now, let me whisper, making our way to a tributary streamlet, upon whose rippling surface the flies dangling over my shoulder will receive their first baptism. The brotherhood have various tastes, and agree to differ with perfect good-humour. Our friends are not unfriendly to me personally, but they pity my weakness for fly-fishing. I dote on our victorious young comrade of the weir, but nothing could induce me to toil throughout the livelong day spinning for a brace of trout, if the chance remained for me of a dozen troutlets fairly killed with the artificial fly.'

Though artificial flies are used of every size and colour, and rejoice in names such as Green Drake, Coch-y-bondu, Candlestick-maker, Dusty Miller, Chimney-sweep, Sir Francis Sykes, Parson, and Policeman, there are anglers who require none of these special baits to secure the best of fish, but who pin their faith to a book of judiciously assorted flies. Those two lurching vagabonds lounging upon the hand-rail of the rustic bridge that spans the ford, would laugh to scorn, did they dare, at your 'admirals' with cockatoo tails, and 'nobblers' with full dubbing, for *they* have an art which surpasseth show, unless it is the show of the brace of fine trout you have marked as your own over-night, and are bought, before you rise, for a

gallon of ale by your landlord, for your breakfast in the morning!

Still, we have been, perhaps, a little too hasty in concluding that small flies are the especial or exclusive favourites of Red Spinner. He tells us: 'As it is a small stream, of course, on that strange law of contraries which guides the angler in these matters, *full-sized flies* must be employed'—such as the March brown, blue dun, &c. 'You cannot detect the ghost of a rise anywhere, and cast after cast ends in monotonous disappointment.' He confesses he is not orthodox, but not in the matter we would hold him to. If large flies obtain to the limit of such as the March brown, why not pass the threshold, and try the diet of the grisle, or the higher cuisine of the salmon? But Red Spinner answers us by his perseverance, and loops on a fly in April that is considered as useless until May—the red spinner. But we must let him tell his own story in his own simple and sportsmanlike fashion—how he broke down rooted prejudice.

'One method is left untried. I plump down upon my bended knees, well away from the brink, winch up the line to a few yards, and cast close under the opposite bank, upon it if possible, and rather below than above. . . . The flies sink somewhat, are borne with the stream, and I am keeping my eye closely upon the red spinner, which the wind dances upon the surface, and which it is my intention to work slowly, dibbling fashion, across to the hither bank. In a few minutes I feel a trout, and I want no information as to his quality; he has shot athwart stream with a deep, strong pull, and bent my light rod like a whip. He was lying almost close to the bank on my side of the water, and never broke the surface in seizing the fly; he waited until the red spinner dipped, and then in a business-like way closed upon him once for all; and once too often. There is much that is practical in the above, especially the golden rule of keeping out of sight of your fish, and we recommend it to the tyro; but it all tends to prove what we have advanced, and we leave that part of the subject to those who will take our suggestions to heart.

'The Mayfly' is a charming chapter, redolent—yes, Mr Red Spinner, redolent in the poetic sentiment. Not satisfied with your own enticing cadences, you must sing in concert with Tennyson, and tell us that 'the brook which you have in your mind's eye has its forget-me-nots, and the cresses and the shallows, and all the melody which tinkles in the Poet-laureate's exquisite song.' Then pinning us in a corner of a first-class carriage, you warble forth: 'How fresh the country looks in its May garment of many colours; how majestically the sun rolls behind the great hills, towards which I am rattling in the ravenous express! As if the landscape is not already gay enough with its foliage and flowers, the sun clasps it in a parting embrace, and at the touch it becomes radiant, and rosy, and soft.' Why, Charles Mackay, when he replied in verse to 'There is no poetry in railways,' scarcely did it better.

Further on in his May-flying rambles, our enthusiast finds the sun beating fiercely upon him on his way to Brawl Mill. 'The road,' he tells us, 'lies over a stiff hill country, and the valley of the Brawl is far beneath us, a lovely panorama of English scenery. The stream meanders through its course, a mere thread of silver

from this distance. Two gentlemen, with a keeper in the rear, are whipping away, now and then resting to mop the perspiration from their foreheads, and appearing to us from our elevation no bigger than the Shem, Ham, and Japhet of a Lowther Arcade Noah's Ark. The driver knows them to be both peers of the realm; one of them owns the estate, and is a man of note in the racing world.

'Every year at the first appearance of the Mayfly his lordship is telegraphed for wherever he may be, and the earliest train brings him and a companion or two to the nearest station. They take quarters at a roadside inn (where we halt to water our recking horse), and remain there until the fly has gone, enjoying the sandy floor, the fitches of bacon on the rafters, the bunches of lavender in the drawers, and the fragrant snow-white bed linen. The only member of the party who seems put out by a temporary residence at this rural hostelry is the earl's *valet de chambre*: Monsieur Adolphe has, I regret to state, taught the rustics the use of the word *sacré*, and saturates himself with *eau de Cologne* night and day, that he may not be polluted by the hinds and dairymaids about him.

'Brawl Mill might be a bodily transfer from Switzerland, nestling there as it does in the silent hollow, with a slope of dark pines rising straight from its little garden on the hillside, with its drowsy old water-wheel, with its farmyard poultry and pigeons, with its wide porch smothered in roses, with its wooden loft steps, gray granary, and primitive outhouses. It is shut out from the turmoil of the world; not another human habitation is visible from the higher garden. It possesses two gardens—the first gained by ascending a flight of ashen steps above the mill; the second reached by similar means to where, below the house, the stream, after being released from the mill, tumbles over a fall.

'Further down, the Brawl deserves the name I have bestowed upon it: it ripples and complains, it frets and hurries away to find its level in a water-mead beyond. Above the mill the stream is wide and placid, as if conscious of its usefulness in feeding the hatches communicating with the mill, and desirous of sticking to its post of duty to the last. A bank of impenetrable weed, filling half of the river-bed, affords hiding-place for the trout, albeit it compels you to bring all your strength and ability into play to send your fly freely and gently across the stream; and a morass of rushes adds to the difficulty. The water is too clear, the sun is too bright; the fishable spaces do not give sign of a fin, and the flies alight and float down unnoticed. A stranger would not hesitate to pronounce the river untenanted as an empty house.

'Ladies greet us here. I never yet knew the angler who regretted their society by the riverside, and there is one sauntering up the lane who has herself graduated with credit in bank-fishing. They have been rambling, and the children gleefully display the flowers they have gathered. Little Rosebud asks me to accompany her a field or two down the stream to pluck the forget-me-nots her small arm cannot reach. These sunburnt folks are spending their holiday at the old mill-house, and have much to tell me of bird, and beast, and fish.

'Little Rosebud, let me inform you, has often aforetime been my companion at the waterside.

She can distinguish a roach from a dace, and a trout from a pike, should the pike happen to be large enough, and she will trot along proud as a queen if allowed to carry the landing-net. So, yielding to the fair-haired tempter, I lay aside my rod, and stroll lazily along on the banks of the Brawl, inwardly making observations to guide me in the evening's fishing. Little Rosebud, it seems, has seen a kingfisher, and last night she heard an owl hooting in the pine-wood. A prostrate trunk invites us to spend an idle half-hour in a sweet natural bower, from which we can command a capital view of one of the best bends of the stream. It is the 29th of May, and it is only meet and fit that the shadows overhead should come from the branches of the tender-leaved oak. Little Rosebud, flushed in the hedgerow out of the heat, sits crowned with flowers, clapping her hands at the large sportive Mayflies on the water. She thus receives her first lesson in entomology, and hears the story of the nautilus, which the insects are imitating. They fall on the water light as snow-flakes, spread out their wings like sails, and run free before the wind or gracefully tack, as it may please them. Little Rosebud claps her hands at the furious leaps of the trout, and shouts with very joy when the fly, after skimming daintily along the surface, and dallying with doom, takes wing once more, and escapes scot-free.

'But let us pass on. We will dwell no longer on this remembrance of a happy day; but should I live to the extremest span of human years, whenever the Mayfly appears in its season, the picture of little Rosebud in the shade, following the airy flights of the heedless insects, now up, now down, with her dancing eyes, will be ever before me, for little Rosebud, alas, needs no more to sit in the hedgerow out of the heat.

'The evening fishing repays me for the idle hour, and, to be honest, I meet with far more good fortune than I deserve. Above the mill, by the hatches, the placid current, when the day declines, is troubled with the movements of many trout. They appear to make no distinction between the insects that touch it. Drake or moth shares the same fate. My artificial Mayfly is quite as good as the plumpest reality. The ladies hover round, observing that fly-fishing is a most gentlemanly pastime, and that a trout is entitled to special consideration as one of the upper ten of the finny tribes. I strike an attitude, and resolve to treat my audience to something artistic. I dry the fly: one, two, three, and then for a cast that shall win a compliment and a fish. The great wings float trembling down to the verge of an eddy, and lo! a plunge and—Alack, the cast rebounds with no fly at its extremity. I have by sheer stupidity lost both my compliment and my fish; it is the usual result of trying for too much, and the pinch of the mishap is that it has reduced my stock of Mayflies to a solitary specimen, with yet another hour of daylight.

'That unfortunate trout will be telegraphing danger to all his relatives and acquaintances, unless he has darted into a quiet corner to persevere if haply he may rub the hook out of his jaws; in which operation I wish him speedy success.

'It is better after this blunder to shift quarters for a few minutes, and take care that the fault



does not recur. But how true it is that misfortunes do not come singly! Not five minutes elapse before a wild attempt at an impossible cast deprives me of my last Mayfly. I have left it driven hard into the overhanging bough of an alder that any tyro should have avoided. With varying success I now move up stream, picking out a trout here and a troutlet there with an orange palmer and a handsome blue dun. The still summer night steals on apace, and the half-hour remaining must be devoted to the broader part where the ladies witnessed my discomfiture. In point of numbers that half-hour turns out to be the most remunerative of the whole day; the trout rise freely at a tiny white moth, and are partial to a small coachman; twice I have a brace of young fish on the line at once.

'The lower part of the stream I am compelled to spare, and even then it is dark before I have arranged my spoil on a broad kitchen platter, artistically disposing the finest fish to catch the eye of the ladies chatting in the homely parlour of Brawl Mill. Supper being eaten, I plod up the creaking stairs, pondering that to tire the arms, stiffen the back, punish the right hand, develop the power of the lower limbs, and sharpen your appetite, you could pitch upon nothing better than a long day by the waterside in the Mayfly season.'

'The Thames'—a theme inexhaustible—has quite a new glow thrown upon it by Red Spinner; and even those who know every nook and corner of 'the glorious river,' will find, that if they have little to learn in respect to localities, they are presented with aspects both picturesque and poetical, which may not have struck them before. The bottom fisher will likewise glean some hints which are new and valuable.

We now get knee-deep into the meads, on, on across moors, to the Devonshire streams—playful cabinet pictures every one of them—similar in style to the charming one we have glanced at above—the discourse upon which makes us glance from our desk to the mantel over which our rods are arranged in spruce order, and in the centre of which hangs our cap festooned with flies. Such reading is indeed tantalising; but we are not denied the mental treat of hooking on our arm to Red Spinner, and jogging along with him over moss, heath, and boulder, down or up the Exe, the Teign, the Otter, the Sid, the Axe, and other Devon streams, all of which—their trout, and the delicate handling of the tackle it requires to make them your own—he dilates upon with the unctuousness of a keen observer and true piscator, pointing out the prosaically useful; as where to get a bed, buy the best and most appropriate tackle, and to whom to apply firstly—ever remember that, brother—for permission to fish the more exclusive waters.

Then the scene is changed, and our spirit—although still at the desk, and the disposition of the right hand to flourish the pen in a parabolic fly-line career almost unconquerable—is wafted to 'The Midlands.' The 'slow winding Ouse, that as with molten glass inlays the vale,' passes panoramically before us, and we again, in fancy, as we have before done in reality, follow its banks, with 'groves, heaths, and smoking villages remote,' from its rise to its fresh-water wedding with the salt. The Trent likewise claims ample, yet not too great a share of space, in a book which is

apparently prattling without being discursive—the especial characteristic of the best of modern angling literature.

*Waterside Sketches* is altogether an excellent specimen of blending the practical with the pleasurable, and its vivid and graphic sketches cannot fail to make it popular; for the author who delights us by his enthusiasm and manner of style will always be preferred to one whose object is only to instruct. It is not that the reader will get therein any deep insight into the mysteries of watercraft, but he will feel himself at once at home and welcome to an ample garniture of experience, handled with the decision and clearness of a master, without any crotchety detail or assumed superiority.

#### NOTES ABOUT THE MINT.

THE fifth Annual Report of Mr Fremantle, the Deputy Master of the Mint, which has just been issued, is rendered unusually interesting by the historical details which it supplies respecting the Records of the Mint, and the rise and progress of the medallic art. The Records have been carefully examined by a delegate of the Public Record Office, with a view to the ultimate removal to that department of those which may be deemed worthy of preservation. By a perusal of these books and papers, a number of interesting facts are learned respecting the gold and silver money of past times, and of the dies by which the pieces were struck. Among the more curious entries, is one specifying the 'Dies for the healing piece with the Angel,' and 'Dies for the healing piece with the Shipp;' the pieces here referred to being those wherewith the sovereign 'touched for the King's evil;' the practice of doing so having lasted till Queen Anne's reign.

A large portion of the Mint Records relate to the great coinage which took place between the years 1695 and 1700; and in an Appendix to the Report to which we are alluding, we find a few remarks about the country Mints, which were specially organised for that coinage. The new money required, we are told, being far in excess of what the Mint at the Tower was capable of coining with convenience to the public, Mints were established at Bristol, Chester, Exeter, Norwich, and York, each of which was apparently founded on the same model as that at the Tower, and had the same kind of officers and accounts. It was contemplated also to establish a similar Mint at Hereford; but if it ever was set up, no accounts are found of it. Old money and plate were received at a certain rate, and coin delivered out at the above five Mints in the same manner as in town; the Mint at the Tower, however, exercised a controlling power over the smaller establishments.

Mr Fremantle complains this year, even more emphatically than usual, of the machinery with which our Mint is expected to perform the highly important work intrusted to it, and he says that it is 'more obsolete and more inefficient than that of any Mint in Europe, not excepting that at Constantinople.' This seems somewhat strange; but evidently difficulties connected with the operations of the Mint are not confined to our own times. From a volume of correspondence relating to the period of which we are speaking, it appears that

the manner in which the business of the Chester Mint was conducted caused considerable anxiety to the principal officers in London. On the 21st June 1697, we learn, a letter was written by Mr (afterwards Sir Isaac) Newton, then Warden of the Mint, to his deputy at Chester, calling attention to information which had reached him 'importing a strong Suspicion of some fowle Play, either among the Tellers or in the Melting House, or both, whereby the Money comes out worse than heretofore.' These suspected malpractices were followed by long disputes between the Chester officials, which shew the petty anxieties to which Newton was subjected. This interesting volume concludes with an inventory of all the machinery required for a Mint at that period, and an account of the shipment to London of the plant of the Chester Mint in July 1698, when the work for which it was erected had been brought to a termination.

Another book, Mr Fremantle tells us, contains the accounts of the re-coining of a large quantity of old 'hammered' gold coin of the reigns of James I., Charles I., and Charles II., which had up to 1733 been current under the name of 'broad pieces.' These coins were received under proclamation at the Mint at the very high rate of L.4, 1s. per ounce, and the rudely fashioned 'hammered' money was thus finally withdrawn from circulation.

Of all the original Records remaining in the Mint, probably the most valuable is *A Booke of Entries of all the Assaies and Verdicts of y<sup>e</sup> Pix taken before y<sup>e</sup> Right Honble y<sup>e</sup> Lords of His Maties Privy Councill and others ab initio Regni Regis Jacobi I<sup>mi</sup> & deinceps*. The first entry in this book is on June 7, 1603, and on May 9 there appears one of 'The Assaies of y<sup>e</sup> Pix moneys taken in the Starr Chamber before the King's most Excell<sup>t</sup> Matie [James I.], Henry, Prince of Wales, &c.' Later on there is a record of a proclamation, dated November 9, 1657, and addressed by 'Oliver P.' to 'Our Rt trusty and Rt well beloved Nathaniel Fiennes and John Lisle, Lords Commissioners of our Great Seal of England,' giving directions that a trial of the pyx should be held in that year. The trial plates, prepared under the Commonwealth, were not recognised after the Restoration, but they are still preserved in the Mint almost intact. The last entry in this book refers to a trial of the pyx held on the 23d July 1760, a few months before the accession of George III.

Besides its ordinary functions in regard to the coin of the realm, the Mint has to produce all the medals required for the army and navy, and, in addition, since April 1, 1874, a new and very important duty has devolved upon the department—namely, the manufacture of all the bars and clasps for the same. This fact affords the Deputy Master an opportunity for giving an interesting sketch of 'the phases through which the medallic art has passed, in this and other countries, since the middle ages.' With this view, he presents his readers with 'autotypes of a few typical medals illustrative of this branch of art at different periods; and in order that the more ancient examples may not be altogether unrepresented,' he includes in the series 'a Syracusan coin representing Philistis, wife of Hieron the Second.' Most of the specimens given were photographed from

medals in the Coin and Medal Department of the British Museum.

According to Pinkerton's *Essay on Medals* (London, 1789), no medals appear in any country of Europe before the fifteenth century, with the solitary exception of the gold medals of David II., issued in Scotland between 1330 and 1370; in 1439, however, mention is made of a gold medal of the Council of Florence, and the art is known to have flourished continuously in Italy after that date. The medals of this period were modelled in wax, and cast in fine sand, and, in some cases, they were finished with the graving tool. The art flourished in Germany as well as in Italy, and the name of Albrecht Dürer is well known in connection with it. What are called the papal medals, commencing in the pontificate of Paul II. (1464), are considered the most beautiful series; many of them were designed by Raffaele, Giulio Romano, Francia, Cellini, and other famous artists. Mr Fremantle gives two examples of those by Francia and Cellini, which, he says, are as fine specimens of the art at that time as could be given. After the end of the fifteenth century, medals were *struck* instead of *cast*, and greater finish of workmanship was thereby attained. France came next in the matter of medals, but it was not till the reign of Louis XIV. that many works of good design and execution were produced. On the authority of the *Medallic History of England* (London, 1790), Mr Fremantle states that the oldest known English medal bears date 1480, and was the work of an Italian artist, but even in the time of Henry VIII. medals were still uncommon here. Several examples, however, are extant of medals struck in the reign of Queen Mary, and one of the best of them is that by Trezzo, of the queen herself. A very fine medal, which is unfortunately not extant, was struck in Elizabeth's reign to commemorate the defeat of the Spanish Armada; it bore the device of a fleet scattered by the winds, and the legend, 'Afflavit Dens et dissipati sunt.' Medals became numerous in the reign of Charles I.; and during that period, and afterwards under the Commonwealth, the works of Thomas Simon, the greatest of English medallists, form an important era in the history of English medals. A fine example of his work represents the head of Thomas Wriothesley, Earl of Southampton. After these, continues Mr Fremantle, no remarkable medals occur till the reign of Queen Anne, in which a series appeared commemorating the victories of Marlborough. In the succeeding reigns the style gradually tended towards a revival of Roman types, and this style has survived, with few exceptions, until within a comparatively recent period. As an instance, he mentions the Crimean war medal, the reverse of which represents Victory crowning a warrior equipped in Roman armour. Among the exceptions may be noticed the small head of Queen Caroline, most beautifully modelled by Pistrucci, chief medallist of the Mint from 1827 to 1851. Mr William Wyon, R.A., late engraver of the Mint, as is well known, produced many medals, some being of great merit. The medal awarded for 'distinguished conduct in the field,' 'long service and good conduct,' &c., which Pistrucci designed, well represents the degraded style of art which for a time prevailed, and which was followed, as in the case of the New Zealand and Abyssinian war medals, by designs of decorative

and geometrical ornament. In the 'Best Shot' (given annually to the army since 1870) and Ashantee medals, a successful attempt has been made to give good examples of contemporaneous English art, and with this view the designs for the reverse of both medals were intrusted to Mr E. J. Poynter, A.R.A., the dies being engraved by Mr Leonard Wyon, engraver of the Mint. In his *Dialogues upon the Usefulness of Ancient Medals*, Addison observes: 'We ought to look on medals as so many monuments consigned over to eternity, that may possibly last when all other memorials of the same age are worn out or lost;' and he pleads that medals shall represent, as accurately as may be, the dress and customs of the time of their issue. Evelyn contends also, in his *Discourse of Medals*, for accuracy in portraiture and types of race, as of great importance from an ethnological point of view, and he urges that medals should be truthful in these respects. 'In the design for the "Best Shot" medal,' remarks Mr Fremantle, in concluding his remarks on this subject, 'it was impossible, owing to differences of uniform, to adopt a dress common to the whole army, and it was necessary, therefore, to treat the subject allegorically; but in the case of the Ashantee medal, care has been taken, as will be seen, to represent the actual conditions under which the war was conducted, and the garb of the combatants on each side.' On the latter score, at any rate, the costume of the Ashantee warriors presented no difficulty whatever! This medal—of which some ten thousand are issued to the troops engaged in the war—is unusually elaborate in its design; the reverse represents one of the forest or jungle fights, so common in the campaign, and is beautifully executed; while on the obverse side is an effigy of Her Majesty, the work of Mr Leonard Wyon, who also engraved the dies for the medal.

### THE FAIRY FOLK.

AN old proverb warns us against the man who dislikes cats, music, or the voice of a child. I know not what obscure Solomon discovered this truth, but deep as was his wisdom, he forgot to complete his maxim, or surely he would have added to the list the man who dislikes fairy tales.

Gentle reader, do you know such a being? If you do, pray don't introduce him to me, for we would be sure to fight. I could not bear a man who shewed himself so utterly devoid of all natural feeling, of all perception of poetic and moral beauty, as to dislike—nay, as not to love—those beautiful legends, hallowed as they are by antiquity, and bringing with them a thousand associations to endear them to every heart.

So old are most of these stories, that they seem to have been part of the love of the world before man spoke with divers tongues, and was scattered over the face of the earth. Else how does it happen that the Russ in his wintry dwelling, or the Irish peasant by his fire of turf, tells to those around the same tale as that with which the Japanese mother quiets her unruly child, local colour alone being altered? The wonderful similarity of fairy tales all over the world is known to all who have studied the subject even very slightly, and cannot

possibly be explained on the ground of mere coincidence. The only possible solution of the question is that which I have mentioned above—namely, that these stories originated in a primitive state of society, and that, as man spread over the earth, so did they, growing with the growth of society; that being handed down from mouth to mouth, they underwent constant changes of form; and that in this manner the essence of the story remained unchanged, while the local colour ever varied with the circumstances surrounding the narrator.

The origin of the word 'fairy' is disputed. I have heard a very learned Persian—a university professor—state that the word is the same as the Persian *Peri* or *P'trie*, meaning 'winged one.' The words are perhaps connected; but it seems much more probable that the word *fairy* is Saxon in its origin, and that it is connected with the word *fair*. If this be so, the *y* is probably diminutive (as in *deary, baby*), and the word will signify 'pretty little thing.' I have never seen a fairy, and I don't think it probable that you have either, but still I am sure they are pretty little things. On the point as to whether they are winged, as the other derivation would imply, I know nothing, and the records which form the subject of this paper do not give certain information on the point.

No one who has merely read fairy tales as a child, and neglected them as 'rubbish' when grown to riper years, is likely to have considered their origin. If asked, he would probably reply: 'Ah—I suppose, ah—somebody wrote them,' and rest contented with such an answer. But, in this case, poor Topsy's unphilosophical surmise, 'Xpect I growed,' would be much nearer the truth. Fairy tales did grow, and, as no crop ever grew except from seed, the next question is, What did they grow from? In other words, why did these strange and beautiful tales of unreal beings, of lovely sylphs and wicked gnomes, spring up in the minds of men, and retain their hold through centuries—nay, through thousands of years—of mingled joy and sorrow, misery and triumph, savagery and civilisation?

The answer to this lies in the fact, that in the mind of man is implanted the faculty of imagination, and that the effect of this faculty is to make him, whenever he clearly perceives an effect whose cause is unknown, supply the cause himself. Hence, when he sees the storm-blast raging through a forest, tearing up the trees in its mad career, he pictures to himself a furious demon as sending and guiding the baleful wind; while the placid breezes, that fan cheeks heated by the sultry sun, are ruled by gentler spirits who love mankind. The oaks that spread their green branches to the sun, and the stream that dances to the sea, the tossing waves of ocean, and the boiling crater of the volcano, all live for him: and here is the first step towards our fairies.

In that grand old fairy tale (for a fairy tale it is), the *Iliad*, we find each river and other natural object invested with a distinct personality; not

merely the habitation or charge of a god, but a god itself. Achilles fought with 'the eddying Xanthus, the river whom immortal Zeus begot,' and we find the waves, &c. alluded to as portions of the personality of the god. In fact, in the first stage of fairy tale literature, all nature was regarded as itself animated, although under the control of the higher gods. But even these are by some considered mere impersonations of the sun, the air, and the other greater natural objects.

It here becomes necessary to digress, in order to remark, that in this early stage the fairy beliefs were identical with the religion of the country to which they belonged. In later stages, this connection grew less and less, until we find, that at first, men of education began to look upon these stories as mere fictions, and either to seek higher for their religion, or to become avowedly without any religious belief. Such was the case at Rome in Horace's time. At last these ideas spread to the vulgar, and then what had always been fairy tales in reality became fairy tales in name also. But I must return to the point from which I digressed.

In the second stage we find the personality separated from the natural object, and given to a being who either inhabits or is in some other way connected with the mountain, river, or tree, which was, in the former stage, regarded as itself possessed of life. This change may be philosophically accounted for by the growing perception of the impotence of matter, and the consequent tendency to refer whatever life it seemed to have to some external, and, in the strict sense of the word, supernatural being. To this class belong the nymphs—such as the Hamadryad or Tree-nymph—of classic mythology, dwelling as they did with and for the object to which they were attached, feeling the injuries inflicted on it, and dying with it. The belief in the existence of *local* spirits, and of spirits confined to particular elements—as the German division of elves into sylphs, undinës, gnomes, and salamanders—forms a sort of transition between the second and the third stage.

In the third stage, to which most of our fairy tales belong, the spirits have got separated from the associations and bounds of locality, and merely differ from men in degree as to moral character. Thus a good fairy is simply endued with all the qualities of a good human being, to the total exclusion of evil, while a bad fairy bears a great resemblance to a very wicked man. They, of course, differ greatly in physical power, but they may be generally described as well conversant with the laws of morality, but quite regardless of the laws of gravity.

By this time, the belief in these supernatural beings as objects of worship had for the most part disappeared, and what had been regarded as gods came to be exactly what we understand by the word 'fairies.' But, although no longer worshipped, they were still propitiated in various ways. Strange as it may seem, when considered in connection with the usual modes of propitiation with which fanatics approach their 'fetiches,' the most effectual mode of securing the good-will of the fairies has always been by personal neatness and tidiness in dwellings. In fact, it may be remarked, that although the religions of many countries are immoral in their tendencies, yet, as soon as these religions grow into the form of fairy

tales proper, they always convey good moral lessons, teaching in a plain and unambiguous manner the duty of succouring those in distress, of fidelity towards friends, of magnanimity towards enemies, and many other virtues more universally respected than practised. Thus, in the folk-lore of all countries, we are familiar with the old crone who is assisted by the hero of the tale, and who turns out a fairy, and assists him at the very moment when he is most in need of aid. In one form of the story the fairy rewards her benefactress with the gift of dropping flowers and precious stones from her lips whenever she speaks; and punishes her oppressor by causing her mouth to drop toads and vipers whenever she attempts to speak. Perhaps the reptiles were not a bit more loathsome than the language which would have been used by a lady whose character approached that of this damsel; and however doubtful we may feel as to the first-named gift being a blessing (especially at meal-times), I think that the story teaches in a beautiful way that gentle words are sweeter than roses, and kind speeches more precious than rubies.

While considering the moral lessons taught by fairy tales, it is worth mentioning that unconscious virtue is deemed worthy of reward, but that a deed good in itself, performed with a bad intention, is considered as in its nature evil. Both of these are moral points of the greatest delicacy, and of the highest importance. The first (taught in many fairy tales) is one of the chief lessons inculcated in our Saviour's parable of the Good Samaritan; while the second, when once properly put, will naturally commend itself to our moral sense. It is very well taught in the story of *Toads and Rubies*, mentioned above. This story is very old, and common to the folk-lore of many nations. The reader will doubtless remember that when the bad sister saw the manner in which the good sister was rewarded, she set out, determined to assist all old women who came in her way; that, however, the fairy did not come as she expected, but in the guise of a beautiful lady, and that all the bad sister's hopes of gain were consequently frustrated. Now, it may appear at first sight that this is not a good moral lesson, and that the girl should have been encouraged in her intention of shewing kindness to the poor old woman whom she had abused on the former day. But the teaching of the story is perfect, as will be at once seen when we consider that the girl now knew that the old woman was a fairy, and wished, not to atone for her harshness to a beggar, but to obtain the reward of benefiting a supernatural being; that she was prompted, not by benevolence, but by jealousy of her sister. Moreover, if she were at all altered for the better, she would not have refused to the lady the courtesy she was prepared to give to the beggar, and the punishment she suffered proves the perfection with which the design of the story is carried out. The moral is not, 'Be kind to poor women—fairies have sometimes appeared in that form;' but, 'Be kind to all; benefit all you can, be they rich or poor; and you shall have your reward.'

This fairy tale is not the only one that conveys lessons of sound morality. But it would take not one short paper, but several volumes, to analyse and examine the morality of one half of the fairy tales at present in existence. I will, however, venture to state that such an examination will

well repay the trouble, and that the morality of almost all will be found as perfect as that of *Toussaint* and *Rubies*.

In the third stage of which I have spoken, the development of the fairy tale proper was complete. Most of those which we have now, have of course received a more modern dress, and have, besides, been subjected to such influences as locality, the influence of prevailing thought, &c.; but the changes which have so arisen have chiefly affected the form, leaving the matter almost, or entirely, untouched.

It may be supposed that the spread of Christianity produced many changes in fairy literature; but, strange to say, remarkably few fairy tales have suffered any alteration under the influence of Christian teaching. A few, indeed, can be named which have taken a Christian form, but they might almost be counted on the fingers of one hand. Moreover, they do not mix the two forms, but take one *entirely* Christian; and in some of them, we have both forms in distinct existence. It would seem as if, at the beginning of the Christian era, these stories were already fixed in the minds of the people, and that, although smaller influences might affect them in minor details, their general character was too well marked to suffer any alteration. Such stories there are indeed afloat, as that which makes the fairies certain of the fallen angels whose sin was not considered so deep as that of those who are now the devils, and which represents them as placed on the earth to await a judgment of which they know not the result. But these run parallel to, rather than along with, the general course of the fairy legends, and seem to be attempts of the missionaries to awaken distrust where they could not shake belief; and most of the other accounts given of the origin of the wee folk are from their very nature shewn to be of much greater antiquity than this, comparatively speaking, modern invention. The well-known presumed antipathy felt by fairies to the mention of the name of the Almighty may be explained (without supposing any guilt on the part of the 'good people') in a subjective manner. The belief in fairies being, as I said above, a part of an old religion, what can be more natural than that men should avoid speaking of the new religion when they believed themselves in the presence of the representatives of the old one? A mere intuitive sense of anachronism would prevent the connection of the two names, and then (since it by no means follows that a man who has this sense will be able to explain it) the fear of the anger of the fairies would be brought in as an explanation.

In conclusion, I would wish to observe that, as the growth of mankind resembles the growth of the individual with regard to most matters, this is also the case with respect to fairy tales. In the period of the childhood of the world, men believed firmly in these strange and charming stories; then came a period in which men of education disregarded them, and found nothing in them, even as the youth finds nothing in the tales which delighted his childhood; and now, as the man begins to see new beauties in what he had loved as a child, and scorned as a youth, even so is the world beginning to read and understand those records of a past religion, those codes of old and sound morality, the tales of the fairy folk.

#### M O R N I N G.

O LIFE-RESTORING Morn, arise;  
Draw Sleep's soft curtain from our eyes:  
Let flow thy golden waves of light,  
And quench the darkness of the night;  
Disperse the vapours, dense and chill,  
That hang o'er woodland, vale, and hill;  
With sunbeams kiss the sleeping earth,  
And Nature wake to life and mirth.

Awake the song-birds in the wood;  
Unfold the daisy's purple bud;  
Bid flowers of varied hue display  
Their beauties to the opening day;  
Waft forth their fragrance on thy breath  
O'er spreading mead and thymy heath;  
Up from his covert rouse the deer;  
The wild-fowl by the fen and mere,  
Lure from their soft and downy nest;  
And life's vast tides, now laid to rest,  
Set flowing, bearing as they go  
Their freight of human weal and woe.

Lo! as thou com'st, glad sounds arise;  
Birds with their warblings fill the skies;  
The bees hum merrily as they sip  
Sweet draughts from Flora's honeyed lip;  
The folded sheep impatient bloat;  
Soft low the kine in pastures sweet;  
The ringdove in the leafy wood  
Coos softly to her new-fledged brood.  
The pent-up stream, with plashing sound,  
Falls as it turns the mill-wheel round;  
The lusty swain his cheerful song  
Sings as he drives his team along.  
From city, hamlet, hill, and glen,  
From all the busy haunts of men,  
Awakened Nature's voice is heard,  
To life again by thee restored.

Before thy hope-inspiring ray  
Night's troubled visions fade away:  
The feverish thoughts, the wild unrest,  
That fill the half-unconscious breast;  
Forebodings vague of coming ill,  
That fret the mind despite the will;  
The host of memories, fraught with pain,  
That haunt the chambers of the brain,  
Evanish 'fore thy radiant beams,  
Like phantoms seen in morbid dreams.

So, on the man of steadfast mind,  
To fortune, good or ill, resigned—  
Though troubles thickly round him rise  
As mist that on the landscape lies,  
If he but work, and hope, and wait,  
Undaunted by an adverse fate,  
With mien nor craven, nor defiant,  
On God and his own heart reliant,  
Strong in his conscious uprightness—  
Shall rise the dawn of full success:  
Misfortune's night shall pass away,  
And usher in a prosperous day.

# CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

OF

POPULAR

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

*Fourth Series*

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS.

No. 611.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 11, 1875.

PRICE 1½d.

## PRACTICAL HINTS FOR THE SICK-ROOM.

WHEN a woman thinks of making deliberate choice of the profession of a sick-nurse, she can of course take into careful consideration if her character and temperament are or are not suited for so arduous and trying an avocation. If she is a person of excitable nature, and possessed of but little self-control, she can be wisely counselled to give up the idea of a life for which she is so thoroughly unfit; but no peculiarities of character or temperament can exempt a woman from being called upon by the plain voice of duty, at one time or other of her life, to take her stand by the bedside of one dear to her, and soothe as best she may many a weary hour of restlessness and pain.

Very few, indeed, are the women who escape this rule—most have to take upon themselves the burden of attendance in a sick-room—and perhaps there are few subjects upon which the generality of women are so well intentioned, and yet so ignorant. With the very best and kindest meaning in the world, attention bestowed upon a suffering person may be productive of more discomfort than comfort to the patient, and endless annoyance to the physician, just because the zealous, but alas! untrained and undisciplined volunteer does everything the wrong way.

Again, from a mistaken and unreal idea of true delicacy and refinement, many women shrink from ever seeing or learning anything about suffering or sorrow; and so, when the inevitable fate brings the sights and sounds of pain, the dreadful realities of death, cruelly home to them, they are paralysed by terror, and useless, nay, worse than useless to those most dear to them. Even as I write, sad instances rise before my mind of a lack of moral courage, an utter impossibility of self-command, that has led the mother to flee from the bedside of her dying child, the wife to turn away from the failing sight that yearns to gaze upon her face while life yet lingers! The contemplation of pain could not be borne, because the mind was weakened and enervated by a selfish habit of yielding to the dislike of bravely facing anything disagreeable. Let all

true women train themselves to possess self-control, calmness, and patient courage; let them strive to acquire a certain amount of knowledge of the cares and duties of a sick-room; let them not shrink from hearing the details of this or that form of suffering and disease, and gladly and readily offer help (when they rightly and safely can) outside the bounds of their own immediate home circle. Let them rejoice in any fitting opportunity that may come in their way of perfecting themselves in this, the highest and holiest of a woman's duties, so that when their own time of trial comes they may not fail!

Taking it for granted that there are many who will gladly take a few plain and practical hints on this subject, I shall condense the result of a somewhat long and wide experience into a short space.

And first: It is in things which of themselves appear trifling, and even insignificant, that the comfort of a sick-room is made or marred. For instance, an energetic and amiably intentioned person places a cold pillow beneath the shoulders of a patient suffering from pneumonia, that is, inflammation of the lungs; a fit of coughing, perhaps a restless night, is the result. Five minutes' warming of the pillow at the fire would have prevented all this mischief, and even conduced to sleep.

Dress, again, is a matter of great importance in a sick-room, and here I must enter a protest against that very common practice of the amateur sick-nurse making a 'guy' of herself. I really have seen such startling and unpleasant costumes donned 'for the occasion,' as seemed to me enough to cause delirium in the patient, if long contemplated—shawls, and dressing-gowns, and wraps of such an obsolete and awful character, that the shadow of the watcher cast upon the wall by the dim light of the night-lamp, must form a horrible 'old granny,' and be, by no means a *pleasing reflection* to meet a sick man's eyes, as he wakes weak and confused from an opiate-won sleep!

The best dress for a sick-room is plain black—for the simple reason that no stain shews upon it—an old silk is the most economical, but silk

rustles, and is therefore objectionable. Black lustre is very serviceable—not made long enough to trail, upset chairs, and get under the doctor's feet; and not having hanging sleeves, but fitting close and neat at the wrist, so as to be finished off by nice white linen cuffs. (I have seen a hanging sleeve catch on some projecting point of chair or table, and convert a glass of egg-flip into a 'douche' externally applied, swamping the patient in a yellow sea, besides sending her into hysterics.) A habit of moving quietly about the room, and yet not treading 'on tip-toe' and making every board in the floor creak its loudest, is also very advisable; and nothing can be better by way of 'chaussure' than those soft, warm felt boots now so common; they both keep the nurse's feet from becoming cold, and make the least possible sound in moving about. Of course the manner of speaking in a sick-room is all-important. Oh, the horror of that dreadful 'pig's whisper,' which penetrates to the inmost recesses of the room, and wakes the sleeping patient as surely as the banging of a door!

I call to mind a case of fever—a very bad case, in which sleep was the one desideratum—almost the only hope. The sufferer had fallen into a doze—the terrible throbbing of the arteries in the bared throat seemed a little less rapid—the fire that was burning life away raged a little less fiercely—but, some idiot peeped in through a half-closed door, and with horrible contortions of the visage, intended to express extreme caution, whispered in blood-chilling tones: 'How—is—he—getting—on—now?'

In an instant, the patient had raised himself in bed, the poor hot hands were thrown out to ward off he knew not what—the filmy eyes stared wildly round—the parched tongue faltered: 'What is it? Where is it?' And for hours the weary head tossed from side to side, and meaningless words fell on the ears of those who watched and waited, and almost feared to hope. And yet it was meant in kindness!

In some of the most severe diseases, such as cholera and diphtheria, the patient is often *intensely* conscious of all that is passing around him. The wish to know everything that is said and done is extreme, and nothing excites a patient so much as anything like whispering and mystery. The natural voice, only so much lowered as to be perfectly distinct, is then the proper tone for a sick-room. If silence is needed, let it be complete, and no whispering permitted either in the room, or, worse still, outside the door.

And now I must say a few words on a disagreeable, but yet most important subject. In any case where operative surgery is necessary, it cannot be too strongly insisted upon, that no one shall remain present whose calmness and self-control are not a certainty. I remember well a delicate and difficult operation having to be performed—not a painful one, but where success mainly depended on the perfect stillness of the patient. Scarcely had the first slight incision been made, when the

room resounded with the moans and cries, not of the sufferer, but the friend who had kindly come to support her through the ordeal! With many a sob, and choke, and gurgle, the friend was assisted from the room, and then all went well enough; but great delay, and much increase of nervousness on the part of the patient, naturally resulted.

One of the many very eminent surgeons of whom America can boast, once told me that on the occasion of performing a most formidable operation, in which promptitude was a vital necessity, he saw, at a moment when seconds were precious, a friend who had insisted on remaining present, suddenly turn deadly pale, and fall fainting on the floor, in uncomfortably close proximity to the chloroformed patient. Dr B—— stooped down, and, *sans façon*, quietly rolled the insensible individual into a corner of the room, where he enjoyed undisturbed repose, until such time as some one had time to 'bring him to.'

Thus it may be seen that any one who is in the least nervous, and cannot be certain of their own powers of self-command, acts with truer kindness in remaining absent from such scenes, than by becoming an added source of anxiety, where there is so much already of the gravest character. If, however, a woman has the moral courage to face such trials calmly, and without flurry—if she can do simply what she is told, and *nothing more*—if she can hold her tongue—wholly dismiss herself from her own mind, concentrating all her attention on the patient, she may be of untold help and comfort. On the other hand, a sick-nurse who asks the doctor endless questions—who presumes in her ignorance to criticise his treatment—who is spasmodic in her sympathy, and ejaculatory in her lamentations, is pestilent in a sick-room, and she will, if possible, be got rid of at any cost.

But as well as the nervous and excitable nurse, there is another species of the genus against whom I would warn any one who in the least values his own comfort, and that is, the person who insists upon 'helping you' to nurse some very severe case, and never ceases assuring you that she 'keeps up splendidly at the time, but afterwards ——;' and then comes an ominous shake of the head, which is a ghastly intimation of what a time you will have of it with her, when what she is pleased to call the 'reaction' sets in. Nothing can be more aggravating than to contemplate such an individual, and look forward to the 'breaking-down' which she assures you is inevitable, and which you feel assured will come just when you and everybody else are tired out with nursing the real sufferer, and when you want to go to bed, and sleep your sleep out. The very idea of having to put hot-water bottles to her feet, and mustard poultices to her side, and cooling lotions to her aching brow, and watch her *se posant en martyr* (the while you are wishing her at Jericho, or some other equally hard-to-get-back-from place), is not a pleasant anticipation, as you sit opposite to her through a long night of



watching, and she tells you, with a melancholy yet vainglorious countenance, how she shall 'pay for this afterwards.' But she treats with scorn your suggestion that she should go to bed—indeed, she would be bitterly disappointed if she might not inmolate herself—and you. This sort of thing is what I call 'selfish unselfishness,' a kind of self-sacrifice that is always acting as its own bill-poster.

But there is one kind of nervousness which I do not think meets with sufficient consideration, and that is the unconquerable fear which you will find some people have of any disease that is infectious. Now, I think this sort of fear is far more constitutional than mental, and it appears to me most uncharitable to speak of those who are thus nervous by temperament as 'so frightened,' &c. Depend upon it, if any one has a great dread of infection, he is far better away from the chance of it. If I heard a person express a great and overpowering dread of small-pox, cholera, fever, or diphtheria, I should do all in my power to prevent that person going near any case of the kind, because I should be morally certain of the result. As a rule, I believe that those who are perfectly fearless are comparatively safe; and there is no truer test of perfect freedom from nervous dread than the fact of being able to sleep at once, quietly and naturally, and without the mind being obliged to dwell upon the work of the day. The best cholera nurse I ever saw used to tell me that she often sat down in the corner of a room, on the floor, and 'slept right off' for half an hour at a time, either day or night, just as such opportunity for rest presented itself. But of course there are exceptions to all rules; and one of the most devoted and the most fearless in attendance on the sick, during a terrible epidemic, died just when the worst of the battle seemed over.

But to return to some of those 'trifles,' the knowledge of which is so needful to those who would try to fulfil well the duties of an amateur sick-nurse.

When active personal care of a sick person is undertaken, the finger-nails should be kept very short. I have seen a long nail tear open a blister, and expose a raw surface, causing great pain. For the same reason, all removable rings should be taken off; and any ornaments that hang loose, and make a jingling noise, are best dispensed with, as they irritate and annoy a sensitive patient.

It seems to me that this very unpretending paper will be hardly complete without a few words as to the diet that is best for any one acting as sick-nurse in a long and trying case.

One great point is, to let no silly notions of sentiment prevent you making a practice of taking substantial and regular meals; and when you have to sit up all night, be sure and have food at hand, and never go more than three hours without eating. Now, I am going to say what I know many will highly disapprove of—and it is this: when you are nursing a long and anxious case, and you want to be able to 'stay' to the end,

*avoid all stimulants.* There is nothing you can do such hard work upon, there is nothing that will support you in long-continued watching and fatigue, like good, well-made coffee. Stimulants only give a temporary excitement, that passes itself off as strength. They injure that clearness of thought, that perfect quietude and recollectedness which are so essential to the good sick-nurse; and they tend more than anything else to that miserable 'breaking down afterwards' of which I have already spoken.

## THE FLAG OF DISTRESS.

### CHAPTER XV.—ON PLEASURE BENT.

THE clocks of San Francisco are striking the hour of ten. The moon has shot up over Monte Diablo, and sends her soft mellow beams across the waters of the Bay, imparting to their placid surface the sheen of silver. The forms of the ships anchored upon it are reflected as from a mirror; with masts upside down, every spar, stay, and brace, even to the most delicate rope of their rigging, having its duplicated representative in the fictitious counterfeit beneath. On none is there any canvas spread, and the unfurled flags do not display their fields, but hang motionless along masts, or droop dead down over taffrails. Stillness, almost complete, reigns throughout; scarce a sound proceeding either from the ships inshore, or those that ride at anchor in the offing; not even the rattle of a chain dropping or heaving an anchor, the chant of a night-watch at the windlass, or the song of some jovial tar entertaining his messmates as they sit squatted around the fore-castle stair. Unusual this silence at such an early hour, though easily accounted for. That there are but few noises from the ships in San Francisco Bay, is explained by the fact of their having but few men to make them—in many cases there being not a single soul aboard. All have deserted, either for good, and are gone off to the 'diggings,' or only for the night, to take part in the pleasures and dissipations of the town. Now and then a boat may be seen, putting off from, or returning to, the side of some of those better manned,—by its laborious movement, and the unmeasured stroke of oars, telling that even it lacks a full complement of crew.

Inside the town, everything is different. There, there are noises enough, with plenty of people, crowded streets, flashing lights, and a Babel-like confusion of voices. It is now the hour when iniquity has commenced its nightly career, or, rather, reached its full flush; since in San Francisco certain kinds of it are carried on openly and throughout all the hours of day. Business houses are closed; but these are in small proportion to the places of pleasure, which keep their doors and windows wide open, and where dissipation of all kinds reigns paramount. Into the gambling saloons go men laden with gold-dust, often coming out with their wallets lighter than when they went in, but their hearts a great deal heavier. After toiling for months up to their middle in the chill waters

of streams that course down from the eternal snows of the Sierra Nevada, working, washing—while so occupied, half-starving—they return to San Francisco to scatter in a single night—oft in one hour—the hoarded gatherings of half a year!

Into this pandemonium of a city are about to enter two personages of very different appearance from those usually seen loitering in its saloons or hastening through its streets; for they are the young officers belonging to the British frigate—Edward Crozier and William Cadwallader—returning to their ship. Not directly, as they were rowed ashore, but through the town; Crozier having ordered the boat to be brought to one of the rough wooden wharfs recently erected. They are advancing along the shore-road afoot, having declined their host's offer of horses; both saying they would prefer to walk; Cadwallader adding, in sailor phrase, that he wished to 'kick the knots out of his legs'—a remark but obscurely comprehensible to Don Gregorio. For some time after leaving his house not a word passes between them. Each is occupied with his own thoughts, the sacredness of which keeps him silent; absorbed in reflections, springing from that tender but painful parting with others, about what may be before them in the far uncertain future. For a time, nothing intrudes upon their reverie, to disturb its natural course. The sough of the tidal surf breaking upon the beach, the occasional cry of a straying sea-bird, or the more continuous and monotonous note of the chuck-will's widow, do not attract their attention. They are sounds in consonance with their reflections, still a little sad. As they draw nearer to the city, see its flashing lights, and hear its hum of voices, other and less doleful ideas come uppermost, leading to conversation. Crozier commences it:

'Well, Will, old fellow, we've made a day of it?'

'That we have—a rousing jolly day. I don't think I ever enjoyed one more in my life.'

'Only for its drawbacks.'

'You mean our affair with those fellows? Why, that was the best part of it—so far as fun. To see the one in the sky-blue wrap, after I'd dirked his horse, go off like a ship in a gale, with nobody at the helm! By Jove! it was equal to old Billy Button in the circus. And then the other, you bundled over in the road, as he got up looking like a dog just out of a dust-bin! Oh! 'twas delicious! The best shore-adventure I've had since joining the *Crusader*—something to talk about when we get aboard.'

'Ay, and something to do besides talking. We've got a little writing to do—at least I have, a bit of a letter to this swaggerer, Mr Francisco de Lara.'

'But, surely, you don't intend challenging him—after what's happened?'

'Surely I do. Though, to say the truth, I've no great stomach for it, seeing the sort he is. It's *infra dig.* having to fight one's inferior, though it

be with swords or pistols. It feels like getting into a row with roughs in some slum of a sea-port.'

'You're right there; and as to calling this fellow out, I'd do nothing of the kind, Ned. He's a bad lot; so is the other. Blackguards both, as their behaviour has shewn them, they don't deserve to be treated as gentlemen.'

'But we're in California, Will; where the code of the duel takes in such as they. I suppose even here thieves and cut-throats talk about protecting their honour, as they term it; ay, and often act up to their talk. I've been told of a duel that took place not long since between two professional gamblers, in which one of them was shot dead in his tracks. And only the other day a judge was called out by a man he had tried, and convicted, of some misdemeanour; who not only went, but actually killed the fellow who'd stood before him as a criminal! All that seems very absurd, but so it is. And if this scarlet-cloaked cavalier don't shew the white-feather, and back out, I'll either have to kill or cripple him; though like enough he may do one, or the other, for me.'

'But don't you think, Ned, you've had enough out of him?'

'In what way?'

'Why, in the way of *revanche*. For my part, I should decidedly say you had far the best of it. After your first encounter in the morning I thought differently, and would have so counselled you. Then the insult offered you was unpunished. The other has put a different face on the affair; and now that he's got more than he gave, I think you should rest satisfied, and let things stand as they are—if he do. Certainly, after that knock and tumble, it's his place to sing out.'

'There's something in what you say, Will. And now, on reflection, I'm not so sure that I'll take further trouble about the fellow, unless he insist on it; which he may not, seeing he's unquestionably base coin—as you say, a blackguard. He appears a sort of Californian bravo; and if we hadn't secured his pistols, I suppose he'd have done some shooting with them. Well, we'll see whether he comes to reclaim them. If he don't, I shall have to send them to him. Otherwise, he may have us up before one of these duelling justices on a charge of robbing him!'

'Ha, ha, ha! That would be a rare joke; an appropriate ending to our day's fun.'

'Quite the contrary. It might be serious, if it should reach the ears of Bracebridge. The old disciplinarian would never believe but that we'd been in the wrong—taken the fellow's pistols from him for a lark, or something of the sort. True, we could have the thing explained, both to the San Franciscan magistrate, and the frigate's captain; but not without an exposure of names and circumstances, that, though it might be appropriate enough, would be anything but a pleasant finale to our day's fun, as you call it.'

'Well, I know what will,' rejoins Cadwallader,

after listening patiently to his comrade's explanatory speech, 'and that's a glass of something good. Those sweet Spanish wines of Don Gregorio have made me thirsty as a fish. Besides, parting with my dear Iñez has got my heart down, and I need something to get it up again.'

'All right, my hearty!' exclaims Crozier; for the jest's sake, talking sailor-slang—'I'm with you in that way. For this day at least we've had enough of war; therefore, let's end it with another *w—wine*.'

'For my part,' responds the young Welshman, 'I'd prefer a different article, which has the other *w* for its initial letter—that's whisky. If we could only get a glass of good Scotch or Irish malt in this mushroom city, it would make a new man of me—which just now I need making. As I tell you, Ned, my heart's down—dead down to the heels of my boots. I can't say why, but there it is; and there, I suppose, it'll stay, unless Dutch courage comes to the rescue.'

'Well, you'll soon have an opportunity of getting that. As you see, we're in the suburbs of this grand city, partly constructed of canvas; where, though food may be scarce, and raiment scanty, there's liquor in abundance. In the *Parker House*, which is, I believe, its best hotel, we'll be sure of finding almost every beverage brewed upon the earth—among them your favourite whisky, and mine—"Bass's Bitter."

'Again the Spanish saw, "*Cada uno a su gusto*," as just now my sweetheart said. But let us step out.'

'Don't be in such hot haste. You forget we've something to do; which must be done first—before everything else.'

'What?'

'Look up Harry Blew—find him, if we can, and coax him to take service in this Chilean ship.'

'He won't require much coaxing, once you say the word. The old salt is anything but ungrateful. Indeed, his regard for you, ever since you saved him from that shark, is more like real gratitude than anything I ever saw. He fairly worships you, Ned. He told me the day before he left the *Crusader*, that parting with you was the only thing that greatly grieved him. I saw the tears trickling down his cheeks, as you shook hands with him over the side. Even then, if you'd said stay, I believe he'd have turned back into his old berth.'

'I didn't, because I wished him to do better. You know he'd have a splendid chance here in California—to get rich by gold-digging, which no doubt he might, like a great many other humble sailors as himself. But now, this other chance has turned up in his favour, which I should say is surer. Don Gregorio has told us he can get from the Chilean captain almost any pay he may please to ask; besides, a fair likelihood of being made his first-mate. That would suit Harry to a hair; besides, in my opinion,

answering his purpose far better than any gold-seeking speculation. Though a man of first rating aboard ship, he's a mere child when ashore; and would be no more able to protect himself against the land-sharks of San Francisco, than he was to get out of the way of that sea-skimmer at Guaymas. Even if he should succeed in growing rich up the rivers, I'd lay large odds, he'd be back here in port, and poor as ever, within a week. We must save him from that, if we can. His natural element is the ocean. He has spent the greater part of his life on it, and here's a fine opportunity for him to return to, and stay upon it; for life if he likes, with better prospects than he could even have had on board a man-o'-war. The question is, how we shall be able to find him in this rookery of a place. Did he say anything, when you saw him, about where he was sojourning?'

'By Jove! he just did. Now, I recall our conversation, I remember him telling me that he was staying at a sort of boarding-house, or restaurant, called the "*Sailor's Home*," though he made no mention of the street. But, if I mistake not, I know the place, and can steer pretty straight for it.'

'Straight or crooked, let's set head for it at once. We've plenty of time, if that were all, for I told the coxswain not to come for us till well after eleven. I want to see something of this queer Californian life, of which I haven't had much experience yet.'

'The same with myself.'

'Well, we may never again get such a chance. Indeed, it's not likely we shall, either of us, be allowed another night ashore, before the *Crusader* sails; therefore, let us make hay while the sun shines, or, to speak less figuratively, a little merriment by the light of the moon. We've been either savage or sentimental all the day, and stand in need of changing our tune.'

'You're right about that; but the music is not likely to be made by moonlight—not much of it. See those great clouds rolling up yonder! They'll be over the sky in ten minutes' time, making everything black as a pot of pitch.'

'No matter; for what we want, gas-light will serve as well; and there's plenty of that in San Francisco. Now, for Harry Blew. After him, whisky punches at the *Parker*.'

'And after that?'

'The tables, if you feel so inclined.'

'Surely, Ned, you don't want to go gambling?'

'I want to see life in San Francisco, as I've said; and, as you know, gambling's an important part of it. Yes; I don't mind making an attempt to draw the teeth of the tiger. *Allons!* or, as I should say in the softer language of Andalusia, *Nos vamos!*'

Thus jocosely terminating the conversation, the young officers continue on at increased speed, and are soon threading the streets of San Francisco in search of the *Sailor's Home*.

#### CHAPTER XVI.—A TAR OF THE OLDEN TYPE.

Harry Blew is a tar of the true man-o'-war type; this of the olden time, when sailors were sailors, and ships were of oak, not iron. Such ships are scarce now; but scarcer still the skilled men who handled their ropes, and kept everything taut and trim—in short, the true sailors.

Than Harry, a finer specimen of the foremast-man never reefed topsail, or took his glass of grog according to allowance. Of dark complexion naturally, exposure to sun, sea, and storm has deepened it, till his cheeks and throat are almost copper-coloured; of somewhat lighter tint on Sundays, after they have had their hebdomadal shave. His face is round, with features fairly regular, and of a cheerful cast; their cheerfulness heightened by the sparkle of bright gray eyes, and two rows of sound white teeth, frequently, if not continuously set in a smile. A thick shock of curling brown hair, with a well-greased ringlet drooping down over each eyebrow, supports a round-rimmed, blue-ribboned hat, set well aback on his head. His shaven chin is pointed and prominent, with a dimple below the lip; while the beardless jaws curve smoothly down to a well-shaped neck, symmetrically set upon broad shoulders, that give token of strength almost herculean. Notwithstanding an amplitude of shirt-collar which falls back full seven inches, touching the shoulder-tips, the throat and a portion of the expansive chest are habitually exposed to view; while on the sun-browned skin of the latter may be seen a tattooed anchor. By its side, not so plainly exposed, is the figure of a damsel done in dark-blue—no doubt a souvenir, if not the exact similitude, of a sweetheart—some Poll of past time, or perhaps far-off port. But there is a doubt whether Harry's heart has been true to her. Indeed, a suspicion of its having been false cannot fail to strike any one seeing him with his shirt sleeves rolled up; since upon the flat of his right fore-arm is the image of another damsel, done more recently, in lighter blue; while on the left is a Cupid holding an unbent bow, and hovering above a pair of hearts his arrow has just pierced, impaling them through and through. All those amorous emblems would seem to argue our true tar inconstant as the wind, with which he has so often to contend. But no; nothing of the kind. Those well acquainted with him and his history, can vouch for it that he has never had a sweetheart save one—she represented in that limning of light blue, and to her was he true as steel, up to the hour of her death, which occurred just as she was about to become Mrs Blew. And that sad event has kept him a bachelor up to the present hour of his life. The girl on his breast in dark blue is a merely mythical personage, though indelibly stained into his skin by a needle's point and a pinch of gunpowder, done by one of his man-o'-war shipmates while he was still only a sailor-lad. He is now forty years of age, nearly thirty of which he has passed upon the sea; being off it only in short spells, while his ship has been in port. And he has seen service on several ships—corvettes, frigates, double and treble deckers—all men-of-war, in which he has thrice circumnavigated the globe. For all, he is yet hale, hearty, and in the perfect plenitude of his strength; only with a slight stoop in the shoulders, as if caught from continually swarming up shrouds, or leaning over the yard while stowing sails. This gives him the appearance of being shorter than he really is: for when straightened up, with back well braced, he stands six feet in his stockings. And his limbs shew symmetrical proportion. His duck trousers, fitting tightly over the hips, display a pair of limbs supple and sinewy, with thighs that seem all muscle from skin to bone.

In spite of his sterling qualities as a seaman, and noble character as a man, Harry has never risen to any rank in the service. With him has it been literally true, 'Once a sailor, still a sailor;' and though long ago rated an A.B. of the first order, above this he has not ascended a single step. Were he to complain, which he rarely ever does, he would in all probability say that non-promotion has been due to independence of spirit, or, shaping it in his own phraseology, owing to his 'not having bootlicked the swabs above him.' And there is some truth in this, though another reason might be assigned by those disposed to speak slightly of him: that although liking salt-water, he has a decided antipathy to that which is fresh, unless when taken with an admixture of rum. Then he is too fond of it. It is his only fault; barring which, a better man than Harry Blew—and, when sober, a steadier—never trod the deck of a ship.

As already said, he has trod many, the latest being that of the *Crusader*; in which vessel he has spent five years of his life. His engagement terminating almost on the very day she dropped anchor before San Francisco, he has been set free; either to stay in the ship, by entering his name upon her books for a fresh period of service, or step out of her, and go cruising on his own account whithersoever he may wish. Taking into consideration the state of things in San Francisco just at this very time, it is not strange that he elected to leave the ship. It would be stranger if he had even hesitated about it; though this he had indeed done, for some days lingering, with mind only half made up. But the golden lure proved at length too temptingly attractive; and, yielding to it, he took a last leave of his old shipmates, was pulled ashore, and has since been sojourning at the Sailor's Home—for he is still there, as Cadwallader rightly surmised.

The Sailor's Home is a hostelry, half eating-house, half drinking-saloon, of somewhat unpretentious appearance—being a rough, weather-boarded house, without planing or paint, and only two stories in height. But if low in structure, it is high enough in its charges, as Harry Blew has learned; these being out of all proportion to the outside appearance of the place and its interior accommodation, though in keeping with the prices of all other like houses of entertainment in San Francisco. Harry's original intention was to make only a short stay at the Sailor's Home—just long enough to put him through a bit of a spree, for which twelve months' pay, received from the frigate's purser at leaving, had amply provided him. Then he would start for the Feather River, or some other tributary stream of the Sacramento. The first part of this programme has been already carried out, with something besides; that something being the complete expenditure of all his pay—every shilling he received from the purser, and in an incredibly short space of time. He has been scarcely six days ashore when he discovers his cash exchequer quite cleared out. As for credit, there is no such thing in San Francisco.

Since landing, Harry has not very carefully kept his dead reckoning, and is at first somewhat surprised to find himself so far out in it. He has plunged his hands into his pockets without encountering coin. He has searched in his sea-chest and every other receptacle where he has been

accustomed to carry cash, with similar disappointing result. What can have become of his twelve months' wage, drawn on the day he left the *Crusader*? It has all disappeared! No wonder he is unable to account for its disappearance; for ever since that day, he has been anything but himself—in short, he has given way to dissipation of longer continuance than ever before in his life. It has lasted six days, with most part of six nights, at the end of which time he has only pulled up for the want of cash to continue it—credit being declined him at the very counter over which he has passed all his pay.

Impecuniosity is an unpleasant predicament in any country, and at all times; but in the San Francisco of 1849 it was a positive danger—where six dollars were demanded and obtained for the most meagre of meals; the same for sleeping on a blanketless bed, in a chilly night, within a rough weather-boarded room, or under the yet thinner shelter of a canvas tent. It was a boon to be allowed to lie on the lee-side of a wooden-walled stable; but cost money for the privilege of sleeping in a stall, with straw litter for couch, and the heat of the horses in lieu of coverlet.

In the necessity of seeking some such indifferent accommodation, Harry Blew finds himself, on the seventh night after having received his discharge from the *Crusader*. And as he has now got somewhat sobered, with brain clear enough to think, it occurs to him that the time is come for carrying out the second part of his programme—that is, going on to the gold-diggings. But how to get off, and then? These are separate questions, to neither of which can he give a satisfactory answer. Passage to Sacramento, by steamer, costs over a hundred dollars, and still more by stage. He has not a shilling—not a red cent; and his sea-kit sold would not realise a sum sufficient to pay his fare, even if it (the kit) were free. But it is not. On the contrary, embargoed, quodded, by the keeper of the Sailor's Home, against a couple of days of unpaid board and lodging—with sundry imbibings across the counter, still scored on the slate.

The discharged man-o'-war's-man sees himself in a dread dilemma—all the more from its having a double horn. He can neither go to the gold-diggings, nor stay in the Sailor's Home. Comparatively cheap as may be this humble hostelry, it is yet dear enough to demand ten dollars a day for indifferent bed and board. This has been bad enough for Harry Blew, even though but a foremastman. But he is threatened with a still worse condition of things. Inappropriate the title bestowed on his house, for the owner of the 'Home' has not the slightest hospitality in his heart. He has discovered that his English guest is impecunious; this by the two days' board, and as many nights' bed, remaining unpaid. There is a notice conspicuously posted above the bar, that 'scores must be settled daily.' And Harry Blew having disregarded this, has received private but positive notice of another kind, to the effect, that he is forthwith to discontinue taking a seat at the *table-d'hôte*, as also to surrender up his share of the bed he has been occupying. At this, the discharged man-o'-war's-man has shown no anger, nor does he feel in any way affronted. He has that correct sense common to sailors, with most others who have seen travel in strange lands, and knows that when cash is not forthcoming, credit

cannot be expected. In California, as elsewhere, such is the universal and rigorous custom, to which man must resign himself. The English sailor is only a bit sorry to think he has expended his cash so freely; a little repentant at having done it so foolishly; and, on the whole, a good deal down-hearted.

But there is a silver lining to the cloud. The *Crusader* is still in port, and not expected to sail for some days. He may once more place his name upon the frigate's books, and rejoin her. He knows he will not only be received back by her commander, but welcomed by all his old officers and shipmates. A word spoken to the first boat coming ashore, and all will be well. Shall he speak such word? That has become the question. For in this, as every other step in life, there is a *pro* and *contra*. Humiliating the thought of going back to service on the ship, after taking leave of everybody aboard; returning to a dingy fore-castle, to toil, and the handling of tarry ropes, after the bright dreams he has been indulging in. To forego the gathering of gold-dust, and the exchanging it for doubloons or dollars; in short, turning his back upon fortune—the prospect of a life competence, perhaps plenitude of wealth, with its resulting ease and idleness—and once more facing stormy seas, with only hard knocks and laborious work in store for him throughout the rest of his life!

While the sovereigns were still clinking in his pockets, this was the dark side of the picture—towards Sacramento, the bright one. Now that the pockets are empty, everything seems changed, and the silver lining lies on the side of the ship. Still the sailor hesitates how to decide. Despite the pressure upon him, he ponders and reflects; as he does so, plunging his hands into his pockets, apparently searching for coin. It is merely mechanical, for he knows he has not a shilling.

While thus occupied, he is seated in the little sanded bar-room of the 'Home,' alone with the bar-keeper; the latter eyeing him with anything but a sympathetic air. For the book is before him, shewing that indebtedness for bed and board, to say nothing of the unsettled bar-score, and the record makes a bar-sinister between them. Another drink could not be added now, even though but a bottle of ginger-beer. The door of credit is closed, and only cash could procure an extension of a hospitality hitherto scant enough.

The sailor thinks. Must he surrender? Give up his dreams of fingering yellow gold, and return to handling black ropes? A glance at the grim, unrelaxed, and unrelenting visage of the bar-keeper decides him. His decision is expressed in characteristic speech, not addressed to the drink-dispenser, nor aloud, but in low, sad soliloquy:

'Wi' me, I see, the old sayin's to stan' good—  
"Once a sailor, still a sailor." Harry, you'll steer back for the *Crusader*!'

#### CHAPTER XVII.—UNEXPECTED VISITORS.

Having resolved upon returning to his ship—and that very night, if he can but get a boat—Harry Blew is about to sally forth into the street, when his egress is unexpectedly prevented. Not by the landlord of the Sailor's Home, nor his representative, who would be only too glad to get

rid of a guest with two days' reckoning in arrear. For they have surreptitiously inspected his sea-chest, and found it to contain a full suit of 'Sunday go-ashores,' with other effects, which they deem sufficient collateral security for the debt. And as it has been already hypothecated for this, both Boniface and bar-keeper would rather rejoice to see their sailor guest clear out of the Home for good, leaving the sea-chest behind him. On this condition they would be willing to wipe out the debt, both boarding and bar-score.

Harry has no thought of thus parting with his kit. Now that he has made up his mind to return to the *Crusader*, a better prospect is opened up to him. He has hopes, that on his making appearance aboard, and again entering his name on the frigate's books, the purser will advance him a sum sufficient to release the kit. Or, he can in all likelihood collect the money among his old messmates. Not for this reason only is he anxious to reach the ship that night, but because he has no other chance of having any place to sleep in, save the street. Both landlord and bar-keeper have notified him, in plain terms, that he must peremptorily leave; and he is about to act upon their notification, and take his departure, when prevented, as already said. What has hindered him from going out of the Home is a man coming into it; or rather two—since two shadows have suddenly darkened the door, and are projected across the sanded floor of the bar-room. Not like shadows in the eyes of Harry Blew, but streaks of brightest sunlight! For in the individuals entering he recognises two of his officers; one of them his best friend, and the preserver of his life. Crozier and Cadwallader have found him.

At sight of them the discharged sailor salutes promptly, and with as much respect, as if it were on the quarter-deck of the *Crusader*. But with much more demonstration; for their well-timed appearance draws from him an exclamation of joy. Jerking off his straw hat, and giving a twitch to one of his brow-locks, he bobs his head several times in succession, with a simultaneous back-scraps of his foot upon the floor.

His obeisance ended, he stands silently awaiting whatever communication the young officers have to make. He is already aware that their business is with himself; for the bar-room is but dimly lit, and Crozier, while crossing its threshold, not at once recognising him, called out the question: 'Is there a sailor staying here, by name Harry Blew?'

'Ay, ay, sir!' was the prompt response, the sailor himself giving it, along with the salutation described.

During the short interval of silence that succeeds, Harry's heart can be distinctly heard beating. Lately depressed—'Down in the dumps,' as he himself would word it—it is now up to his throat. The sight of his patron, the preserver of his life, is like having it saved a second time. Perhaps they have come to ask him to rejoin the ship? If so, 'tis the very thing he was thinking of. He will not anticipate, but waits for them to declare their errand.

'Well, Harry, old boy,' says Crozier, after warmly shaking the sailor's hand, 'I'm right glad to find you here. I was afraid you'd gone off to the diggings.'

'True, Master Ed'ard; I did intend standin' on that tack, but han't been able to get under way, for want o' a wind.'

'Want of a wind? I don't quite understand you.'

'Why, you see, sir; I've been a little bit spreesish since comin' ashore, and my locker's got low—more'n that, it's total cleared out. Though I suppose there's plenty o' gold in the diggin's, it takes gold to get there; and as I ha'n't any, I'm laid up here like an old hulk foul o' a mud-bank. That's just how it is, gentlemen.'

'In which case, perhaps you mightn't feel indisposed to go to sea again?'

'Just the thing I war thinkin' o', Master Ed'ard. I'd a most made up my mind to it, sir, an' war 'bout startin' to try get aboard the old *Crusader*, and askin' your honour to ha' my name entered on her books again. I'm willin' to join for a fresh term, if they'll take me.'

'They'd take and be glad to get you, Harry; you may be sure of that. Such a skilled sailor as you need never be without a ship, where there's a British man-of-war within hailing distance. But we don't want you to join the *Crusader*.'

'How is that, sir?'

'Because we can help you to something a little better. At least, it will be more to your advantage in a pecuniary sense. You wouldn't mind shipping in a merchant-vessel, with wages three or four times as much as you can get in a man-of-war? How would you like that, Harry?'

'I'd like it amazin'ly, sir. And for the matter o' being a merchanter, that's neither here nor there, so long's you recommend it. I'll go as cook, if you tell me to.'

'No, no, Harry, not that,' laughingly replies the young officer. 'That would never do. I should pity those who had to eat the dishes you'd dress for them. Besides, I should be sorry to see you stewing your strength away in front of a galley-fire. You must do better than that; and, it chanches, I'm authorised to offer you something better. It's a berth on board a trading-ship, and one with some special advantages. She's a Chilian vessel, and her captain is, I believe, either Chilian or Spanish. That won't make any difference to you?'

'Not a doit, sir. I don't care what the ship's colours be, nor what country her skipper, so long's he allows good wages an' plenty o' grub.'

'And plenty of grog too, Harry?'

'Ay, ay, sir. I confess to a weakness for that—leastways three times a day.'

'No doubt you'll get it, as often as you've a mind. But, Harry, I have a word to say about that. Besides my interest in your own welfare, I've another and more selfish one in this Chilian ship. So has Mr Cadwallader. We both want you to be on your best behaviour during the trip you're to take in her. On board will be two lady passengers, as far as Panama; for the ship is bound thither and for other ports beyond—I believe as far as Valparaiso. But the ladies are to land at Panama; and, so long as they're with you, you must do everything in your power to make things agreeable for them. If they should ever be in any danger—from storm, shipwreck, or otherwise—you'll stand by them?'

'Yes, Harry,' adds Cadwallader; 'you'll do that, won't you?'

'Lor, your honours!' replies the sailor, shewing surprise. 'Sure ye needn't a put sich questin to me—a British man-o'-war's-man? I'd do that much, anyhow, out o' sheer starn sense o' duty. But when it come to takin' care o' two ladies—to say nothin' about theer bein' so young, an' so beautiful'—

'Avast, Harry! How do you know they are either one or the other?' asks Crozier, surprised; Cadwallader repeating the question.

'Lor love ye, masters! Do ye think a common sailor ha'n't no eyes in his head, for anythin' but ropes an' tar? You forget I wur o' the boat's crew as rowed two sweet creeturs on board the *Crusader*, the night o' the grand dancin'; an' arterward took the same ashore, along wi' two young gentlemen, as went to see 'em home. Sure, sirs, actin' cox on that occasion, I couldn't help hearin' some o' the speeches as passed in the starn-sheets—tho' they wur spoke in the cars o' the saynoritas, soft as the breeze that fanned their fair cheeks, an' brought the colour out on 'em red as Ribsting pippins.'

'Avast again, you rascal! So you've been eavesdropping, have you? I quite forgot you understood Spanish.'

'Only a trifle, Master Ed'ard.'

'Too much for that occasion.'

'Ah! well, your honour, it may stand me in stead aboard the ship you speak o'.'

'Well, Harry, I'm not going to scold you, seeing that you couldn't help hearing what you did. And now, I may as well tell you that the young ladies you saw that night in the boat are the same who are to be passengers in the *Chilian* ship. You'll take good care of them, I know.'

'That, you may depend on, sir. Any one as touches hair o' their heads, to do 'em any injury, 'll have to tear the whole o' his off the head o' Harry Blew. I'll see 'em safe to Panama, or never shew there myself. I promise that; an' I think both your honours 'll take the word o' a British man-o'-war's-man.'

'That's enough. Now to give you the necessary directions about joining this ship. She's lying at anchor somewhere about in the Bay. But you'll find her easily enough. And you needn't go in search of her, till you've seen the gentleman whose name and address are upon this card. You see: "Don Tomas Silvestre," a ship-agent, whose office is down in one of the streets by the strand. Report yourself to him first thing in the morning. In all likelihood he'll engage you on sight, make out your papers, and give you full directions for getting aboard the ship. It appears she's short of hands; indeed, even without a single sailor. And, by the way, Harry, if you apply soon enough, it's good as certain you'll be made first-mate; all the more from your being able to speak Spanish. It's too late for you to do anything about it to-night; but don't oversleep yourself. Be at the ship-agent's to-morrow, betimes.'

'Ye can trust me for that, sir. I'll shew my figurehead there first thing in the mornin'; an' I an't afeerd o' no one gettin' aboard afore me, if they've not gone a'ready.'

'I think no one will be before you—I hope not. Send us word how you have succeeded, as the *Crusader* will likely be in port long enough for us to hear from you. Still, as she may sail on short notice, we may not see you again. Remember,

then, what we've said about the señoritas. We shall rely upon your fidelity.'

'Ay, well may ye, masters. You can both trust your lives to Harry Blew, an' those of them as is dear to you.'

'All right, old boy!' exclaims Crozier, satisfied. 'We must part; but let's hope we'll meet again. When you get back to England, you know where to find me. Now, good-bye! Give us a grip of your honest hand, and God bless you!'

Saying this, he grasps the horny hand of the sailor, and warmly presses it. The pressure is returned by a squeeze, that gives assurance of more than ordinary friendship. It is a grip of true gratitude; and the look which accompanies it tells of a devoted friendship, bordering on adoration.

Cadwallader also exchanges a like parting salutation; after which, the young officers start off, to continue their cruise through the streets.

### THE ZUIDER ZEE.

THE north and very low-lying coast of Holland has on several occasions been inundated in an extraordinary manner by invasions of the German Ocean; and indeed the history of this part of the Netherlands narrates a continuous effort to keep out the sea, and to reclaim land for serviceable purposes. Of the recovery of a large tract of land from an old inundation, the most notable instance is that of drying up the Haarlem lake or sea, by means of steam-pumps and an ingenious system of engineering, and which has been effected within the last twenty years. The Haarlem Sea was a bad case of destruction by water, but nothing to compare to that of the Zuider Zee, which began its dreadful work of intrusion in 1312, and continued to widen the sphere of its operations until 1476. A vast extent of country was submerged, by which flourishing towns and villages were destroyed, and the lives of hundreds of human beings were sacrificed. When the sea had done its worst, a productive district of country measuring about fifteen hundred square miles was covered with salt water, and became absolutely useless.

Even after an interval of four hundred years, the Zuider Zee does not look like a part of the regular ocean. It appears a limitless extent of dull brooding waters, with low marshy borders; so that in many places its shores are imperfectly distinguishable, while attempts to navigate its surface are often attended with extreme danger. Submarine shoals extend to the verge of the horizon, and banks of yellow sand covered by a foot deep of water communicate a peculiar colour to the sea. Add to this the green flat shore, varied only by a steeple or a windmill, and there arises in the mind an impression of deep repose. You have no occasion either to think or to act; you fall into the charm of a calm sweet reverie, and can understand how a race which has had such a landscape before its eyes for centuries, has laid aside its natural impetuosity for the phlegmatic character of the Dutch.

There are, however, few who have circum-navigated this sea; probably not ten persons in



Holland ; it is in truth one of the most difficult and dangerous passages. On an ordinary map, nothing looks more easy ; but there are banks of sand extending on all sides, and leaving a very narrow channel between them. If a mistake occurs in steering, or a blast of wind throws the vessel on to one of these banks, all is lost. Sad stories are told by sailors, and the wrecks lying about the coast shew plainly the perils of the voyage. A French writer, who is also an artist—M. H. Havard—undeterred by these difficulties, determined to visit the ruins of the old towns before decay had effaced the remembrance of former capitals, like Medemblik and Stavoren, and his *Voyage aux Villes Mortes du Zuiderzee* presents us with an interesting account of these out-of-the-world places.

His first object was to choose a suitable boat, drawing very little water, and yet sufficiently commodious to hold six persons, and to carry provisions for twenty-five days. With the exception of bread and a few fresh vegetables, no dependence can be placed on the resources of the country. Water even must be taken, for throughout the north of Holland it has a most objectionable salt flavour, and is injurious to those unaccustomed to its use. It was no easy task to find a captain, but at length one who had never been, but had all the desire, was found. 'With the help of God and a good wind,' said he, 'we shall prosper. I make two conditions: to be the judge of the weather, and not start when it is bad ; and not to work on Sunday.'

The crew was of very modest proportions, composed of the captain, his wife, a boy, and a sailor ; all were young and agile, and sufficed to handle the little craft. They lived a curious existence, rarely going on land, never sleeping there, but preferring to keep to the waters. The centre of the boat was divided into three compartments ; one for a dining-room, which was adorned with old tapestry, a carpet, four chairs, and a table ; silver and glass shone from some shelves, and by degrees M. Havard's sketches were hung, as taken, on the walls. The second served as a kitchen ; and in the third two hair mattresses were spread on boards, and made admirable beds ; the crew were lodged fore and aft. There are few spectacles more striking than the sea on a lovely summer's night, and on the Zuider Zee, nature seems to reach perfection of beauty. Our author is enthusiastic in his admiration, and assures us that such a sight can never be forgotten: the rippling waters reflected the stars in their pearly tints, while three or four lighthouses glowed on the scene with rosy tints. The captain promised us fine weather on the morrow, but he was mistaken ; on awaking, the boat was rocking violently, the wind blew furiously through the ropes, and the rain flooded the deck. 'It is well,' said he, 'that we got into port last night, or we should have been wrecked on the Lady's Sandbank ; the ropes have been broken like a bit of thread, and the flagstaff is in three pieces.' But with these little

variations the voyage was successful and pleasant ; and when the time for parting came, all were sorry to bid adieu, thanks to mutual concessions and similarity of feeling.

One of the prettiest as well as most curious of towns is that of Hoorn. Landing at the pier, which is commanded by a picturesque old tower, a worthy study for the artist, the traveller finds himself in a clear basin of water, bordered by masses of shrubs, large trees, and flowers. Over these peep the belfries and gables of the houses. All are old and striking, covered with carvings and bas-reliefs, the pointed roofs finishing with a spiral staircase, to give a view over the sea. Everywhere are wide porches and granite steps: sculptured wood and chiselled stone alternate with bright-coloured bricks, giving a character of gaiety and freshness, which contrasts singularly with their great age and old-world forms. It seems ridiculous to traverse such streets in modern costume ; the wide beaver hat and feather, military boots, and a rapier at the side, would be more in keeping. There are, alas, but few to frequent these deserted streets. Formerly, Hoorn covered the sea with its merchant vessels ; a thousand carts, bringing mountains of cheese weekly, appeared at its market ; whilst the yearly fair of cattle attracted multitudes of strangers from France, Germany, and the north.

The walls and deep ditch which defended the town still remain, some of the towers are standing, and the rampart is converted into a promenade, covered with trees and gardens. The two gates are magnificent in size and details. One named the Kooport, or Cowgate, testifies to the gratitude of the Dutch to the source of their riches ; it is surmounted by two cows lying down, as if contemplating their grazing sisters in the fields beyond ; four others also decorate the façade. Through another, called Westgate, there arrived, in 1573, a poor child worn out with fatigue and privation. On a hastily constructed sledge he had, with filial affection, laid his old sick mother, and fled before the Spaniards. Twice he had been arrested on the way, and twice, touched by his pious devotion, he had been permitted to proceed. The people of Hoorn perpetuated the remembrance of this heroic act in a bas-relief carved on the gate.

The weekly market is still held ; for, after Alkmaar, the largest cheese-trade is carried on here. Boer-wagen, covered with carvings and bright-coloured paint, drive in to the Waag, or weighing-house ; a pretty building of gray stone, with a graceful roof pierced by dormer windows. The cheeses are piled up, their yellow rind shining like gold ; and all round walk the calm, silent peasants, dressed in black. Then two will speak a few words, strike the hand several times, bending one or two fingers, and then striking them quickly out—private signals only known to themselves, and thus arrange the purchase. The price is only indicated by the pressure of the hand. When this is concluded, the porters of the Waag

come forward, dressed in white, with a blue, red, or green hat, according to the scales which belong to them; the cheese is then laid on a hand-cart, and officially weighed.

The trade of Holland is chiefly confined to agricultural products and fish. The wide pastures of the island of Texel feed two thousand horned cattle, a thousand horses, and thirty thousand sheep, which are celebrated throughout Europe. Every year twelve thousand of the last are exported, and the quarterly fair is very picturesque, when these flocks of sheep and lambs are shipped off to the continent. Through the basins of Harlingen, the port of Friesland, pass oxen and sheep, pigs and fowls, with mountains of cheese, fruits, and eggs for this country: here resort the provision-dealers of London, to carry away butter-barrels, which are piled up on the docks like cannon-balls in an arsenal. The canals are filled with the heavy-looking *tjalks*, or market-boats, which bring the good things of the country down to the port. Flax is a very important article of cultivation in Friesland; the market of Dokkum is one of the largest in Europe. The chief houses of England, Germany, and France have agents in this little town. The soil is incredibly rich; the peasants are well off; and there are few farmers who do not own some property in addition to the land they rent. It is rarely indeed that a tenant is turned out of his farm; families hold them for centuries, yet the lease is only for five or seven years, and stipulates how many head of cattle are to be fed on the meadows, and how much manure is to be laid on each acre; thus the soil is kept up to a wonderful state of fertility.

When De Ruyter tied to his mast the broom, as an indication that he had swept his enemies from the North Sea, and sailed up the Thames, his squadron had several vessels fitted out by the city of Hoorn. On one were two negroes, who had the boldness to carry away the figure-head from a ship lying in the river. The trophy was brought to Hoorn, and as a remembrance, an escutcheon was carved, and placed on a monument supported by two bronze negroes. Among the notabilities who were born here may be mentioned Abel Tasman, who discovered Tasmania and New Zealand; Jan Koon, who founded Batavia in 1619; and Shouten, who doubled Cape Horn, calling it after his native city.

The peasants of North Holland shew a great passion for colour; the red brick houses have yellow shutters and pale-green window-frames: not content with this, they paint nature itself; up to the lowest branches the trees are covered with white or blue; whilst the walks in the garden are straw-colour, with two red stripes at each side, which do not harmonise well with the closely cut hedges and gay flower-beds. In the village of Oppendoes many of the houses open into the stables, clean as any drawing-room, paved with tiles, and sanded with different colours, where the black and white cows stand on fresh litter, and the pails and buckets shine like gold and vermillion. Through this is the sitting-room, where handsome fresh-coloured girls, in the large cap and golden helmet-shaped head-dress, engage in charming fancy-work.

There are usually two doors to the house: one small one for daily use; the other sculptured, ornamented, and gilded, only to be opened for baptisms, marriages, and funerals. All these are the occasion of

interminable feasts. When the master of the house dies, he is dressed in black, with a white cotton night-cap on his head, and laid in his coffin, the face being uncovered. On the following day the family assemble; the widow, covered with a large black hood, sits at the foot of the corpse, and the religious service begins. When the preacher has ended, she bursts into a loud wail; the coffin is taken up, carried out of the ornamented door, and placed on a car, the widow seating herself on the coffin. Every peasant-woman cuts off her hair on her wedding-day, notwithstanding the remonstrances of her husband. Ornaments of all kinds are put on to cover up this act of vandalism; frontals of gold which are worth twenty or thirty pounds. The origin of this device is said to be, that the Dutch in former days loved the bottle too well, and the feast often terminated in violent quarrels, ending in a regular battle; and the women, wishing to save their heads from these conjugal attentions, adopted a metal helmet. This may be a doubtful interpretation; but it is certain that in many municipalities where conjugal scrimmaging was not unknown, it was the law to charge a husband who beat his wife with the payment of a ham, and two liams when the wife struck her husband.

Medemblik, the old capital of Western Friesland, would be a charming city if animation could be restored to it, but is now like a vast cemetery; a mortal sadness creeps over the solitary traveller as he passes over deserted quays, wide streets, and promenades. Long before Enkhuizen and Hoorn existed, it sheltered kings and their armies. Here resided the famous King Radbod, whom Pépin and Charles Martel did their best to convert to the Christian religion by armies and lances. He even consented to be baptised, but when his foot was in the baptistery, he hesitated, and asked the bishop if the kings his ancestors were in heaven or hell. The bishop replied that they were doubtless in the latter place, seeing that they had not been baptised; then said the king: 'I would rather go where my friends are, than follow the few that are in Paradise.'

One by one the old houses are dropping to pieces; the walls are rent, and the centre of the town is alone inhabited. Formerly, it had the privilege of a mint; fleets were armed; and around its magnificent docks splendid buildings still exist, but are deserted. Black and white cows graze peacefully on the green, which is surrounded by the grandest building in Holland for the construction of ships, now empty; and the former garden belonging to the admiral, once containing the finest collection of plants in Europe, is planted with potatoes.

Unfortunately, the people do not care to preserve their relics. The Stadhuis possessed a remarkable hall, but the wood-carvings have been taken down, and sold to an amateur. The castle, one of the oldest in Holland, where Radbod held his court, has been partially demolished. The remains are very interesting; here was placed the statue of the Friesland goddess Medea, to whom human sacrifices were offered. As it was gilt, and the sun shone upon it, the city received its name from this circumstance—*Medea blickt*, or shines.

Among the other old towns, that of Kampen possesses many antiquities. Of its seven gates, the four best are still standing. The Brothers' Gate,

in the midst of a lovely flower-garden, is one of the finest specimens of the architecture of the sixteenth century. It was named after the monastic order of the Brothers of Common Life, who did a good work in copying and preserving manuscripts. Gerard Groot was their founder, and they lived in absolute poverty, giving all they received to learned clerks who assisted them in their literary labours. There are some remarkably fine churches; but the gem of this old imperial city is the town-hall, which is a real feast to the eye of the artist. It has a façade of brick and stone, high roof pierced with dormer windows, and between every window are pinnacled niches filled with statues of the sixteenth century.

Within are two halls, just as they were when built: decorated with exquisite wood-carving and carved stalls, and seats fastened to the wall. Flags, pikes, halberds, partisans, witnesses to the struggles of old times, garnish the walls, and some formidable syringes of polished brass, shining like gold, which were used to throw boiling oil on assailants who approached too close to the walls. Nothing can give a better idea of a hall of justice in the sixteenth century than the second chamber, with its superb balustrade, stalls divided by Ionic columns, and the chimney-piece of four stages, unequalled in Europe for its fine statues and bas-reliefs.

Happily, the people have preserved their old municipal documents, instead of selling them for waste-paper; now they are priceless. A good library, pictures, and goldsmith's work, belonging to the ancient guilds, are interesting. There is a small gold box, called the bean box, containing twenty-four beans, six of silver-gilt, and eighteen of polished silver. When the members of the council were chosen for particular work, these beans were handed round; those who drew the gilt beans entered on their duties, the rest being rejected.

The island of Marken is entirely occupied by fishermen, and is extremely singular, for, owing to the perfectly level soil, and consequent inundations, the people have raised mounds of earth on which to build their seven villages. The houses are of wood, only one story in height, and painted green, blue, or black, with red-tile roofs; some are raised on poles, and look like immense cages suspended in the air. Of the thousand inhabitants, only women and children are to be met with on week-days—their intrepid husbands being far out on the Zuider Zee, fishing for plaice or herrings. Habituated from infancy to go through danger and fatigue, they are a fine race of men; content with the perfect equality which prevails over the whole island, and wishing for no luxuries, they become small capitalists. The houses are divided into as many rooms as the family requires, the bedroom being the largest and most adorned. The bed is a box in the wall, difficult to get into, and inclosed by curtains. The sheets and pillows are embroidered in open work, forming a kind of Guipure lace peculiar to Marken, and really elegant in design. The walls are covered with blue china, Japanese porcelain, and curiosities: a Friesland cuckoo clock; old brass chandeliers, shining like gold; and the oak cupboard, filled with large glasses and delft ware, complete the picture. Madame Klok, the confectioner of the island, has a splendid collection of china and pictures, as well as six beautifully carved cabinets, equal in style and preservation. These wonderful

relics of old Dutch art enjoy a real celebrity, so that the queen of Holland came last year to see them.

As the island is one huge meadow, the grass is made into hay. Twice a year, mowers come from the continent to cut it; they are called 'green Germans,' with their small helmet-shaped hats and large pipes. Their work ended, they depart, and the young girls turn the hay, and when dry, fill their light barques, then traverse the canals which cross the island in every direction to the port, where it is to be shipped. Nothing is more picturesque than these handsome women in their national costume of red, with large white head-dresses, working in the green fields, their fair hair—for they do not cut it off—fluttering in the breeze. On Sunday, all the boats are inshore; long, brilliantly coloured processions wend their way to church; after which all enjoy the weekly family gathering. Up to midnight, the houses are lighted up, and lanterns flit about; the boats are filling, lovers are parting, wives accompany their husbands, and soon the sea is covered with what resembles a cloud of glow-worms. Quietness settles down, for there is no trade; furniture, dress, beer, and even bread, all come from the mainland.

Though many of the churches were formerly fine examples of medieval architecture, the hand of the iconoclast has destroyed much of their beauty; they are now, as a rule, white-washed, and look cold and bare. That of Wester-Kirk has preserved its marvellous wood-carving in an old pulpit, which was once supported on columns of silver, now exchanged for bronze. The descendants of the Anabaptists or Mennonites still flourish at Harlingen; and though once so violent, are only noted for their mutual and rather exclusive Christian love, as forming one large family. In the church of the Old Catholics at Enkhuizen, the ancient sacerdotal vestments are preserved from the time when the archbishop of Utrecht, their first head, was excommunicated by the pope in 1725.

This is probably the only country where skating races are held. Young and old, rich and poor, enter the arena, which is a long straight canal, and nothing can give an idea of the dizzy rush of the competitors. The prize is always a piece of valuable plate, a trophy which is preserved in the family with great care, for to obtain it the owner must have striven with eighty or a hundred others. When the race is over, every one puts on his or her skates, and crowds cover the canal; here twenty, hand in hand, form a long chain; there an elegant little sledge is pushed by a brother or husband; or the grand carved sledge, gilded and painted with bright colours, is drawn by a fine horse, adorned with red rosettes and bells.

Whether it would be possible, with any practical advantage, to drain the Zuider Zee, and dyke out the ocean, we are unable to say. The Dutch are a most indefatigable and calculating people, and if the thing could be done, or were worth doing, they would do it; thereby adding largely to their available territory. The drainage of the Haarlem sea or lake has, we understand, succeeded commercially. The first time we visited it was in 1838, when we saw a stretch of twenty miles of water. On revisiting Haarlem in 1862, we saw a wide extended series of green fields dotted with farm-houses, and possessing all the indications of rural prosperity. The expulsion of the Zuider Zee

would, however, be a much more serious undertaking; but it would not surprise us to learn that steps at least were taken to greatly circumscribe its dimensions.

## THE TWO BACHELORS.

## IN TWO PARTS.—PART I.

It was in the summer of '61 that Jack Ferrars and myself, then gay bachelors of thirty, weary with the business that had surged in upon us during the winter months, rented between us a small shooting in the Western Highlands, with the view of recruiting our wasted energies in a pastime of which we were both very fond. I admired Ferrars almost passionately. He was a fine handsome fellow, with yellow hair and blond moustache, and possessed the gentlemanly manners and easy flow of conversation which I esteemed above all things. But my attachment to Jack was no mere passing admiration of his brilliant parts and fascinating manners; it dated as far back as the days when we were boys at school, and had gone on in an uninterrupted flow ever since, strengthened by the test of time. We had, moreover, numberless things in common, among the most important of which was—we were both confirmed bachelors; in good truth, bachelors proud of the name—bachelors who never intended to be anything but bachelors, and who took a peculiar pleasure in saying so, and in vowing allegiance to each other in a manner that would have done credit to the Corsican brothers.

It was therefore with brilliant anticipations of the delight we were to experience in each other's society, that we found ourselves the occupants of a pretty villa, on the outskirts of a little outlandish place in the Highlands, far removed from all friends and acquaintances. With a sigh of relief, and a delightful feeling of freedom, we wheeled our chairs into the open bow-window on the night of our arrival, and lighting a cigar, sat down to enjoy the really beautiful scene before us. In the foreground lay our own smoothly cut lawn and rectangular flower-beds, with the moonlight falling in pale bright bars over the sleeping flowers; and beyond, the silver loch, whence we could distinctly hear the light laugh of some late pleasure-seekers, as they rowed slowly homewards; while above the loch, the hills rose in dark majestic outline against the pale beauty of the sky. Jack, as apropos to the scene, had been repeating as best he could, between the whiffs of his cigar, Lord Byron's *Lake Leman*; and an animated discussion, which had afterwards arisen on the merits and demerits of that much maligned poet, was suddenly interrupted by a burst of the finest music I had ever heard. It was a splendid soprano voice, accompanied by the guitar, singing the old pathetic Scottish song *Auld Robin Gray*. The expression thrown into the voice was simply exquisite. When the mournful minor key was struck, Jack, snatched his cigar from his lips, leaned forward in a breathless listening attitude, as if afraid to lose a single vibration, and did not move again until the song had ceased. I felt strangely affected myself. I had often listened to the same song before, but never with the soul-thrilling of to-night. As the last cadence died

away, borne over the silvern water to the dark hills, it seemed to me as if it were an angel's whisper over the death-bed of a child.

The sounds proceeded from the open drawing-room windows of the villa next our own; and when at last they ceased, Jack, resuming his cigar in the most prosaic fashion, remarked: 'By Jove! that was good singing, Bob. This is better than a box at the opera; eh, old fellow?'

'It's the finest singing, without exception, I ever listened to,' I answered. 'I hope I won't meet the fair possessor of such an exquisite voice.'

'What an absurd fellow you are! Why?' asked Jack, blowing a long curl of smoke out of the window.

'Oh, because, if she's pretty, I feel as if I should fall in love with her.'

Jack winced at this betrayal of weakness. 'Pshaw! Harding, don't talk like an idiot. Ten to one she's an ugly old wretch, with sunken jaws, and powder enough on her face to last a Lord Chief-justice's wig for six months.'

'I almost hope she is,' I returned, 'for then my heart won't run such a chance of being captured.'

'You're a consummate fool, Harding,' was the flattering encomium of my friend Ferrars.

'Sorry you think so, Jack,' I said; 'but fool or no fool, if that's a pretty young girl, I wouldn't give sixpence for your own chances of retaining your bachelor notions much longer, Jack Ferrars.'

I leaned forward, smiling, to catch a glimpse of his expression in the dim light. A haughty curl was on his lip, and a look of scorn in his blue eyes, which disappeared with a ludicrous rapidity as soon as he observed I was rallying him.

'Ah! Bob, no fear of that,' he said; 'you and I are too jolly together to care about pretty girls, however fascinating—else we'd have been married long ago.'

'I begin to think so, Jack,' I returned; 'and, upon my word, I often wonder how a fellow like you, upon whom scores of designing mammas have had their envious eyes, was never caught.'

'I was just going to make the same remark about you,' said Jack, with a laugh, as he stroked his handsome moustache.

'It seems to me we're a couple of extremely clever fellows,' I answered, rising.

'We're a couple of extremely lucky fellows, at anyrate, to have safely escaped all the snares and fascinations laid for us,' returned Ferrars, shrugging his broad shoulders, and looking the personification of happy bachelorhood as he thus disburdened himself of his anti-matrimonial notions. 'But what say you to a bit of supper, old boy? it is getting late.'

I agreed, and we both descended to the dining-room. Mrs. Mason, the worthy housekeeper, had lit a fire in honour of our arrival, and the dying embers now cast a dark red glow on the walls, making a decidedly comfortable appearance, notwithstanding it was a fine autumn night. When we turned up the gas, a cosy little supper laid out for two was displayed, and the wine and fruit we had been using at dinner still stood on the side-board. Never were there two happier, jollier, or more amicable bachelors than Ferrars and I that night, as we sat chatting over our walnuts and claret, and laying out our schemes of enjoyment, until the small-hours warned us that it was high time we were in the primary enjoyment of sleep.

'Good-night, Jack,' I said, as at last we separated for our respective rooms.

'Good-morning, rather,' echoed Jack, as he shut his door; 'and I hope the ghost of Robin Gray won't disturb your slumbers.'

A sharp rat-tat on my bedroom door, and the familiar 'Hollo, old boy!' of Jack outside, awoke me from one of the most delightful and refreshing sleeps I had enjoyed for a long time. To say the least of it, I felt fierce to be thus awakened. 'Confound you, Ferrars,' I shouted; 'what do you want? Be off!'

'Get up, old boy, get up; if you're not out of bed before I count ten, you shall have no breakfast. One—two—three'—

The threat was too awful to be anticipated, and before he had completed the given number, I had unlocked the door for him. He came in with a merry look in his blue eyes, and throwing himself down on the bed I had so unwillingly vacated, began kicking the white counterpane with his dirty boots.

'Jack, man, look what you're doing,' I said, pointing to a mud-splatch on the clean linen. 'Mrs Mason will think I tumbled into bed last night in the disreputable condition of not knowing very well what I was about.'

'Just tell her I did it, Bob, and she'll be delighted to put on a fresh counterpane, I am sure. But do you know what I was doing this morning while you were driving your pigs to market?'

'Feeding the chickens, probably,' I answered, feeling cross at Jack's good-humour.

'Guess again,' he said, laughing.

'No; if you don't choose to tell me, my curiosity will wait,' I returned, as I arranged my necktie.

'Well, then, I've been getting on good terms with Mrs Mason, and finding out who our friends of musical repute next door are.'

'The dickens you have!' I ejaculated, pausing in the adjustment of my shirt-studs. Jack nodded, his blue eyes fairly dancing with merriment. 'And the result of your inquiries is'—

'That the household consists of a Colonel Hallam, his wife, and daughter.'

'Is that all you know about them?' I asked, somewhat disappointed at the meagreness of the details, as I put the finishing touches to my toilet.

'You ungrateful scoundrel!' returned Jack. 'Why, the people only arrived here two days ago, and Mrs Mason herself only got the information this morning from the baker's boy at the door.'

'Ah! then it's sure to be correct. But come, let's go down-stairs, and try if we can't get a look at Colonel Hallam or his pretty daughter.'

It was a glorious morning. The sunshine was dancing gleefully on the rippling surface of the loch, and the flowers were lifting their dewy heads, and filling the breakfast-room with their fresh fragrance. A very tempting repast stood awaiting us on the table, and Jack's blue eyes looked not amiss behind the coffee-urn.

'Altogether, this is very pleasant, Jack,' I remarked, as I took the cup he handed to me: 'you look almost pretty enough to kiss, my dear.'

'Come, no chaff. Is your coffee sweet enough?' he returned, affectionately twirling the ends of his blond moustache.

'Oh, it's there all right,' I said, alluding to the handsome appendage; 'I didn't make any mistake about that.' He turned his laughing eyes

on me for an instant, and no sooner had they wandered to the window again, than he started up uttering a long—'whew!' I stood up too, following his eyes inquiringly, and there, over the low hedge that divided the gardens, I caught sight of a young girl in a fresh morning dress, engaged in cutting flowers, and daintily arranging them into a bouquet. What we saw of her face under the broad-rimmed hat that shaded it was bright and beautiful.

'Good heavens! Miss Hallam,' said Jack.

'By Jove! Miss Hallam,' echoed I. And we both looked into each other's faces and laughed outright.

'What are you laughing at?' asked Jack, with the utmost inconsistency, as he sat down and resumed his breakfast.

'Just what you're laughing at,' I returned, breaking my egg.

'She's not old or ugly either,' he remarked after a pause.

'By Jove, she isn't!' I answered as I gulped a mouthful of my highly sugared coffee.

'Are you sorry?'

'No. Are you glad?'

'It doesn't matter a rap to me what she is, or is not.'

'You're a cynical old bachelor, Ferrars.'

'Allow me to return the compliment, Harding.'

'I rather meant you to keep it, I think.'

'I decline it with thanks, as not suitable. I'm not cynical.'

'When I wish to expatiate on the charms of a nice young lady, you get as sour as vinegar; now, you know it's true; so not a word in reply; but hurry up, old boy—*tempus fugit*;' and I pulled out my watch.

We were both in a hurry to be off to our sport, and soon all thoughts of Miss Hallam were forgotten in the bustle of arranging our shooting-gear. The wagonette was brought round to the door, and two very happy heart-whole bachelors sprang lightly into it, and were bowled away down the gravel-path, through the gate and out of sight. We had a pretty good day's sport on the moors, and returned home in the best of humour with ourselves, and tired enough to enjoy thoroughly an after-dinner lounge in our drawing-room, which we had converted *pro tem*. into a smoking-room, and ornamented in every available place with meerschaums, tobacco, and cigar-boxes.

Upon this evening, Jack, who was a fair player on the pianoforte, was performing the *Blue Bells of Scotland*, with much elaborate flourishing and crossing of hands, and I, as the audience, was stretched on three chairs at the window, lazily smoking my cigar in that sort of half-dreamy, comatose state that one feels in the enjoyment of well-earned leisure and rest. I cannot say that I was altogether in raptures over the *Blue Bells*, but perhaps they helped to promote the pleasant tenor of my thoughts as I lay with my eyes half-closed, letting the smoke from my weed curl affectionately in the folds of Mrs Mason's lace-curtains. 'How jolly Ferrars and I are together,' I chuckled to myself; 'this little trip of ours is going to be altogether a success. Girls are well enough to meet occasionally, but they become a bore. Now, suppose I had a wife with me here instead of Jack, she wouldn't be content unless she had the house filled with visitors and servants, and'—

Just at this interesting juncture of my ruminations, the flourishing and dashing at the piano stopped, and presently the chairs on which my legs were resting were pulled from under me, and I was left ignominiously sprawling on the carpet, with Jack's face grinning down at me in evident enjoyment of my discomfiture. But my fall did not cause me to forget the thread of my meditations, and as I gathered up my elegant limbs, I remarked: 'My wife would not have done *that*, Jack.'

'No; she would have kissed the poor tired darling, and thrown a shawl gently over him, to keep him from catching cold,' said Jack in a tone of mock-affection.

'Picture of domestic happiness!' I returned, laughing, as I readjusted the chairs. 'Hark! what is that?'

The stillness of the night outside was broken by the same exquisite music we had listened to on the previous evening. In an instant our banter was hushed. It was a gay lively air, which I recognised as a selection from the *Student's Frolic*, and the singer seemed even more at home in this style than in the pathetic. It made me feel as joyous as a bird in spring, and had I not been too lazy, I could have danced, in the very exuberance of my spirits.

'Jack, we must get an introduction to that little girl,' I cried enthusiastically, throwing my half-finished cigar out of the window.

But, to my surprise, Jack seemed in no mood to talk, and kept staring out of the window, taking no notice of my remark. Feeling aggrieved at not being met with the storm of opposition and contempt I expected for proposing such a thing, I went over and slightly shook him, at which he ran his fingers through his blond curls, and looking up with an expression of innocent surprise, asked: 'What is it?'

'Wouldn't you like an introduction to Miss Hallam?' I repeated.

'Why, yes; of course, Harding: you needn't have shaken a fellow half out of his senses to ask that silly question;' and Jack readjusted his broad shoulders and relapsed into silence again. I tried to talk of Miss Hallam, music, literature, politics, but all to no purpose; he sat staring out of the window, as if the seven wonders of the world were visible on our patch of moonlit lawn. Rather disgusted, I left him star-gazing, and retired to bed; but as I went up-stairs I must own to a little curiosity as to the cause that had made my amiable and talkative friend suddenly so laconic and disagreeable.

### MARSTON ROCK.

On the coast of Durham, about midway between the mouth of the Tyne and the town of Sunderland, stands, detached from the shore, a curious craggy mass, termed the Marston Rock. A huge instalment of the rock, through which the perpetual action of the waves has effected many passages, leaves here and there supports, which form lofty arches, and permit, at certain times of tide, the intrusion of visitors. A narrow flight of steps, assisted by a ladder, carried out over the sands at low-water, permits of the venturesome climbing to its summit, on which rabbits have been colonised, and breed, and often fall over its edge to

meet a certain death. In one of the chambers formed by the waves is a rude seat, called the 'Wishing-chair,' to which women resort, even from considerable distances, and there sit in the lap of Faith, as if they still lived in mediæval times. Another narrow and zigzag flight of some hundred steps on the cliff proper, opposite to this rock, carries us down to the shore. Here is the *Grotto Hotel*, a little inn, a couple of rooms in which we were fortunate in securing.

Let the reader picture to himself a house of fifteen rooms, all hewn, principally by the elements, out of the solid limestone. The first that we enter is common to all, and of an irregular shape. Its furniture is composed of odds and ends—old sea-chests and drawers, cabin stools of divers patterns and forms, all and each unquestionably of the flotsam and jetsam class. The stairs which lead from this apartment—part bar-parlour, part kitchen, and part bedroom—are of ship-timber, with the calking-holes open. This staircase (as well as those without, which ascend to a balcony) is railed with jolly-boat oars; but the great novelty of the interior is, that wherever the bare and exquisitely beautiful rock could be utilised, there it is left in its pristine state, whether for walls, floor, or ceiling. The interior staircase led to our sitting-room, one side of which was entirely of this limestone, and which we could only compare to a large unrolled and exquisitely coloured geological map. Nor was art wanting in our pretty suite of apartments, to which, if we pleased, we had uncontrolled access by a rustic staircase, without passing through the room before described. On the walls hung some well-executed water-colours, grateful souvenirs of artists that had come before us; an elegant piano in one corner; a sofa and easy state-cabin chairs spoke of the luxury of repose; and some well-chosen *tomcs*—the more acceptable from being in reference to the localities of Durham—formed a select library. Flowers adorned our windows, and between their glorious bunches of blossom we obtained a view of the smiling or angry ocean, as its humour in turns would take. Ours, however, was a week of peace, and so was that of the far-stretching sea. But this is indeed a most frightful coast in bad weather, and the raging ocean has occasionally taken possession of the lower rooms, put out the kitchen fires, and driven the inmates to seek shelter in the upper parts of the dwelling. The outer buildings of the grotto are constructed entirely of the *débris* of numerous wrecks, which testify by countless mementoes of these dire calamities. Wreck, wreck is everywhere—it pervades the chamber, the kitchen, and even the rifle-yard, in which were a store of floatabilities, each possibly with its history of some struggling wretch who had grasped it in the frenzied effort at rescue from a fearful death, and, mayhap after all, gone down in sight of my snug and cosy lodging. This conviction was the more and more obvious as I carried on my explorations in out-of-the-way recesses not usually entered by strangers, unless of a curious turn of mind. Even the dancing saloon—hewn out of the solid rock, and measuring seventy-five feet long and twenty-four feet broad—the flooring, and orchestra are portions of wrecks. Indeed, the door is cut out of a ship's rudder, and studded thickly with ships' nails, while the heavy iron ring of an anchor serves as a knocker. I could not ascend a step

without grasping portions of masts or clinging to a port-hole, while figure-heads met me at every turn. Here was a carved bust of 'Admiral Rodney,' there one of 'Mercury,' and others with lettered titles—'The Saucy Sally,' 'Constellation,' 'Four Brothers,' 'The Isis,' 'The Life Guard,' all serving to individualise and intensify this feeling; a sentiment which, for a mile or two in our slippery wanderings to the south, over labyrinths of fallen and weed-tangled rocks, received additional strength from the numerous fragments of wreck half-buried in sand, or tossed about in the spray of the broken waves. Yet amongst all this we were supremely happy, experiencing the utmost freedom both mentally and physically, according to our own notions; but perhaps some stray coastguard-man, had he watched our movements, as we, inspired by the pure ozone, scrambled with naked legs over apparently insurmountable barriers, to gain another and another point of view for our folio, or heard us shouting like a maniac, to drown the roar of the sea as it entered one of the many caverns, and rose through apertures far inland in white clouds, might in mercy have deemed it prudent that we should not have been left alone.

Of these caverns there are very many—indeed, they succeed each other sometimes in rapid succession, and are here and there connected; often having small channels, which tempted us to crawl on hands and knees to see where they led to. One of these, with a large irregular domed roof, has a perfectly cut circular hole in its loftiest portion, through which, by standing immediately underneath, we could detect daylight. We found that this hole opened on to the surface of the cliff, unrailed and unguarded, amidst and partly hidden by thick and stunted foliage. We must have passed it within a foot or so on our route!

A certain noted smuggler had arranged for a lugger to discharge its cargo here. As the time arrived at night that the vessel ought to be approaching the coast, and a signal shewn from the cave to indicate safety, a man long suspected of treachery was missing. The smuggler, therefore, to warn the skipper to keep away, set his dogs barking, and let off his gun, which brought the coastguard down (who turned out to be close by), but who were told by the smuggler that thieves had attempted to enter the hut. The skipper, taking the hint, had sheered off. The officers then made for Shields, and there found the vessel the next day, entered her, and seized some thirty casks of tobacco!—no, of bilge-water. The facts were that, upon receiving the signal, and knowing that the legal posse were collected elsewhere, the captain tacked about, and the cargo was landed in a lonely cove near Souter Point, where it was packed, after the fashion of beetroot, in an open field, which the officers passed for days after without the knowledge of the prize within their reach. A few mornings after, their attention was aroused by the sudden removal in the night of this heap, and then, and not until then, they recollected that its formation was equally mysterious. The story would not be complete without its touch of horror. For years after, moans were heard to proceed from this hole in the cliff, and no one would approach or pass it after night-fall. The cause assigned for these lamentations was, that the smuggler who attempted to betray the gang, being caught, was placed in a tub, and hauled up by a rope under the hole, and only let

down once a day, to receive some scant food and the gibes of his mates, his situation rendered yet more cruel from his position permitting him to witness his comrades feasting, and being made a target for the refuse of their festivities.

There are old men who still remember having seen as many as thirty pack-horses laden with spirits, and ridden or attended by as many armed smugglers, conveying whisky over the moors. One of the last efforts of smuggling on this coast is related by Murray, and shews that the excise officers are not always outwitted. A man died, and instead of his relatives ordering his 'kist' or coffin to be made by the neighbouring joiner in England, had his coffin made at Jedburgh, in Scotland, and instead of using the parish hearse, sent for a hearse from the same place. This came to the ears of the Border rider or revenue officer, who, struck by the peculiarity of the circumstances, mounted his famous black horse, ascertained the time of the funeral, and met the hearse just on the English side of the Border. He stopped the procession, and demanded in the king's name to examine the hearse. Hearse and coffin were both full of kegs of whisky. He immediately confiscated horses, hearse, coffin, and whisky; and, as he said, 'they went away mourners in good earnest.'

#### R E S T.

BENEATH the western heaven's span

Has sunk the golden day;

The clouds' rich sunset hues and tints

Have died in shade away;

The dim night comes from out the east

With gloom and vapour gray.

The stars far in the sky's blue depths

Their vigils 'gin to keep;

The moon above yon eastern hill

Climbs up the lofty steep;

The night-winds steal with gentle wing

Above the flowers asleep.

The birds upon the tuneless spray

Have folded close their wings;

And to the silent night alone

The winding river sings:

Its song is of the woods and meads,

A hundred happy things.

No voice is in the tranquil air,

No murmur save its own;

The earth is hushed as heaven above,

Where, girt with cloudy zone,

The moon goes up among the stars

To take her ebon throne.

Sweet calm, and undisturbed repose,

O'er all the landscape rest;

Yet is there in the breathless scene

A voice which thrills the breast,

A something, which in thanks and love

May only be expressed.

Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, 47 Paternoster Row, LONDON, and 339 High Street, EDINBURGH. Also sold by all Booksellers.



# CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

OF  
POPULAR

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

*Fourth Series*

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS.

No. 612.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 18, 1875.

PRICE 1½d.

## VAGARIES OF THE BRAIN.

AN important question, with which most men at some time may be called upon to deal as jurors, has recently been illustrated by Dr Andrew Wynter, in a little volume as interesting as it is instructive.\* On nearly every circuit during the assizes, the responsibility of criminal lunatics proves a point of contention between law and physic, in deciding which the jury generally prefers the opinion of the doctor to the ruling of the judge. And it may be very safely affirmed, that, however legally unsound such verdicts may be, they do not point any dangerous moral, for few criminals choose to take advantage of a plea which would consign them to a madhouse. Men will be more ready too to endorse such decisions, after surveying those Borderlands of Insanity which our author has mapped out, after being taught how much of madness there is in the world, and how much of method there is in the madness.

Unsoundness of brain is often known only to its possessor. There is a stage of consciousness in which a person may be incessantly at war with himself, and with the promptings of a double, urging him to do and say things abhorred by his better self. 'I am not conscious of the decay,' wrote a patient to his adviser, 'or suspension of any of the powers of the mind. I am as well able as ever I was to attend to my business. My family suppose me in health, yet the horrors of a madhouse are staring me in the face. I am a martyr to a species of persecution from within which is becoming intolerable. I am urged to say the most shocking blasphemies, and obscene words are ever on my tongue. Thank God, I have been able to resist; but I often think I must yield at last, and then I shall be disgraced and ruined.' The famous Bishop Butler is said to have been engaged in such a conflict for the greater part of his life. Akin to this phase of unsoundness is the desire so commonly

felt to throw one's self from a height, or to give utterance at inappropriate times, as when Charles Lamb burst out laughing at a funeral. In such moments of temptation, the mastery of the reason over the inclination distinguishes the sane from the insane, and it is only the sustained eccentricity of thought and mode of life which points to a condition of the brain betokening insanity. Very noteworthy are some of the early symptoms of disorder. Of one of these, the undue exaltation of the senses, an instance is given, where the patient felt such an extraordinary acuteness of hearing, that he heard the least sound at the bottom of his house, and was able to tell the hour by his watch at a distance at which he could not ordinarily see the hands. Sometimes incipient disease is indicated by a perversion of the sense of touch, as in the case of a patient, who, from the fancy that everything he touched was greasy, was continually washing his hands. Other well-marked symptoms are the loss of memory, deterioration in handwriting, the use of wrong words in conversation, and double vision. Kleptomania, the habit of secretly purloining articles, is now a recognised form of brain disease. Indeed, so well known is it, that West End tradesmen, honoured by the custom of certain titled and wealthy kleptomaniacs, allow them to indulge in their peculiarities without any other notice but that of sending in to their friends an account for goods abstracted. Of another more terrible form of madness, dipsomania, it is curious to read that its victims will drink shoe-blackening, turpentine, and hair-wash, when they can get nothing else to satisfy the demon that possesses them. Sometimes these two forms of mania are seen co-existent in the same person under very odd circumstances. Thus it is recorded of one man, that when drunk he always stole Bibles; of another, spades; while a third individual invariably purloined a tub.

The examples of the insanity of the muscles, known as St Vitus's dance, are amusing as they are sad. One lady seemed to be imitating the action of a salmon at a salmon-leap. Doubling up her body, with a convulsive spring, she would bound on to the top of a wardrobe five feet high. Another

\* *The Borderlands of Insanity; and Other Allied Papers.* By Andrew Wynter, M.D. London: Robert Hardwicke.

case is that of a girl who was for ever trying to stand on her head, making fifteen such attempts in the minute for fifteen hours in the day, during a period of some months. The freaks which the disordered brain takes with memory are very remarkable. Sometimes certain numbers, or particular letters, or the terminations of words of which the initial letter is remembered, are wholly lost. In a case of yellow fever, the patient, a master of three languages, spoke with a different tongue at different stages of the attack; and instances are recorded of sufferers from brain lesion, after years of forgetfulness, taking up the recollection of an action at the very point at which it had left off. Thus, during the battle of the Nile, a captain was struck on the head whilst he was in the act of giving orders; after fifteen months' unconsciousness, he was successfully trepanned, when, rising up in bed, in a loud voice he finished giving the order which had been cut short by his wound. In another case, a New England farmer, after his day's employment in splitting timber, was in the habit of concealing his tools in the hollow of a certain tree. After a seizure which left his mind prostrated for years, he suddenly recovered, and went straight to the hollow tree in quest of the tools, of which the ironwork alone remained to record the lapse of time since they had been used. A curious example of the mind's double consciousness is to be found in the account of a young lady, who, after a profound sleep of unusual duration, awoke to find her mind a complete blank. Though she had been previously accomplished and well informed, it was necessary for her to begin to learn spelling and the rudiments of every old acquirement. After the lapse of a few months, another fit of somnolency restored her original powers, when she had no recollection of the second state of consciousness through which she had passed. Periodical transitions from one state to the other occurred for more than four years, being consequent always upon a sound sleep.

Delicate as the organisation of the brain must be, it is surprising to read of the hard knocks it can bear, not only without injury, but even to its advantage. One man who lost half his brain through suppuration of the skull, preserved his intellectual faculties to the day of his death; and the brains of soldiers have been known to carry bullets without apparent inconvenience, and to undergo operation for the extraction of the foreign bodies without loss of power. A physician, who was afflicted with an abnormal cerebral growth which pressed upon the cavities of the brain, so as to paralyse one side of his body, and render him speechless, retained possession of his reasoning and calculating powers until he died. One of three brothers, all idiots, after receiving a severe injury on the head, gained his senses, and lived to be a clever barrister. A stable-boy of dull capacity, and subject to fits, had his wits sharpened by the kick of a horse, which necessitated

the abstraction of a portion of his brain; and no less a personage than Pope Clement VI. owed the improvement of his memory to a slight concussion of the brain. On the other hand, it is a fact that the brains of persons with thoroughly disordered minds, as a rule present no abnormal appearance after death, which is not to be wondered at, Dr Wynter declares, when it is found that symptoms of a disordered brain are often produced by a very slight alteration in the constitution of the blood.

Our author devotes a chapter to the important consideration of the treatment of the insane. While men believed that madness meant possession by a demon, it is not difficult, perhaps, to account for the superstitious and brutal treatment shewn to those possessed; but the reader will be amazed by the details of the scientific devices, happily of a past age, planned for the cure of the unsound. One of these was to entice the sufferer to walk across a floor, which, suddenly giving way, dropped him into a bath, where he was half-drowned. Another mode of torture was to let the patients down a well, in which the water, made gradually to rise, frightened them with the prospect of an awful death. Within the memory of men still living, the patients of Bethlehem Hospital (Bedlam), chained to the wall like wild beasts, were shewn to the public on certain days of the week at the charge of twopence a visitor; and here were to be found in their cells, crouching on straw, women with nothing but a blanket for clothing. George III. in 1788 was subjected to a uselessly severe treatment, being constantly tortured with the strait-waistcoat, and denied the society of his wife and children. He recovered a few weeks after the substitution of kindness for severity. A parliamentary committee, which elicited the horrors of madhouses in 1815, struck the first blow against the system of mechanical restraint of the insane; but it was not before the early years of the present reign that the old order of things finally yielded to the benevolent treatment set on foot by Drs Gardner Hill and Conolly.

While Dr Wynter appreciates the improvements that have been effected in the care of lunatics, he is by no means satisfied with the existing state of things. The true principle of cure for the unsound being the association with healthy minds, the present system of palatial asylums, which condense and aggravate the malady, is eminently bad, and the confinement of at least thirty per cent. of the sufferers, who are harmless and quiet, unnecessarily cruel. As a model institution, our author points to the lunatic colony of Ghel, in Belgium, where the patients are dispersed among six hundred different dwellings, under the care of *nourriciers*, or attendants, in whose occupations they share, and with whom they live as belonging to the family. The entire colony is divided into districts for purposes of medical supervision, while its general government is vested in the hands of persons who dispense laws provided for it by a special code. The *nourriciers*, though badly paid—

that is, from sixty-five to eighty-five centimes daily—are chosen with a view to the individual requirements of their charges, and do not seem to be subjected to danger from such a strange companionship. The only system which in any way resembles that of the Belgian colony, is the Scotch plan of boarding out patients, who are distributed among their friends and in licensed houses, and is one which Dr Wynter thinks might be extended with great advantage throughout the kingdom. (A good example of the beneficial results accruing to this boarding-out system, is to be found at the town of North Berwick, a salubrious watering-place near Edinburgh. To a boarding-house, rented for the express purpose, are taken, in groups of half-a-dozen or so at a time, inmates of one of the establishments in the Scottish capital, who, after a week or two's sojourn, return home, invigorated and refreshed. It is almost needless to add that, during their holiday by the seaside, the most perfect order prevails; they walk out, sometimes attended, sometimes alone; and it has been observed by more than one, that nobody could tell there were 'daft folk' in the place.)

As a contrast to the by-gone treatment of the insane, it is a relief to turn to Earlswood Asylum, and share Dr Wynter's admiration of the training of imbecile children there carried out. The inmates of this establishment are specimens of what is termed arrested development; hence, we see young people of eighteen or twenty with the capacities of infants of three or four. The faculty of imitation is the great instrument of their instruction. Here we may see the 'finger-lesson,' during which a class of young women goes through a course of buttoning and unbuttoning. There we may listen to a group of children singing in chorus a nursery song, while imitating the action of bell-ringing, a course of procedure devised to teach them the use of their tongues. In a third room, we may see an excited crowd of lads playing at shop-keeping, carrying out the minutest particulars of real transactions, and higgling over a bargain with the most comical seriousness. In this asylum, different accommodation can be had by paying for it, as in an hotel, though this social distinction does not affect the system of training, which is similar for rich and poor.

Hallucinations and dreams are effects of a disturbed brain, of which our author gives some graphic illustrations. A famous portrait-painter who was in the habit of painting some three hundred portraits every year, was able to call up the features of his sitters so vividly, that he never required more than half-an-hour for his subject in the flesh, being able, after that short 'sitting,' to fill a vacant chair with the creature of his brain, and thence transfer it to canvas. This wonderful power eventually resulted in insanity. Another patient, who could place himself before his own eyes, and laugh and argue with his double, became at last so miserable that he shot himself. In the fourteenth and fifteenth cen-

tures, numbers of persons in France and Germany were possessed by a peculiar hallucination known as lycanthropy. Imagining that they had become wolves, they left their homes for the forests, and there leading the lives of wild beasts, became so ferocious as even to devour children. Three of these *were-wolves*, as they were called, on the confession of such horrors, were burnt alive at Besançon in 1521. Of dreaming, it is perhaps startling to be assured that it is so akin to insanity, as to be distinguished from it only by the absence of volition, while in the case of the somnambulist there is not even this point of difference. A story is given of a somnambulist monk, who, dreaming that the friar had killed his mother, went to his superior's bedside, and stabbed the clothes (happily unoccupied) through to the mattress.

Not the least interesting of Dr Wynter's chapters is that which treats of suicides, which, contrary to a prevalent notion, are wholly unconnected with fogs and depressing climates. Sometimes a person determined to destroy himself will wait months and years for an opportunity of executing the deed in the particular manner he has marked out for himself, and the very inclination to suicide may be removed by withdrawing the particular objects that would awaken the idea. Thus a man who has tried to drown himself will be under no temptation to cut his throat. Example, it is well known, is a powerful cause of incitement to the suicidal act. We were once told by a physician that a hypochondriacal patient used to visit him invariably the day after reading the report of a suicide in the daily papers, possessed by a morbid fear of imitating the act of which he read. Sir Charles Bell, surgeon of Middlesex Hospital, was one day describing to a barber who was shaving him, a patient's unsuccessful attempt to cut his own throat; and, on the barber's request, pointed out the anatomy of the neck, shewing how easily the act might have been accomplished. Before the shaving operation was completed, the barber had left the shop, and cut his throat according to Sir Charles Bell's exact instructions. Sometimes there is an epidemic of suicides, as at Versailles, in 1793, when out of a small population thirteen hundred persons destroyed themselves in one year; or as in the Hôtel des Invalides in Paris, when six of the inmates hanged themselves on a certain cross-bar within a fortnight. Very often this disease is hereditary, and at a certain age the members of one family will all in turns evince the suicidal tendency, while even children of very tender years have been known to end their short lives by their own act, from force of example.

Curious, too, are the methods of self-destruction, but they are too painful to bear description. A Frenchman once attempted to ring his own death-knell, by tying himself to the clapper of the church bell, which thereupon began to swing, and alarmed the villagers by its unwonted tones. All cases of determined suicide are characteristic of confirmed insanity; whereas, in cases of impulsive

insanity, the perpetrator will often regret the act before it is completed, and endeavour to save his life, as did Sir Samuel Romilly, thus demonstrating that the very attempt may effect the cure of the disordered brain. The months of March, June, and July are the favourites with men; September, November, and January for women, in which they voluntarily end their lives. In youth, men hang themselves; in the prime of life, use firearms; and when old, revert to hanging. Women usually prefer Ophelia's 'muddy death.' Poisoning is a method adopted by the very young of both sexes. We will end our notice of a most readable little book, by the consoling reflection that, prevalent as brain disorder is in our country, at least eighty per cent. of cases of insanity are curable, if treated at an early stage; whilst it is to be noted that it is not pleasurable productive brain-work that does the mischief, but rather the mental strain which results from the high pressure of our artificial life.

## THE FLAG OF DISTRESS.

### CHAPTER XVIII.—AN INHOSPITABLE HOME.

HARRY BLEW stands in the doorway of the Sailor's Home, watching the two gentlemen as they walk away, his eyes glowing with gratitude and sparkling with joy. And no wonder, considering the change in his situation brought about by their influence. Ten minutes before, his spirits were at their lowest and darkest. But the prospect of treble, or quadruple pay on board a snug ship, though it be a trading-vessel, with the additional chance of being mate instead of foremastman, has given them a fillip, not only returning them to their ordinary condition, but raising them to their highest and brightest. The only damper is regret at parting with the fine young fellow who has done so much for him. But he has passed through that already, when separating from his ship, and can now better bear it under the reflection that, though apart from his patron, he will have an opportunity of doing something to shew his gratitude. He knows how much Crozier is interested in the well-being of Carmen Montijo—for Harry has been made acquainted with her name, as also that of Iñez Alvarez—and to be intrusted with a sort of guardianship over the young girls is a proud thought to the ex-man-o'-war's-man.

To carry out the confidence reposed in him will be a labour of love; and he vows in his heart it shall be done, if need be, at the risk of life. Indeed, the interview just ended has made a new man of him in more senses than one; for upon the spot he registers a mental resolve to give up dram-drinking for life, or at all events till he has seen his charge—the two señoritas—safe landed at Panama, and the Chilean ship snug in the harbour of Valparaiso. After that, he is less sure that he may not again go upon a big spree.

Heaving a sigh as the young officers pass out of sight, he turns back into the bar-room. It is no

longer a question of his going aboard the *Crusader*. He must remain ashore, to be up betimes in the morning, so that he may be early at the office of the ship-agent. And now, again, a shadow, though only a slight one, comes over his spirit. He has still before him the undetermined question, where he is to sleep. Notwithstanding his fine prospects for the future, the present is yet unchanged. Unfortunately, he did not think of this while the young officers were with him, else a word would have made all well. Either of them, he doubted not, would have relieved his necessities had they been but told of them. Too late now; they are gone out of sight, out of hail, and whither he cannot tell or guess. To attempt searching for them in such crowded streets would be only a waste of time. While thus ruefully reflecting, he is confronted by the bar-keeper, whose countenance is now beset with smiles. The fellow has got it into his head that his sailor-guest is no longer impecunious. The navy gentlemen just gone have no doubt been to engage him for their ship, and perhaps made him an advance of wages.

'Well, my salt,' says he, in a tone of jocular familiarity, 'I guess you've got the shiners now, an' kin settle up your score?'

'No, indeed, sir,' answers Harry, more than ever taken aback; 'I'm sorry to say I hain't.'

'And what hev them gold-buttoned fellers been palaverin' ye about?'

'Not about money, master. Them's two o' the officers belongin' to my old ship—the British frigate *Crusader*. An' fine young fellows they be too.'

'Much good their finikin fineness seem to hev done you! So they hain't gin you nuthin' better than their talk, hev they. Nuthin' besides?'

'Nothing besides,' rejoins Blew, restraining his temper, a little touched by the bar-keeper's inquisitiveness, as also his impertinent manner.

'Nathin' but fine words, eh? Well, thar's plenty o' them 'bout hyar, but they won't butter no parsnips; and let me tell you, my man, they won't pay your board bill.'

'I know that,' returns the sailor, still keeping his temper. 'But I hope to have money soon.'

'Oh! that's been your story for the last two days; but it won't bamboozle me any longer. You get no more credit here.'

'Can't I have supper, and bed for another night?'

'No; that you can't.'

'I'll pay for them first thing in the mornin'.'

'You'll pay for 'em this night—now, if you calc'late to get 'em. An' if you've no cash, 'tain't any use talkin'. What d'ye think we keep a tavern for? 'Twould soon be to let—bar, beds, and all—if we'd only such customers as you. So, the sooner you walk off, the better the landlord'll like it. He's jest gin me orders to tell ye clear out.'

'It's gallows hard, master,' says Harry, heaving a sigh; 'the more so, as I've got the promise of a good berth 'board a ship that's down in the harbour. The gentlemen you seed have just been to tell me about it.'

'Then why didn't they give you the money to clear your kit?'

'They'd have done that—no doubt of it—if I'd only thought o' askin' them. I forgot all about it.'

'Ah, that's all very fine—a likely tale; but I don't believe a word of it. If they cared to have you in their ship, they'd have given you the where-withal to get there. But, come! it's no use shilly-shallyin' any longer. The landlord won't like it. He's given his orders sharp: Pay, or go.'

'Well, I suppose I must go.'

'You must; an', as I've already said, the sooner you're off the better.'

After delivering this stern ultimatum, the bar-keeper jauntily returns behind his bar, to look more blandly on two guests who have presented themselves at it, called for 'refreshments,' and tossed down a couple of dollars to pay for them.

Harry Blew turns towards the door; and, without saying another word, steps out into the street. Once there, he does not stop, or stand hesitating. The hospitality of the so-called 'home' has proved a sorry sham; and, indignant at the shabby treatment received, he is but too glad to get away from the place. All his life used to snug quarters in a fine ship's fore-castle, with everything found for him, he has never before experienced the pang of having no place to sleep. He not only feels it now, in all its unpleasantness, but fancies the passers-by can perceive his humiliation. Haunted by this fancy—urged on by it—he hurries his steps; nor stays them till out of sight of the Sailor's Home, out of the street in which the inhospitable tavern stands. He even dislikes the idea of having to go back for his chest; which, however, he must sometime do.

Meanwhile, what is to become of him for the remainder of that night? Where is he to obtain supper, and a bed? About the latter he cares the least; but having had no dinner, he is hungry—half-famished—and could eat a pound or two of the saltiest and toughest junk ever drawn out of a ship's cask. In this unhappy mood he strays on along the street. There is no lack of food before his eyes, almost within touching of his hand; but only to tantalise, and still further whet the edge of his appetite. Eating-houses are open all around him; and under their blazing gas-jets he can see steaming dishes, and savoury joints, in the act of being set upon tables surrounded by guests seeming hungry as himself, but otherwise better off. He, too, might enter, without fear of being challenged as an intruder; for among the men inside are many in coarse garb, some of them not so respectably appraised as himself. But what would be the use of his entering a restaurant without even a penny in his pockets? He could only gaze at dishes he may not eat, and dare not call for. He remembers his late discomfiture too keenly to risk having it repeated. Thus reflecting, he turns his back upon the tables so temptingly spread, and keeps on along the street. Still the double question recurs: where is he to get supper, and where sleep? Now, as ever, is he out of sorts with himself for not having given his confidence to the young gentlemen, and told them of the 'fix' he was in. Either would have relieved him on the instant, without a word. But it was too late now for regrets. By this time, in all likelihood, they have started back to their ship. How he wished himself aboard the *Crusader*! How happy he would feel in her fore-castle, among his old shipmates! It cannot be; and therefore it

is idle to think of it. What on earth is he to do? A thought strikes him. He thinks of the ship-agent whose card Crozier left with him, and which he has thrust into his coat-pocket. He draws it out, and holds it up to a street-lamp, to make himself acquainted with the ship-agent's address. The name he remembers, and needs not that. Though but a common sailor, Harry is not altogether illiterate. The sea-port town where he first saw the light had a public school for the poorer people, in which he was taught to read and write. By the former of these elementary branches—supplemented by a smattering of Spanish, picked up in South American ports—he is enabled to decipher the writing upon the card—for it is in writing—and so gets the correct address, both the street and number. Having returned it to his pocket, he buttons up his dreadnought; and taking a fresh hitch at his duck trousers, starts off again—this time with fixed intent: to find the office of Don Tomas Silvestre.

#### CHAPTER XIX.—THE 'BANK' EL DORADO.

A *Monté* bank in the city of San Francisco, in the establishment cyleped 'El Dorado,' part drinking-house, the other part devoted to gambling on the grandest scale. The two are carried on simultaneously, and in the same room—an oblong saloon—big enough for both. The portion of it devoted to Bacchus is at one end—that farthest from the entrance-door—where the shrine of the jolly god is represented by a liquor-bar extending from side to side, and backed by an array of shining bottles, glittering glasses, and sparkling decanters; his worship administered by half-a-dozen bar-keepers, resplendent in white shirts with wrist ruffles, and big diamond breast-pins—real, not paste!

The altar of Fortuna is altogether of a different shape and pattern, occupying more space. It is not compact, but extended over the floor, in the form of five tables, large as if for billiards; though not one of them is of this kind. Billiards would be too slow a game for the frequenters of El Dorado. They could not patiently wait for the scoring of fifty points, even though the stake were a thousand dollars. 'No, no! *Monté* for me!' would be the word of every one of them; or a few might say '*Faro*.' And of the five tables in the saloon, four are for the former game, the fifth furnished for the latter. Though there is but little apparent difference in the furniture of the two; both having a simple cover of green baize, or broad-cloth, with certain crossing lines traced upon it, that of the *Faro* table having the full suite of thirteen cards arranged in two rows, face upwards, and fixed; while on the *Monté* tables, but two cards appear thus—the Queen and Knave; or as designated in the game—purely Spanish and Spanish-American—'*Caballo*' and '*Soto*.' They are essentially card-games, and altogether of chance, just as is the throwing of dice.

In the El Dorado there are other modes to get rid of money, or make it, if chance so decides—a rare eventuality, save in the case of the professional gamblers themselves. In one corner of the saloon may be seen a roulette table; in another, a back-gammon board, with dice-boxes and cubes appertaining—not used for the simple innocent game which the light leathern case with its chequered cover represents, but in the dead naked casting of

dice—doubloons, or dollars, changing hands at every throw. Other gambling contrivances have place in the El Dorado: for it is a 'hell' of the most complete kind—but these are of slight importance compared with the great games, *Monté* and *Faro*—the real *pièces de résistance*, while the others are only side-dishes, indulged in by such saunterers about the saloon as do not contemplate serious play. Of all, *Monté* is the main attraction, its convenient simplicity—for it is simple as tossing 'heads or tails'—making it possible for the veriest greenhorn to take part in it, with as much chance of success as the oldest habitué. Originally Mexican, in California and other western states it has become thoroughly Americanised.

Of the visible insignia of the game, and in addition to the two cards with their faces turned up, there is a complete pack, with several stacks of circular shaped and variously coloured pieces of ivory—the 'cheques' or counters of the game. These rest upon the table to the right or left of the dealer—usually the 'banker' himself—in charge of his 'croupier,' who pays them out, or draws them in, as the bank loses or wins, along with such coin as may have been staked upon the cards. Around the table's edge, and in front of each player, is his own private pile, usually a mixture of doubloons, dollars, and ivory cheques, with bags or packets of gold-dust and nuggets. Of bank-notes there are few or none—the currency of California being through the medium of metal; at this time, 1849, most of it unminted, and in its crude state, as it came out of the mine, or the river mud. By the croupier's hand is a pair of scales with weights appertaining; their purpose, to ascertain the value of such little gold packages as are placed upon the cards—this only needed to be known when the bank is loser. Otherwise, they are ruthlessly raked in alongside the other deposits, without any note made of the amount.

The dealer sits centrally at the side of the table, in a grand chair, cards in hand. After shuffling, he turns their faces up, one by one, and with measured alowness. He interrupts himself at intervals, as the face of a card is exposed, making a point for or against him in the game. Calling this out in calm voice and long-drawn monotone, he waits for the croupier to square accounts, which he does by drawing in, or pushing out, the coins and cheques, with the nimbleness of a prestidigitator. Old bets are re-arranged, new ones made, and the dealing proceeds.

Around the tables sit or stand the players, exhibiting a variety of facial types and national costumes. For there you may see not only human specimens of every known nationality, but of every rank in the social scale, with the callings and professions that appertain to it; an assemblage, such as is rarely, if ever, seen elsewhere—gentlemen who may have won university honours; officers wearing gold straps on their shoulders, or bands of lace around the rims of their caps; native Californians, resplendent in slashed and buttoned velvetens; States' lawyers or doctors, in sober black; even judges, that same morning seated upon the bench—may be all observed at the *Monté* table, mingling with men in red flannel shirts, blanket coats, and trousers tucked into the tops of mud-bedaubed boots; with sailors in pea-jackets of coarse pilot, or Guernsey

smocks, unwashed, unkempt; unshorn; not only mingling with, but jostled by them—rudely, if occasion call. All are on an equality here; no class distinction in the saloon El Dorado; for all are on the same errand—to get rich by gambling. The gold gleaming over the table is reflected in their faces. Not in smiles, or cheerfully; but an expression of hungry cupidity—fixed, as if stamped into their features. No sign of hilarity, or joyfulness; not a word of badinage passing about, or between; scarce a syllable spoken, save the call-words of the game, or an occasional remark by the croupier, explanatory of some disputed point about the placing, or payment, of stakes. And if there be little light humour, neither is there much of ill-manners. Strangely assorted as is the motley crowd—in part composed of the roughest specimens of humanity—noisy speech is exceptional, and rude or boisterous behaviour rare. Either shewn would be resented, and soon silenced; though, perhaps, not till after some noises of still louder nature—the excited, angry clamour of a quarrel, succeeded by the cracking of pistols; then a man borne off wounded, in all likelihood to die, or already dead, and stretched along the sanded floor, to be taken unconcernedly up, and carried feet-foremost out of the room.

And yet, in an instant, it will all be over. The gamblers, temporarily attracted from the tables, will return to them; the dealing of the cards will be resumed; and, amidst the chinking of coin, and the rattling of cheques, the sanguinary drama will not only cease to be talked about, but thought of. Bowie-knives, and pistols, are the police that preserve order in the saloons of San Francisco.

Although the El Dorado is owned by a single individual, that is only as regards the house itself, with the drinking-bar and its appurtenances. The gambling-tables are under separate and distinct proprietorship; each belonging to a 'banker,' who supplies the cash capital, and other necessities for the game—in short, 'runs' the table, to use a Californian phrase. As already stated, the owner of such a concern is himself generally the dealer, and usually, indeed almost universally, a distinguished 'sportsman'—this being the appellation of the Western States' professional gambler, occasionally abbreviated to 'sport.' He is a man of peculiar characteristics, though not confined to California. His like may be met with all over the United States, but more frequently in those of the South and South-west. The Mississippi Valley is his congenial coursing-ground, and its two great metropolitan cities, New Orleans and St Louis, his chief centres of operation; Natchez, Memphis, Vicksburg, Louisville, and Cincinnati being places provincial, which he only honours with an occasional visit. He is encountered aboard all the big steamboats—those called 'crack,' and carrying the wealthier class of passengers; while the others he leaves to the more timid and less noted practitioners of his calling. Wherever seen, the 'sport' is resplendent in shirt-front, glittering studs, with a grand cluster of diamonds upon his finger that sparkles like a stalactite as he deals out the cards. He is, in truth, an *elegant* of the first water, apparelled and perfumed as a D'Orsay or Beau Brummell; and, although ranking socially lower than these, has a sense of honour quite as high—perhaps higher than had either.

## CHAPTER XX.—A MONTÉ BANK IN FULL BLAST.

In the saloon El Dorado, as already said, there are five gambling-tables, side by side, but with wide spaces between for the players. Presiding over the one which stands central is a man of about thirty years of age, of good figure, and well-formed features—the latter denoting Spanish descent—his cheeks clean shaven, the upper lip moustached, the under having a pointed imperial or 'goatee,' which extends below the extremity of his chin. He has his hat on—so has everybody in the room—a white beaver, set upon a thick shock of black wavy hair, its brim shadowing a face that would be eminently handsome but for the eyes, that shew sullen, if not sinister. These, like his hair, are coal-black in colour, though he rarely raises their lids, his gaze being habitually fixed on the cards held in his hands. Once only has he looked up, and around, on hearing a name pronounced—Montijo. Two native Californians standing close behind him are engaged in a dialogue, in which they incidentally speak of Don Gregorio. It is a matter of no moment—only a slight allusion—and, as their conversation is almost instantly over, the Monté dealer again drops his long dark lashes, and goes on with the game, his features resuming their wonted impassibility.

Though to all appearance immobile as those of the sphinx, one watching him closely could see, that there is something in his mind besides Monté. For although the play is running high, and large bets are being laid, he seems regardless about the result of the game—for this night only, since it has never been so before. His air is at times abstracted—more than ever after hearing that name—while he deals out the cards carelessly, once, or twice, making mistakes. But as these have been trifling, and readily rectified, the players around the table have taken no particular notice of them. Nor yet of his abstraction. It is not sufficiently manifest to attract attention; and with the wonderful command he has over himself, none of them suspect that he is, at that moment, a prey to reflections of the strongest and bitterest kind.

There is one, however, who is aware of it, knowing the cause; this, a man seated on the players' side of the table, and directly opposite the dealer. He is a personage of somewhat spare frame, a little below medium height, of swarth complexion, and straight black hair; to all appearance a native Californian, though not wearing the national costume, but simply a suit of black broad-cloth. He lays his bets, staking large sums, apparently indifferent as to the result, while at the same time eyeing the deposits of the other players with eager nervous anxiety, as though their losses and gains concerned him more than his own—the former, to all appearance, gladdening him, the latter troubling him! His behaviour might be deemed strange, and doubtless would, were there any one to observe it. But there is not; each player is absorbed in his own play, and the calculation of chances. In addition to watching his fellow-gamblers around the table, this eccentric individual ever and anon turns his eye upon the dealer—its expression at such times being that of intense earnestness, with something that resembles reproof—as though annoyed by

the latter handling his cards so carelessly, and would sharply rebuke him, if he could get the opportunity without being observed. The secret of the whole matter being, that he is a sleeping-partner in the Monté bank—the moneyed one too; most of its capital having been supplied by him. Hence his indifference to the fate of his own stakes—for winning or losing is all the same to him—and his anxiety about those of the general circle of players. His partnership is not suspected; or, if so, only by the initiated. Although sitting face to face with the dealer, no sign of recognition passes between them, nor is any speech exchanged. They seem to have no acquaintance with one another, beyond that begot out of the game. And so the play proceeds, amidst the clinking of coin, and clattering of ivory pieces, these monotonous sounds diversified by the calls 'Soto' this, and 'Caballo' that, with now and then a 'Carajo!' or it may be 'Just my luck!' from the lips of some mortified loser. But, beyond such slight ebullition, ill-temper does not shew itself, or, at all events, does not lead to any altercation with the dealer. That would be dangerous, as all are aware. On the table, close to his right elbow, rests a double-barrelled pistol, both barrels of which are loaded. And though no one takes particular notice of it, any more than if it were a pair of snufflers on their tray, or one of the ordinary implements of the game, all know well enough that he who keeps this standing symbol of menace before their eyes, is prepared to use it on provocation.

It is ten o'clock, and the bank is in full blast. Up to this hour the players in one thin row around the tables were staking only a few dollars at a time—as skirmishers in advance of the main army, firing stray shots from pieces of light calibre. Now the heavy artillery has come up, the ranks have filled, and the files become doubled around the different tables—two rows of players, in places three, engaging in the game. And instead of silver dollars, gold eagles and doubloons—the last being the great guns—are flung down upon the green baize, with a rattle continuous as the firing of musketry. The battle of the night has begun.

But Monté and Faro are not the only attractions of the El Dorado. The shrine of Bacchus—its drinking-bar—has its worshippers as well, a score of them standing in front of it, with others constantly coming and going. Among the latest arrivals are two young men in the attire of navy officers. At a distance it is not easy to distinguish the naval uniforms of nations—almost universally dark blue, with gold bands and buttons. More especially is it difficult, when these are of the two cognate branches of the great Anglo-Saxon race—English and American. While still upon the street, the officers in question might have been taken for either; but once within the saloon, and under the light of its numerous lamps, the special insignia on their caps proclaim them as belonging to a British man-of-war. And so do they, since they are Edward Crozier and Willie Cadwallader.

They have entered without any definite design, further than, as Crozier said, to 'have a shot at the tiger.' Besides, as they have been told, a night in San Francisco would not be complete without a look in at El Dorado.

Soon as inside the saloon, they step towards its



drinking-bar, Crozier saying: 'Come, Cad! let's do some sparkling.'

'All right,' responds the descendant of the Cymri, his face already a little flushed with what they have had at the *Parker*.

'Pint bottle of champagne!' calls Crozier.

'We've no pints here,' saucily responds the bar-keeper—a gentleman in shirt sleeves, with gold buckles on his embroidered braces—too grand to append the courtesy of 'sir.' 'Nothing less than quarts,' he deigns to add.

'A quart bottle, then,' cries Crozier, tossing down a doubloon to pay for it. 'A gallon, if you'll only have the goodness to give it us.'

The sight of the gold coin, with a closer inspection of his customers, and perhaps some dread of a second sharp rejoinder, secures the attention of the dignified Californian Ganymede, who, relaxing his hauteur, condescends to serve them.

While drinking the champagne, the young officers direct their eyes towards that part of the saloon occupied by the gamblers. They see several clusters of men collected around tables, some sitting, others standing. They know what it means, and that there is Monté in their midst. Though Cadwallader has often heard of the game, he has never played it, or been a spectator to its play. Crozier, who has both seen and played it, promises to initiate him. Tossing off their glasses, and receiving the change—not much out of a doubloon—they approach one of the Monté tables—that in the centre of the saloon, around which there are players, standing and sitting three deep. It is some time before they can squeeze through the two outside concentric rings, and get within betting distance of the table. Those already around it are not men to be pushed rudely apart, or make way for a couple of youngsters, however fine their appearance, or impatient their manner. In the circle are officers of far higher rank than they, though belonging to a different service: naval captains and commanders, and of army men, majors, colonels—even generals. What care these for a pair of boisterous subalterns? Or what reck the rough gold-diggers, and stalwart trappers, seen around the table, for any or all of them? It is a chain, however ill-assorted in its links, not to be severed *sans cérémonie*; and the young English officers must bide their time. A little patience, and their turn will come too.

Practising this, they wait for it with the best grace they can. And not very long. One after another, the infatuated gamblers get played out; each, as he sees his last dollar swept away from him by the ruthless rake of the croupier, heaving a sigh, and retiring from the table; most of them with seeming reluctance, and looking back, as a stripped traveller at the footpad who has turned his pockets inside out. Soon the outer ring is broken, leaving spaces between; into one of which slips Crozier, Cadwallader pressing in alongside of him. Gradually they squeeze nearer and nearer, till they are close to the table's edge. Having at length attained a position where they can conveniently place bets, they are about plunging their hands into their pockets for the necessary stakes, when all at once the act is interrupted. The two turn towards one another, with eyes, attitude, everything expressing not only surprise, but stark, speech-depriving astonishment. For on the opposite side of the table, seated in a

grand chair, presiding over the game, and dealing out the cards, Crozier sees the man who has been making love to Carinen Montijo—his rival of the morning; while at the same instant Cadwallader has caught sight of his rival—the suitor of Inez Alvarez!

### STORY OF BASSET.

THE story of Basset illustrates convict life, and is otherwise curious. The father of this wayward youth had been the blacksmith of the village, and died when he was a child. His mother was a woman of a kind heart, an easy disposition, and a weak will. She exercised little control over her son, who, as he grew up, was allowed to do much as he pleased. He was a bold, active, restless, and wilful boy, the first among his companions in every legitimate village pastime, and generally the first also in every mischievous prank and unlawful escapade. Quite undisciplined, and following in all things his own will and pleasure, he had not a bad or callous heart, and after his own wild, boyish fashion, loved his mother. After a long widowhood, Mrs Basset married again, and young Basset found in his new father one of as strong a will as himself. It was soon evident that the two could never live together on terms of agreement, and the stepfather determined that the boy must leave the house. He therefore apprenticed him on board a man-of-war, and young Basset took his departure. For a little time, while the novelty of the thing lasted, he liked his new life, but before very long he began to weary of it. His previous life had been the worst of schooling for the enforced discipline of the navy. He chafed at the restraint and control, longed once more to be his own master, and resolved to escape from what he had grown to regard as a bondage, on the first occasion that offered. Such an opening as he sought was longer in arriving than he had anticipated, but at last he thought it had come. A part of the crew of the vessel in which he served mutinied, and Basset engaged himself in the conspiracy, with the hope that it would prove successful, and afford him an opportunity for obtaining the freedom he yearned for. But the plot miscarried, and the mutineers were one and all sentenced to transportation.

It might have been thought that Basset would have made an unruly and difficult prisoner, but it was not so. He was naturally of quick perceptions, and his period of man-of-war service had had the effect of teaching him a certain amount of foresight and self-control. He soon took in the conditions of his position. He saw and heard of many instances of men who, by quiet conduct, had gained their freedom long before the term of their transportation was completed, and he knew of some of these same men who had attained in a short space to independence and comfort. He saw that a mitigation of sentence followed upon good conduct, not in exceptional cases, but as the rule, and he resolved to act accordingly. He would not chafe

or rebel against his present fate, but bear patiently, keeping always steadily in view the end at which he was aiming. Freedom was a passion in this man's nature, and the very longing for it now helped him in his determination to preserve a quiet and orderly demeanour, as the surest and speediest means of winning his liberty. For a long while this resolve held good. Basset's conduct was uniformly satisfactory. He was reserved and silent in his manner, and those in authority over him thought him sullen and moody, but otherwise they had no fault to find. So things went on with Basset until a circumstance occurred which was again to change the current of his life. He was at this time one of a gang of prisoners employed in building a bridge across a river. One day some failure in his duty on the part of Basset brought upon him the censure of the overseer. The thing had happened through no wilfulness of the man's, not even through carelessness, but was due wholly to inadvertence. But the overseer was in an irritable mood, his temper had been otherwise tried that morning, and his rebuke was sharp and peremptory. Basset received it in silence; but the suddenly darkening visage, which he could not wholly hide, did not escape the overseer. It magnified the prisoner's fault in his eyes, and it now appeared clear to him that this was a case that demanded some sharper treatment than mere words. He wrote the following note, addressed to the magistrate of the neighbouring township, and gave it to Basset to deliver:

'DEAR SIR—Please order the bearer (No. 73), twenty lashes; and oblige, yours very truly.'

This was a form of epistle very common in those days. The power of administration in regard to the flogging of the convicts was vested in the magistrates. Basset delivered the note, received his lashes as per order, and returned to his work. Next night, No. 73 was missing from the camp. He had made his escape to the woods. The man's naturally hot and hasty spirit had been again roused by the injustice which he had received, and his former resolves had given way. He had never been flogged before; during his sea-life, his quick temper and impatience of authority had never led him into any indiscretion punishable by the lash; his final transgression had brought its own prescribed penalty.

Search was made for Basset with all the vigour and vigilance which at that time attended the pursuit of escaped convicts; but in this instance it proved fruitless. The surrounding country had but recently been opened up, and was as yet little known. Basset got clear away to the woods, and penetrating daily deeper into the fastnesses of the forest, fell in with a small tribe of black fellows, with whom he at once cast in his lot. He knew that this would be the surest of all means which he could adopt to make good his escape. His new acquaintances extended to him all the hospitality within their knowledge, and their unsuspicious demeanour won his confidence. Mingling with the uncouth savagery of their life, he found gentler traits of character, which made existence among them tolerable. His life now approximated, as nearly as possible, to that of those around him. He soon spoke their language, learned to hunt and

trap the wild animals which supplied them with food—the kangaroo, the wallaby, and the native bear; learned to lure the bird to the snare by the simulated call and whistle, taught himself to shoot with the bow, to hurl the boomerang and the javelin, to spear the fish in the river, to fashion cunningly with his own hand the rude but deadly implements of the chase; and in all these, and the various other arts of savage life, he became as skilful as the most expert of those about him. Ere long, too, the ascendancy of his higher race exerted and manifested its influence. Tacitly, his dark-skinned companions confessed his supremacy, obeyed his will, and established him as their leader and king.

Basset was now tasting freedom in its most unrestricted forms, and for a time he enjoyed it keenly, yielding himself with heart and mind to its wild delights, its unfettered *abandon*, and freedom from all care beyond the day. The nomadic instinct, which is inherent, though often dormant, in most men, and which was especially strong in him, now had full scope and liberty. The authority, too, which he exercised over his swarthy comrades in the camp and the chase sweetened his wild existence. But the time came when these pleasures palled upon him. The companionship of his uncouth though faithful followers grew irksome to him, and the power he wielded over them lost its zest. He cast about how he might best escape from the tribe, and was at last successful in eluding them. He buried himself in the recesses of a remote mountain gully, which he had one day by chance wandered into during a solitary hunting expedition, and of the existence of which he felt certain that his companions were ignorant. The black men sought their missing chief in vain, and then mourned for him as dead. It was a wild, lonely, yet beautiful spot which Basset had made his retreat; a deep and narrow rift in the heart of the hills. The mountains, steep, high, and rugged, walled it in on every side, and at its bottom flowed a bright and rapid torrent. The vegetation was of supreme luxuriance and beauty; a matted network of trailing greenery bound the forest together in one impenetrable mass. It was a spot where the virgin forest had never yet been touched by the white man's axe, or the black man's hunting-knife; where probably no human foot had trod before Basset's; where, perhaps, the echoes had slumbered unawakened, save by the cry of wild-birds, since the creation. Basset cleared a space on a small grassy plateau at the head of the gully, and here, with the stems of fallen gum-trees, withes of the willow, and clay from the bed of the stream, built himself a hut. About him and above, the pines and the she-oaks waved and sang, the torrent sang beneath. Soon he began to feel the want of sufficient occupation. To one of his restless activity of mind and body, inaction was a burden. The capture of such animals and birds as he required for food employed but a small part of the day. He did not usually stray far outside the confines of his mountain valley, lest he should again meet with any of his late companions; but one day he had wandered a long way beyond the boundaries of the gorge. He had left the mountains behind, and had descended upon the plain. Wandering on, with no fixed purpose in his mind, he came upon a solitary homestead standing in

the midst of a level, well-grassed country, sparsely sprinkled with woodland. It was the dwelling of Hugh Kavanagh, a spirited and adventurous squatter, who, seeking new and wider pastures for his increasing flocks, had pushed farther and farther into the interior of the country, until his last, and what he thought would be his final resting-place was one of the remotest stations in the colony. As Basset contemplated the home of Mr Kavanagh and its surroundings—the garden in front, and the small farmyard and out-houses in the rear, an air of thriving and civilised comfort pervading the whole—an idea took possession of him. Concealing himself in the neighbourhood, he waited till nightfall. When all lights had been extinguished in the house, and everything seemed quiet and at rest, Basset stole from his hiding-place. First he entered one of the out-houses, and stealthily explored its interior. It was a bright moonlight night—a circumstance which assisted him greatly in his enterprise. At one end of the place he found a goat and two kids, and at the other several lambs with their mothers. He took the goat and its kids. Then he entered the garden in front of the house, and gathered several plants of flowers and vegetables, carefully taking them up by the roots. He was guided by no choice in the matter, selecting the plants as they came, but he made no wanton destruction among them, taking as many only as he wanted. Withdrawing with his stolen booty, he placed the plants in his game-bag, slung the goat and the kids on his shoulder, and made his way back to his mountain home. A few nights after, he returned to the scene of his depredations, and repeated his former exploit. He now took a sheep and two lambs; and besides these, a spade and a hoe, and a quantity of different kinds of grain from the stalls.

Basset had now the means of creating occupation for himself. He tilled the little plateau on which his hut was raised, and planting his flowers and sowing his grains, he cultivated, tended, and nursed the patch of ground morning and night with assiduous care. The copious dews of evening watered it, the soil was rich in its virgin strength, and in no long time a garden blossomed and smiled, and a little corn-field waved like a golden billow around the log-hut. For his kids and lambs, Basset built a small fold; the creatures multiplied until a little flock demanded his further care. The pleasure and pride of ownership which he now experienced in the possession of his garden, his field, and his live-stock, was a new and very agreeable feeling to him. He enjoyed perfect freedom, together with a certain sense of civilisation. He was dependent upon no man; he was entirely self-sufficing and self-supporting. Now and then, indeed, at long intervals, he paid a visit to Mr Kavanagh's station, and—well, stole several articles which it was beyond his resources to produce himself. On one occasion, finding the family all from home during the day, he entered the house itself, and took thence a number of books. To the reading of these he gave himself in the hot summer noons and the long winter evenings. They were an odd and miscellaneous assortment, for he had picked them up promiscuously from Mr Kavanagh's tables and shelves as they came to his hand. But Basset read and re-read them, whether fact or fancy, without much thought of

discrimination, until he knew a great part of their contents by heart.

Thus the hermit lived, solitary, but sufficing for all things in himself, and for five years he was contented and happy. He thought he could live thus for ever; but he was mistaken. The life he had been leading for the past five years had, unconsciously to himself, been working a gradual but decided change in the man's nature. His life with the blacks had rather tended to develop all that was wild, reckless, bold, and headstrong in his nature. He had given full rein to the nomadic bias within him; his heart had pulsed in accord with the untamed hearts of those around him; exulting in the same fierce joys, ruling over his companions chiefly by the exercise of a more dominant will. The influences that now operated upon him were almost all of a diverse kind. His occupations were of a tranquil and peaceful sort; for he now hunted very little, his garden, his sheep, and his goats supplying him with the greater part of his daily food. In the pursuit of these tranquillising employments, his blood cooled, his pulse grew calmer, his spirit less hasty and restless. A change was coming over him.

Basset sat in his cabin in the long nights, and, in the pauses of his reading, listened to the wild commotion outside—to the wind, now tearing and shrieking amid the rocks and the shuddering trees; now sobbing and moaning in a weird, half-human voice; now creeping close up to his door, and whispering hoarsely under the lintel, as though half-begging, half-commanding admittance. These wind-voices, together with the voice of the torrent, took various and many shapes in his mind, and laid hold of his imagination. Among the books which he had taken from Mr Kavanagh's house was one of German legends, grim, fantastic stories of the mysterious and the supernatural. On stormy nights, sitting by his lonely wood-fire, his fancy peopled the tumultuous elements outside with the strange beings of these old legends; he could imagine a legion of storm-spirits abroad on the wind, to whose turbulent dominion the valley had for the time been surrendered. On calm nights he would walk along the gorge, but it was a lonely sort of pastime. The wan wintry moonlight filled the place with a weird eerie sheen, and the gut-trees glimmered on every side, white and haggard looking, like melancholy ghosts. Gradually these influences had an awing effect upon Basset's mind. The intense solitude of the mountains, which in stormy seasons became desolation, was beginning to overpower, and almost to cow him. Whatever of wilfulness and stubborn-resistance was innate in him, was becoming tamed and subdued. He now acknowledged no human master, and the stern impassive forces of nature were overmastering him. His lonely liberty was making him a grave, thoughtful, and joyless man. He went about his daily occupation in his garden, his field, and among his animals, but they were ceasing to yield him the satisfaction and the pleasure which they had once done. He betook himself more and more to his books, among which were a *Pilgrim's Progress* and an odd volume of Shakespeare. These he pondered and brooded over, and though blundering sometimes in their interpretation, came, nevertheless, to a pretty clear general understanding of what he read.

Seven years in all he passed in his valley, seven

golden summers, seven stormful and dreary winters, and then the solitude had fairly overmastered him. Absolute freedom had worn him out.

It was again summer, a calm and beautiful evening in November. Mrs Kavanagh sat at the door of her house, working at some piece of sewing, watching the sunset, and awaiting the return of her husband from his day's occupation. Her two children, a boy and girl, played together near at hand. As she looked up ever and anon, to view the fading sunset, and to gaze in the direction whence her husband should appear, a figure came suddenly into her field of vision, emerging from the scattered clumps of woodland that fringed the horizon line. It could not be her husband, for it was the figure of a pedestrian. It advanced steadily, and the clearer its outlines became, the more unfamiliar it looked to Mrs Kavanagh's eyes. When at length she made out distinctly the appearance of the stranger, some slight discomposure mingled with her wonder. The man advanced till within half-a-dozen yards of where she sat, and then paused. For a woman, Mrs Kavanagh was not easily frightened. The wife of an Australian backwoodsman in those days sometimes felt the advantage of a steady heart and nerve, and frequently acquired both. But Mrs Kavanagh's pulse quickened and her heart beat faster as she regarded the strange figure before her, clad in rough goat-skins, with long thick hair falling over his shoulders, a face worn and haggard with solitude, half-hidden in a dark flowing growth of beard. The children were crouching about their mother's knees—the girl hidden completely amid the folds of her dress, the boy peeping timidly forth with eyes of startled wonder. Yet Basset had not a repulsive face, and his form was straight and shapely. He was still in the prime of life, and the influences that had furrowed and aged his face had not bent his body. A painter might have taken him as he stood as a model for the prophet John, worn out with the wilderness and long preaching, and not have needed to idealise much. His eyes had a hollow, wearied look, but were not wild. He paused a few moments before he spoke, and then said: 'Is the master at home, missis?'

'No; but I expect him every minute,' Mrs Kavanagh replied.

'Then, with your leave, missis, I'll wait for him;' and without speaking more, Basset seated himself on the ground.

At that moment Mrs Kavanagh caught sight of her husband advancing rapidly on horseback. She went forward with the two children to meet him; and Kavanagh checked his horse, and alighted, as they approached.

'Hugh,' said Mrs Kavanagh quickly, 'here is a man wishing to see you—a strange, wild-looking creature, I never saw before.' In another moment the two men stood face to face.

'Mister,' began Basset, with a slight motion of his hand, indicative of a desire to be allowed to speak first, 'my name is Basset. I am a convict, a lag. I escaped twelve years ago. Some'll say that was wrong; maybe it was, and maybe they'd have done the same, if they'd been me. But let that go. I've been living in the woods ever since—a long time with the blacks, a long time by myself, as you see me. Maybe you will wonder when I tell you I have got a good many things

together up there in the mountains. Well, I stole 'em—I stole 'em from you; came down here, and took 'em away at night, but, as Heaven is my witness, I never took more'n I needed; and now you can have 'em, most all, back again. Some of the things, the sheep and the goats, has more'n troubled. I'm tired out living alone. I've given in. You can do with me as you like, master: keep me about the place, if you can; give me up to the beaks, if you must.'

Basset spoke in a quiet composed voice, but as he uttered his last words there was a slightly eager, questioning look in his eyes. Kavanagh was surprised, perplexed. True, the man had confessed that he had more than once robbed him, but Kavanagh felt thankful that he had done no more. He might have visited the house in his absence and murdered his wife and children. Kavanagh every now and then heard of such things, deeds of ruthless cruelty done by escaped convicts, men who, turning bush-rangers, held the parts of the country which they frequented in terror by the audacity of their crimes, until recaptured or reduced to surrender by starvation. But this man had lived, seemingly, a very different kind of life, and had done no worse than steal a few things from him, the want of which had never been felt. Moreover, he seemed thoroughly tamed and subdued by the life he had led. Kavanagh had a warm and generous Irish heart, and Basset's story awoke in him sympathy and interest. But he was in doubt how to act.

'What do you want me to do for you, my man?' he asked at length.

'Could ye keep me about the station, master—shepherding or such?' queried Basset hesitatingly.

'That would hardly do: against law, you know,' replied Kavanagh doubtfully.

'Yes, so I suppose. Well, do what you please, master.'

'I'll try and do my best for you,' pursued Kavanagh. 'You can stay here to-night, and I'll think the matter over before the morning.'

That night, Kavanagh and his wife deliberated the matter gravely, and agreed finally as to what was best to be done. Early next day, Kavanagh started for Hobart Town. He was a well-known man in the colony, an old settler, a rich man now, whose wealth gave him position and influence, while his personal qualities made him respected and liked. He had Basset's case before the authorities, and pleaded the cause of the escaped convict with earnestness and wisdom; and he was successful. The law was merciful, and Kavanagh returned home with a free pardon for his client.

For several years Basset remained on Mr Kavanagh's run as one of the regular station hands. During that time he remained always the same—docile, trustworthy, and hard-working, genuinely grateful for his changed lot. When, in 1853, the transportation of criminals to Tasmania ceased, Mr Kavanagh offered him a piece of land in the vicinity of Hobart Town, and proposed to him that he should turn market-gardener. The idea was to Basset a congenial one, and he immediately accepted Mr Kavanagh's offer. Years went by, and he prospered, until he had made for himself a moderate competence, and his name came to be spoken of with honour and respect.

If there be any among our readers who have ever visited the beautiful little Tasmanian capital,

they will remember how the town is girdled with pleasant gardens and smiling orchards, lying along the slopes of the adjacent hills. Any one of these may have been the property and contained the home of Basset the ex-convict.

## THE TWO BACHELORS.

IN TWO PARTS.—PART II.

THE warm August days ripened into mellow September. Since the night of Jack's reverie, a change had certainly come over him, but as yet he left me uninformed as to the cause. Sometimes his old gaiety would return, but it was sure to be followed by a fit of more sombre silence than before. I chaffed him about it often, but his testy replies invariably shut me up. We never met Miss Hallam, and the only time we saw her was in the morning among her flowers, or in the evening, when, after having ravished us with her music, she stepped out on the balcony, leaning on her father's arm, to enjoy the moonlight. On such occasions Jack seemed strangely affected, and would either break forth into voluminous praises of her grace and beauty, or sit gazing mutely at the apparition. Such a state of affairs led me naturally enough to the conclusion that whatever might be the matter with Ferrars, the fair cantatrice had something to do with it.

One afternoon we resolved to have a row down the loch, and as I crossed the lawn with an oar over each shoulder, I chanced to glance at Colonel Hallam's window, where the two ladies were seated sewing. The younger one was scanning me with a half-amused expression in her brown eyes; and as Jack came sauntering down the gravel-path with a hand in each pocket, I quietly said: 'Miss Hallam's at the window.'

He looked in the direction I indicated, and, to my surprise, he immediately blushed up like a girl.

'Why, Jack, old fellow, what's the matter?' I asked, with a smile I could not repress. Miss Hallam was viewing us with the aid of an opera-glass.

'Pshaw! Harding, get on board quick, and row as well as you can,' he answered, throwing himself into the stern of the boat, in a position where the sunshine struck forcibly on his handsome face and auburn locks.

I bent as gracefully as I could to my oars—I had been a fair oarsman at Cambridge—and soon the little craft was skimming far over the sunlit ripples.

As it was still early when we returned, we strolled down the road until it would be time to go in for dinner, when, turning a corner, we came suddenly upon Miss Hallam and her father, mounted on a couple of splendid grays. As she cantered past us with a smile, her beautiful face flushed with the exercise, I certainly thought I had never seen any one half so lovely. Her perfect form; the grace of every fold of her dark-green riding-habit; the indescribable coils and twists of her brown hair, with the sunshine shading it to gold; the coquettish little felt hat turned up on one side, with its dancing plume and streaming gossamer—combined to make up a charming *tout ensemble*, which was altogether irresistible. Jack had stared after her in open-mouthed admiration for such an indecent length of time, that I was constrained to accuse him.

'Ferrars, you admire Miss Hallam,' I said.

He had his head bent, and was kicking the dead leaves with his feet as he walked. When he raised his blue eyes, they were filled with the expression of a passion I had never noticed in them before, and which fully corroborated the four words he uttered, as his eyes met mine: 'I do love her!'

Strange as it may seem, I was thunderstruck at the announcement. Much as I had noted the change in Ferrars, I had hesitated to ascribe it to the circumstance of his being in love. I protested and raged against such folly—falling in love with a lady with whom he had never exchanged a single word. For answer, a passionate confession was poured into my astonished ears, in which he vowed he must, and would win her. Matters were made considerably worse when we received our letters that evening informing us of business engagements requiring our immediate return to town. It would be impossible for us to remain more than three days longer.

'Humph! your time is rather limited, Ferrars,' I said, with more sarcasm than sympathy. 'You'll be a pretty sharp fellow if you woo and win a handsome girl in three days.'

The next morning he came down to breakfast looking pale and haggard. I don't believe he had slept all night, but I made no inquiries, as I felt annoyed at this alarming impulse of my old friend, and was altogether out of temper with this adventure of his. He ate little or no breakfast, and looked so dejected, that at last my sympathies were aroused, and I shouted cheerfully: 'Cheer up, old fellow; we'll manage it all beautifully, and you'll go up to London the accepted suitor of Miss Hallam.'

Gradually he became more animated, and began to talk, and finally quite shocked me by declaring that he was going to write and propose to Miss Hallam that very day. I considered him to be simply mad, but he had apparently thought it well over, and was determined what course to adopt.

'But, Jack, the thing is preposterous,' I argued; 'she knows nothing about you. Can you expect anything but a distinct refusal?'

'And what would you recommend?' he asked, curling his upper lip as he waited for my advice.

'Why, get introduced to her first, and wait at least until you know her a little before you make such a proposal,' I said.

'Have I not been waiting for the last two months?' he answered. 'And do you forget that in two days I must leave this place? There is no time for waiting now; it must be action, immediate and peremptory!'

'And are you quite determined to do—this—this thing?'

'Quite.'

'And will nothing persuade you that it is an extremely foolish action, and one which will be certain to defeat all your wishes?'

'Under the circumstances, I consider it the only thing to be done.'

I succumbed. In difficulties of a different nature he had generally proved a better diplomatist than I, and perchance his skill might extend to this department also.

'Well, if it must be action, as you say it must, action let it be; you must write your proposal,' I said, pulling out the writing-materials with alacrity, and placing a chair for Jack at the desk; and

after a full hour's scribbling down and scratching out, a clean copy was penned, which ran as follows :

DAIL D'ARROCH LODGE, Sept. 22, 1861.

DEAR MISS HALLAM—I regret that circumstances have prevented me making your acquaintance ere I address to you words, which, I pray, you will not think lightly of, from the mere fact that I have never spoken to you. Since I came here, two months ago, you have excited my intense admiration, which feeling has lately ripened into a deep and passionate love.

My business engagements now demand my immediate return to London, but I feel that I cannot go without first learning from you my fate. I make you now an honourable offer of my hand in marriage, and beseech you not to think lightly of it, as on your decision must depend my life's happiness or misery. If possible, an answer per to-day's post will very much oblige.—Yours respectfully,

JOHN FERRARS.

'That will do,' I said, holding the sheet, covered with Jack's neat handwriting, at arm's-length. 'Concise; to the point; not too spoony; slightly formal; but under the circumstances it is better so.'

Jack folded the letter and addressed it; and with serious misgivings at my heart, which I dared not express, I walked with him to the post-office, and saw him drop the missive into the box. We did nothing all day but lounge about the house and garden, waiting anxiously until the postman would bring the letters in the evening. At length, the weary day passed, and the letter-carrier arrived; and sure enough there it was, a little pink note, addressed to John Ferrars, Esquire. My heart beat as quickly as if it were my own happiness that was at stake as Jack broke the seal. I looked over his shoulder, and what we both saw was :

Wednesday Afternoon.

DEAR MR FERRARS—I accept the great honour you have done me. Before, however, meeting you, I would like you to see papa, and obtain his consent to our engagement.—Yours, sincerely,

EUNICE HALLAM.

There is an old adage that says 'truth is stranger than fiction,' and if ever I felt the force of it, it was as I read that note. Contrary to all my expectations, Jack had actually been accepted! He bore his good-fortune with much more equanimity than I did, his only remark being: 'Eunice—what a pretty name!' While I, with strangely mixed feelings, actually got up a 'hurrah!'

The next difficulty was, how or where to meet Colonel Hallam and obtain his consent. An idea seized me; I had seen the old colonel walk down the road a short time before. 'Stay you here,' I said to Jack; and putting on my hat, off I bolted. I had not gone far when I espied the colonel leaning on a wire-fence, watching some workmen digging a drain. Pretending to be interested in the same pursuit, I walked up to him, and made some remark regarding the work. Thereafter we got upon the most friendly terms, which ended, as I intended it should, by his walking home with me, and coming into the house to join us in a rubber at whist. I conducted him into the dining-room, and went for Jack. He began to get slightly nervous when he heard what I had done, but I told him not to say anything to the colonel about his daughter to-night, only to make

himself as agreeable as he could. I then instructed Mrs Mason to set down the very best she had in the house for supper, and went to entertain our interesting guest. We found him a charming old gentleman. At whist, he and dummy beat Jack and me; and possessing an inexhaustible fund of humorous stories, the time passed so pleasantly that it was twelve o'clock before he rose to go.

A cordial invitation to visit him was extended to us, as we bade him good-night in the hall, which was exactly what I wanted, and meant we should have. Pulling a grave face, I said: 'Nothing would have given us greater pleasure had we been staying longer, but we were to leave for London the day after to-morrow.'

'Then you must spend to-morrow evening with me,' was his hearty rejoinder. 'I will take no refusal.'

And to this arrangement we agreed.

'A thousand thanks to you, Bob; you're a capital fellow,' said Jack, gratefully grasping my hand as we separated for the night.

'Ferrars!'

'Hollo!'

'Are you ready?' I was donning my dress-suit preparatory to presenting myself in Colonel Hallam's drawing-room.

'Yes.'

'Come here, then.'

He came in, dressed for conquest evidently, and looking faultlessly handsome. I surveyed him critically. There was not an item amiss, from the *négligé* arrangement of his auburn curls, to the polish of his patent leathers.

'How do I look?' he asked, with a gay laugh, and a satisfactory glance at his magnificent proportions in the mirror.

'Like a Polish prince,' I answered. 'Miss Hallam may have many lovers, but I'll bet a new hat she never had a better-looking fellow than you. Now, look here; you'll do exactly as I tell you, and not diverge one iota from the rule I lay down. Ask for Colonel Hallam, and say you wish to see him alone. When the first greetings are over, you'll explain to him that Mr Harding is detained for a short time with a little packing he had to finish, and that you did not wait for him, as you had something to communicate to him—the colonel. Then pitch into the subject nearest your heart; tell him of your business and social connections, and don't neglect to impress him with the fact that you're your mother's only son, and heir to her fortune and estates. These sort of things go a long way with the old boys.'

Having thus delivered my advice to Jack, I sent him off to push his sentimental fortunes with Colonel Hallam, and sat down pensively to smoke a cigar, before following him. About half an hour afterwards I sallied forth, and a minute or two found me ringing at the colonel's front-door. My heart beat audibly, as, following the servant upstairs, I heard the sound of a piano, and Miss Hallam's voice merrily humming a bar or two of some lively air, and felt much relieved when the door of the library was thrown open, and I found myself ushered into the presence of only Colonel Hallam and Jack. One glance at Jack's flushed and radiant face, as he stood leaning against the marble mantel-piece, sufficed to assure me that all had gone 'merry as a marriage-bell' with him,

and with a feeling of thankfulness I returned the colonel's cordial greeting.

'Come away, now, and see the ladies; I know this boy is getting impatient,' he said, with a twinkle in his eye, as he laid his hand familiarly on Ferrars' shoulder.

'It's all right, old boy, and I'm the happiest fellow alive,' whispered Jack, as we followed the colonel down-stairs; but I had only time to grasp his hand and give it a squeeze of congratulation, when the drawing-room door was opened, and we entered.

The elder lady was seated on a couch beside the fireplace, where a fire had been lighted, for the evenings were getting chill; the younger was leaning on the grand piano, engaged in looking over some music. Both stood erect when we entered. The colonel, going over to the elder lady, took her hand, and led her forward, saying as he did so: 'Ennise, I have much pleasure in introducing Mr Ferrars to you.—My daughter, Mr Ferrars.'

Ferrars turned deadly pale. 'And—the other—lady?' he gasped, looking round at the beautiful young girl standing at the piano.

'My wife.'

I don't suppose our consternation could have been greater had a bomb-shell entered the apartment. Jack would have fallen had I not supported him. Every one seemed to take in the situation at a glance. Miss Hallam did not faint or scream, or do anything which a younger or more sentimental lady in similar circumstances might have done, but she blushed as deeply as her faded complexion would allow of, and, covering her face with her hands, said: 'Oh, how dreadful! he has thought Nelly was my father's daughter.' Mrs Hallam glided to her side and led her from the room, while the colonel and I applied restoratives to poor Jack's colourless lips.

'Poor fellow,' muttered the colonel; 'I see his unlucky mistake. I wish, for the sake of everybody concerned, this had not happened.'

'This explains the ready acceptance of Ferrars' proposal, and the colonel's willing agreement to let his daughter marry a comparative stranger,' I inwardly growled, in disdain of the whole business, as I loosened the tie which Jack had so carefully arranged an hour before.

When he had somewhat recovered, we took him home, and laid him on the sofa in the dining-room. I sat by him all the evening, and although he did not seem in the least excited or feverish, he kept asking me such strange questions, and seemed so unconscious of all that had transpired, that I was afraid his brain was affected. I, however, was determined that we should not on any consideration remain a day longer in Dail d'Arroch; and summoning Mrs Mason, I instructed her to get our traps ready, as we required to be off by the first steamer in the morning. 'Mr Ferrars does not feel very well,' I added, in reply to a glance of inquiry she cast at Jack as he lay motionless on the sofa. 'He has had unpleasant news from home.'

My conscience smote me for the deliberate falsehood I uttered, but I felt that some excuse was necessary for the prostrate condition of Ferrars. But Mrs Mason was so profuse in her expressions of sympathy, that somehow or other I could not help conjecturing that she guessed somewhat of the truth.

At seven o'clock the next morning, a close carriage was drawn up to the door, and Jack and I were driven for the last time down the trim avenue, and arrived at the pier in good time to catch the steamer. Ferrars' manner was unnatural and excited, and I felt as if I dared not leave him for an instant. What need to relate our miserable journey south; enough to say that when we reached London, Ferrars was in the delirium of fever.

The attack proved a virulent one, and for six weeks he lay partly unconscious, even after the delirium had left him. When at last he began to recover, I took a run down to the Isle of Wight with him, leaving him in charge of his mother, who was staying there. In the course of six weeks he came back, looking almost as well as ever. He shewed me a letter which he had received from Colonel Hallam, in which that worthy gentleman expressed his deepest sympathy. The letter went on to say that the writer had adjusted matters at home as delicately as he could; and that, had he for a moment supposed that Mr Ferrars had mistaken his wife for his daughter, his friend should have been spared the unfortunate dénouement in the drawing-room.

The occurrence which so nearly cost him his life was never again reverted to by us. And up to this date at least, he seems quite contented with his bachelor chambers and the society of his old friend Bob Harding.

#### ANECDOTES OF DAN O'CONNELL.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'LIVES OF THE LORD CHANCELLOES OF IRELAND.'

Now that the centenary of O'Connell's birth has been celebrated, so many recollections of

That wonderful man,

Called *par excellence* 'Counsellor'.—playfully Dan,

have been stirred, I desire to add a very few of mine to the number. I was acquainted with him personally; we were members of the same profession—the Bar; and our creed and politics were identical. It is not my intention, in these Circuit Recollections, to dwell upon his career as a politician—that is more the province of the party newspaper or the political treatise, and has already been a theme for many pens. I prefer to dwell more upon his fame as a barrister. I often wished the sayings and doings of our distinguished advocates were better preserved. There has always appeared to my mind much in common between actors and advocates; both come upon the stage, and play their parts, representing, with all the ability in their power, the character for whom they appear. The sorrows of the injured plaintiff, the innocence of the accused prisoner, are powerfully proclaimed; and, after a trial of considerable length, in which wit and wisdom, drollery and profound learning, are alike displayed, the auditor leaves the court impressed with much the same notion of the powers of the advocate as he feels when leaving the theatre after witnessing the representation of a first-rate actor. But while the theatrical critic records the actor's fame, the personal characteristics of the barrister are too



often lost. Few in court have time or inclination to note his points, his humorous sallies, his ready and often felicitous jokes, his dramatic by-play. Let me endeavour to rescue the names of some of my brethren on circuit from oblivion. They were men of high personal and intellectual worth, and when I mention that mine was the Munster Circuit, I have said enough to recall the name and fame of the greatest advocates in Ireland.

Here, in former days, flashed the wit of Curran, the intrepid oratory of FitzGibbon (afterwards Earl of Clare), the drollery of Harry Deane Grady, the quaint pleadings of Recorder Wagget, the wonderful versatility of O'Connell. Here, in later years, were heard the dulcet voice of Pigot (afterwards Lord Chief Baron of the Exchequer); the astute arguments of Stephen Collins, the Chitty of the Irish Bar; the rapid utterance of Harry Cooper; the stately and powerful eloquence of Jonathan Henn; the close and pointed statements of T. D. FitzGerald; the clear and logical reasoning of Deasy; the masterly speeches of Sullivan (now Master of the Rolls of Ireland); and here to-day the fame and renown of the great Munster Bar are worthily sustained by Heron, Gerald FitzGibbon, Murphy, Exham, and several other barristers of transcendent ability. O'Connell had a wonderful knack of what was termed *insinuating a speech to the jury*, prior to the Act which gave prisoners the benefit of counsel. Indeed, he acquired the knack of insinuating not one but half-a-dozen speeches to the jury in any case. His mode was this: when cross-examining, he asked some question which he knew would be objected to. When the witness was told: 'Don't answer that question,' O'Connell gained his opportunity. He would say: 'You see, my lord, I have every right to ask that question, for if the witness answers in the affirmative, it is plain my client's innocence is proved, because, &c. He possessed an extraordinary knowledge of his fellow-countrymen—the real cunning concealed by a stolid demeanour, the tact and cleverness covered by apparent simplicity. He often hazarded a guess at their thoughts, and seldom failed to hit off his point. Thus, when defending a man for a homicide, the principal witness for the prosecution was said to have been drinking with the prisoner before the affray. O'Connell sought to shew he had drunk too much whisky to be able to give a satisfactory account of the affair. Yet the man swore he only took his share of a pint of whisky. 'You only took your share,' repeated O'Connell with emphasis. 'Now, on your oath, was it not all *but the pewter*?' The witness admitted the fact, and the astute counsel obtained the acquittal of the prisoner.

O'Connell defended a man tried at the Cork assizes for murder. The case for the prosecution was exceedingly strong. The principal witness had picked up the hat of the man on trial, near the body of the murdered man. The prisoner's name was Pat Hogan. The hat was produced in court. O'Connell asked to see it, and it was handed to him. 'Now,' said O'Connell to the witness, 'you are quite sure this is the hat you found?'

'Yes, your honour counsellor.'

'And the hat is in the same state now it was then?'

'O yes; just the same.'

O'Connell looked inside, and spelled P A T.

H O G A N. 'Do you mean to say the name was in the hat when you found it?'

'I do—on my oath,' said the witness confidently.

'You are certain of that?'

'Quite sartin.'

'Now you may go down,' cried O'Connell. 'My lord,' he said, 'there must be an acquittal: *there is no name at all in the hat.*' The jury at once, under the judge's direction, found the prisoner 'Not Guilty.'

O'Connell was counsel for an heir-at-law whose rights were threatened by a will found, it was alleged, in a desk of the late owner. The genuineness of the will was disputed; but the witnesses swore point blank to the signature of the testator as having been affixed when 'life was in him.' The recurrence of this phrase, 'when life was in him,' struck O'Connell. When cross-examining, he said: 'Now, witness, answer my question as you shall have to answer before the judgment-seat of God! Was not there a fly in the dead man's mouth when his hand was held to this paper?' Confused and trembling, the witness replied: 'There was.'

O'Connell's drollery was often displayed during the assizes. When stating the injury done to a client who brought an action against the Earl of Bandon for diverting a water-course, the defendant's attorney's face was a good index to his devotion to Baccus. His name was O'Flaherty, and O'Connell said: 'So completely was the stream diverted from the plaintiff's mill, there was not sufficient water left as would make *grog* for O'Flaherty.'

When applying to change the venue of a case from Dublin to Tralee, the motion was resisted by a very unprepossessing-looking barrister, whose politics were averse to Kerry-men in general, and O'Connell's in particular. This gentleman contended 'there was no necessity to send the case to Kerry—a county very remote—where he had never been, and was very inconvenient.'

'I can promise my learned friend,' replied O'Connell, 'a hearty welcome; and we'll shew him the lovely Lakes of Killarney.'

'Ay,' growled Mr H—; 'the bottom of them.'

'O no,' replied O'Connell. 'I would not frighten the fish.'

His practice on circuit was so great, he was usually retained in all important records; and when required to defend prisoners in the criminal court, while the records were trying in the next court, not having the ubiquity of Sir Boyle Roche's bird, could not be in both places at once. When engaged in defending a notorious Whiteboy named Lucey, he was often sent for to attend in the Record Court, where a very important case in which he held a brief was at hearing. He refused to leave the Crown Court while his client's life was in jeopardy; but when the jury returned their verdict, 'Not guilty,' O'Connell appeared in the civil case.

'Where were you all day?' asked Sergeant Jackson. 'You were badly wanted here.'

'I could not leave the Crown Court; I was defending Lucey,' replied O'Connell.

'What was the verdict?'

'Not guilty.'

'Then you have acquitted a wretch,' said Sergeant Jackson—'a wretch unfit to live.'

'I am sure, my dear Jackson,' responded

O'Connell, 'you will allow, if Lucey be unfit to live, he is still more unfit to die.'

When judges in Ireland are unable from illness, or other cause, to go circuit, a sergeant is usually sent instead. The sergeants in Ireland are only three in number, and take rank after the Attorney and Solicitor General; but as these law officers direct the prosecutions, and on great occasions personally appear for the crown, they are therefore disqualified, while holding office, from presiding on the bench. Mr Sergeant Lefroy was known to take great interest in religious matters, and the recent biography, written by his son, shews what a truly pious man he was. Fresh from taking part in a meeting for the conversion of the Jews, Sergeant Lefroy went as judge on the Munster Circuit. A man was tried before him at Cork, indicted for stealing a number of valuable coins. Several were from the Holy Land, others of the time of Caesar. O'Connell, who was defending the prisoner, heard the judge ask for the coins; when he instantly came out with a joke, saying: 'Give his lordship the *Jewish* ones, but hand me the *Roman*.'

Having acquitted a man indicted for cow-stealing, O'Connell was visited that night by his client, who was considerably the worse for his potatoes. They were alone in O'Connell's lodgings, in Cork, and O'Connell had no desire for such companionship. He said he had so much to do, that he could dispense with the man's company.

'Well, counsellor, jewel, don't be angry with me; but before I give you my blessing, I want to give you an *advice*.'

'What is that?' asked O'Connell.

'When you go for to steal a cow, don't take any that are by the ditch—they're lean, hungry craturs; but take the outside one—she's shure to have the most mate.' So saying, the grateful client took his departure.

#### LINES ON GLENORMISTON.

[FRAGMENT OF A TWEEDSIDE PASTORAL.]

FRONTING the bold Cardrona Law,\*  
A fairer scene ne'er mortal saw;  
Along the haughs rolls silvery Tweed,  
And lambs are wandering o'er the mead;  
The yellow crops adorn the fields,  
Yon heath'ry brae rich honey yields;  
From high Lee Pen† the brattling burns  
Hurry in fancied sportive turns:  
The mossy banks where 'wild thyme grows,'  
With violets blue and blushing rose;  
Well shielded from the northern blast,  
While sunshine on the land is cast,  
A favouring clime for hill and plain  
Is glowing o'er this fair domain:  
Nature more prodigal than art,  
Performs, 'tis seen, a wondrous part;  
On trees the honeysuckle towers,  
And drapes in splendour laurel bowers;‡

\* Cardrona Law, a rounded massive hill, on the south side of the Tweed.

† The Lee Pen, though not the loftiest hill in Tweeddale, rises to a height of 1647 feet above the sea-level, and from its peaked summit there is an extensive view.

‡ Favoured by climate, the Portugal laurel (*Prunus Lusitanica*) grows here to a large size, and blossoms and fruits copiously at a height of 600 feet above sea-level, and is draped with the honeysuckle, which twines through its branches.

The blooming vetch\* festoons the pines,  
And on the yew the dog-rose shines:†  
The bosky glen, with fairy falls,  
O'er which the 'birds sing madrigals.'  
Here, robin long has held his court,  
Ne'er troubled in his old resort;  
And through the air at evening gloom,  
The tasselled limes shed sweet perfume;  
There we may note the roving bee,  
As squirrel darts from tree to tree;  
Disturbed by pet-dog's merry bounds,  
Shy cushat swiftly makes his rounds:  
More free from fear of deadly harm,  
The pheasant stalks without alarm—  
A golden gleam amidst the shade,  
Or in the path that art has made,  
And to the grove is beauty lent  
By bird, a moving ornament:  
The bridges span the sparkling rill,  
Yet stop not there, but climb the hill;  
Here, mountain ash with berries bright  
Gleams overhead, and crowns the height;  
When summit of the glen is found,  
We pause to glance on all around:  
The rustic hut, a cool retreat,  
When sun glares down with burning heat,  
While birch, and broom, and graceful fern,  
Are mirrored in the mimic tarn:  
The House embowered in elms and oaks,  
With lawn white speckled o'er with flocks;  
Those ancient elms a tale could tell,  
Of that famed flight o'er Minchmoor fell,  
When gallant GRAHAM, escaped from foes,  
Alighted here for brief repose.‡  
And where is now that feudal Tower,  
That sheltered GRAHAM in evil hour?  
Alas! 'tis gone, by boor effaced,§  
And near its site a mansion placed—  
A dwelling changed since these old days,  
But rife with song and Border lays;  
Away from crowds and maddening din,  
With peace without, and calm within,  
And solace drawn from lettered page,  
A joy so well befitting age—  
There woods spread out in varied green,  
And flowers arrayed in summer sheen,  
Make up a picture, beautiful, I ween.

\* The *Vicia cracca*, or tufted vetch, a beautiful climbing plant, with bluish purple flowers.

† When the wild-rose happens to be growing close to the hollow or yew, it ascends, insinuates itself among the branches, and projects its flowers to the surface; the effect being particularly beautiful, and worthy of attention in ornamental shrubbery.

‡ When the royal forces were routed at Philiphaugh, 13th September 1645, their unfortunate commander, JAMES GRAHAM, Marquis of Montrose, fled with a few followers across Minchmoor. Refused admittance at Traquair House, he, according to local tradition, alighted for a brief space at Ormiston Tower on his way westwards. The approach to the Tower was by a broad avenue of aged elms, a few of which still remain in front of Glenormiston House.

§ Ormiston Tower, one of the Border keeps along the Tweed, indicated in old maps, was ruthlessly destroyed early in the present century.

Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, 47 Paternoster Row, LONDON, and 339 High Street, EDINBURGH.  
Also sold by all Booksellers.

# CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

OF  
POPULAR

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

Fourth Series

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS.

No. 613.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 25, 1875.

PRICE 1½d.

## AMERICAN ENGLISH.

It is said that, just after the Crimean War, when everything English was in particularly bad favour at St Petersburg, the Emperor Alexander, wishing to have some document presented to the American minister at his court, ordered it to be translated, not into English, but into the American language. Had his orders been literally obeyed, the document would have been of a rather more diverting character than usually belongs to diplomatic notes and memoranda. American English is assuredly one of the most singular of dialects. It is becoming yearly more and more the spoken, and, to a great extent, the written language of the country. It is English, with a strong infusion of new words, new idioms, and new forms of speech—some original, some borrowed from other languages, some mere slang, but dignified at times by a certain rough wit which is thoroughly racy of the soil.

American English flourishes in the ruder forms of Transatlantic life, though no class or order is quite exempt from it. It springs up in luxuriant growth in American journalism, to which, indeed, it owes some of its most striking expressions. It has been the subject of the learned researches of American *savants*, like Bartlett and Professor de Vere. It has a literature, too, of its own, the work of authors like Bret Harte, Mark Twain, and the immortal old showman, Artemus Ward; Major Bigelow and Colonel Hay, U. Donough Outis (that is, 'You don' know who 'tis') and Orpheus C. Kerr. But this literature has a good deal of the artificial about it, and we often find more satisfactory specimens of the 'American language' in the vigorous editorials, or, as we should call them, leaders, of the free press of the Great Republic.

The foreign elements of the dialect are derived from all the four quarters of the globe. In the western states, the Chinese immigrants are introducing stray words of their celestial language; in California and Texas, Spanish words abound; in the southern states, the negro has a corrupt English of his own, which has some influence in

changing the language even of the whites. From Louisiana come Anglicised French terms; in New England there is a Dutch element of variation; everywhere the Germans are at work, elaborating that singular German-American English with which Hans Breitmann has made us familiar; and, finally, the fast-disappearing Indians are leaving relics of their various languages imbedded, like fossils, in the daily speech of their conquerors. Besides such Indian names for animals as wapiti and caribou, moose and musquash, and well-known words like wigwam, wampum, and sachem, we meet now and then with Indian derivatives—such as *pocasun* and *pokeloken*, for marshy ground; *suckatah*, a dainty dish of green corn, beans, and venison, from the Indian *messicwatash*; and *hominy*, a kind of grain, from the Indian *ahuminea*, parched corn. It is said that even the familiar word 'Yankee' is of Indian origin, being nothing more than a corruption of *Yengees*, an early Indian attempt to pronounce the word 'English.'

Every reader of Bret Harte's Californian sketches must have noticed the great number of Spanish words which he uses as familiarly as if they were English; but, besides these, there are American words which are nothing but Spanish terms roughly cut down into an English form—such are *mustang*, a wild horse, which is the Spanish *mesteno*; and *stampede*, from *estampida*. Stampede means a rush, and the American tendency to make one or two verbs out of every substantive has produced such forms as 'they stampeded,' which means they ran off suddenly; or even 'they stampeded him'—that is to say, frightened him off. The Spanish imperative, *vamos*, let us go, has produced another word for rapid flight—to *vamos*.

The French word *levée*, accented on the last syllable, means, in America, as with us, a reception; but pronounced like *levy*, it means a raised embankment or wharf. Other French words have received worse treatment. The early French settlers in Missouri called one of their clearings *Bois Brulé*, the Burnt Wood; it now appears on the local maps as Bob Ruly. Similarly, we have Bodewash from *Bois de Vache*; and Smack Cover

from *Chemin Couvert*. Family names have been similarly treated; Peabody was once Pibaudière, and Bunker's Hill is named after the family of Bon Cœur. When a man receives promotion out of his turn, those who are passed over are said to be 'overslaughed,' from the Dutch *overslaan*, to skip. A Dutch word, too, is 'boss,' from *baas*, an overseer; and many others might be added. In the same way, too, the Germans have supplied a few words, but not very many, for they have not been so long in the country as the Spaniards, French, and Dutch.

The new meanings given to words produce a very singular effect on the English ear. A 'smile' is a drink; 'ugly' means not only repulsive, but wicked; a man who has been induced to buy an unsound horse is not cheated, but 'stuck with a bad horse.' 'To love' is to like, as in Bartlett's example: 'Do you love pumpkin-pie?' There are dozens of words used in the sense of 'very'; a very mean man is 'a monstrous mean fellow.' 'O doctor,' says an invalid, 'I'm powerful weak, but cruel easy.' In this way, powerful, cruel, monstrous, dreadful, awful, and mighty are synonymous, and this paradoxical phrase means only: 'I'm very weak, but feel no pain.'

American political life has given rise to an abundance of quaint phrases. Some are derived from the habits of animals: a party is said to *snake*, when it follows an underhand policy; if a politician proves false to his pledges, the papers announce that he has 'crawfished awfully,' an allusion to the retrograde motions of the crayfish. When a group of members supports a bill in which they have no direct interest, in order to secure the help of its promoters for a bill of their own, they are said to be 'log-rolling,' a term taken from the backwoods, where a man who has cut down a big tree gets his neighbours to help him in rolling it away, and in return helps them with their logs. To 'gas,' is to talk only for the purpose of prolonging a debate. A man who can be depended upon by his party is said to be 'sound on the goose.' On the other hand, a doubtful supporter is spoken of as 'weak in the knees.' Determination is backbone. 'Backbone,' says a leader in *The Republic of New York*, 'is the material that makes an upright man.' A party that always votes together is said to 'vote solid.' A party conference is a 'caucus,' its programme is a 'platform,' and these two words we may remark *en passant* are being too freely used in some quarters even among ourselves. A member of congress does not make a speech, he 'orates'; if he can embarrass his adversary, he rejoices at having 'cornered' him; if his speech is a good one, it is a 'rouser'; if it fails, it is a 'fizzle,' so called from the hiss of the priming in a gun that misses fire. Institution, originally a political word, has been given a very wide meaning; besides speaking of the 'institutions of the country,' American writers mention the buzzards of Charleston as one of the institutions of that city, and inform us that a taste for driving is one of the institutions of New York. Writing from China to the *New York Times*, Mr Seward described a typhoon as 'an eastern institution,' which, though doubtless entertaining as a topic for future narrative, is seldom amusing as an experience. Before we take leave of politics, we must notice one 'institution' of political life. Some men stand neutral at first in a debate or

an election, in order to join the winning side as soon as they see the first signs of victory. In America, these prudent individuals are said to be 'sitting on a fence,' or are called 'fencemen.'

Trade has even more cant words than politics. Money has forty or fifty different names; such singular terms as dye-stuffs, spondulics, shadescals, and charms, figuring in the list. Insolvent banks are called wild-cat banks, and their notes are wild-cats. The smallest cobbler's shop is a 'boot-store'; a draper's, is a 'dry-goods store'; and 'to run a store,' is to keep a shop. A figure of speech derived from the last expression is 'to run your face,' which means, to go upon credit. 'To make a pile,' is to make money; to be 'dead broke,' is to become bankrupt. These commercial phrases penetrate into every-day life. 'What's to pay?' means simply what's the matter? 'A drive in these hills *pays*,' says a writer in an American magazine; 'it is pure enjoyment.' Another Americanism, 'to be well posted up' in a subject, originally derived from the posting up of a ledger, has been adopted by some English writers. Similarly there are nautical words which are used on all possible occasions. Where an English railway guard calls out before starting his train, 'Take your places,' the American 'train-conductor' shouts, 'Get aboard, get aboard'; and then signals the driver to 'go ahead.' A pushing active man is said to be 'goaheaditive,' and from this adjective a barbarous substantive has in due course been developed; and on the declaration of war between France and Prussia in 1870, the *New York Times* strove to impress its readers with the fact that 'in this complication of European difficulties, a favourable opportunity was afforded to American goaheaditiveness.'

The American railways, or rather 'railroads,' have a complete terminology of their own. One starts not from a station, but from the 'depot' (pronounced dee-po); the carriage is a 'car'; the largest and best fitted of these are called 'palace cars'; and by a tremendous stretch of absurdity, some of the companies have built improved cattle wagons, and dubbed them 'Stock palace cars.' The carriages fitted with beds are called 'sleeping cars' or 'sleepers'; an express is a 'lightning train.' 'In front,' says the *New York Tribune*, describing a collision in 1871, 'was the Buffalo sleeper of the Chicago lightning train; it had twenty-seven passengers, and not a soul was saved.' The buffers are called 'bumpers'; the stoker and the driver are respectively the 'fireman and the engineer.' The line is the *track*; where it runs on a curve, it is a *bay*; where it runs straight, it is an air line, a bee line, or a straight shoot. 'To flag' means to signal; when two trains 'collide,' the newspapers report not a railway accident, but a 'railroad disaster'; and these disasters have given rise to a terrible word, to 'telescope'; and we hear how one 'train broke down, and the next coming up after it telescoped into the rear cars'; that is, ran into them as one tube of a telescope slides into the other.

There are various expressions derived from the habits and appearance of beasts, birds, fishes, and plants. It seems strange to attribute any particular happiness to a shell-fish, yet a man will say that he is as 'happy as a clam,' or 'as happy as a clam-fish at high-water.' To 'play possum' is to dissimulate, a reference to the cunning habits of

the opossum. The favourite haunt of the 'possum is among the thick leaves of the gum-tree, where he lies safely hidden from the sportsman; so 'to gum-tree' is to elude, to cheat, and this again is shortened into 'to gum,' as in the phrase, 'Now don't you try to gum me.'

All wild animals are spoken of as 'varmin' or 'varmint'; and an English traveller relates how, having inadvertently spoken of the opossum as a 'singular creature,' his hunter-guide remonstrated with him: 'A possum, sir, isn't a critter—it's a varmint; only cattle and tame animals being dignified with the name of 'critters.' For some animals there is a strange and vague nomenclature. In some of the states, a kind of pheasant is known as the partridge, in others the name is given to quails and grouse; the so-called 'turkey buzzard' is neither a turkey nor a buzzard, but a kind of vulture which acts as a scavenger in the cities of the southern states and of parts of South America, and enjoys in return various privileges and immunities. We have seen them stalking about the streets of Lima among the people, as tame as hens in a village street, or quietly sunning themselves on the house-tops.

Of a part with this love for exaggeration so characteristic of American humour, is the tendency for violent expressions which appears in American daily speech. A man is attacked and completely defeated in the legislature, and this is reported by saying that he has been 'catawampiously chewed up.' 'I don't want to swear,' says a conscientious man, 'cos it's wicked; but if I didn't see him do it, may I be teetotolaciously clawed up!' There are many expressions like the last, for the American seldom swears outright, but generally has recourse to those half-disguised phrases which a famous New York preacher once denounced as 'one-horse oaths.' New words are formed every day; when the American has seized upon an expressive word, he works it into half-a-dozen forms, and secures it a currency in two or three parts of speech. From the verbs to walk, to sing, &c., we get walkist, singist, shootist, and half-a-dozen others formed like pianist and linguist. Not satisfied with this last word, American sailors have lengthened it into 'linguister,' an interpreter. Then we have such words as 'to overture,' which means to propose; 'to donate' for to give a donation; and 'to eventuate' for to happen. To 'disremember' is to forget, and 'to out a candle' is to extinguish it. The love for abbreviation has produced such forms as 'to rail' for to travel by rail, and to 'cable' news, meaning to send a 'cable-gram,' or as we should say, a message by Atlantic cable. Many words have nothing to recommend them but a strange sound, as, for instance, 'splurge,' a noisy demonstration, whence the verb 'to splurge,' meaning to boast and swagger, and then the adjective 'splurging,' and the adverb 'splurgingly.' 'Merit always makes its way,' says a Transatlantic editor; 'sometimes quickly, often slowly, but *never splurgingly*—a remark in which we most heartily concur.

Then there is a host of idioms, such as, 'I kinder thought,' or 'I kind of thought,' meaning, 'I rather thought; 'nary tile,' or 'nary cent,' for 'no hat,' or 'not a cent.' 'To' is constantly used for 'at; 'company to supper to our house' means a 'teaparty at our house.' 'Done' is used instead of 'did,' and in the South, 'Do don't that' means

'Don't do it.' Some of these, such as 'nary,' 'kinder,' &c. are really the offspring of the universal tendency to abbreviate. Those words are of course spoken, and not written; but other equally objectionable abbreviations appear first in press telegrams and reports, and then gradually get into general circulation. Such are 'incendiariied,' for set on fire by an incendiary; 'burgled,' meaning robbed by burglars; 'interviewed,' and the like. Press writers are accountable, too, for 'Bayres' as a substitute for Buenos Ayres, and 'Frisco' for San Francisco. On the other hand, the tendency for 'tall-talk' in speeches and leaders, produces a series of grandiloquent names for states and cities, which, we presume, are taken as some compensation for clipped names, like Frisco and Bayres. The state of New York is the Empire State, or the Excelsior State. New York itself is the Empire City; Pennsylvania is the Keystone State; Missouri, the Bullion State; Virginia is the Old Dominion; and New Hampshire, the Granite State. Baltimore is popularly known as the Monumental City; Cincinnati is the Queen City; and Buffalo, the Queen City of the Lakes. New Orleans is the Crescent City; Boston, the Classic City; San Francisco, the Golden City; while Duluth, on Lake Superior, rejoices in the rather 'tall' title of the Zenith City of the Unsalted Seas, a name which savours strongly of pantomime play-bills. In other names there is an air of good-humoured fun and banter. Mississippi is known as the Mudcat State, and its people are Mudcats, a name derived from the great number of cat-fish which live in their swamps and rivers; Rhode Island, the smallest of all the states, is known as Little Rhody; and Washington itself is spoken of as the City of Magnificent Distances, for, the city having been planned on a splendid scale, and never completed, its churches, public buildings, and mansions stand far apart, and often in the midst of waste grounds or miserable shanties.

It must, however, be remembered that all American English is not mere slang, or an accumulation of newly coined words. There are many words current in America which seem strange and uncouth to our ears, but still are real old English words, preserved in the United States, but obsolete in the Old Country, and found only in writers of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, or in our provincial dialects. 'I guess' looks very like a genuine Americanism, yet Chaucer and Spenser use it with only a very slight difference of meaning:

Her yellow hair was braided in a tress  
Behind her back, a yard long, I guess,

says Chaucer; and

Amylia will be loved as I mote ghesse,

is a line from the *Fuery Queen*. 'He whose design it is to excel in poetry,' says Locke, 'would not, I guess, think that the way if it was to make his first essay in Latin verse.' The word 'guess' gives this sentence quite an American sound, yet it is from a standard English author.

Altogether, the subject of American English is one which would probably repay serious study on the part of European, and, above all, English philologists. It would give us an insight into the variations of language; the modifications of sense,

and sound, and meaning; the blending of the old and new; of words formed from various sources, and borrowed from many lands, by which, at length, a new dialect, and even a new language, is slowly built up. We see, indeed, in America, processes at work in modifying speech not unlike some of those which helped to change Anglo-Saxon into English centuries ago. But we should be sorry to see the study of American English leading to the further introduction and adoption of Americanisms amongst ourselves. Popular American literature has given us too many of these already; we enjoy quite enough freedom on this side of the Atlantic without chopping and changing our fine old language in the 'free-and-easy' style that is so popular with our friends upon the other.

## THE FLAG OF DISTRESS.

### CHAPTER XXI.—FIGHTING THE TIGER.

At sight of De Lara and Calderon, the young officers stand speechless, as if suddenly struck dumb; for a pang has shot through their hearts, bitter as a poisoned shaft. Crozier feels it the keenest, since it is an affair that most concerns him. The suitor of Carmen Montijo a 'sport'—a common gambler! Favoured, or not, still an aspirant to her hand; though it were chagrin enough to think of such a man being even on terms of acquaintance with her. Cadwallader is less affected, though he too feels it. For although Calderon is in the circle of outside players—apparently a simple wagerer, like the rest—the companionship of the morning, with the relations existing between the two men, tell of their being socially the same. He already knows his rival to be a blackguard; in all likelihood, he is also a blackleg.

Quick as thought itself, these reflections pass through the minds of the English officers; though for some time neither says a word—their looks alone communicating to each other what both bitterly feel. Fortunately, their surprise is not noticed by the players around the table. Each is engrossed in his own play, and gives but a glance at the newcomers, whose naval uniforms are not the only ones there. But there are two who take note of them in a more particular manner: these, Faustino Calderon, and Francisco de Lara. Calderon, looking along the table—for he is on that same side—regards them with glances, furtive, almost timid. Very different is the manner of De Lara. At sight of Crozier he suspends the deal, his face suddenly turning pale, while a spark of angry light flashes forth from his eyes. The passionate display is to all appearance unobserved; or, if so, it is attributed to some trifling cause, as annoyance at the game going against him. It is almost instantly over; and the disturbed features of the Monté dealer resume their habitual expression of stern placidity.

The young officers having recovered from their first shock of astonishment, also have restored to them the faculty of speech; and now exchange thoughts, though not about that which so disturbs them. By a sort of tacit understanding it is left to another time, Crozier only saying: 'We'll talk of it, when we get aboard ship. That's the place for sailors to take counsel together, with a clear head, such as we want. At this precious minute, I feel like a fish out of water.'

'By Jove! so do I.'

'The thing we're both thinking of has raised the devil in me. But let us not bother about it now. I've got something else in my mind. I'm half-mad, and intend *fighting the tiger*.'

'Fighting the tiger! What do you mean by that, Ned?'

'You'll soon see. But if you insist upon it, I'll give you a little preliminary explanation.'

'Yes, do. Perhaps I can help you.'

'No, you can't. There's only one who can.'

'Who is he?'

'It's not a he, but a she: the Goddess of Fortune. I intend soliciting her favours; if she but grant them, I'll smash Mr De Lara's Monté bank.'

'Impossible! There's no probability of your being able to do that.'

'Not much probability, I admit. Still there's a possibility. I've seen such a thing done before now. Bold play, and big luck, combined will do it. I'm in for the first; whether I have the last, remains to be seen. In any case, I'll either break the bank, or lose all I've got on me—which by chance is a pretty big stake to begin with. So here goes!'

Up to this time their conversation has been carried on in a low tone; no one hearing, or caring to listen to it, all being too much absorbed in their own calculations, to take heed of the bets, or combinations of others. If any one gives a glance at them, and sees them engaged in their *sotto-voce* dialogue, it is but to suppose they are discussing which card they had best bet upon—whether the *Soto* or *Caballo*; and whether it would be prudent to risk a whole dollar, or limit their lay to the more modest sum of fifty cents. They who may have been thus conjecturing, with everybody else, are taken by surprise, in fact, somewhat startled, when the older of the two officers, bending across the table, tosses a hundred pound Bank of England note upon the baize, with as much nonchalance as if it were but a five-dollar bill!

'Shall I give you cheques for it?' asks the croupier, after examining the crisp note—current over all the earth—and knowing it good as gold.

'No,' answers Crozier; 'not yet. You can give that after the bet's decided—if I win it. If not, you can take the note. I place it on the Queen, against the Knave.'

The croupier, simply nodding assent, places the note on the Queen.

During the interregnum in which this little incident occurs, the English officers, hitherto scarce noticed, are broadly stared at, and closely scrutinised—Crozier becoming the cynosure of every eye. He stands it with a placid tranquillity, which shews him as careless about what they may think him, as he is of his cash. Meanwhile, the cards have had a fresh shuffle, and the deal begins anew; all eyes again turning upon the game, in earnest expectancy; those who, like Crozier, have placed upon the Queen, wishing her to shew her face first. And she does.

'*Cubullo en la puerta mozo!*' (The Queen in the door wins) cries the dealer, the words drawled out with evident reluctance, while a flash of fierce anger is seen scintillating in his eyes.

'Will you take it in cheques?' asks the croupier, addressing himself to Crozier, after settling the smaller bets. 'Or shall I pay you in specie?'

'You needn't pay yet. Let the note lie. Only

cover it with a like amount. I go it double, and again upon the Queen.'

Stakes are relaid—some changed—others left standing or doubled, as Crozier's, which is now a bet for two hundred pounds. On goes the game, the pieces of smooth pasteboard slipping silently from the jewelled fingers of the dealer, whose eye is bent upon the cards, as if he saw through them—or would, if he could. Whatever his wish, he has no power to change the chances. If he have any professional tricks, there is no opportunity for him to practise them. There are too many eyes looking on; too many pistols and bowie-knives around; too many men ready to stop any attempt at cheating, and punish it, if attempted.

Again he is compelled to call out: '*Caballo en la puerta mozo!*'

'Now, sir,' says the croupier to Crozier, after settling other scores; 'you want your money, I suppose?'

'Not yet. I'm not pressed, and I can afford to wait a little longer. I again go double, and am still contented with my Queen.'

The dealing proceeds; with four hundred pounds lying on the *Caballo* to Crozier's account—and ten times as much belonging to other betters. For now that the luck seems to be running with the English officer, most lay their stakes beside his.

Once again: '*Caballo en la puerta mozo!*' And again Crozier declines to take up his bet.

He has now sixteen hundred pounds sterling upon the card; while the others, thoroughly assured that his luck is on the run, double theirs, till the bets against the bank run up to many thousands.

De Lara begins to look anxious, and not a little down-hearted. Still more anxious, and lower in heart, appears one seated on the opposite side—Calderon; for it is his money that is moving away from him. On the contrary, Crozier is as cool as ever, his features set in a rigid determination to do what he promised—break the bank, or lose all he has got about him. The last, not likely yet, for soon again comes the cry: '*The Queen winner!*'

There is a pause longer than usual, for the settling of such a large score; and after it an interval of inaction. The dealer seems inclined to discontinue; for still lying upon the Queen is Crozier's stake, once more doubled, and now counting three thousand two hundred pounds! Asked if he intends to let it remain, he replies sneeringly: 'Of course I do; I insist upon it. And once more I go for the Queen. Let those who like the Knave better, back him!'

'Go on! Go on!' is the cry around the table, from many voices speaking in tone of demand.

De Lara glances at Calderon furtively, but, to those observing it, with a look of interrogation. Whatever the sign, or answer, it decides him to go on dealing. The bets are again made; to his dismay, almost everybody laying upon the Queen, and, as before, increasing their stakes. And in like proportion is heightened the interest in the game. It is too intense for any display of noisy excitement now. And there is less throughout the saloon: for many from the other tables, as all the saunterers, have collected around, and standing several deep, gaze over one another's shoulders with as much eager earnestness as if a man were expiring in their midst.

The ominous call at length comes—not in clear voice, or tone exultant, but feeble, and as if rung reluctantly from the lips of the Monté dealer; for it is again a verdict adverse to the bank: '*Caballo en la puerta mozo!*'

As De Lara utters the words, he dashes the cards down, scattering them all over the table. Then rising excitedly from his chair, adds in faltering tone: 'Gentlemen, I'm sorry to tell you—the bank's broke!'

#### CHAPTER XXII.—A PLUCKY 'SPORT.'

'*The bank's broke!*'

Three words that have oft—too oft—startled the ear, and made woe in many a heart.

At hearing them, the gamblers of the El Dorado seated around the Monté table spring to their feet, as if their chairs had suddenly become converted into iron at a white-heat. They rise simultaneously, as though all were united in a chain, elbow and elbow together. But while thus gesturing alike, very different is the expression upon their faces. Some simply shew surprise; others look incredulous; while not a few give evidence of anger. For an instant there is silence—the surprise, the incredulity, the anger, having suspended speech. This throughout the saloon, for all, bar-drinkers as well as gamblers, have caught the last three words spoken by De Lara, and thoroughly understand their import. No longer is heard the clink of ivory cheques, or the metallic ring of doubloons and dollars. No longer the thudding down of decanters, nor the jingle of glasses. Instead, a stillness so profound, that one entering at this moment might fancy it a Quakers' meeting, but for the symbols seen around—these, anything but Quakerish. Easier to conceive it a grand gambling-hell represented in wax-work.

The silence is of the shortest—as also the immobility of the figures composing the different groups; only for a half-score seconds. Then there is noise enough, with no end of gesticulation. A roar arises that resounds through the room; while men rush about wildly, madly, as if in the courtyard of a lunatic asylum. Some shew anger—those who are losers by the breaking of the bank. Many have won large bets; the stakes still lying on the table, which they know will not be paid. The croupier has told them so; confessing his cash-box cleared out at the last settlement; even this having been effected with the now useless ivory cheques.

Some gather up their gold or silver, and stow it in safety; growling, but satisfied that things are no worse. Others are not so lenient. They do not believe there is good cause for the suspension, and insist upon being paid in full. They rail at the proprietor of the bank, adding menace. De Lara is the man thus marked. They see him before them, grandly dressed, glittering with diamonds. They talk of stripping him of his *bijouterie*.

'No, gentlemen!' he protests, with a sardonic sneer. 'Not that, if you please—not yet. First hear me; and then 't will be time for you to strike.'

'What have you to say?' demands one, with his fists full of ivory counters—the protested cheques.

'Only that I'm not the owner of this bank—and never have been.'



'Who is, then?' ask several at the same time.

'Well; that I can't tell you just now. And what's more, I won't. No; that I won't!'

The gambler says this with emphasis, and an air of sullen determination, that has its effect upon his questioners—even the most importunate. For a time, it stays their talk, as well as action. Seeing this, he follows it up with further speech, but more conciliatory. 'As I've said, gentlemen, I'm not the owner of this concern; only the dealer of the cards. You ask, who's proprietor of the smashed table. It's natural enough you should want to know. But it's just as natural, that it ain't my business to tell you. If I did, it would be a shabby trick; and, I take it, you're all men enough to see it in that light. If there's any who isn't, he can have my card, and call upon me at his convenience. My name's Francisco de Lara—or Frank Lara, if you like, for short. I can be found here, or anywhere else in San Francisco, at such time as may suit anxious inquirers. And if any wants me now, and can't wait, I'm good this minute for pistols across the table. Yes, gentlemen! Any of you who'd like a little amusement of that kind, let him come on! It'll be a change from the Monté. For my part, I'm tired of shuffling cards; and would like to rest my fingers on a trigger. Which of you feels disposed to give me the chance? Don't all speak at once!'

No one feels disposed, and no one speaks. At least in hostile tone, or to take up the challenge. Instead, half a score surround the 'sport,' and not only express their admiration of his pluck, but challenge him to an encounter of drinks, not pistols. Turning towards the bar, they vociferate: 'Champagne!'

Contented with the turn things have taken, and proud at the volley of invitations, De Lara accepts; and soon the vintage of France is seen effervescing from a dozen tall glasses, and the Monté dealer stands drinking in the midst of his admirers. Other groups draw up to the bar-counter; while twos and solitary tipplers fill the spaces between. The Temple of Fortuna is for a time deserted; her worshippers transferring their devotion to the shrine of Bacchus. The losers drink to drown disappointment, while the winners quaff cups in the exhilaration of success. If a bad night for the bank, it is a good one for the bar. Decanters are quickly emptied, and bottles of many kinds go 'down among the dead men.'

The excitement in the saloon is soon over. Occurrences of like kind—often of more tragical termination—are too common in California to cause any long-sustained interest. Within the hour will arise some new event, equally stirring—leaving the old to live only in the recollection of those who have been active participants in it. So with the breaking of Frank Lara's bank. A stranger, entering the saloon an hour after, from what he there sees, cannot tell that an incident of so serious nature has occurred; for in less than this time the same Monté table is again surrounded by gamblers, as if its play had never been suspended. The only difference observable is, that quite another individual presides over it, dealing out the cards; while a new croupier has replaced him whose cash receipts so suddenly ran short of his needed disbursements. The explanation is

simply, that there has been a change of owners; another celebrated 'sport' taking up the abandoned bank, and opening it anew. With a few exceptions, the customers are the same; their number not sensibly diminished. Most of the old players have returned to it; while the places of those who have defected, and gone off to other gambling resorts, are filled by fresh arrivals. A small number, who think they have had play enough for that night, have left the El Dorado for good. Among these are the English officers, whose visit proved so prejudicial to the interests of the place. De Lara, too, and Calderon, with other confederates, have forsaken the saloon. But whither gone, no one knows, or seems to care; for the fortunes of a fallen man soon cease to interest men, who are themselves madly struggling to mount up.

#### CHAPTER XXIII.—A SUPPER CARTE-BLANCHE.

On parting from the El Dorado, Crozier and Cadwallader do not go directly aboard the *Crusader*. They know that their boat will be awaiting them at the place appointed. But the appointment is for a later hour, and as the breaking of the Monté bank, with the incidents attendant, occupied but a short half-hour, there will be time for them to see a little more of San Franciscan life—perhaps the last chance they may have during their stay in the port. They have fallen in with several other young officers, naval like themselves, though not of their own ship, nor yet their own navy, or nation; but belonging to one, cognate and kindred—Americans. Through the freemasonry of their common profession, with these they have fraternised; and it is agreed they shall all sup together. Crozier has invited the Americans to a repast the most *recherché*, as it is the costliest, that can be obtained at the grandest hotel in San Francisco, the *Parker House*. He adds humorously, that he is able to stand the treat. And well he may; since, besides the English money with which he entered the El Dorado, he has brought thousands of dollars out of it, which would have been more had all the ivory cheques been honoured. As it is, his pockets are filled with notes and gold; as also those of Cadwallader, who helps him to carry the coin. Part of the heavy metal he has been able to change into the more portable form of bank-notes. Yet the two are still heavily weighted—'laden like hucksters' donkeys!' jokingly remarks Cadwallader, as they proceed towards the *Parker*.

A private room is engaged; and, according to promise, Crozier bespeaks a repast of the most sumptuous kind, with *carte-blanche* for the best wines—champagne at three guineas a bottle, hock the same, and South-side Madeira still more. What difference to him? The supper ordered in the double-quick, soon makes its appearance. Sooner in San Francisco than in any other city of the world; in better style, too, and better worth the money; for the Golden City excels in the science of gastronomy. Even then, amidst her canvas sheds, and weather-boarded houses, could be obtained dishes of every kind known to Christendom, or Pagandom: the *cuisine* of France, Spain, and Italy; the roast beef of Old England, as the pork and beans of the New; the *gumbo* of Guinea, and *sauerkraut* of Germany, side by side with the swallow's-nest soup and sea-slugs of China. Had

Lucullus but lived in these days, he would have forsaken the banks of the Tiber, and made California his home.

The repast furnished by the *Parker House*, however splendid, has to be speedily despatched; for unfortunately time forbids the leisurely enjoyment of the viands, to a certain extent marring the pleasure of the occasion. All the officers, American, as English, have to be on their respective ships at the stroke of twelve. Reluctantly breaking up their hilarious company, they prepare to depart. They have forsaken the supper-room, and passed on to the outer saloon of the hotel; like all such, furnished with a drinking-bar. Before separating, and while buttoning up against the chill night-air, Crozier calls out: 'Come, gentlemen; one more glass! The stirrup-cup!'

In San Francisco this is always the wind-up to a night of revelry. No matter how much wine has been quaffed, the carousal is not deemed complete without a last 'statutory' drink taken standing at the bar. Giving way to the Californian custom, the officers range themselves along the marble slab; bending over which, the polite bar-keeper asks: 'What is it to be, gentlemen?'

There is a moment of hesitation, the gentlemen—already well wined—scarcely know what to call for. Crozier cuts the Gordian-knot by proposing: 'A round of punches à la Romaine!'

Universal assent to this delectable drink; as all know, just the thing for a night-cap. Soon the cooling beverage, compounded with snow from the Sierra Nevada, appears upon the counter, in huge glasses, piled high with the sparkling crystals—a spoon surmounting each; for punch à la Romaine is not to be drunk, but eaten. Shovelling it down in haste, adieus are exchanged by a hearty shaking of hands, when the American officers go off, leaving Crozier and Cadwallader in the saloon. These only stay to settle the account.

While standing by the bar, waiting for it to be brought, they cast a glance around the room. At first careless, it soon becomes concentrated on a group seen at some distance off, near one of the doors leading out, of which there are several. There are also several other groups; for the saloon is of large dimensions, besides being the most popular place of resort in San Francisco. And for San Francisco the hour is not yet late. Along the line of the drinking-bar, and over the white-sanded floor, are some scores of people of all qualities and kinds, in almost every variety of costume. They who compose the party that has attracted the attention of the English officers shew nothing particular—that is, to the eye of one unacquainted with them. There are four of them, two wearing broadcloth cloaks, the other two having their shoulders shrouded under serapes. Nothing in all that. The night is cold, indeed wet, and they are close to the door, to all appearance intending soon to step out. They have only paused to exchange a parting word, as if they designed to separate before issuing into the street.

Though the spot where they stand is in shadow—a folding screen separating it from the rest of the saloon—and it is not easy to get sight of their faces—the difficulty increased by broad-brimmed hats set slouchingly on their heads, with their cloaks and serapes drawn up around their throats—Crozier and Cadwallader have not only seen, but recognised them. A glance at their countenances,

caught before the muffling was made, enabled the young officers to identify three of them as De Lara, Calderon, and the *ci-devant* croupier of the Monté bank. The fourth, whose face they have also seen, is a personage not known to them; but, judging by his features, a suitable associate for the other three. Soon as catching sight of them, which he is the first to do, Crozier whispers to his companion: 'See, Will! Look yonder! Our friends from the El Dorado!'

'By Jove! them, sure enough. Do you think they're following us?'

'I shouldn't wonder. I was only surprised they didn't do something when they had us in their gambling den. After the heavy draw I made on Mr Lara's bank, I expected no less than that he'd try to renew his acquaintance with me; all the more from his having been so free of it in the morning. Instead, he and his friend seem to have studiously avoided coming near us—not even casting a look in our direction. That rather puzzles me.'

'It needn't. After what you gave him, I should think he'll feel shy of another encounter.'

'No; that's not it. Blackleg though the fellow be, he's got game in him. He gave proof of it in the El Dorado, defying and backing everybody out. It was an exhibition of real courage, Will; and, to tell the truth, I couldn't help admiring it—can't now. When I saw him presiding over a gambling-table, and dealing out the cards, I at once made up my mind that it would never do to meet him—even if he challenged me. Now, I've decided differently; and if he call me out, I'll give him a chance to recover a little of his lost reputation. I will, upon my honour.'

'But why should you! A "sport," a professional gambler! The thing would be simply ridiculous.'

'Nothing of the kind—not here in California. On the contrary, I should cut a more ridiculous figure by refusing him satisfaction. It remains to be seen whether he'll seek it according to the correct code.'

'That he won't; at least, I don't think he will. From the way the four have got their heads together, it looks as if they meant mischief now. They may have been watching their opportunity—to get us two alone. What a pity we didn't see them before our friends went off. They're good fellows, those Yankee officers, and would have stood by us.'

'No doubt they would. But it's too late now. They're beyond hailing distance, and we must take care of ourselves. Get your dirk ready, Will, and have your hand close to the butt of one of Mr De Lara's shooting-irons.'

'I have it that way. Never fear. Wouldn't it be a good joke if I have to give the fellow a pill out of one of his own pistols?'

'No joking matter to us, if they're meditating an attack. Though we disarmed him in the morning, he'll be freshly provided, and with weapons in plenty. I'll warrant each of the four has a battery concealed under his cloak. They appear as if they're concocting some scheme, which we'll soon know all about—likely before leaving the room. Certainly, they're up to something.'

'Four hundred and ninety dollars, gentlemen!'

The financial statement is made by the bar-keeper presenting the bill.

'There!' cries Crozier, flinging down a five hundred dollar bill. 'Let that settle it. You can keep the change for yourself.'

'Thank ye,' drily responds the Californian dispenser of drinks, taking the ten dollar tip with less show of gratitude than a London waiter would give for a fourpenny piece—little as that may be.

Turning to take departure, the young officers again look across the saloon, to learn how the hostile party has disposed itself. To their surprise, the gamblers are gone; having disappeared while the account was being receipted.

'I don't like the look of it,' says Crozier, in a whisper. 'Less now than ever. No doubt we'll find them outside. Well; we can't stay here all night. If they attack us, we must do our best. Take a firm grip of your pistol, with your finger close to the trigger; and if any of them shews sign of shooting, see that you fire first. Follow me; and keep close!'

On the instant of delivering these injunctions, Crozier starts towards the door, his companion following, as directed. Both sally out, and for a while stand gazing around them. People they see in numbers, some lounging by the hotel porch, others passing along the street. But none in cloaks, or *serapes*. The gamblers must have gone clear away.

'After all, we may have been wronging them,' remarks Crozier, as in his nature, giving way to a generous impulse. 'I can hardly think that a fellow who's shewn such courage would play the assassin. Maybe they were but putting their heads together about challenging us? If that's it, we may expect to hear from them in the morning. It looks all right. Anyhow, we can't stay dallying here. If we're not aboard by eight bells, old Bracebridge'll masthead us. Let's heave along, my hearty!'

So saying, the senior officer leads off, Cadwalader close on his quarter—both a little unsteady in their steps, partly from being loaded with the spoils of El Dorado, and partly from the effects of the *Parker House* wines, and punches à la *Romaine*.

#### A SIXTEENTH-CENTURY 'CLAIMANT.'

THE quiet little town of Agen, in the south of France, is known to fame as having been the residence for many years of one of the most renowned scholars of the sixteenth century. In the spring of 1525 A.D., Antoine de la Rovère, who had been appointed by the pope Bishop of Agen, was accompanied to his new diocese by an Italian physician of Verona, one Julius Cæsar de l'Esclle de Bordonis by name. He had consented to attend his patron on the journey, on the understanding that, if he should be required to remain at Agen at all, his stay should be limited to eight days. The physician was a man of mature age, grave and dignified of mien, much given to study, of an almost stoical reserve and composure, and apparently far removed above the reach of earthly passion and caprice of fancy; yet, before that eight days' term was ended, the middle-aged physician had fallen hopelessly in love with a mere child, younger even than that celebrated lady of his native Verona whose passionate tenderness at an early age Shakspeare has commemorated. At the end of three years, for which interval the prudent parents had stipulated, the scholar of seven-and-

forty became the husband of this girl of sixteen. We may be sure 'all the neighbours' violently disapproved of the match, and prophesied domestic pokers, and an appeal to the Sir Crosswell Crosswell of the period, as the natural and inevitable sequel. They were wrong, we are charmed to say (all well constituted minds rejoice, as Confucius remarks, when the gossips of a neighbourhood are discomfited). The beautiful Andiette made a faithful and loving wife to her elderly spouse, who came afterwards to be known in the history of letters as *Prince Julius Cæsar Scaliger*.

Now, this little bit of romance in the life of one whose pursuits are to common thinking associated with what is dry and dreary in human life and character, with the absence of those more moving incidents and profounder passions which give to existence its colour, flavour, and variety, makes the biography of Scaliger a trifle more piquant than that of most who content themselves with the even tenor of a scholar's way, and such renown as attends it. Perhaps, however, both the romance and the renown would be insufficient to engage the reader's attention, if Scaliger had had any real right to the title which he assumed, and which we have emphasised by italics. Interested as we ourselves are in both the man and the scholar, we are forced to confess that for the general public the main point of interest in his career is, that he had no such right. Made famous for all time by his genius and learning, he is equally infamous by reason of an imposture which was not detected till after his death, when it made noise enough in the world of letters. In a word he was a *claimant* (to use a word which will be well understood in its new and special signification). The story will bear telling anew, partly because it has a fresh interest just now, and partly because the versions best known to English readers are inadequate and confused.

It is not usual to begin a biographical sketch with the middle age of its subject, but there are reasons in this case for taking that eccentric course. Up to the date of his marriage, Scaliger had published nothing; but he then betook himself to literature, which was in those days the arena of fighting as fierce as any that had been going on in Venetia between the imperial troops and that 'thunderbolt of Italy,' Gaston de Foix. Then, if you did not charge an adversary who differed from you in opinion about the signification of a particle, or the order of the Attic months, with parricide and blasphemy at least, you were held guilty of mean-spirited tenderness and an unworthy scrupulosity—of the same sort of crime, in fact, as a naval officer would be accused of under the articles of war, if he had failed to 'sink, burn, or destroy' the enemy's ships. For warfare of this rough kind Scaliger was just suited. Nature had given him a vigorous understanding, great courage and self-reliance, unequalled arrogance, and an insolence which has never been surpassed. Moreover, he was thoroughly well armed and equipped for the fray: his mind was stored with all the learning of his time; he was a highly trained and skilful logician; he wrote Latin like a Roman; and was master of all the arts of controversy and all the resources of abuse. Erasmus, the great master of argumentative satire, who, as the monks were wont to say, 'laid the egg which Luther hatched'—Erasmus, and the less known Jerome

Cardan, a real scholar and great physician, though he was more than half quack, astrologer, and juggler with the prophetic cards, were then the acknowledged heads of the republic of letters. Scorning meaner antagonists, Scaliger entered the lists against them both, and claimed credit for unseating the latter at the first splintering of lances. When a rumour of Cardan's death reached him, he modestly avowed his belief that the catastrophe had been brought about by mortification under defeat, and expressed his regret for having been the means of depriving the world of a life so valuable. Whether victorious or not in his controversy with Cardan, Scaliger had exhibited enough of learning and ability to win for himself at once a great and formidable reputation. Henceforward he divided the attention and shared the supremacy of the world of letters with his two great rivals.

He now turned his attention to poetical composition, Latin of course—though by this time Petrarch had 'unlocked his soul' in the vernacular—and was held by his contemporaries to have achieved an amount of success curiously out of proportion to that which modern criticism would assign to him. Originality and poetic feeling were not at all the characteristics of his muse; and in his criticisms he shews a singular want of appreciation of such qualities in others. In his *Poetics*—by his contemporaries considered his masterpiece—he avows a preference for the tragedies of Seneca over those of Æschylus and Sophocles; he ranks the Satires of Juvenal above those of Horace; he attributes more of creative imagination to Virgil than to Homer; and, to cap all, can 'see nothing to admire in the poetry of Catullus!' We see Scaliger to infinitely more advantage in his Commentaries on the botanical writings of Aristotle and Theophrastus. Scaliger had the merit of being the first to perceive and point out the value of Theophrastus's discoveries. He made, too, one happy guess on his own account, which might with better luck have ranked him among scientific botanists. He was the first to recommend the classification of plants according to their forms and distinguishing peculiarities of structure, instead of their official properties, which had been fastened upon for the purpose by previous systematists. The idea long slumbered, till in our own days it was revived and applied by Jussieu and De Candolle, whom Scaliger may thus be said to have in some degree anticipated. It is, however, as a scholar pure and simple that Scaliger is best known and most usually described. The esteem in which he was held by his contemporaries, in this respect, verged on the superstitious. One of them, Justus Lipsius, who possessed almost as much learning, and far more original talent, ranks him with Homer, Hippocrates, and Aristotle, giving a slight preference to Scaliger over any one of the others. Even in our own days he has found in Sir William Hamilton of Edinburgh—a somewhat kindred spirit, and more than rival—a eulogist quite as enthusiastic. 'The writings of no philosopher,' he says, 'since the days of Aristotle are better worthy of intelligent study.' Scaliger died in 1558, at the age of seventy-five or thereabouts; and his epitaph, written by himself, was, *Julii Cesaris Scaligeri quod fuit*.

During his lifetime no one seems to have called in question his claims to princely rank, though

they rested solely on his own assertion. In one of his letters, a portion of which we shall subsequently quote, he alludes to the matter as one about which there could possibly be neither doubt nor dispute. But Julius Cesar had a son, Joseph Justus, a scholar of even greater eminence than the father, styled by his contemporaries 'the Ocean of Knowledge,' sometimes the '*chef-d'œuvre* of Creation.' Moved by one of those impulses of vanity from which even great scholars are not wholly free, Joseph had the extreme ill-luck to publish a letter, *De Vetustate et Splendore Gentis Scaligerance*. It was addressed to Jan Douza, the scholar-soldier and soldier-scholar, who was Dutch ambassador to the court of Queen Elizabeth in 1572; and it was his father's high birth and splendid achievements, not his real and undoubted merits as a scholar and philosopher, that he chose to magnify.

The account which he gives, derived presumably from his sire, we will briefly summarise. Julius Cesar Scaliger was descended from the Della Scala family, whose sepulchral monuments in the form of pyramids surmounted by equestrian statues, are still shewn to the traveller at Verona, of which city they were anciently princes. His father was Benedetto della Scala, a general in the employment of Matthias Corvinus, king of Hungary; and his first preceptor was the well-known Fra Giacombo.

At twelve, like other young nobles, he became a page at the court of the Emperor Maximilian, in whose army he afterwards took service. Having lost his father and brother at the battle of Ravenna, in a fit of religious despondency he turned monk. But disgusted by the tediously minute observances of the Franciscans, in which very rigid order he had enrolled himself, his thoughts turned once more to a military career. This time he joined the banners of Maximilian's enemy, the king of France, and served with distinction till disqualified for active pursuits by gout. He now studied medicine, which we found him practising at Agen in 1525; his history subsequently to this date has been given, and is authentic.

Such was the story recounted by Joseph Justus in all good faith, but in an evil hour; for Joseph had enemies who did not lose much time in challenging his statements. He was a Protestant, detested of the Jesuits, partly because he was a renegade, and yet more because his scholarly renown reflected credit upon the Protestant university of Leyden, in which he was a professor. Now, one of the most noted scholars of that day was Scioppius (Latin for Schoppe), who in the next generation made the third, Lipsius and Casaubon being the other members, in that second literary triumvirate which succeeded to the one which the elder Scaliger had shared with Erasmus and Cardan. Scioppius had exactly reversed the process through which Joseph Scaliger had passed; from having been a Protestant he had become a Catholic. Upon this transformation, J. J. S. had made some clumsy jests, characterised by the ferocious taste of the period. The Jesuits instantly saw their opportunity; they formed the hope of finding in Scioppius—a controversialist as able as he was unscrupulous—a most valuable ally; and took care that the latter should be informed of J. J.'s elephantine attempts at humorous sarcasm. Straightway he turned upon his adversary with

all the fury of personal and religious hatred. Not satisfied with accusing him of atheism and debauchery, he charged him with having stolen the very name he bore!

It was the name *de Bordon*, borne by Scaliger when he first settled at Agen, that formed the peg on which Scioppius hung this extraordinary accusation. This name had recently been revived by Giraldi, in a history of the poets of the time, in which the elder Scaliger is mentioned as *J. C. de Burdon*, or *Burdonius*. Joseph Justus had explained that his father had assumed this name in order to distinguish himself from his brother Titus, slain at Ravenna, and that it was derived from an estate in the Venetian territory which had belonged to an uncle. But Scioppius and his Jesuit allies had got hold of a very different explanation. Either by accident, or by some marvellous piece of divination which the Protestants of that period were not slow to refer to the author of all mischief, they had found out that there had been residing at Verona, within the recollection of most of the inhabitants, a family of the name of *de Burdon*, whose original founders had been schoolmasters, barbers, *bric-a-brac* sellers, and what not. Now, what if these Scaliger de Burdons, father and son, these boasted descendants of the ancient princes of Verona, could be shewn to be members of the family of the *bric-a-brac* de Burdons? There was ecstacy in the thought. What a triumph for the church! What an overthrow for Scioppius' heretical enemy and rival! So, setting to work with malignant ingenuity, they gathered in a whole harvest of information from Verona, Padua, Venice, and elsewhere. They brought evidence to shew that Benedick Burdon, having been obliged to close his school at Verona, had retired to Padua; from Padua, he had migrated to Venice, and had there opened a *bric-a-brac* shop near the stairs (*la scala*) of St Mark. These stairs he subsequently had painted upon his sign-board, and finally assumed the name of *Benedetto della Scala*. His son, Julius Cæsar, having shewn some talent as a barber-surgeon, had been sent to Padua at the expense of an uncle, Boniface de Burdon, to study medicine there. Finding it difficult to get his living by bleeding and physicking people, he had turned monk, then soldier; then, after various vicissitudes, had come to France, as narrated, where he had taken cure to be known by the appellation of Della Scala only (as though he were connected with the illustrious Veronese family of that name), and afterwards, when he began to publish, of Julius Cæsar Scaliger.

Such is the sum and substance of the account set forth by Scioppius in the *Scaliger-hypobolimus* (the Counterfeit Scaliger). It looked coherent and probable, and was well attested. There was not a tittle of evidence to support Scaliger's own story, as given by his son; and Scioppius' account soon got to be generally received as coming very near the truth. Joseph Justus attempted a reply in his *Confutatio Fabulæ Burdonum* (Refutation of the De Burdon Story), but was forced to confine himself to reckless assertion and vehement abuse; he utterly failed to get over the body of proof which Scioppius' allies had accumulated. Still, the matter might have remained *sub judice* till now; but at last, one hundred and fifty years after Scaliger's death, the indefatigable encyclopædist Bayle had

the luck to discover the originals of two letters of naturalisation granted by the government of Francis I. to *Doctor Julius Cæsar de l'Escalle de Bordonis* of Verona, conceding him permission to reside, hold property, and exercise other civil rights in Francis' dominions. These letters are given by Bayle *in extenso* in a note to the article *Verona* in the celebrated *Dictionnaire*. They are issued in favour of Doctor J. C. della Scala *de Bordonis*, and they contain no reference to any other style or dignity claimed by Scaliger than that of simple physician! From that time the whole question was by the learned deemed a settled one; his princely pretensions were set down as partly a dream, a delusion which the resemblance of his father's assumed name to that of the ancient lords of Verona had contributed to foster; partly, a wilful imposture carried on by an arrogant and ambitious man, whom literary renown had failed to satisfy, and upon whose haughty spirit the recollection of the mean little shop by the stairs of St Mark sat heavily. That this is likely enough, may be gathered from the following extract from the last letter Scaliger ever wrote:

'I have fought on horseback and on foot, as a boy and as a young man, as a simple soldier and as a commander of troops. Duels, sieges, skirmishes, pitched battles, tournaments.—I have been known to expose my life in them all. Conqueror most times, sometimes I have been conquered—not, though, by valour, but by fortune. The body subdued, the spirit remained indomitable. By the noble manner in which I bore it, defeat conferred upon me more honour than victory did upon my enemies. I will not go into all the particulars. The services of my race to the realm of France, from the times of Taxilus down to my own, are known to all the world. As to my person, let him who would aspire to paint me, combine together the figures of Masinissa and Xenophon, in order to make up mine; but the portrait will never give more than a weak idea of what I am. . . . I do not speak of my extraordinary powers of endurance under heat, cold, hunger, fatigue, during whole nights and days. This is without doubt an excellent quality, but many persons possess it. What, however, is not so common, is this: at night, after despatching the business of the day, I used to compose nearly sixty verses before I supped. After supper, I dictated my prescriptions for the sick whom I had to see next day; then I retired to rest. Awakened at dawn by the importunity of messengers sent to demand my medical assistance, I questioned some, gave replies to others; then I dictated till dinner-time. When the table-cloth was withdrawn, I recited to an amanuensis the lines which I had composed the night before, without altering a single word. Who is there that will not be astounded at such a prodigy! Who is there that will not be astounded yet more if I mention that I am able, after reading sixteen or seventeen lines of *Æschylus* once over, to repeat them verbatim without tripping in a single syllable!'

Such passages might be multiplied indefinitely. They exhibit the very midsummer madness of vain-glory, and do away with all feelings of surprise that one so truly great should have stooped to an imposture so little; for, whether prince or impostor, Scaliger was a true prince among men and scholars. He had the port of a demi-god, of

such size, strength, and majestic grace was his figure. The Agennois used to gaze after him as he passed down their streets with the same feelings of interest and awe as Thackeray says he felt when, for the first time, he saw 'the grand old Goethe' wending his way through Weimar. 'When the eye of the poor fell upon him, it blessed him.' He was known among them as the good physician who never took a fee. His manner accorded well with his imposing form—'overflowing,' we are told, 'with that sort of dignity which influences a man's gait and every slightest movement.' In writing his history anew, we had no intention of moralising. Rather could we find it in our hearts to wish that he had never been found out. He asked no princely titles for his tomb; and had the *De Vetustate* never been written, the illustrious name of Julius Cæsar Scaliger would never have been enrolled in the ignoble list of unsuccessful and detected claimants.

## A DAY'S BETROTHAL.

'WELL, Jenny, it will be hard to part on the morrow.'

Jenny answered not a word, but turned away her head, looking out to sea with a wistful, sorrowful glance. The next moment, my arm was about her waist. She did not repulse me. 'Jenny,' I cried, 'why should we part at all? If you will take me for a skipper, we'll sail through life together.'

We are on board the barque *Petrel* of Greenock, bound eventually for London, with a miscellaneous cargo from the Mediterranean; and we are now anchored in the roadstead of Havre, a little to the north and west of the pier-head. Jenny is the skipper's daughter, and I am only a passenger.

How it was that I came to be a passenger on board the *Petrel*, and making love to our Jenny, I may here briefly explain. An official reorganisation had set me at liberty with a moderate pension; in the prime of life, with all the world before me, and ere making a fresh start, I had determined to have my 'wander-year.' So, after having wandered over half of Europe, I found myself standing on the quay at Naples one tranquil evening, watching the movements of the shipping, jingling the few sovereigns I had left in my pocket, and wondering if they would hold out till quarter-day, when I was suddenly accosted by name with friendly accents in my native tongue. It was some time before I recognised my interlocutor, or could bring to mind under what circumstances I had previously met with Captain Macfarlane of the *Petrel*, for such he gave himself out to be. All of a sudden, I got the clue.

Up to the last eighteen months, I had been employed in the Transport and Victualling Office in Whitehall. The *Petrel* had been chartered as a transport; and to Macfarlane, much bothered with official forms and circumlocutions, I had been of some little service, putting him in the way of getting his accounts passed, and so on. He had said at the time, that if he ever had it in his

power to do me a good turn, he would. And now, here he had an opportunity.

'And why not take passage with me to Old England?' urged the hospitable Scot, as we sat smoking and discussing a bottle of wine at a neighbouring *café*. 'Come! it shan't cost you a bawbee. Come! the blue-peter's flying. We weigh anchor to-night. Go and fetch your traps, and ye'll come on board with me.'

The offer was too tempting to be refused. Time was no object with me, whilst money was. Before I well knew what I was about, I found myself and my portmanteau stowed away in the captain's gig, which was cleaving the tranquil waters of the bay. Next, I was swinging myself up the side of the *Petrel*, and then I saw a pair of great soft brown eyes looking down upon me, and almost lost my footing by the start they gave me.

'Hoot! it's just our Jenny,' cried Macfarlane, in answer to my look of inquiry directed towards our fair fellow-passenger.—'Jenny, this is Master Willie Thorpely, to whom I'm under great obligations, and I hope we'll mak' him comfortable among us.'

Well, it was too late to recede, and, after all, it would not be for long.

And if it hadn't been for those baffling winds, we should have been safe enough. We did not get to be real right-down friends, Jenny and I, for a whole fortnight, by which time we ought to have been in sight of the white cliffs of old England, and the sobering influences connected with them. But we had three weeks more of it—a happy halcyon time—that culminated in the scene with which I began this narrative.

We had called at Havre, to dispose of part of our cargo, and the captain and mate having gone ashore to settle some dispute with some of his crew who had unwarrantably deserted the ship, left Jenny and me on board, in charge.

We were practically alone on board. The steward was busy in his caboose, the black was asleep somewhere forward—in the sun—the ship was riding easily at her anchor with almost imperceptible motion. The town was shimmering pleasantly in the sunshine, and the white villas on the wooded heights above shone like so many caskets of ivory. It was low tide, and a strip of wet glistening sand was visible along the shores of the bay; bathers were splashing about; amateur shrimpers were pushing their nets before them in the shallows. Beyond, the bold headland of the Cape la Heve, crowned by its two white light-houses, assumed the appearance of some lazy pacific beast couchant on the sands. Time and place were alike propitious. I turned to Jenny, and spoke to her of our approaching separation; then I made the final plunge. O those baffling winds! how much they had to answer for.

What Jenny's feelings might have been after that decisive moment, I cannot tell. Mine approached stupefaction. All the difficulties and disadvantages attached to the step I had taken, now shewed themselves to my mind's eye in the

strongest colours ; and a life of straitened means and perpetual petty self-denial, tinctured with the idea of a life of miserable respectability, presented themselves in ghastly array.

There is an advantage, however, in seeing the worst at once. Having suffered my moment of agony, I began to recover. Jenny, poor child, had not noticed the sudden chill that came over me ; she was too much agitated and occupied with her own feelings ; and as her head rested upon my shoulder, and her eyes looked into mine with trusting confidence, I began to realise the truth, that I had succeeded in winning for myself a charming, affectionate companion ; that my life would no longer be lonely and self-contained.

The tide had turned ; the flood had begun to make. The ship was swinging slowly round, presenting to us the opposite half of the horizon. A loud warning crash from the awning above made us both look up. Never shall I forget the shock of the altered scene that met our eyes. The sun was still shining bright overhead, but to seaward a vast livid wall of vapour shut out everything from view. A shrill blast of wind trumpeted loudly in the rigging, which began to flap, and creak, and strain. The sea was rising rapidly, and waves came rushing in, crested with driving foam. Then the sun was obscured, visible only as a faint and watery blotch ; the hills crowned with sunshine, the busy, happy town, all were blotted out ; we were alone amid a sudden storm and fierce rising sea.

Jenny sprang to her feet, and, with admirable calmness, began to lower the awning ; but in a moment the wind was upon us in full force ; the canvas flapped wildly, and then, torn away from its fastenings, flew away to leeward, visible for a minute in the sky, like a white sea-bird, and then lost in the gloom.

'Won't father be angry !' cried Jenny, clasping her hands ; 'so many yards of good canvas.'

'Are we not in frightful danger here ?' I said. 'Why, I wonder, has your father not returned ?'

Jenny shook her head. 'One can't foresee everything. Perhaps he is now on his way.' She took up the binocular, and peered anxiously through the mist. But no boat was to be seen. The sea seemed of a sudden deserted, except for one or two fishing-smacks to the southward, that, with great brown sails half lowered, were scudding rapidly for the harbour. But for us, in the teeth of this south-westerly gale, the harbour-mouth was as inaccessible as the moon.

Jenny left the poop, and ran forward to the forepart of the vessel. I followed her as well as I could, holding on by this and that, for our ship was now pitching heavily upon the swell. I found her by the bowsprit, watching the rise and fall of the ship with anxious eyes. The great black chain that, as the vessel fell, would be invisible in the waves, as she rose, stretched itself tight as a bowstring, with a clank and groan that made one shudder. Our lives hung upon that chain, that the waves seemed to sport with as a toy. As we stood there, a wave larger than the others rose upon us without warning, and swept the deck with irresistible force, bearing everything movable with it. I clung desperately to a belaying-pin, and Jenny clung to me ; and after a while the *Petrel* rose gallantly to the shock, the water streaming

from her sides. Drenched and cowed by the violence of the shock, we made our way back to the poop.

As we reached the cabin door, the steward was reeling across the sloppy deck, carrying a steaming dish of potatoes. It was three o'clock, the hour for dinner. Sink or swim, he would have the dinner on the table by three ; then his cares were over for the day, and he devoted himself to rum and tobacco.

'You surely can't eat, Jenny,' I cried, as, after she had changed her dripping garments for dry ones, she sat down at the table with what seemed to me almost fiendish indifference.

'Eat ! You must eat !' she cried. 'Who knows what an hour may bring forth ! If you have to swim for your life, will you have any chance if you start exhausted ?'

I saw that she was right, and we snatched a hasty meal together as best we could. Just as we had finished, a quiver ran through the ship ; the motion changed ; she began to roll heavily. The sofa on which we were sitting broke away from its fastenings, and we were thrown violently from one side of the cabin to the other, in the midst of an avalanche of all the movables that were unfastened, or had broken away.

As soon as we regained our feet, we made for the deck. I thought that the last moment had come, and desired only to see daylight once more. We had parted from our anchor, and were drifting rapidly away towards the dark bristling cliffs to leeward.

The sight seemed to restore confidence and courage to Jenny. 'Go forward !' she screamed in my ear ; 'go forward, you and the steward, and get the lower sail on the foremast ; black Jem and I will steer the ship.'

Jenny's voice inspired me ; the prospect of doing something to avert our fate gave me new strength. I stumbled forward, holding on to anything that came to hand. The steward stood at the door of his caboose, having jammed himself into a secure position ; a pipe was in his mouth, and a black bottle in his hand. He looked at me with lack-lustre eyes. 'Come along, man,' I shouted in his ear ; 'come and help me to get up sail.'

'What's the odds ?' he replied in a sullen voice ; 'what's the odds ? Let's be happy while we may !'

The man was drunk. I cast a despairing glance behind me when the poop, raised high in the air by some towering wave, seemed almost to touch the sky. Jenny was at the wheel, shading her eyes with her hand, looking anxiously forward. Ah ! what could I do among all this bewildering maze of cordage and rigging, all shaking and rattling in the wind—I who hardly knew one rope from another ? But the sight of Jenny at the wheel, looking out for me, nerved me to do something. I made my way to the foremast, and clambered up the rigging. Sometimes I hung over the boiling abyss ; sometimes I found myself pressed against the rigging, looking down at a precipice of water beneath me. Loose ropes and flying blocks threatened me every moment with destruction ; but I held on to the ropes like grim death, and, inspired by the courage of despair, I essayed that which at another time I should have never dreamed of : I crawled out on the yard, with my knife in my teeth, and cut, one by one, the lashings that bound the sail to it.



The sail flew out with a tremendous report, and threatened every moment to tear itself to tatters; but, seizing a rope, I slid down to the deck with a rapidity that took every morsel of skin off my ankles; and getting hold of the rope that I saw controlled the movements of the sail, I hauled it in bit by bit, and succeeded in making fast one side of the sail. The other offered less difficulty. Jenny waved her hand triumphantly from the poop. The ship began to move through the water, no longer to drift helpless and forlorn. We should clear the headland, that now loomed so ominously upon us, crouching there like some hungry animal awaiting his prey.

I crawled back to the poop, and Jenny rewarded me with an encouraging grasp of the hand. 'You did that beautifully,' she cried. 'Now, if the gale moderates, as I think it will, and doesn't veer round more to the westward'—

As she spoke, we shot past the headland, and gained a clear view of the coast beyond. The sun was sinking low, and shewed for a moment a blood-red streak between two angry clouds. The lurid light it cast upon the red frowning cliffs was something appalling. They ran along for miles, as far as the eye could reach—steep, inaccessible heights, with the surf beating angrily against them, and flying up in clouds of spray half-way to their summit.

As the sun went down, it came on to blow harder and more from the westward. The line of cliffs to leeward loomed nearer and nearer. The sail ceased to draw, beginning to shake and flap with a loud noise.

'She will go no nearer the wind, Willie,' cried Jenny, knitting her brows; 'and we drift continuously to leeward. You must haul that sheet tighter, Willie; it's our only chance.'

I was running forward to my work, when a block, detached from the rigging by the force of the wind, struck me violently on the head, and I fell to the ground insensible. When I came to myself, my head was aching violently, although it seemed to be supported by a soft pillow. It was quite dark, and the air was full of hideous noises; the scream of the wind, the loud roar of the surf, filled the air with a tumult indescribable. 'Where am I?' I said, feebly stretching out my arms into the darkness. I felt arms about mine, a soft kiss imprinted on my forehead.

'We shall be ashore, dear, in five minutes,' said a voice in my ear, 'and all our troubles over.'

I raised myself up, with a groan, and tried to gain my feet, but fell back exhausted. The scene about me struck me with terror; the thought of drowning helpless in this raging gulf of waters had an ineffable bitterness for me.

'Willie,' said Jenny once more in my ear, 'if you get safe ashore, will you give my love to father?'

Then I found that I was lying beneath the shelter of the poop-deck, protected a little by that from the seas that were breaking over us, and that a life-belt was fastened under my arms. Jenny was crouched beside me, holding my head in her lap, chafing my temples and hands.

The few minutes that elapsed before we struck seemed as an age. The wind beneath the cliffs was not so violent, and the back-current of the waves kept us for a moment away from the rocks which we almost touched. But the respite was

not for long; we grounded upon an outrunning spit of rock, and instantly the sea made a clean sweep over us, carrying away masts, spars, rigging—everything went by the board. I had seized Jenny at the moment of striking, and we were hurried away together in a hideous trough of cordage and timber. Dashed violently against a mass of slippery chalk, which afforded no purchase for hand or foot, I lay there, fairly exhausted, expecting every moment the return of the wave that would sweep us back into the gulf, when I thought I saw a light close beside me shining into my eyes, and a face peering anxiously over the waters. It was a delusion, one of the hallucinations of approaching death. Next moment we were covered with blinding surge, and a great green wave swept over us, driving us pell-mell before it with inconceivable fury. I lost my senses for a while to find myself jammed in between two fragments of rock. Jenny was gone. I had lost my hold of her, and she had been carried away into the boiling gulf.

I had nothing to expect myself but instant death. The next wave would wash me out of my hole, a mere crevice in the precipice. I had hardly strength enough to breathe, and could fight no longer against my fate.

But though I was constantly covered with surf, and nearly suffocated, yet the waves did not reach me with full force. The tide was retiring.

Time passed on, I hardly knew how, till the moon rose red and menacing. The tide was down now, but the surf reached to the very base of the cliffs. The flood would come presently, like a lion to his half-devoured victim, and I should perish. Then I heard voices below me, and saw by the moonlight some men draped in short smocks or blouses groping about among the rocks beneath me. They were countrymen, evidently, who had been attracted by the wreck, and who had found their way down the cliffs by some concealed footpath. I shouted—they heard me, and clambered to my retreat. They were full of compassion and kindness. They carried me along the base of the cliffs by a foot-path among the debris, till they reached a smooth gap in the wall of chalk, by which they ascended. I was presently carried to a house, stripped, and placed in a warm bed. I recollect just this much, and then memory fails me. I had a long illness, I am told, and was near death's door, but recovered at last, and found myself the guest of a worthy Norman farmer, who occupied a charming little homestead on the heights above the sea.

As soon as I could get about, I went down to Havre to inquire about the *Petrel*, at our consulate. She was lost, I was told, on such and such a night, with all hands on board at the time. The captain had returned home two months ago. I determined to go home at once, and leave a place so fraught to me with sad memories. Now that Jenny was lost for ever, I realised how much she had been to me. Her kindness, her courage, her devotion, her charming gaiety and animation, recalled themselves to me, and I told myself that I should never see her like again. I inquired as to her last resting-place. Only two of the bodies had been found, it seemed—those of the cook and the black cabin-boy.

Well, it remained only for me to return to England, a saddened, melancholy man. I left my watch with the good farmer who had taken care of

me, as some recompense for the trouble and expense to which he had been put. The captain of the *John Bull* gave me credit for my passage-money, and I landed at St Katharine's Wharf without clothes but those I wore, sadly stained with seawater, and with only a few shillings in my pocket. But there was money due to me for my pension, a couple of quarters now, and I took a cab to the Paymaster-general's Office to get it.

'William Thornley,' said the clerk, looking at his list. 'Why, he's dead—struck off the list two months ago.—You're the man, you say. Well, I'm sorry to say that only a Treasury order will bring you to life again.'

The *personnel* of the office was almost entirely changed since I was last in England. The old clerk who used to pay me had been pensioned off, and there was no one who recognised me. The information came, I was informed, from my old office, and there I went in much chagrin. There could be no difficulty in eventually getting the matter put right, but in the meantime I wanted money—money, and didn't know where to get it.

I went to the old office. The place once so familiar to me, now knew me no more. One of my old chums was still there, and him I found out. He looked at me, stared, burst into laughter.

'What! you're not drowned, then?' he cried.

'Drowned? No! but precious near it. Who stopped my pension, pray?'

'Oh, some friends of yours came here: a sea-faring party, and a pretty girl in deep mourning—a deuced pretty girl,' said my friend, pausing, and beginning to bite the stump of his pen. 'Well, they gave me a long account of your loss on board the *Petrel*. Why he came to me was, that he remembered my name as a fellow who knew you, don't you see? Of course, I was very sorry to hear it, and all that; and then the old captain asked me who your relations were, and I couldn't tell him; but I said I'd make inquiries; and as they were going to Scotland, they promised to call and see me again on their return. And, by Jove, here they are!' said my friend, rising as the room door was thrown open, and the messenger announced a gentleman and lady to see Mr —, by appointment.

I was sitting with my back to the door, and turned my head towards it. A young woman in black ran forward with a scream. I sprang to my feet, and clasped Jenny in my arms—Jenny, safe and sound, but pale and worn—suffering for me!

Her father, it turned out, had been on the cliff, and had followed the *Petrel* along the shore all that eventful night; he had offered five hundred pounds in vain for a tug to put out to the rescue; and the life-boat, although she had tried to get out, had been beaten back. He had seen the ship coming ashore, had lighted a blue-light, which I now faintly remembered to have seen, that revealed our position. Just above, on the cliff, it happily chanced that there was a crane, used for raising blocks of chalk from a quarry half-way down, which was provided with a chain and bucket; and aided by some douaniers, he had descended by this means the face of the precipice, and had caught hold of his daughter as she was swept away from me in the last mad rush of waters. He was an eye-witness, as he thought, of my loss in the abyss, and had never dreamt that I could possibly have escaped.

'I wish you'd have stopped drowned,' said my

friend between his teeth; but for all that, he stood best-man at my wedding, and my rough day's betrothal has been followed, thank God, by a union of constantly increasing happiness.

## THE MONTH: SCIENCE AND ARTS.

DR KLEIN, F.R.S., whose name ranks high among physiologists, states, in a recent work on the Lymphatic System, that the diaphragm in the human body acts as a pump upon the lymphatic vessels. Hence it is important that the activity of the diaphragm should be maintained. If the pumping action be disturbed or prevented, dropsy may be the consequence. 'The senior physician of the Hospital for Diseases of the Chest mentions Klein's discovery with admiration, and says: "Henceforth, we must add to the hitherto recognised causes of dropsy in chest disease the paralysed condition of the diaphragm; and we shall at once see that the removal of this by all practical means ought to form one of our anxious considerations in the treatment of winter-cough, bronchitis, asthma, and other forms of chest disease."'

In the present day, medical science owes much to physical science, especially to acoustics, optics, chemistry, and electricity. As the President of the Royal Irish Academy said in his last anniversary address: 'The discovery and differential diagnosis by auscultation of the normal and abnormal state of the heart, arteries, air-tubes, pulmonary cells and in many instances of the abdominal viscera has been carried to a great point of advance. The ophthalmoscope has revealed not alone changes of the eye, but of organs distant from the eye—cerebral, cardiac, and embolic disease. . . . The endoscope enables us to discover, to study and measure a vesical calculus, an almost capillary stricture and to direct a local treatment to an ulcerated state of the intestinal surface. In surgery, too, we can make use of anaesthetics to prevent all pain in operation, whether they be used by inhalation or direct contact with the part. The loss of blood too, under the knife is prevented in most cases by the method of Esmarch. In a recent case of amputation of the hip-joint, the Regius Professor of Surgery in the University of Dublin remarked that it was the first time he had witnessed a great operation performed, not only without pain, but without the loss of a single drop of blood.'

It has been held as a fact in physiology, that in drowsiness and sleep the eyes are turned upward and inward, control of the ocular muscles being lost. But Professor Le Conte, of the University of California, has made experiments which prove the contrary; and as the experiments are not difficult of repetition, we summarise his account of them. 'There are few persons,' says the professor, 'who have not experienced an unconquerable drowsiness while listening to a dull speaker on a warm summer afternoon. Every one at such times must have observed that, as the control over the ocular muscles is lost, the head of the speaker becomes double; the two heads separate more and more until they may seem ten or fifteen feet apart. It

my own case, the control over the eyes is lost even while the consciousness is perfect, and the mind is in a condition to make a scientific experiment. . . . As soon as the head of the speaker doubles, and the two images are well separated, I wink the right eye. Invariably the left image disappears. The images are therefore heteronymous, and heteronymous images in this case prove optic divergence.' Professor Le Conte remarks, that in the course of twenty years he has made this experiment hundreds of times, and always with the same result, and has corroborated his experience by that of others. Moreover, it may be confirmed by gazing on vacancy during drowsiness, when it will be seen that the double images of the nearer objects separate more and more. The professor believes that binocular vision is a consequence of the perfection of the human eye, and that it does not exist in the lower animals. His views as regards the stages of development of visual power in the vertebrata are thus set forth: '1. A gradual change of the position of the eyes from the *sides* to the *front* of the head, and a consequent change of the angle of inclination of the optic axes from one hundred and eighty degrees to parallelism. 2. A gradually increasing graduation of the fineness of organisation, and therefore the sensitiveness of the retina, from the anterior margins toward the central parts, so as finally to form in monkeys and in man a central spot. 3. A gradually increasing power of converging the optic axes upon a single near point, so that the images of that point may fall upon the central spots of both eyes. 4. The gradual evolution of the properties of corresponding points, and therefore of all the phenomena of binocular vision. These changes,' concludes the professor, 'seem all intimately connected with each other and with the development of the higher faculties of the mind.'

In the discussions about 'evolution' and origin of life, we have heard a good deal concerning those minute creatures, *bacteria*; but there is another subject—namely, disease, in connection with which their name frequently occurs. The Presence of Bacteria in Disease, is the title of a communication made to the Medical Microscopical Society by Dr Payne. He says that they are found not only 'externally, as in parasitic diseases of the skin, but internally, as in malignant pustule, where bacteria in large quantities are seen in the blood, and in the discharges, forming the *materies morbi* of that affection.' The same occurs in the class of specific fevers, and in pyæmia from wounds; and, according to the doctor, it is in this last-named disease that the existence of bacteria can best be studied. Recent researches have shewn that the clots or lumps which occasionally choke the veins are sometimes composed in great part of bacteria, and the same minute creatures appear to be the occasion of affections of the kidneys. The investigation of this subject further by the microscope is therefore recommended to students of anatomy and physiology.

The diamond drill continues to prove its superiority over all other tools for boring into rocks and stones, however hard. Quartz, glass, and granite can be easily pierced. The drill, driven by steam, makes from two hundred to three hundred revolutions per minute; and the diamonds do their work, not by cutting, but by actually wearing away, under pressure, the substance which is being

bored. Hence it is not necessary to give a cutting edge to the diamonds.

In the diamond mines of Brazil there are found lumps of carbonate, which are called black diamonds, and it is with these that the diamond drills are made. The gem—the real diamond—is crystallised; the carbonate is not, and therefore does not split under the enormous pressure to which it is subject in drilling. When first brought to Europe, the black diamonds were offered at fourpence per carat; they are now worth from fifteen to twenty-five shillings per carat.

For mining purposes, for quarrying, tunnelling, and blasting, the diamond drill is invaluable. In 'prospecting,' too, its rapidity of operation is greatly in its favour, as in a few hours it will bring up more specimens from underground than could be obtained in a week by other means. In July 1874, a boring, three inches diameter, was commenced in Bohemia, and in one hundred and thirty days was sunk to the depth of 2300 feet. At Widdrington, Northumberland, 1565 feet were pierced in two hundred and sixty-five days; and at Middlesborough, 1355 feet in two hundred and ten days, and in each case the cores brought up made known the strata through which the tool passed.

Further, the diamond drill can be used under water, and a great work is now going on in the blasting and removal of a reef at the mouth of the Tees. A barge, containing the drilling-machinery, is moored over the place to be blasted; the drills are set to work; holes are bored, and are plugged with cartridges of dynamite. These are fired; and in this way two hundred thousand tons of rock are to be broken up and removed. This success has led to the propounding of a scheme for the removal of that formidable danger, Daunt's Rock, off the harbour of Cork.

As an instance of the mighty applications of mechanical power which this age brings forth, we may mention that at the Crewe Steel Works a circular saw cuts slabs from hot steel ingots as easily as an ordinary saw cuts boards off a log of oak. The slabs vary in width from twelve to twenty inches. Ingots or cranks can thus be accurately and cleanly shaped, with great economy of time and labour. This tremendous saw is five-sixteenths of an inch thick, seven feet diameter, makes one hundred revolutions per minute, and has a speed of one hundred and fifty miles per hour at its circumference.

A description of a novel mode of putting in a concrete foundation was given at a meeting of the Institute of British Architects. Gas-works were to be built in a marsh, and an excavation was required for the gasometer. Instead of excavating to a great depth, with piling, strutting, and shoring of surrounding earth, cylinders of concrete, about six feet in diameter and six feet in height, were let in. The lowermost section was pointed, the soft soil was lifted by machinery, the cylinder sank by its own weight; another section was put on, and another and another, until the heavy mass had penetrated to the required depth. On a series of cylinders, or columns, thus sunk through the marsh, the gasometer, two hundred feet in diameter, was erected.

In engineering shops, much of the work is shaped or polished in a lathe. In finishing or polishing very thin disks, it is found difficult to

fix them accurately to the chuck without much loss of time, and this has led to the invention of an electro-magnetic chuck, which, when connected with a battery, can be magnetised or de-magnetised at pleasure. The chuck is placed in the lathe, contact with the battery is made, the disk is presented, and clings tightly to the chuck by the magnetic attraction; and when the polishing is complete, contact is broken, the chuck ceases to be a magnet, and the disk falls off. This, as will be understood, offers, for light articles, an advantage over the usual method of fixing by cement.

Experiments have been made at Mulhausen to ascertain what kind of coating best prevents the escape of heat from steam-pipes. After numerous trials, it was found that chopped straw was the best, and that it reduced the loss of heat by radiation from the bare pipes 66 per cent. The next best was a pottery pipe large enough to cover the steam-pipe and leave an air-space: the pottery pipe was coated on the outside with loamy earth and chopped straw, kept in place by straw bands twisted round the pipe. This reduced the loss 61 per cent. The next was cotton-waste, which, wrapped round the steam-pipe to an inch thick, reduced the loss 51 per cent. The next was waste felt from printing-machines, under which the reduction was 48 per cent.; and the last was 45 per cent. with a plaster made of cows' hair and clay. Experiments made with a view to test the effect of colour, shewed that the coatings, when painted white, reduced the loss a further 7 per cent. Particulars of these experiments are published in the Reports of La Société Industrielle de Mulhouse.

Many are the persons who cultivate flowers for love; that is, love of flowers. At times they meet with strange freaks of growth or changes of colour, which are talked about for a little while and are then forgotten. These 'sports,' as gardeners call them, would have great interest and value for the physiological botanist if a record were kept of all the circumstances of planting, growth, and decay. It is highly desirable that science and art should aid one another in the cultivation of flowers, as in other objects: one discovers the fact, the other explains it. As Dr Masters remarks in the *Journal* of the Royal Horticultural Society, the florist should 'carefully note the phenomena as they present themselves to him,' and the physiologist, by co-relating the florist's facts, should make known their interpretation, and deduce from them rules or laws for the guidance of the cultivator. 'It requires,' continues Dr Masters, 'no great stretch of faith to foresee the time when the physiologist will be able to supply the florist with a clue whereby he may, within limits, be able to produce at will a pink *Gloire de Dijon* rose, or whatever else the needs or caprice of the time may dictate.'

Mr Prestoe, government botanist at Trinidad, made, in April last, an exploratory journey into the mountains, to see a large boiling lake. The country thereabouts is volcanic, pierced by numerous soufrières, or sulphur-vents, among which the boiling lake is probably the biggest. The dimensions of the lake are not given in Mr Prestoe's Report; but we are told that the water is gray in colour, with a temperature of one hundred and ninety-five degrees Fahrenheit, and is more than one hundred and thirty-five feet in depth. The outlet of the lake is by a deep ravine, which grows

every year deeper; and the supposition is that, by the consequent loss of water, the lake will in time become a geyser. Meanwhile, a large formation of gypsum is going on.

The low temperature of the adjacent valleys is remarkable, ranging from sixty-five to sixty-eight degrees only. The district, in Mr Prestoe's opinion, offers great advantages to agriculturists. He describes the soil as 'surpassingly fertile,' and as rich on the hills as that of West Indian valleys generally, and that large areas are well suited for cultivation of the cinchona. We may imagine that, after reading such a Report as this, Trinidad will remember that there is such a word as enterprise.

Governor Rawson, of Barbados, has published a Report on the rainfall of that island, and its influence on the sugar-crops. The conclusions arrived at are based on observations extending over a period of twenty-five years, and so many interesting and suggestive facts are brought into the argument, that the Report may be studied with advantage by agriculturists in all countries. The changes of seasons and differences of elevation are taken into account, comparisons are made, and data are laid down from which the amount of crop in the current year may be predicted or calculated from the rainfall of the preceding year. The average yearly rainfall of Barbados is nearly fifty-eight inches; but we remark that in some years the quantity rises to seventy-eight inches, and falls in others as low as forty-one inches.

Lieutenant-colonel Ross King, in a communication to the Geographical Society on the Names of Places in Geography, raises a question in which many readers will agree with him. It is, the practice which prevails of ignoring the native names, and of giving British names to places in newly explored countries. He suggests, that if a place has a native name it should be retained; if not, a name should be invented, so as to avoid the repetitions that now exist. He points out that there are in different parts of the world twenty Yorks, seventeen Lincolns, nine Gloucesters, and eight Cambridges. In North America there are nine Smithfields and seven Londonderrys, and New South Wales and Tierra del Fuego have each a Londonderry. A London on the Thames, in the county of Middlesex, is to be found in Canada; a Stratford-on-Avon in Australia, an Aberdeen in British Columbia, and a Dundee in Patagonia. Colonel Ross King is right in condemning this mistaken practice, and we hope that henceforth the native names of places will be recognised. Toronto was named York by the early settlers; but Sir John Colborne changed it back to Toronto, which, in the Indian tongue, means Place of Assembly; and is there any one out of Africa who would like to see Lualaba, the musical name of the stream discovered by Livingstone, superseded by 'Webb's River?' There is already a Newcastle in those parts, and we are told that a Cheetham Hill has been nominated within sight of Kilimandjaro. It would be easy to multiply examples, but these may suffice to indicate the evil complained of, and we heartily wish success to Colonel Ross King in his praiseworthy endeavour.

Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, 47 Paternoster Row, LONDON, and 339 High Street, EDINBURGH. Also sold by all Booksellers.

# CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

POPULAR

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

*Fourth Series*

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS.

No. 614.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 2, 1875.

PRICE 1½d.

## A LIFE'S REGRET.

I AM the youngest of three sisters—Margaret, Louisa, and Helen, the last-named being of course myself. We reside in a small villa on the outskirts of the town of Norton-Folgate, and, from all appearances, are likely to remain for the rest of our lives pursuing what strangers would suppose was the calm and even tenor of a colourless existence.

Our income, though small, admits of our keeping two domestics; and when we pay visits, which at rare intervals we do to some of the county families, we jointly subscribe and charter a close carriage, which enables us to make our calls with something like dignity. Not that my two elder sisters are lacking in that respect, for they never, either sleeping or waking, I believe, forget that our late father was descended from an ancient and honourable family, and that the name of Howard, which we bear, is derived from a source which, even though it does not acknowledge us, is ours justly; and on the tree which testifies to our pedigree our relationship is clearly set forth. Our late mother could also boast of gentle blood, so that on both sides of the house our connections were undeniable.

In addition to those advantages, nature had not been unkind to us—indeed, in our younger days we had had our own share of admiration, and the three Misses Howard had on many occasions been pronounced the best-looking girls at the numerous balls which, chaperoned by our mother, we used regularly to attend. Our admirers were not few, and we were always engaged for every dance whenever we went; but there to all appearance it ended, for after more seasons than I care to record, none of us was married. Plainier girls by far, even penniless ones, in due time made their appearance, had an interval of gaiety, and then announced their engagements, which duly ended in marriage; and they would return in all the dignity of matronhood to patronise and remind us in more ways than one of the wide gulf that separated our unappropriated selves from them and their 'position' as married women. At first, it was not

so galling, but by-and-by I began to feel it keenly, and to long—as every woman does sooner or later—for ties of my own; but my longings were not to be gratified, for the one hateful reason, that no ordinary man was supposed to be good enough to mate with 'a Howard,' though one degenerate descendant dared to wish it could be otherwise.

By degrees it became known that we were hard to please, and though it was true enough of Margaret and Louisa, still I felt so differently from them on the subject, that it was rather hard to be included; but I was 'a Howard,' and so had to pay for my privilege.

Margaret was seven years my senior, and Louisa five, consequently, I was accustomed to being considered quite a child until I had attained the ripe age of twenty-five, when an event happened, which, but for my precious pedigree, might have changed the colour of my whole existence.

We had received invitations to a ball given by a certain Lady Aylmer, who always made a point of asking us to her entertainments; and though I was beginning to be very weary of gaieties, to decline was out of the question; so, after some deliberation as to our attire, &c., an acceptance was sent; and when the evening arrived, we, accompanied by our mother, crushed ourselves into a hired carriage, and set out for Aylmers Court.

We were received as usual, most cordially; and after a few dances were over, I became conscious of the presence of a gentleman, who seemed to regard me with some interest. He was a very nice-looking man of about thirty, rather fair, and with a small moustache slightly inclining to red. He was not tall, neither was he very short; his figure was good, and he had a soldier-like look about him which I rather admired.

As usual, I was well supplied with partners; but when Lady Aylmer approached with the individual I have just described, and introduced him to me, I was very glad I had a spare dance still left, for which he at once engaged me.

I did not catch his name when Lady Aylmer brought him up, and when my eldest sister

inquired who my new acquaintance was, I could only say he was a Captain Somebody: I fancied Bruce was the name.

'A good name,' remarked Margaret; 'I daresay he is a relative of Lord Bruce.'

But I was doomed to undeceive her shortly, for on addressing him as Captain Bruce, he smiled, and told me that was not his name—his name being Bebb.

Bebb, I thought—what a funny name! However, it did not prevent my thinking him very pleasant, and being secretly glad when he told me he was to be quartered at Norton-Folgate for some months to come.

To be brief—after several meetings, Captain Bebb, whose name had now transpired in my family, began to pay me marked attention; but although in my inmost heart I liked him, still I was well aware that for 'a Howard' to ally herself with a Bebb would be regarded as an impossibility by my family.

He came to call—endeavoured to ingratiate himself with my mother and sisters—sent me bouquets, books, music, and, in fact, did all he could to shew his preference, which in my heart of hearts I would fain have shewn was mutual. But how could I? My sisters, alarmed by my evident leaning towards him, instituted a system of ridiculing him, which, had he only faintly guessed, would, I felt sure, have prevented him from ever again entering our house.

His personal appearance was stigmatised as the most vulgar that had ever been seen; his hair, which was really brown, was always alluded to as carrots; and a shuddering fit frequently overtook Louisa as she described the horror she had experienced when, on one fatal occasion, he had shaken hands with her, and his hot clammy clasp had almost given her a fit.

Perhaps owing to this, his name degenerated from Bebb into Blubber, and several times my mother herself narrowly escaped addressing him as such, so persistently was he called it behind his back.

A dead pig having been found one morning in the sty, I was strongly advised to go down to see the likeness, which, from my partiality for Blubber, my sister felt sure would be interesting to me. I am ashamed to confess that I had not the moral courage to refute those uncalled-for calumnies; these incessant cruel taunts were enough for me; and when I did receive a proposal of marriage from Captain Bebb, my answer may be imagined. I refused him, and cried myself to sleep for many nights afterwards.

But the deed was done, and Captain Bebb was not one to ask again, and I heard soon afterwards that he had left Norton-Folgate.

Very little was thought of the affair in my own family, and of the general opinion I am of course unable to speak. The idea that I, 'a Howard,' had been asked to become Nelly Bebb, or Nelly Blubber, sometimes elicited would-be witty re-

marks from my sisters; but by degrees the existence of Captain Bebb came to be totally forgotten by every one except myself.

Meanwhile, we did not grow younger as the years rolled quickly on, and as they went I became more and more conscious of the error I had made in rejecting a man, whom I felt I could have loved and respected, simply because he was ridiculed by my sisters, and bore the unaristocratic name of Bebb.

Seven years had passed away—still we were 'going out to parties'; I, unwillingly, but my sisters more persistently than ever. But, alas! times had changed for us; partners were no longer plentiful, and we were obliged to be thankful to the few who asked us to dance, or offered to escort us to supper, and who were, generally speaking, mere boys, whose nursery days seemed like yesterday. However, rather than return home without having danced at all, I was indeed glad to take a turn with them. But on one particular occasion at a ball in the Assembly Rooms, even the boys failed us, and the three Misses Howard were standing together in a most palpably family group, when the entrance of a large party gave us some momentary diversion.

It was the Aylmers Court party—Lord and Lady Aylmer, two or three dowagers, a bevy of bright-eyed pretty girls, and several gentlemen. Amongst the latter, who should I recognise but my old friend and rejected admirer, Captain Bebb!

He was looking remarkably well—happy and handsome; no resemblance to a pig was possible now, surely, and for an instant a wild hope shot through my poor heart that he might see and speak to me again. He did see, but instinctively I felt he hardly recognised me.

Seven years had not improved me—with a bitter pang I felt that. He bowed, and passed on with a young and pretty girl leaning on his arm. Oh! the mortification of that evening—the weary desperate longing I had to hide myself somewhere; but there I stood, a faded 'wall-flower,' youthfully attired in white tarlatane and blue satin ribbons, unnoticed, neglected, and, what I felt far more, uncared for.

Whether he meant it or not, I could not tell, but he seemed to be perpetually passing where I stood. At last, my sisters consented to go home, and Margaret having secured the arm of a weak-minded little curate, who offered his other arm to my mother, the three walked slowly across the ballroom, followed by Louisa—proud, erect, and indignant, at the want of appreciation she had met with—and myself, with downcast eyes and a burning face. The cloak-room seemed a haven to me, and the drive home was comparative bliss, although it was embittered by remarks from my sisters on the re-appearance of Captain, or as he was now, Colonel Bebb, and the announcement that 'after all, Nelly might have done worse.'

Yes; Nelly knew that now, many another foolish girl, or elderly young lady, knows when it is too late; and in my quiet corner, a few heavy tears dropped silently upon my crimson

shawl, when I remembered how I had allowed myself to be influenced by ridicule to reject what I felt sure would have secured the happiness of my life.

But our ball-days ended at last, for our mother died, and after that Margaret and Louisa gave up the gay world, and devoted themselves to mothers' meetings, Bible readings, and various other laudable occupations, to the great satisfaction of the curate I have before mentioned. We settled down in our little villa, and are now three confirmed maiden ladies, without much to make us care for life, beyond the daily colourless routine which makes 'each day twin image of the last.'

Once a year we go for a month to the seaside, and during our last visit there I became much interested in some children, who, accompanied by their nurse, used to make their appearance at an early hour every morning on the sands. I was so fond of children that I soon made their acquaintance. Little Amy was four, and the elder girl about a year older, whilst there was a boy of about two—Master Charley, as his nurse called him. It never occurred to me to ask what their surname was, though they became quite confidential as to their small affairs generally. Papa and mamma were in London, but they were coming down soon; and at home they had all sorts of possessions, from ponies and a tiny little basket-carriage, downwards. Would I like to see them? But what was my name if I did come?

'Helen,' I answered; 'but they call me Nelly at home.'

'That's my name,' exclaimed the elder child. 'But what is your other name?'

'Nelly Howard,' I replied, much amused at her pertinacity.

'Mine's Nelly Bebb. My papa is Colonel Bebb, and he's got a Victoria Cross, and lots of medals.'

'Your papa!' I answered, staggered at her announcement, which I found was indeed what I instantly supposed. They were the children of my rejected admirer, Captain Bebb.

The little group on the sands had a strange fascination for me, after I knew it, and furtively I conveyed many little gifts to the children. But our prescribed month was now over, and though the weather was enchanting, our rules were those of the Medes and Persians—go home we must. So we went; and my last glimpse, as we drove to the station, was of my three little friends—a joyous trio, with Colonel Bebb, a shade stouter than of old, but looking bronzed and jovial; whilst beside him stood a bright-faced, pretty little woman, who had accepted the happy fate which I, in my senseless girlhood, had declined. But it is over—regrets are vain, and though my heart feels young still, I am fast fading into old age now.

My experiences, recorded here, may make another wise, for out of the depths of my bitter disappointment I have written the short story of my mistaken existence. For, though doubtless there are many happy old maids, woman was not made to live a single life. Home ties, family cares, troubles and anxieties, may be her lot; but if she is loved, and if she feels herself the centre of a little kingdom—poor, perhaps, but precious—she has joys to balance the cares, love to smooth over the troubles, and a strong arm to shield her from danger. With that around her, she is a tower of

strength; she possesses that which makes life's bitters sweets; nor can she ever have to record what I, the poor neglected old maid, do here, the history of a Life's Regret.

## OUR SUMMER MIGRATORY BIRDS.

Few books are more eagerly welcomed by a lover of country life than a new book on Birds. The seasons as they come and go are identified with their special birds. He delights in the knowledge that spring is here in earnest, when he notices the first sand-martin over the river buffeting the lusty gales of March; blue-eyed April comes attended by her swallows; May brings the swift; the cuckoo calls in June. If a lull comes over the powers of the singing birds during summer, in September the corn-crake's characteristic notes fall upon the ear. An ornithological timepiece for each month could easily be constructed, as some botanist has arranged the flowers of every week in the year. When the delightful tribes of summer visitors leave us in late autumn, a wholly different set of birds, most of them associated with nights and days of sport, takes their place; ducks, geese, curlews, plover, and their congeners amongst the swimmers and waders, appear on the lakes and sea-coasts, and stream overhead with wild melancholy cries during the long dark nights, changing their locality as food becomes scarce, or security hard to obtain. To be ignorant of these birds and of the fact and the causes of their migrations, is to cut one's self off from much of the pleasure of rural life.

If for no other reason, the *Summer Migrants*\* of Mr Harting would be gladly welcomed, as giving an account of the birds which lend a special charm to spring and summer, from the point of view of one thoroughly competent to treat the subject. But the book has further claims for favour, as being tastefully bound, printed at the Chiswick Press in type of grateful aspect, and illustrated by Bewick's celebrated wood-engravings. How delicately that engraver could appreciate the characteristics of birds, compelling his art to imitate the marking of their feathers, so as to vie closely with the resources of colour, may be well discerned by studying the attractive examples arrayed in the book before us.

Two great waves of migratory birds sweep over our land annually. Many ducks, waders, &c., visit us late in autumn, and stay through much of the winter; while the singing birds cross over in spring, and remain during the other half of the year. When the Royston crow, fieldfare, sheldrake, and many others, depart for other shores, nature sends over from the south the second division, the soft-billed birds, which are for the most part insectivorous, though many of them do not disdain fruit. Whether their northward movement be due to instinct, bidding them build nests and rear young ones, or to a physical impulse independent

\* *Our Summer Migrants*. By J. E. Harting, F.L.S. Bickers and Son. 1875.



of the will, is yet a moot point. At all events, their arrival is extremely beneficial to man, as they destroy numberless insect pests, and render home more pleasant in the hot months. This spring immigration begins with the arrival of the willow-wrens in the middle of March, and extends to about May 12, when the fly-catcher, the last of our summer visitors, makes its appearance.

Who has not felt a thrill of pleasure as the welcome notes of some returned wanderer fall upon the ear, or its familiar flight again charms the eye? Chaucer does but express the universal delight of all country lovers at their coming:

On every bough the birdis herd I syng  
With voice of angell in their harmonie,  
That busied them ther birdis forthe to bryng.

Owing to weather, food, or lingering attractions in the south, our feathered friends vary the times of their reappearance. The variation, however, is very slight, and the discrepancy, one year with another, is but a few days.

The object of Mr Harting being to bring together the latest observations on the extent and mode of performing the summer migration, together with notices of the winter-homes of the different species of migrants, a pleasant paragraph concisely sums up what these birds are, with their haunts: 'Upon the wild open wastes and commons, we find the chats, to which family belong the whin-chat, the stone-chat, and the well-known wheat-ear. In the hedgerows and copses are to be seen the three species of willow-warblers: the wood-wren, willow-wren, and chiff-chaff. Wooded gardens and fruit-trees attract the garden-warbler, black-cap, and white-throats; and the thick sedges and waving flags by the waterside shelter the various species of river-warblers. In the open meadows and moist places by the river-bank or sea-coast, we need not search long to find the pipits and wagtails; and while the fly-catchers perch familiarly on our garden-walls, or pick the aphids off the fruit-trees, the swallows build under our very eaves, and claim our protection for their young. High above all, the noisy swift holds his rapid, wondrous flight, wheeling and screaming to his heart's content.'

Forty-nine species are treated; but many of these acquire the doubtful claim of being British, because they have on very few occasions been captured or seen in the United Kingdom. No one, save a professed ornithologist, has much chance of meeting such rarities as Savi's warbler, or the Pennsylvanian pipit, or the Alpine swift; and it may be added, none but a skilful naturalist would be able to identify many of these rarities, were he to see them. Such birds, too, as the hoopoe and golden oriole, are not merely scarce, but circumscribed as to locality. Of birds unfamiliar to ordinary observers, or that are met with only in certain districts, sixteen may be subtracted from the forty-nine species, leaving thirty-three to be considered. On examining these, however, it seems that Mr Harting has incorporated the gray wagtail (*Motacilla boarula*) with his list, for the purpose of convenient comparison with its congeners; the bird being really a winter migrant, though stationary all the year in Dartmoor and the west of England generally. So that

thirty-two species remain as the number of British summer migrants likely to fall under the notice of ordinary bird-lovers.

These we will group together in three classes, which may be distinguished as the warblers, the wagtails, and the swallows, and then taking the few that remain, the single representatives of their own families, a tolerable conspectus will be obtained of the subject.

First in honour as in extent come the *Sylviidae* (warblers), to which great family the larger portion of English summer migratory birds belong. Amongst these, the wheat-ear and the chiff-chaff are generally the earliest to arrive. The wheat-ear has a geographical range extending from the Faroe Isles to Armenia, and must be well known to every one wont in early spring to walk on open commons or by the sea, from its practice of incessantly flitting on in front of the pedestrian. Of the stone-chat many individuals remain with us all the year, while its kinsman the whin-chat is wholly migratory. The latter sprightly bird is far more common than the stone-chat, and may often be seen on the furze bushes which give it a name, uttering its curious cry '*U-leek!*' Under the next species come the wood-wren, the willow-wren, and the chiff-chaff, for the most part insect-eating birds. The first two are identified with our woods and thick hedges, the last more with gardens and orchards. Small as these three birds are, and utterly unequal, as it might be thought, at first sight, to long aerial voyages, it must not be forgotten that the golden-crested wren, the smallest of British birds, comes over to the eastern coast in great flights during the stormy weather of autumn. The most remarkable fact about the nightingale is its partial distribution, not merely through our islands, but also through England. Though found in Sweden, it is unknown in Wales, Ireland, and Scotland; and even in England, a line drawn from Dorset, with a curve to the Wye, and so round to Norfolk, includes its province. It is occasionally found in Derbyshire and near York; but being a short-winged bird, disinclined, apparently, to long flight, it crosses the Channel at its narrowest part, and merely spreads over a wedge-shaped extent of country on this side, at once devoting itself to nesting cares. Next come other tribes of warblers, the black-cap, garden-warbler, and greater and lesser white-throats. The former two of these birds are admirable singers, much persecuted by bird-catchers; the black-cap is at once distinguishable by its black-crested head; while the garden warbler is not unlike the female black-cap. They are shy, restless birds, locally distributed. It is interesting to remember that Gilbert White was wont to identify the black-cap's notes with the song of Amiens in the Forest of Arden:

Under the greenwood tree,  
Who loves to lie with me,  
And tune his merry note  
Unto the wild bird's throat.

Most country boys have taken white-throats' nests, with their green-blotched eggs, in the nettles and low brushwood of some retired lane. These birds are fond, however, of resorting with their young to our gardens and orchards, and do not disdain raspberries, currants, and the like. Nowhere very largely represented, yet a sufficiently familiar bird,

from its habits and colour, is the redstart, another summer migrant. It helps to free the lawns and fruit-trees from the numberless beetles, flies, and caterpillars that infest them. The last species of the migratory *Sylviidae* must be sought by the reeds and sedges of water-courses, away from man's dwellings. These are (omitting the rarer varieties) three in number—the reed-warbler, the sedge-warbler, and the grasshopper-warbler. Shy, timid songsters, the first two may be heard near their favourite localities, though their activity is such that it is almost impossible to obtain a favourable view of them. The nest of the reed-warbler is a beautiful object, suspended between the stems of three or four tall reeds overhanging the water. The grasshopper-warbler is remarkable for the late hours to which it will sing; often have we heard its curious 'chirring' from the neighbouring thicket just before midnight, while the cuckoo (itself a nocturnal singer) was telling her name afar off to the silent woods.

The *Motacillidae*, which include the wagtails and, in deference to Professor Newton, the pipits, next demand notice. The common (or pied) wagtail is only a partial migrant, many individuals remaining here throughout the year; but they have been seen in large flocks, during the mornings of September, flying parallel to the Sussex coast, towards the east. The Kentish coast gained, the Channel passage is easy even to young birds of the year. They were observed to return about the middle of March. The pretty yellow wagtail similarly collects in small family parties, which coalesce into flocks during the first week in September; and then leave our shores for North Africa, some even penetrating to Natal and Angola. Its beautiful yellow markings and cheerful flight athwart the water-meadows, endear it to the naturalist. Of our three familiar species, the pied wagtail may be called the wagtail of the house; the yellow, that of the fields; and the gray (*M. boarula*), that of the river-side. These are respectively their haunts. As for the pipits, both the meadow-pipit (titlark) and the rock-pipit are residents throughout the year; but they move to a certain extent from one part of the country to another; and, as Professor Newton explains it, 'though resident as species, they are migratory as individuals.' Every one knows the titlark, and associates it with fine summer weather, and meadows waving with hay. The rock-pipit is found, as becomes its name, on all our coasts, save the line which lies between the Humber and the Thames. The tree-pipit passes the winter in North-west India and the Jordan Valley, and even, as is suspected, in China and Japan; coming to England in April. It is remarkable amongst the birds of the woods and fields for its singular mode of flying up from the top of a bush or tree, and descending in full song, with its legs hanging straight down. Once seen, this curious characteristic cannot be forgotten.

The Swallow family (*Hirundinidae*) constitutes the third great group of migratory birds. Its earliest visitor to England is the pretty little sand-martin; the swift comes latest of the family, and departs first, generally about the third week in August. Every one knows that the food of the swallows consists of flies of various kinds. Like birds of prey, they eject the indigestible portions of their insect food in small pellets. Their geograph-

ical range is extensive. The chimney swallow spends its summer in Europe, going as far north as Iceland; and returns to Sierra Leone, Algeria, Cairo, and as far east as the Holy Land. A species which is almost, if not quite identical, is found generally distributed in China, Japan, and North-western India. The sand-martin, however, extends its summer range to North America and California. The swift retreats from winter as far as the Cape of Good Hope.

Among the migrants which do not fall under these three heads, first should be mentioned our two species of fly-catchers. The spotted fly-catcher is a common garden visitor, frequently building in trellis-work, and always welcomed on account of its pretty trustful ways. It is one of the latest of the migrants to arrive, seldom coming before the second week of May, as it is dependent on a good supply of flies. Then it spreads itself over the land from Dover to Caithness, though more sparingly found in Scotland. Spite of its weak flight, its range extends from Lapland to the Cape of Good Hope, and from Portugal to Palestine. As we write, a pair are feeding their young in a nest placed in ivy above the window. A singular display of instinct occurred in connection with this nest. Ordinarily, a brood consists of four or five; but as this nest was built very carelessly, the old birds seemed aware that that number would be too many, and no more than two eggs were laid. When these were hatched, the nest dropped to one side so dangerously that a young bird twice fell on to the lawn below, luckily without being injured. We procured a ladder, and replaced it, much to the old birds' delight; and the little ones are now just about leaving the nest; their curious spotted plumage being, even in these early days, well developed. That handsome bird, the pied fly-catcher, is more locally distributed, though one might add Notts to the counties in which Mr Harting mentions it has occurred.

Most persons who have lived in a sandy fern-covered woodland district have noticed the monotonous 'churning' of the nightjar in the evening. This nocturnal bird spends the winter in North Africa, and devotes itself to ridding us of the large white moths which are so common during the summer months. One of the most curious facts which modern science has discovered respecting the cuckoo is, that it does not pair, but is polygamous—a kind of chartered libertine of the fields and groves. Its egg is not unlike a house-sparrow's in size and colour, and is very small, relative to the size of the bird. It, too, winters in North Africa. The wryneck is a cheerful little bird, eagerly welcomed in the south and west of England in April, but uncommon elsewhere. Mr Harting states that its distribution much resembles that of the nightingale, but we know it in Devon, where the nightingale seldom or never penetrates. The red-backed shrike or butcher-bird is another bird of the southern and midland counties of England, easily recognised, and a visitor to us from Africa. The last two of our migratory summer birds are widely different in habits—the turtle-dove and the corn-crake. Neither can be called common anywhere, and both are capricious in their choice of a locality, frequenting it one summer, and deserting it next year. We have once only seen the turtle-dove, when it alighted on a gravel-walk to procure small pebbles for digestion.

In the midland counties, the corn-crake utters its harsh notes all night from the hay-fields. Mr Blake Knox thinks that it hibernates in Ireland, but this hypothesis requires corroboration. Gilbert White fancied (as many ignorant folks still do) that the swallow hibernated under water, or in a hollow tree.

To complete this list, it should be mentioned that Mr Harting has forgotten to name three well-known migratory birds in summer, it may be from his thinking them too local for a general manual. The hobby, which, spite of its small size, is a true falcon, and has, according to Yarrell, a range in England somewhat like that of the nightingale, appears in April, and leaves our shores again about October. The ring-ousel is much better known, and is common in every mountain district from spring to autumn. For example, on the lonely tors of Dartmoor, amongst the deserted works of the old 'streamers' (as the natives call the early diggers for tin), the ring-ousel constantly flits before the pedestrian, so that the bird must certainly be included in every list of summer immigrants. The third bird, the thick-knee or stone-plover, possesses a peculiar interest, from its having been one of the favourite birds of the historian of Selborne. He dwells upon the propriety of the scientific name (*edicnemus*), 'since their legs seem swollen like those of a gouty man,' and notices their nocturnal calls as they arrived on March 1st in the year 1788. He deems them the first summer birds to come back. From the beginning of April to August or September may be regarded as the length of their stay in the eastern and southern counties of England.

One or two questions respecting our summer visitors remain, and brief answers to them will aptly conclude the subject. We have seen that the Riviera, Italy, Algeria, Egypt, and Africa generally, together with Palestine, and even India, are the winter resorts of these birds; do they breed in these winter quarters? The late Mr Blyth, who had singular opportunities for observation, asserted that the sand-martin was the only British summer visitant which nested in its winter quarters. Mr Harting, however, thinks that the same holds good with the swallow, the wryneck, the turtle-dove, and the butcher-bird. Careful observation and time will alone decide the knotty point.

Many facts have been gathered respecting migratory habits, but a great many more are yet wanting. Indeed, the *modus operandi* of migration is a subject to which all ornithologists ought to direct special attention. As a general rule, the male birds of each species arrive in this country some days before the females. Colonel Irby, who made observations on migration at Gibraltar and Tangiers, found that most of the land-birds passed the Straits by day, usually in the morning. The waders crossed, he deemed, for the most part at night. The return journey of all the birds was generally accomplished during night, and both trips during an east wind. Mr Cordeaux, who has paid attention to the migration of birds in Lincolnshire, in his *Birds of Lincolnshire* agrees with this statement, believing that the greater portion of our summer migrants (with the exception of the cuckoo) come from the sea with an east or south-east wind. If the book before us induces observers to devote themselves to answering these and the like problems, it will have attained a worthy end, and one

which no one would more rejoice in than its scholarly author. Meanwhile, we commend the whole subject to the more careful and exact amongst the lovers of our native birds.

## THE FLAG OF DISTRESS.

### CHAPTER XXIV.—HARRY BLEW HOMELESS.

WHILE the exciting scene described as taking place in the El Dorado was at its height, Harry Blew went past the door. Could the sailor have seen through walls, he would have entered the saloon. The sight of his former officers would have attracted him inside; there to remain, for more reasons than one. Of one he had already thought. Conjecturing that the young gentlemen might be going on a bit of a spree, and knowing the dangers of such in San Francisco, it had occurred to him to accompany, or keep close after them—in order that he might be at hand, should they come into collision with any of the roughs and rowdies thick upon the street. Unfortunately, this idea, like that of asking them for a cash loan, had come too late; and they were out of sight ere he could take any steps towards its execution. A glance into the gambling-saloon would have brought both opportunities back again; and, instead of continuing to wander hungry through the streets, the sailor would have had a splendid supper, and after it a bed, either in some respectable hostelry, or his old bunk aboard the *Crusader*. It was not to be. While passing the El Dorado, he could know nothing of the friends that were so near; and thus unconscious, he leaves the glittering saloon behind, and a half-score others lighted with like brilliancy. For a while longer he saunters slowly about, in the hope of yet encountering the officers. Several times he sees men in uniform, and makes after them, only to find they are not English. At length giving it up, he quickens his pace, and strikes for the office of the ship-agent, which he knows to be in the street fronting the water. As San Francisco is not like an old seaport, where house-room is cheap and abundant, but every foot of roof-shelter utilised by night as by day, there is a chance the office may still be open. In all probability, the agent sleeps by the side of his ledger; or if not, likely enough one of his clerks. In which case he, Harry Blew, may be allowed to lie along the floor, or get a shake-down in some adjoining shed. He would be but too glad to stretch himself on an old sack, a naked bench, or, for that matter, sit upright in a chair; for he is now fairly fagged out perambulating the unpaved streets of that inhospitable port.

Tacking from corner to corner, now and then hitching up his trousers, to give freer play to his feet, he at length comes out upon the street which fronts towards the bay. In his week's cruising about the town he has acquired some knowledge of its topography, and knows well enough where he is; but not the office of the shipping-agent. It takes him a considerable time to find it. Along the water's edge the houses are irregularly placed, and numbered with like irregularity. Besides,

there is scarce any light; the night has become dark, with a sky densely clouded, and the street-lumps burning whale-oil are dim, and at long distances apart. It is with difficulty he can make out the figures upon the doors. However, he is at length successful, and deciphers on one the number he is in search of—as also the name 'Silvestre,' painted on a piece of tin attached to the side-post.

A survey of the house—indeed, a single glance at it—convinces him he has come thither to no purpose. It is a small wooden structure, not much bigger than a sentry-box, evidently only an office, with no capability of conversion to a bedroom. Still it has room enough to admit of a man's lying at full length along its floor; and, as already said, he would be glad of so disposing himself for the night. There may be some one inside, though the one window—in size corresponding to the shanty itself—looks black and forbidding. With no very sanguine hope, he lays hold of the door-handle, and gives it a twist. Locked, as he might have expected! The test does not satisfy him, and he knocks. At first timidly; then a little bolder and louder; finally, giving a good round rap with his knuckles, hard as horn. At the same time he hails sailor-fashion:

'Aboy, there; be there any one within?' This in English; but, remembering that the ship-agent is a Spaniard, he follows his first hail with another in the Spanish tongue, adding the usual formula: '*Ambre la puerta!*' Neither to the question nor the demand is there any response. Only the echo of his own voice reverberated along the line of houses, and dying away in the distance, as it mingles with the sough of the sea. No use speaking, or knocking again. Undoubtedly, Silvestre's office is closed for the night; and his clerks, if there be any, have their sleeping-quarters elsewhere. Forced to this conclusion, though sadly dissatisfied with it, the ex-man-o'-war's man turns away from the door, and once more goes cruising along the streets. But now, with no definite point to steer for, he makes short tacks and turns, like a ship sailing under an unfavourable wind—or as one disregarding the guidance of the compass, without steersman at the wheel.

After beating about for nearly another hour, he discovers himself again contiguous to the water's edge. His instincts have conducted him thither—as the seal, after a short inland excursion, finds its way back to the beach. Ah! if he could only swim like a seal! This thought occurs to him as he stands looking over the sea in the direction of the *Crusader*. Were it possible to reach the frigate, all his troubles would soon be forgotten in the cheerful companionship of his old clams of the fore-castle. It can't be. The man-o'-war is anchored more than two miles off. Strong swimmer though he knows himself to be, it is too far. Besides, a fog has suddenly sprung up, overspreading the bay, so that the ship is hidden from his sight. Even those lying close inshore can be but faintly discerned through its film, and only the larger spars; the smaller ones with the rigging-ropes looking like the threads of a spider's web.

Down-hearted, almost despairing, Harry Blew halts upon the beach. What is he to do? Lie down on the sand, and there go to sleep? There are times when on the shores of San Francisco Bay this would not be much of a hardship. But now, it is the season of winter, when the great Pacific

current, coming from latitudes farther north, rolls in through the Golden Gate, bringing with it fogs that spread themselves over the estuary inside. Although not frosty, these are cold enough to be uncomfortable, and the haze now is accompanied by a chill drizzling rain. Standing under it, Harry Blew feels he is fast getting wet. If he do not obtain shelter, he will soon be soaked to the skin. Looking around, his eye rests upon a boat, which lies bottom upward on the beach. It is an old ship's launch that has bilged, and either been abandoned as useless, or upturned to receive repairs. No matter what its history, it offers him the hospitality so scurvily refused by the Sailor's Home. If it cannot give him supper, or bed, it will be some protection against the rain that has now commenced coming down in big clouting drops. This deciding him, he creeps under the capsized launch, and lays himself at full length along the shingle.

The spot upon which he has stretched himself is soft as a leather-bed. Still he does not fall asleep. The rain, filtering through the sand, soon finds its way under the boat; and, saturating his couch, makes it uncomfortable. This, with the cold night-air, keeps him awake. He lies listening to the sough of the sea, and the big drops pattering upon the planks above. Not long before other sounds salute his ear, distinguishable as human voices—men engaged in conversation. As he continues to listen, the voices grow louder, those who converse evidently drawing nearer. In a few seconds they are by the boat's side, where they come to a stand. But though they have paused in their steps, they continue to talk in an excited, earnest tone. So loud that he can hear every word they say; though the speakers are invisible to him. The capsized boat is not so flush with the sand, as to prevent him from seeing the lower part of their legs, from below the knees downward. Of these there are four pairs, two of them in trousers of the ordinary kind; the other two in *calzoneras* of velvetene bordered at the bottom with black stamped leather. But, that all four men are Californians or Spaniards, he can tell by the language in which they are conversing—Spanish. A lucky chance that he understands something of this—if not for himself, for the friends who are dear to him.

The first intelligible speech that reaches his ear is an interrogatory:

'You're sure, Calderon, they'll come this way?'

'Quite sure, De Lara. When I stood by them at the hotel-bar, I heard the younger of the two tell one of the American officers that their boat was to meet them at the wooden *muello*—the new pier, as you know. To reach that, they must pass by here; there's no other way. And it can't be long before they make appearance. They were leaving the hotel at the time we did, and where else should they go?'

'No knowing'—this from the voice of a third individual. 'They may stay to take another *copita*, or half a dozen. These Ingleses can drink like fish, and don't seem to feel it.'

'The more they drink, the better for us,' remarks a fourth. 'Our work will be the easier.'

'It may not be so easy, Don Manuel,' puts in De Lara. 'Young as they are, they're very devils both. Besides, they're well armed, and will battle like grizzly bears. I tell you, *camaradas*,

we'll have work to do before we get back our money.'

'But do you intend killing them, De Lara?' asks Calderon.

'Of course. We must, for our own sakes. 'Twould be madness not, even if we could get the money without it. The older, Crozier, is enormously rich, I've heard; could afford to buy up all the law there is in San Francisco. If we let them escape, he'd have the police after us like hounds upon a trail. Even if they shouldn't recognise us now, they'd be sure to suspect who it was, and make the place too hot to hold us. *Caspiata!* It's not a question of choice, but a thing of necessity. *We must kill them!*'

Harry Blew hears the cold-blooded determination, comprehending it in all its terrible significance. It tells him the young officers are still in the town, and that these four men are about to waylay, rob, and murder them. What they mean by 'getting back the money' is the only thing he does not comprehend. It is made clear as the conversation continues.

'I'm sure there's nothing unfair in taking back our own. I, Frank Lara, say so. It was they who brought about the breaking of our bank, which was done in a mean dastardly way. The Englishman had the luck, and all the others of his kind went with him. But for that, we could have held out. It's no use our whining about it. We've lost, and must make good our losses best way we can. We can't, and be safe ourselves, if we let these *gringos* go.'

'*Chinyara!* we'll stop their breath, and let there be no more words about it.'

The merciless verdict is in the voice of Don Manuel.

'You're all agreed, then?' asks De Lara.

'*Si, si, si!*' is the simultaneous answer of assent, Calderon alone seeming to give it with some reluctance; though he hesitates from timidity, not mercy.

Harry Blew now knows all. The officers have been gaming, have won money, and the four fellows who talk so coolly of killing them are the banker and his confederates. What is he to do? How can he save the doomed men. Both are armed; Crozier has his sword, Cadwallader his dirk. Besides, they have pistols, as he saw while they were talking to him at the Sailor's Home. But then they are to be taken unawares—shot or struck down in the dark without a chance of seeing the hand that strikes them! Even if warned and ready, it would be two against four. And he is himself altogether unarmed; for his jack-knife is gone—hypothecated to pay for his last jorum of grog! And the young officers have been drinking freely, as he gathers from what the ruffians have said. They may be inebriated, or enough so to put them off their guard. Who would be expecting assassination? Who ever is, save a Mexican himself? Altogether unlikely that they should be thinking of such a thing. On the contrary, disregarding danger, they will come carelessly on, to fall like ripe corn before the sickle of the reaper. The thought of such a fate for his friends, fills the sailor with apprehension; and again he asks himself how it is to be averted.

The four conspirators are not more than a few feet from the boat. By stretching out his hands he could grip them by the ankles, without

altering his recumbent attitude one inch. By doing this, he might give the guilty plotters such a scare as would cause them to retreat, and so baffle their design. The thought flits across his brain, but is instantly abandoned. They are not of the stuff to be frightened at shadows. By their talk, at least two are desperadoes, and to make known his presence would be only to add another victim to those already doomed to death. What is he to do? For the third time he asks himself this question, still unable to answer it. While painfully cogitating, his brain labouring to grasp some feasible plan of defence against the threatened danger, he is warned of a change. Some words spoken tell of it. It is De Lara who speaks them.

'By the way, *camarados*, we're not in a good position here. They may sight us too soon. To make things sure, we must drop on them before they can draw their weapons. Else some of us may get dropped ourselves.'

'Where could we be better? I don't see. The shadow of this old boat favours us.'

'Why not crawl under it?' asks Calderon. 'There Argus himself couldn't see us.'

Harry Blew's heart beats at the double-quick. His time seems come, and he already fancies four pistols at his head, or the same number of poniards pointing to his ribs.

It is a moment of vivid anxiety—a crisis dread, terrible, almost agonising. Fortunately, it is not of long duration, ending almost on the instant. He is relieved at hearing one of them say: 'No; that won't do. We'd have trouble in scrambling out again. While about it, they'd see or hear us, and take to their heels. You must remember, it's but a step to where their boat will be waiting them, with some eight or ten of those big British tars in it. If they got there before we overtook them, the tables would be turned on us.'

'You're right, Don Manuel,' rejoins De Lara; 'it won't do to go under the boat, and there's no need for us to stay by it. *Mira!* yonder's a better place—by that wall. In its shadow no one can see us, and the *gringos* must pass within twenty feet of it. It's the very spot for our purpose. Come!'

No one objecting, the four figures start away from the side of the boat; and, gliding silently as spectres across the strip of sandy beach, disappear within the dark shadow of the wall.

#### CHAPTER XXV.—CRUSADERS, TO THE RESCUE.

'What am I to do?' It is the ex-man-o'-war's man, still lying under the launch, who thus interrogates himself; for the fourth time, and more emphatically than ever; but also in less dubious accent, and less despairingly. True, the conspiring assassins have only stepped aside to a spot from which they may more conveniently descend upon their quarry, and be surer of striking it. But their changed position has left him free to change his; which he at length determines upon doing. Their talk has told him where the man-of-war's boat will be awaiting to take the officers back to their ship. He knows the new wharf referred to, the very stair at which the Crusaders have been accustomed to bring their boats to. It may be the cutter with her full crew of ten—or it may be but the gig. No matter which. There

cannot be fewer than two oarsmen, and these will be sufficient. A brace of British tars, with himself to make three, and the officers to tot up five—that will be more than a match for four Spanish Californians. Four times four, thinks Harry Blew, even though the sailors, like himself, be unarmed, or with nothing but their knives and boat-hooks. He has no fear, if he can but bring it to an encounter of this kind. The question is, can he do so? And first, can he creep out from under the launch, and steal away unobserved? A glance from under his sheltering boat towards the spot where the assassins have placed themselves in ambuscade, satisfies him that he can. The fog favours him. Through it he cannot see them; and should be himself equally invisible. Another favourable circumstance: on the soft, sandy beach his footsteps will make but slight noise; not enough to be heard above the continuous surging of the surf. All this passes in a moment, and he has made up his mind to start; but is staid by a new apprehension. Will he be in time? The stair at which the boat should be is not over a quarter of a mile off, and will take but a few minutes to reach it. Even if he succeed in eluding the vigilance of the ambushed villains, will it be possible for him to get to the pier, communicate with the boat's crew, and bring them back, before the officers reach the place of ambush? To this, the answer is doubtful, and the doubt appals him. In his absence, the young gentlemen may arrive at the fatal spot. He may return to find their bodies lying lifeless along the sand, their pockets rifled, the plunderers and murderers gone!

The thought holds him irresolute, hesitating what course to take. Shall he remain till they are heard approaching, then rush out, and give them such warning as he may, throw himself by their side, and do his best to defend them? Unarmed, this would not be much. Against pistols and poniards he would scarce count as a combatant. It might but end in all three being slaughtered together! And there is still a danger of his being discovered in his attempt to steal away from his place of concealment. He may be followed, and overtaken; though he has little fear of this. Pursued he may be, but not overtaken. Despite his sea-legs, he knows himself a swift runner. Were he assured of a fair start, he will hold his distance against anything Spanish or Californian. In five minutes he can reach the pier—in five more be back. If he but find the *Crusaders* there, a word will warn them. In all it might take about ten minutes. But, meanwhile, Crozier and Cadwallader may get upon the ground, and one minute after that all would be over. A terrible struggle agitates the breast of the old man-o'-war's man; in his thoughts is a conflict agonising. On either side are *pros* and *cons*, requiring calm deliberation; and there is no time for this. He must act.

But one more second spent in consideration. He has confidence in the young officers. Both are brave as lions, and if attacked, will make a tough fight of it. Crozier has also caution, on which dependence may be placed; and at such a time of night he will not be going unguardedly. The conflict, though unequal, might last long enough for him, Harry Blew, to bring the *Crusaders* at least near enough to cry out, and cheer their officers with the hope of help at hand. All

this passes through his mind in a tenth part of the time it takes to tell it. And having resolved how to act, he hastens to carry out his resolution—which is to proceed in quest of the boat's crew.

Sprawling out like a lizard from beneath the launch, he glides off silently along the strand. At first, with slow cautious steps, and crouchingly; but soon erect, in a rapid run, as if for the saving of his life; for it is to save the lives of others, almost dear as his own. The five minutes are not up, when his footsteps patter along the planking of the hollow wooden wharf. In ten seconds after, he stands at the head of the sea-stairway, looking down. Below is a boat with men in it, half-a-score of them seated on the thwarts, some lolling over against the gunwales, asleep. At a glance he can tell them to be *Crusaders*. His hail startles them into activity, one and all recognising the voice of their old shipmate. 'Quick!' he cries; 'quick, mates! Come along with me! Don't stay to ask questions. Enough for you to know that the lives of your officers are in danger.'

It proves enough. The tars don't wait for a word more; but spring up from their recumbent attitude, and out of the boat. Rushing up the steps, they cluster around their comrade. They have not needed instructions to arm themselves. Harry's speech, with its tone, tells of some shore hostility, and they have instinctively made ready to meet it. Each has laid hold of the weapon nearest to his hand; some a knife, some an oar, others a boat-hook.

'Heave along with me, lads!' cries Blew; and they 'heave' at his heels—rushing after, as if to extinguish a fire in the fore-castle.

Soon they are coursing along the strand, towards the upturned boat, silently, and without asking explanation. If they did, they could not get it; for their leader is panting, breathless, almost unable to utter a word. But five fathoms from his throat, jerked out disjointedly, and in hoarse utterance. They are: 'Crozier—Cadwallader—way-laid—robbers—murderers!'

Enough to spur the *Crusaders* to their best speed, if they had not been already at it. But they are; every man of them straining his strength to the utmost. As they rush on, clearing the thick fog, Harry at their head listens intently. As yet he hears no sound; only the monotonous swashing of the sea, and the murmur of distant voices in the streets of the town. But no cries—no shouts, nor shots; nothing to tell of deadly strife.

'Thank the Lord!' says the brave sailor, half speaking to himself; 'we'll be in time to save them.' The words have scarce passed from his lips, when he comes in sight of the capsized launch; and simultaneously he sees two figures upon the beach beyond. They are of human shape, but through the fog looking large as giants. He is not beguiled by the deception; he knows them to be the forms of the two officers magnified by the mist. No others are likely to be coming that way; for he can perceive they are approaching; and, as can be told by their careless, swaggering gait, unsuspecting of danger, little dreaming of an ambuscade, that in ten seconds more may deprive them of existence.

To him, hurrying to prevent this catastrophe; it is a moment of intense apprehension—of dread—chilling fear. He sees the young officers almost up

to the place where the assassins should spring out upon them. In another instant he may hear the cracking of pistols, and see their flashes through the fogs. Expecting it even before he can speak, he nevertheless calls out: 'Halt there, Mr Crozier! We're *Crusaders*. Stop where you are. Another step, and you'll be shot at. There's four men under that wall waiting to murder ye. D'ye know the names—Calderon and Lara? It's them!'

At the first words, the young officers—for it is they—instantly stop. The more promptly from being prepared to anticipate an attack, but without the warning. Well timed it is; and they have not stopped a moment too soon. Simultaneous with the sailor's last speech, the sombre space under the wall is lit up by four flashes, followed by the report of as many pistols, while the 'tzip-tzip' of bullets, like hornets hurtling past their ears, leaves them no doubt as to who has been fired at. Fired at, and fortunately missed; for neither feels hurt nor hit! But the danger is not yet over. Quick following the first comes a second volley, and again with like result. Bad marksmen are they who design doing murder. It is the last. In all likelihood, the pistols of the assassins are double-barrelled, and both barrels have been discharged. Before they can reload them, Harry Blew with the *Crusaders* have come up, and it is too late for De Lara and his confederates to employ their poniards. Crozier and Cadwallader bound forward; and placing themselves at the head of the boat's crew, advance toward the shadowed spot. The young officers have long since drawn their pistols, but prudently retained their fire, seeing nothing sure to aim at. Now, they go with a rush, resolved on coming to close quarters with their dastardly assailants, and bringing the affair to a speedy termination. But it is over already, to their surprise, as also chagrin. On reaching the wall, they find nothing there save stones and timber. The dark space, for an instant illuminated by the pistol-flashes, has resumed its grim obscurity. The assassins have got away, escaping the chastisement they would surely have received had they stood their ground. Some figures are seen in the distance, scuttling along a narrow lane. Crozier brings his revolver to bear on them, his finger upon the trigger. But it may not be them; and staid by the uncertainty, he refrains from firing. 'Let them go!' he says, returning the pistol to his pocket. 'I would be no use looking for them now. Their crime will keep till morning; and since we know their names, it will be strange if we can't find them; though not so strange if we should fail to get them punished. That they shall be, if there's a semblance of law to be found in San Francisco.—Now, thanks, my brave *Crusaders*! And there's a hundred pound note to be divided among you. Small reward for the saving of two lives, with a goodly sum of money. Certainly, had you not turned up so opportunely.—But how came you to be here? Never mind now! Let us get aboard; and you, Blew, must come with us. It'll do you no harm to spend one more night on your old ship. There you can tell me all.'

Harry joyfully complies with a requisition so much to his mind; and, instead of tossing discontentedly on a couch of wet sand, he that night sleeps soundly in his old bunk in the frigate's fore-castle.

#### CHAPTER XXVI.—IN FLIGHT.

A country-house ten miles distant from San Francisco, in a south-westerly direction. It stands back from the bay, half-way between it and the Pacific, among the Coast Range hills. Though built of mud-brick—the sort made by the Israelites in Egypt—and with no pretension to architectural style, it is, in Californian parlance, a *hacienda*; for it is the headquarters of a grazing estate; though not one of the first class, either in stock or appointments. In both respects, it was once better off than now; since now it is less than second, shewing signs of decay everywhere, but nowhere so much as in the house itself, and the inclosures around it. The walls are weather-washed, here and there cracked and crumbling; the doors have seen no paint for years, and opening or shutting, creak upon hinges thickly coated with rust. The *corrals* contain no cattle, nor are there any to be seen upon the pastures outside. In short, the estate shews as if it had an absentee owner, or been abandoned altogether. And the house might appear uninhabited, but for some *peons* seen sauntering listlessly around it, and a barefoot damsel or two, standing dishevelled by its door, or in its kitchen kneeling over the *metate*, and squeezing out the maize-dough for the eternal *tortillas*. However, despite its neglected appearance, it has an owner; and with all their indolence, the lounging *leperos* outside, and slatternly wenches within, have a master. He is not often at home, but when he is, they address him as Don Faustino. Servants rarely add the surname. If these did, they would call him Don Faustino Calderon; for he is the *dueño* of the decayed dwelling. Only at intervals do his domestics see him. He spends nearly all his time elsewhere—most of it in Yerba Buena, now styled San Francisco. And of late more than ever has he absented himself from his ancestral halls; for the *hacienda* is the house in which he was born; it, with the surrounding pasture-land, left him by his father, some time deceased. Since coming into possession, he has neglected his patrimony; indeed, spent the greater portion of it on cards, and debauchery of every kind. The estate is heavily mortgaged, the house has become almost a ruin. In his absence, it looks even more like one; for then his domestics, having nothing to do, are scarce ever seen outside, to give the place an appearance of life. Fond of cards as their master, they may at such times be observed, squatted upon the pavement of the inner court, playing *monté* on a spread blanket, with copper *clacos* staked upon the game. When the *dueño* is at home, things are a little different; for Don Faustino, with all his dissipation, is anything but an indulgent master. Then his domestics have to move about, and wait upon him with assiduity. If they don't, they will hear *carajos* from his lips, and get cuts from his riding-whip.

It is the morning after that night when the *Monté* bank suspended play and pay; the time, six o'clock A.M. Notwithstanding the early hour, the domestics are stirring about the place, as if they had something to do, and were doing it. To one acquainted with their usual habits, the brisk movement will be interpreted as a sure sign that their master is at home. And he is; though he has been there but a very short time—only a



few minutes. Absent for more than a week, he has this morning made his appearance just as the day was breaking. Not alone; but in the company of a gentleman, whom all his servants know to be his intimate friend and associate—Don Francisco de Lara. They have ridden up to the house in haste, dropped the bridles on the necks of their horses, and, without saying a word, left these to the care of a couple of grooms, rudely roused from their slumber. The house-servants, lazily opening the huge door of the *saguan*, see that the *dueño* is in ill-humour, which stirs them into activity. In haste, they prepare the repast called for—*desayuno*.

Having entered, and taken seats, Don Faustino and his guest await the serving of the meal; for a while in silence, each with an elbow rested on the table, a hand supporting his head, the fingers buried in his hair. The silence is at length broken; the host, as it should be, speaking first.

'What had we best do, De Lara? I don't think 'twill be safe staying here. After what's happened, they're sure to come after us.'

'That's probable enough. *Caspita!* I'm puzzled to make out how that fellow who called out our names could have known we were there. "*Crusaders*," he said they were; which means they were sailors belonging to the war-ship, of course the boat's crew that was waiting. But what brought them up; and how came they to arrive there and then, just in the nick of time to spoil our plans? That's the mystery to me.'

'To me too.'

'There were no sailors hanging about the hotel, that I saw; nor did we encounter any as we went through the streets. Besides, if we had, they couldn't have passed us, and then come up from the opposite side, without our seeing them—dark as it was. 'Tis enough to make me believe in second-sight.'

'That seems the only way to explain it.'

'Yes; but it won't, and don't. I've been thinking of another explanation, more conformable to the laws of nature.'

'What?'

'That there's been somebody under that old boat. We stood talking there like four fools, calling out one another's names. Now, suppose one of those sailors was waiting by the boat as we came along, and seeing us, crept under it? He could have heard everything we said; and slipping off, after we retired to the shadow, might have brought up the rest of the accursed crew. The thing seems strange; at the same time it's possible enough, and probable too.'

'It is; and now you speak of it, I remember something. While we were standing under the wall, I fancied I saw a man crouching along the water's edge, as if going away from the boat.'

'You did?'

'I'm almost certain I did. At the time, I thought nothing of it, as we were watching for the other two; and I had no suspicion of any one else being about. Now, I believe there was one.'

'And now, I believe so too. Yes; that accounts for everything. I see it all. That's how the sailor got our names, and knew all about our design—that to do—*murder!* You needn't start at the word, nor turn pale. But you may at the prospect before us. *Carrai!* we're in danger now—

no mistake about it. Calderon, why didn't you tell me at the time you saw that man?'

'Because, as I've said, I had no thought it could be any one connected with them.'

'Well, your thoughtlessness has got us into a fix indeed—the worst ever I've been in, and I can remember a few. No use to think about duelling now, whoever might be challenger. Instead of seconds, they'd meet us with a posse of sheriff's officers. Likely enough they'll be setting them after us before this. Although I feel sure our bullets didn't hit either, it'll be just as bad. The attempt will tell against us all the same. Therefore, it won't do to stay here. So direct your servants not to unsaddle. We'll need to be off, soon as we've swallowed a cup of chocolate.'

A call from Don Faustino brings one of his domestics to the door; then a word or two sends him off with the order for keeping the horses in hand.

'*Chingara!*' fiercely exclaims De Lara, striking the table with his shut fist, 'everything has gone against us.'

'Everything, indeed. Our money lost, our love made light of, our revenge baffled'—

'No, not the last! Have no fear, Faustino. That's still to come.'

'How?'

'How, you ask, do you?'

'I do. I can't see what way we can get it now. You know the English officers will be gone in a day or two. Their ship is to sail soon. Last night there was talk in the town that she might leave at any moment to-morrow, or it may be this very day.'

'Let her go, and them with her. The sooner the better for us. That won't hinder us from the revenge I for one want. On the contrary, 'twill help us. Ha! I shall strike this Crozier in his tenderest part; and you can do the same for Señor Cadwallader.'

'In what way?'

'Faustino Calderon, I won't call you a fool, notwithstanding your behaviour last night. But you ask some very silly questions, and that's one of them. Supposing these *gringos* gone from here, does it follow they'll take everything along with them? Can you think of nothing they must needs leave behind?'

'Their hearts. Is that what you mean?'

'No, it isn't.'

'What, then?'

'Their sweethearts, stupid.'

'But they're going too?'

'So you say, and so it may be. But not before another event takes place—one that may embarrass, and delay, if it do not altogether prevent their departure.'

'*Amigo*, you talk enigmatically. Will you oblige me by speaking plainer?'

'I will; but not till we've had our chocolate, and after it a *copita* of Catalan. I need a little alcohol to get my brain in working order, for there's work for it to do. Enough now to tell you I've had a revelation. A good angel—or it may be a bad one—has visited me, and given it; a vision which shews me at the same time riches and revenge—pointing the straight way to both.'

'Has the vision shewn that I am to be a sharer?'

'It has; and you shall be. But only in proportion as you may prove yourself worthy.'

'I faith! I'll do my best. I have the will, if you'll only instruct me in the way.'

'I'll do that. But I warn you, 'twill need more than will—strength, secrecy, courage, determination.'

'*Desayuno, señores!*' This from one of the domestics announcing the chocolate served.

A few moments suffice for the slight matutinal repast. After which, a decanter of Catalonian brandy and glasses are placed upon the table, with a bundle of Manila cheroots, size number one. While the glasses are being filled, and the cigars lighted, there is silence. Then Calderon calls upon his guest to impart the particulars of that visionary revelation, which promises to give them at the same time riches and revenge.

Taking a sip of the potent spirit, and a puff or two at his cigar, De Lara responds to the call. But first leaning across the table, and looking his confederate straight in the face, he asks, in an odd fashion: 'Are you a bankrupt, Faustino Calderon?'

'You know I am. Why do you put the question?'

'Because I want to be sure, before making known to you the scheme I've hinted at. As I've told you, I'm after no child's play. I ask again, are you a bankrupt?'

'And I answer you, I *am*. But what has that to do with it?'

'A good deal. Never mind. You *are* one? You assure me of it?'

'I do. I'm as poor as yourself, if not poorer, after last night's losses. I'd embarked all my money in the Monté concern.'

'But you have something besides money? This house, and your lands?'

'Mortgaged—months ago—up to the eyes, the ears, the crown of the head. That's where the cash came from to set up the bank that's broken—breaking me along with it.'

'And you've nothing left? No chance for starting it again?'

'Not a *claco*. Here I am apparently in my own house, with servants, such as they are, around me. It's all in appearance. In reality, I'm not the owner. I once was, as my father before me; but can't claim to be any longer. Even while we're sitting here, drinking this Catalan, the mortgagee—that old usurer Martinez—may step in and kick us both out.'

'I'd like him to try. He'd catch a Tartar, if he attempted to kick me out—he or anybody else just now, in my present humour. There's far more reason for us to fear being pulled out by policemen, which makes it risky to remain here talking. So let's to the point at once—back to where we left off. On your oath, Faustino Calderon, you're no longer a man of money?'

'On my oath, Francisco de Lara, I haven't an *onza* left—no, not a *peso*.'

'Enough. Now that I know your financial status, we will understand one another; and without further circumlocution I shall make you a sharer of the bright thought that has flashed across my brain.'

'Let me hear what it is. I'm all impatience.'

'Not so fast, Faustino. As I've already twice told you, it's no child's play; but a business that requires skill and courage. Above all, fidelity among those who may engage in it—for more than two are needed. It will want at least four good

and true men. I know three of them; about the fourth I'm not so certain.'

'Who are the three?'

'Francisco de Lara, Manuel Diaz, and Rafael Rocas.'

'And the fourth, about whom you are dubious?'

'Faustino Calderon.'

'Why do you doubt me, De Lara?'

'Don't call it doubting. I only say I'm not certain about you.'

'But for what reason?'

'Because you may be squeamish, or get scared. Not that there's much real danger. There mayn't be any, if the thing's cleverly managed. But there must be no bungling; and, above all, no backing out—nothing like treason.'

'Can't you trust me so far as to give a hint of your scheme? As to my being squeamish, I think, señor, you do me injustice to suppose such a thing. The experience of the last twenty-four hours has made a serious change in my way of viewing matters of morality. A man who has lost his all, and suddenly sees himself a beggar, isn't disposed to be sensitive. Come, *camarado!* tell me, and try me.'

'I intend doing both, but not just yet. It's an affair that calls for certain formalities, among them some swearing. Those who embark in it must be bound by a solemn oath; and when we all get together, this shall be done. Time enough then for you to know what I'm aiming at. Now, I can only say, that if the scheme succeed, two things are sure, and both concern yourself, Faustino Calderon.'

'What are they? You can trust me with that much, I suppose?'

'Certainly I can, and shall. The first is, that you'll be a richer man than you've ever been since I've had the honour of your acquaintance. The second, that Don Gregorio Montijo will not leave California—at least not quite so soon, nor altogether in the way he is wishing. You may have plenty of time yet, and opportunities, too, to press your suit with the fair Lúez.'

'*Curamba!* Secure me that, and I swear.'

'You needn't set about swearing yet. You can do that when the occasion calls for it. Till then, I'll take your word. With one in love, as you believe yourself, that should be binding as any oath; especially when it promises such a rich reward.'

'You're sure about Diaz and Rocas?'

'Quite so. With them there won't be need for any prolonged conference. When a man sees the chance of getting sixty thousand dollars in a lump sum, he's pretty certain to act promptly, and without being particular as to what that action is.'

'Sixty thousand dollars! That's to be the share of each?'

'That, and more, maybe.'

'It makes one crazy—even to think of such a sum.'

'Don't go crazed till you've got it; then you may.'

'If I do, it won't be with grief.'

'It shouldn't; since it will give you a fresh lease of sweet life, and renew your hopes of having the wife you want. But come! we must get away if we wish to avoid being taken away—though, I fancy, there's nothing to apprehend for some hours yet. The gringos have gone on board their ship,

and are not likely to come ashore again before breakfast. What with their last night's revelry, it'll take them some time to get the cobwebs out of their eyes after waking up. Besides, if they should make it a law matter, there'll be all the business of looking up warrants, and the like. They do these things rather slowly in San Francisco. Then there's the ten miles out here; even if they strike our trail so straight. No; we needn't be in a hurry so far as that goes. But the other's a thing that won't keep, and must be set about at once. Fortunately, the road that takes us to a place of concealment, is the same we have to travel upon business; and that is to the rancho of Rocas. There I've appointed to meet Diaz, who'd have come with us here, but that he preferred staying all night in the town. But he'll be there betimes, and we can all remain with old Rafael, till this ugly wind blows past; which it will in a week, or soon as the English ship sails off. If not, we must keep out of sight a little longer, or leave San Francisco for good.

'I hope we'll not be forced to that. I shouldn't at all like to leave it.'

'Like it or not, you may not have the choice. And what does it signify where a man lives, so long as he's got sixty thousand dollars to live on?'

'True; that ought to make any place pleasant.'

'Well; I tell you you will have it, maybe more. But not if we stand palavering here. *Nos vamos!*'

A call from Calderon summons a servant, who is directed to have the horses brought to the door. These soon appear, under the guidance of two ragged grooms; who, delivering them, see their master mount, and ride off, they know not whither; nor care they, so long as they are themselves left to idleness, with a plentiful supply of black beans, jerked-meat, and *monte*. Soon the two horsemen disappear behind the hills; and the hypotheated house resumes its wonted look of desolation.

### THE STORY OF THE WANDERING JEW.

THERE are probably persons in every country in Europe, although no complete nation or sect, who still believe in the Wandering Jew, the Undying One who wanders century after century over the earth's surface, yearning for death that never comes. Myths live long in the rustic mind after they have been discarded by men of the world and steady thinkers. This is one of them; and, like most of the others, its origin is lost in obscurity, although traceable with much probability to religious feeling, or to a mistaken apprehension of Scriptural passages.

Rich collections of manuscripts have been carefully examined by competent men, to ascertain the most distant date to which these legends or myths can be traced. The oldest document at present known on the subject was written about six hundred and fifty years ago, in the reign of Henry III. The Book of the Chronicle of St Albans' Abbey contains the following narrative, as of a contemporary event. One day the Patriarch or Archbishop of Armenia arrived at the abbey with a small retinue, including an interpreter who could make the Patriarch and the abbot intelligible to each other. He had visited most of the celebrated shrines and holy places in England, and had now come to see the shrine of St Alban. Hospitably entertained for many days, the Patriarch held much

conversation with the abbot and the monks. He was asked, amongst other things, whether he had seen or heard aught of Joseph, a mysterious being who was reputed to have lived ever since the early days of Christianity. The Patriarch replied that he had not only heard of this Undying One, but had been visited by him in Armenia. The story told by the Wanderer was a solemn one. On the day of the Crucifixion, Castaphilus (another name borne by Joseph), a porter in Pontius Pilate's house, struck Jesus on the back with his hand, and bade him mockingly to move on more quickly. A severe but mysterious reproof was administered to him in reply: 'I am going, and you will wait till my return.' Castaphilus lived on century after century, apparently no older than at first. He became a holy and religious man, narrating to bishops and divines events which he had witnessed in the apostolic days. He was always serious, accepted nothing but food and raiment from his entertainers, and looked out anxiously for the Last Day.

Search appears to have been made in vain for any mention of the Wanderer during the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries; but quite early in the sixteenth we hear of a Wandering Jew who assisted a weaver, named Kokot, to discover in Bohemia a treasure which an ancestor of the weaver was reported to have hidden. The Jew is described as appearing like a man seventy years of age.

A few years afterwards the scene shifts, and according to another legend the Stranger makes his appearance in Arabia. When the city of Elvan was captured, Fadhilah and three hundred horsemen pitched their tents in the evening between the mountains. When repeating his prayer to Allah and Mohammed, Fadhilah heard all his words echoed. Demanding who was doing this, Fadhilah saw approaching him a venerable man like a dervish, with staff in hand. The Stranger stated that he came by command of Jesus, who had left him to live upon earth till the second advent. So far the legend; why the apparition appeared to a follower of Islam is not made clear.

About the middle of the same century the Wandering Jew cropped up in Hamburg. Bishop Eitzen narrated that, when a young man, he saw at a church in that city a tall barefoot pilgrim, with hair hanging over his shoulders, standing opposite to the pulpit, listening intently to the sermon, sorrowfully and sighing, and often smiting his breast. A rumour spread that he was the same mysterious person that had recently been seen in England, France, Italy, Hungary, Persia, Spain, Poland, Muscovy, Lapland, Sweden, Denmark, and Scotland. Bishop Eitzen sought him out, and asked him many questions. The Stranger replied that he was a Jew, Abasucrus by name, a shoemaker at Jerusalem; that he had been present at the crucifixion; that he had lived ever since, travelling in various parts of the world. Questioned further, he declared that he had regarded Jesus as a deceiver and heretic, whom he helped to bring to justice; that Jesus, on passing to the place of crucifixion, stood a moment to rest at the shoemaker's door, borne down by the weight of the cross; that the reproof came to him: 'I shall stand and rest, but thou shalt go to the Last Day;' that after witnessing the crucifixion, he was struck with a foreboding that he would never see his

home again, but would wander from country to country as a mournful pilgrim. Returning to Jerusalem many ages afterwards, he found its buildings razed to the ground, inasmuch that he could recognise none of the localities again; and he regarded this as a judgment on him for his misconduct. The bishop, to test him, questioned him concerning historical events which had occurred in Europe during fifteen centuries, and (we are assured) received satisfactory answers. He was abstemious and humble, silent until questioned, and never tarried long in one place. He spoke the languages of all the countries he visited, and—so ends Bishop Eitzen's narrative.

Two papal envoys, sent to Spain about the time of the Spanish Armada, declared on their return that they had seen the Wandering Jew at Madrid, and that he spoke as good Spanish as he had before spoken good German at Hamburg. Another flying rumour located him for a time at Vienna.

France was not likely to be without something to say concerning this inexplicable being. At the beginning of the seventeenth century annalists and chroniclers often made mention of him. We next hear of the Undying One at Naumburg, listening intently to a sermon in church; then a second time at Hamburg; then at Brussels, where we are told to believe as follows. Two citizens, walking in a wood near that city, met an aged man, clad in tattered garments. On invitation, he took a little refreshment with them at an inn, but refused to sit down. He narrated to them many events which he had witnessed centuries before. He was believed by the Brussels people to be the Wandering Jew, but gave himself the name of Isaac Laquedem.

Stories of his appearance in England within the last three centuries are also not uncommon, but are evidently fanciful, or a result of crazy imposture. For example: During or near the reign of Queen Anne, a man made his appearance who claimed to be the Wandering Jew; he was laughed at as an impostor by the educated, but listened to attentively by the ignorant. His story was, that he had been an officer of the Sanhedrim; that he had struck Jesus as he left the judgment hall of Pilate; that he had since travelled all over the world; that he was personally familiar with the habits and customs of the apostles; that he had known the father of Mohammed at Ormuz; that he had rebuked Mohammed for denying the crucifixion; that he had known Nero, Saladin, Tamerlane, Bajazet, and the principal Crusaders; and that he had the power of healing the sick. We are asked to believe that learned collegians at Oxford and Cambridge tried to detect him as an impostor, but failed.

Those who have seen or know anything of Weber's wonderful opera of *Der Freischütz* are aware that its plot depends in part on the German legend of the Wild Huntsman. This legend, it appears, has in some instances been mixed up with the story of the Wandering Jew; inasmuch that it is difficult to say where the one ends and the other begins. In the Harz Mountains—a region well suited for the birth of superhuman or preterhuman myths—the Wild Huntsman is believed by some of the peasantry to be the veritable Wanderer himself, but with a little change of attendant incidents. He is a Jew who, eighteen centuries and more ago, refused to suffer

Jesus to drink out of a river or out of a horse-trough, but contemptuously pointed out to him the hoof-print of a horse, in which a little water had collected, and bade him quench his thirst therewith.

Instead of the Wild Huntsman, other legends and beliefs have come to be mixed up with that of the Wandering Jew. There are parts of France in which the sudden roar of a gale at sea is attributed to the Wanderer passing by there. In some countries he has been regarded as a kind of impersonation of Jews generally. One version of the story associates him with the servant whose ear Peter cut off; while another considers him rather as the impenitent thief. The Gipsies are brought into the *mélée* by one theory, which propounds that the onward-moving Stranger belongs to that community, and that he is doomed to undying life because he refused to shelter the Virgin and Child during the flight from Egypt. In Switzerland, there is a popular story to the effect that the Wandering Jew was one day seen on the Matterberg, a spur or offshoot from the Matterhorn, viewing the scene with sorrow and wonder; that he had once before been there, when it was the site of a flourishing city; and that he will once again be there on the eve of the Last Day.

The biblical record of the period anterior to the Flood, when human life is set down at a duration of eight or nine hundred years, seems to have had something to do with many of the legends relating to the Wandering Jew. True, there are inconsistencies in time, place, person, and circumstances in such legends; but this is no more than may reasonably be expected.

That there are audacious impostors, who have assumed the character of this mysterious being for purposes of their own, is unquestionable. We have noticed one example as having occurred in England in the time of Queen Anne; and Sir Henry Ellis, in his edition of Brand's *Popular Antiquities*, mentions another of much more recent date: 'I remember having seen one of these impostors some years ago in the north of England, who presented a very hermit-like appearance, and went up and down the streets of Newcastle with a long train of boys at his heels, muttering "Poor John alone, alone; poor John alone!" I thought he pronounced his name in a manner singularly plaintive.' Another authority thought the name sounded more like 'Poor Joe alone!' and another, 'Poor Jew alone!'

Need we marvel that the story of the Wandering Jew has been full of attraction for poets and painters? It is just the sort of subject on which the imagination has plenty of material to work upon. An old ballad relating to it is given in Bishop Percy's *Reliques*; the poem of *The Undying One* is built upon it; so is *Salathiel*, and so is Eugène Sue's *Juif Errant*, founded mainly on an old collection of popular French ballads and metrical stories. The Rev. Baring Gould has devoted much attention to the subject, but more with the view of collecting and comparing the various myths and legends than of presenting any of them in a poetical or fanciful form. In our own day, Gustave Doré has presented the world with twelve wonderful designs, in which his exuberant fancy has depicted the Wandering Jew in many supposed incidents of his undying career. There is the shoemaker at his shop-door, gazing at

the solemn procession to the place of crucifixion, after the awful words had been uttered to him: There is the wild scene in which he is walking on during a raging storm, and startled at seeing a crucifix by the wayside. There is the town scene, with men and boys assembling to see the Wanderer pass by. There is the scene outside an alehouse, with burghers mockingly asking him to drink. There is the dismal scene of the barefoot pilgrim wading through marsh and slough, his tattered garments blown about by the wind. There is the churchyard, with the clouds mysteriously made up of beings celestial and terrestrial, to typify the thoughts occupying his mind at that moment. There is the mountain scene, with trees similarly presenting half-human outlines; and another wherein angels and Calvary are seen among the clouds. There is the terrible battle-field, in which slaughter is going on all around him; while he, the Undying One, cannot give up life even if he would; and the shipwreck, in which all are lost but he. There is the valley full of snakes and hideous reptiles, none of which can put an end to his lonely existence. Lastly, there is the Day of Judgment, in which Doré's rich imagination has full scope.

## REPORTERS' MISTAKES.

REPORTERS for the press, like other human beings, are liable to make mistakes; and when one considers the difficulties with which they have to contend, we wonder that their blunders are not much more frequent. The reporter, however, it is but just to say, is not always entirely at fault, seeing that he receives occasional assistance from the printer; and when both trip, the result is at times very funny.

As is generally known, reporters are particularly liable to blundering when a speaker indulges in quotation. When Mr Lowe quoted a stanza from Coleridge's *Ancient Mariner* in one of his speeches, not one of the London morning papers gave the lines correctly. Preaching before the British Association, the Archbishop of York borrowed something from Tennyson, and although, in reporting his sermon, the *Times* contrived to leave the poetry unmarred, it set down His Grace as leading up to the quotation with, 'There is nothing ascertainable in what you call spiritual things; the Post Office Telegraphs, which best interprets this age, tells you the best you can come to in that line of thought.' Next morning, it was good enough to explain that 'the Post Office Telegraphs' should be read 'the Poet Laureate.'

Another reverend orator winding up an address with,

Only the actions of the just  
Smell sweet and blossom in the dust,

was rather surprised at seeing Shirley's tolerably familiar couplet transmogrified into,

All the low actions of the just  
Swell out and blow Sam in the dust.

Equally astonished, we daresay, was Professor Huxley at finding himself fathering upon Locke the extraordinary political doctrine that the end of government was the good of the government; but his indignation was hardly likely to be so great

as that of a peace-at-any-price advocate when he discovered that a cruel northern journalist, by merely introducing one unnecessary letter, turned what was intended to be sublime into something deliciously ridiculous, and made his vigorous peroration end: 'Let us, then, unanimously, earnestly, resolutely, take our place in that increasing host,

Along whose front no sabres shine,  
No blood-red pennons wave,  
Whose banners bear the simple line—  
'Our duty is to shave!'

In justice to the fraternity, it must be conceded that reporters are often saddled with other folk's sins. It must have been the compositor's fault that the preacher's 'Men should work and play too,' was changed into 'Men should work and play Loo,' and that the death of the subject of a coroner's inquest was attributed to 'serious apoplexy.'

But for the worthy compositor's ingenious misreading of his copy, the public would never have known that 'a number of small sextons' had been sent out with the Ashantee Expedition; that the Pittsburg legislature had 'pasted' a certain bill over the governor's head; that a gentleman connected with the Brighton Aquarium had undertaken the charge of 'a marine and fresh-tater aquarium in New York;' and that one evening the House of Commons ordered the chairman 'to repeat prayers,' instead of reporting progress. Nor was it anybody else's fault that our great-grandfathers were scandalised at learning that at the Old Bailey Sessions in 1799, 'the grand jury, after a suitable exhortation from Lord Kenyon, were ordered to be privately whipped and discharged.' We have read, however, of more impossible things coming to pass than the whipping of grand jurors. Not long ago, a tailor stood in the dock for misappropriating his employer's property, and the latter, we were told, deposed that 'the materials were to be returned made up on a Thursday, and on the Sunday following, he discovered that the deceased had left his home, and he did not see him again until he was in custody.' The 'deceased' was sentenced to a month's hard labour. The following is a curious sample of printers' mixture which the *Daily Telegraph* once set before its readers. This purported to be a report of a case in the Bankruptcy Court, and after stating that the registrar ordered a receiver to be appointed, but declined to restrain the action of the creditors, went on thus: 'A good deal of evidence was given, and in the course of the case his lordship expressed an opinion that a juror should be withdrawn, and that the case was one for only a farthing damages. It was, the judge said, a sad thing to see a young man in such a position, which there was no doubt had been brought about by habits of intemperance, and but for the recommendation of the jury, he should have passed a very severe sentence. He advised him to abstain from drink for the future, and sentenced him to be imprisoned and kept to hard labour for six months.'

Some of the industrious gentlemen whose avocation it is to hunt up news for provincial journals, have a very odd way of putting things. Under the heading, 'Death from Drowning,' we read: 'On Saturday, Mr J. C. Jarrold, deputy-coroner, held an inquest at the *Hazard Arms*, Mill Lane, concerning the death of Thomas Shipp, who was drowned on the following night.' Chronicling the coming to

grief of a young trapeze performer, the reporter says: 'It was afterwards discovered that the boy's collar-bone was broken, but, unfortunately, his injuries are not of a dangerous description.' Another announces, without a word of protest against the vivisectionists, that 'A British Workman is about to be opened at Morpeth.' A third tells us: 'A pony-carriage was passing along New Bond Street, Bath, when, in turning into Northgate Street, it fell down and broke both of its legs.' Recording some steeple-chase doings at Monaghan, the *Irish Times* said: 'A very nice day's sport was carried on over an excellent course, all grass, over the lands of Mr Henderson, whose hospitality was unbounded. It consisted of two walls, two bank drops, a water cut, and two hurdles.' Telling of a man who lost his life in a riot, a Belfast paper ended the story with: 'They fired two shots at him; the first shot killed him, but the second was not fatal.' He was not blessed with a couple of lives, like the deaf man, named Taff, who 'was run down by a passenger train and killed; he was injured in a similar way a year ago.' The Irish journalists, however, cannot be accused of monopolising the manufacture of bulls; their English brethren are equally clever that way; as they proved by sending the Princess Louise to Wimbledon 'to witness the shooting of her husband'; describing the Prince of Wales's second son as 'an amiable boy like his mother'; and announcing that the Duke of Hamilton would shortly take to wife 'the late Lady Mary Louisa Elizabeth Montague.'

An American editor receiving a telegram from London, running, 'Oxford Music Hall burned to the ground,' jumping too hastily to conclusions, hastened to publish the melancholy news that the principal music-hall of academic Oxford had been utterly destroyed by fire; and not content with a simple announcement of the disaster, informed his readers that the burned hall was situated in the midst of the historic colleges of Oxford, which had miraculously escaped destruction from the flames, which, fanned into a fury by a favourable wind, lit up the academic spires and groves as they ran along the rich cornices, lapped the gorgeous pillars, shrivelled up the roof, and grasped the mighty walls of the ancient building in their destructive embraces, filling townsmen and gownsmen with terror and consternation, until driven back by an unfavourable wind, the flames gradually succumbed to the superhuman efforts of the firemen, and the great seat of learning was saved from the fate of Boston.

Equally imaginative was the account given by a fashionable London newspaper of the enthronement of the present Bishop of Lincoln; and considering that town journalists are never chary of making fun out of the mistakes of the country press, it was not surprising that the *Lincolnshire Chronicle* should make the most of the opportunity for retaliation, which it did in this thorough fashion: 'The *Pall Mall Gazette* of Tuesday last contains a description of the enthronement of the Bishop of Lincoln in the cathedral on that day. We congratulate our contemporary on the great inventive genius displayed by its correspondent. We notice, indeed, in the list of clergy present, the names of only two who were not there at all; but the careful attention to detail, evidenced by the unusual accuracy with which initials and proper names are given, renders the general char-

acter of the paragraph still more striking. The announcements that the mayor and corporation, of whom none, we believe, were present, "attended in state;" that "appropriate anthems" were sung in procession, when there was nothing of the kind; that the bishop knelt at the rails, which he didn't; that the service-music was Croft's *Te Deum* and Jubilate in A, when, in fact, it was Wickes's *Benedicite*, and Young's *Jubilate* in G; that the anthem was, "We praise Thee, O God—Parcell," of which, probably, no one but the *Pall Mall* reporter ever before heard; that Handel's *Hallelujah Chorus* was given at the conclusion of the service, which it wasn't; that "the procession then re-formed," which it certainly did not in any sense; "and having moved to the Chapter House," which, probably, no one entered all day, "where the dean, canons, and treasurer"—an officer who does not exist—"made the usual promise of canonical obedience," which they did not do, for the simple reason that they have no such promise to make: all suggest somewhat uncomfortable reflections on the value of contemporary history.' The offending *Pall Mall Gazette* reporter would have escaped such a setting-down if he had been actuated by a non-committal policy, like the French paragraphist who wrote: 'The Princess de Metternich is to retire from society for a little while, and is buying edgings, insertions, muslins, and so on, which she is making up into little garments, too large for a doll, and too small for herself; or the American lady-journalist who penned the suggestive 'item: 'On Monday, April the tenth, five hundred barrels of Cincinnati whisky were landed on the levee at Louisville. On Wednesday the twelfth, the *Louisville Courier Journal* appeared without a line of editorial.' As it was, the erring writer must, like the Wisconsin minister, be adjudged guilty of 'not always handling the truth with sufficient carefulness to meet the demands of veracity.'

#### IN THE LANE.

THE daisies star the summer grass;  
And, with the dancing leaves at play,  
Adown this lane the breezes pass,  
In pleasant music, all the day.

I love the sweet, sequestered place,  
The gracious roof of gold and green,  
Where arching branches interlace,  
With glimpses of the sky between.

I see the drooping roses trail  
From tangled hedgerows to the ground;  
I hear the chanting swell and fall,  
Of fond love-lyrics, all around.

And here, adown the shady walk,  
In days divine now passed away,  
Entranced, I listened to the talk,  
That ever held my heart in sway.

In days when birds began to sing,  
Because they found the earth was fair;  
In halcyon days of happy spring,  
None aught but us our joys to share.

But pleasure past is present pain;  
The petals of the rose are shed;  
The piercing thorns alone remain;  
I live to sorrow for the dead.

Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, 47 Paternoster Row, LONDON, and 339 High Street, EDINBURGH.  
Also sold by all Booksellers.

# CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

OF  
POPULAR

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

*Fourth Series*

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS.

No. 615.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 9, 1875.

PRICE 1½d.

## KENT'S CAVERN.

ON the western side of the beautiful Vale of Ilsham, about a mile eastward from the harbour of Torquay, in Devonshire, and half a mile from the northern shore of Torbay, stands a small, wooded, limestone hill, containing a large cavern, which, under the name of Kent's Hole or Cavern, has been known from time immemorial, and during nearly half a century has attracted the attention of geologists and archaeologists. The derivation of its name is unknown; the natives solve the problem easily by saying the cave has an outlet in Kent. Though known from times the most remote, the earliest date which we found cut on its red rock walls is 1648, with the letters R. F.; but it has been reserved for science in this century to expound its wonders, and they are being enlarged, we may add, day by day, for excavations are yet being made in it under the superintendence of that veteran geologist, Mr Pengelly.

A recent visit enables us to describe what it has done for palæontology, and what it is still doing. Let the reader in fancy make his way to a rough hill-side covered with thickets of blue-bells in spring, and virgin's bower in autumn, and overshadowed by oaks—just such another 'combe,' in short, as runs towards the sea at many other parts of South Devon. There some seventy feet above the bottom of this valley, and a hundred and eighty or ninety feet above the level of mean tide, by a red muddy track he can mount to a couple of doors inserted in the Devonian limestone of which the hill is formed. They are rude planken entrances, much like what we traditionally fancy was the door leading to Aladdin's cavern, and they contain what to an unscientific eye seem but as valuable as old lamps, though when touched by science these remains turn into archaeological treasures, and bear a wonderful history. At the door is a confused heap of limestone and red earth, while a track laid with planks, on which the excavator can run his wheelbarrow, speedily disappears in the inner darkness. Probably the man himself, smeared all over with red clay, like a North American

Indian, blocks up the entrance, while he carefully searches all the earth he has just brought out, and deposits in tins, for the exploration committee, such bones, teeth, &c. as he may discover, preliminary to tipping the barrow-load of rubbish into the valley, and returning for a fresh quantity. The two entrances, he tells us, run in some six hundred feet, the one at which he now works being five hundred feet in length; and a low passage heaped up with earth, which has not yet been explored, runs much farther. In fact, the extent of the cave is unknown; but the two passages open into chambers, of which the largest one on the eastern side is sixty-two feet from east to west, and fifty-three feet from north to south. Having finished this preliminary description, let us now enter.

The workman shouts in a very gruff tone into the darkness for his 'mate.' This, after some time, brings out his fellow-workman, equally red and gruff with himself. Their whole appearance and manners are somewhat bearish, as becomes the natives of so renowned a bear's den. The method of lighting the visitor through the gloomy recesses of this old-world cave is somewhat primitive. A tallow candle, fastened into a stick with a hole in it, is handed to each person; the guide then leads the way, and the exploration begins. Every here and there are pools of water, or abrupt descents into dark abysses, so that prudence whispers a careful keeping of the muddy track. The attendant points out old as well as new *floors*, which at first perplex the visitor, until he has been made aware, as we shall presently do, of the extent of the excavations that have been going on for years past. Then he holds up his candle to the roof, and there *in situ* may be seen a hyena's tooth, a skull, and two leg-bones. The guide is naturally very careful lest the visitor should appropriate curious relics, and properly so, for at a recent visit of the British Association, in spite of a person who was posted to prevent it, some unscrupulous *savant* managed to evade him, and to extract and carry away such another tooth, much to Mr Pengelly's vexation. Next we reach the 'workings,' where a few bones in good preservation are taken up, as we



watch, from the clammy red earth. Then there is more peering about and holding up of candles into dark corners; one lady slips into a slough of mud and water; while another, a bride, beats a hasty retreat, lest she should share the same fate. The guides are bantered by some one about the few attractions of the cave, and it is suggested that two or three savage dogs should be tied up at the end of it, to howl when strangers entered, and so produce a more lively image of what its prehistoric appearance was when bears and hyenas growled over the bones of their prey.

The first impulse of the thoughtful visitor is to sit down and endeavour to reproduce the curious prehistoric life of beasts and men to the vestibule of which he has just been introduced. In the presence of the wealth and civilisation of Torquay, with its splendid villas, its harbour crowded with yachts, and the little 'midges' conveying pleasure-parties into all the leafy 'combes' which surround the town, this is not at first easy. Let us endeavour to help the puzzled visitor to a better understanding than that furnished by his guides of the mysteries of Kent's Cavern, and explain why the various 'floors' he observed during his threadings came to be there. And to our aid we shall call Mr Boyd Dawkins, whose book on *Cave-hunting* is an exhaustive account of the phenomena, and deductions therefrom, of every European cave that civilised man has yet explored.

Let us try, then, to gain a mental image of the cavern, and the way in which it has been formed. The valley in front of it is supposed to have been gradually deepened with the erosive action of water. It may even be that the sea originally commenced the excavation of the cave; while the force of streams that once flowed through it, and the percolation of rain-water from above, enlarged its cavity. The base of the cave is occupied with dark-coloured earth, fragments and blocks of limestone and of stalagmite, bones of extinct animals, and flint weapons of human workmanship. Below this is a compact dark-red breccia. Above the red earth, again, was a stalagmitic floor, varying in thickness from a few inches to three feet, on which was dark earth, when the investigations commenced, mingled with large blocks of limestone which had fallen from the roof. This contained medieval remains, Roman pottery, combs fashioned of bone, bronze articles, and polished stone celts, and charcoal. These, however, do not exhaust the successive layers which are here of interest. Some way under the solid stone roof, and now higher than the heads of visitors, is an ancient stalagmitic floor, which shuts off the open space under the vaulted solid stone. This contains the key of the apparent confusion of layers. At the time when it was formed by the dripping of the upper rock, the cave must have been filled to its level with debris, fragments of which (as we have seen in the case of the tooth and leg-bones) are set in the inferior portion of the calcareous sheet. Before the lower stalagmitic floor, with its surface of dark earth and antiquities, and its underlying red cave-earth, was introduced, the whole of this debris has been swept out, probably by a flood or other convulsion of nature. Then the formation of its present contents, as we have described them, took place, which accounts for there being two distinct stalagmitic floors—the Modern and the Old.

There are several caverns in the district resembling Kent's Cavern both in contents and formation; notably one at Brixham, of six hundred feet in length, where its owner shews flint implements, and some thousands of bones, teeth, &c. of extinct bears, deer, horses, and cave-lions. With regard to the growth of the stalagmitic floor, the visitor can see the drip of the water on it from above, and the guide will tell him it increases at the rate of one-tenth of an inch in one thousand years. But these calculations are not strictly correct. Disturbing causes are at work, and the rate of deposition is not uniform; in any case, however, the accretion of a solid stalagmitic flooring is the effect of a great lapse of time.

The contents of Kent's Cavern may now be described. They may be divided into the remains of historic man, of prehistoric man, and of the extinct animals. The first were found on the dark earth, mixed with blocks of limestone which had fallen from the roof. They consisted of Roman pottery, and combs fashioned out of bone, similar to those found in Yorkshire and elsewhere, and proved that the cave had been frequented during historic times. A barbed iron spear-head, a bronze spear-head, and other articles of the same material, together with polished stone celts, shew that the cave was inhabited during what are known as the iron, bronze, and neolithic or later stone ages. This earthy deposit also contained large quantities of charcoal, and bones of the goat, horse, and short-horn (*Bos longifrons*). Below this, a stalagmitic floor covered the red cave-earth. This held stones, bones of extinct animals, and flint implements. These consisted chiefly of the well-known flint flakes. Three harpoon-heads, an awl, and a needle of bone, were also discovered. This red cave-earth itself rested on a dark red compact breccia, which held bones of bears, and also four flint implements. These shew the co-existence of palæolithic man and the great quadrupeds.

Many of these bones, teeth, &c. may be seen in different museums. The Albert Museum, Exeter, contains a good series of them; and many admirable specimens may also be found in the York Museum. In it may be seen the large double-edged canines of the *Machairodus latidens*, a huge lion-like animal with teeth resembling the blade of a sabre, which have never before or since been procured in any other British cavern. Similar remains have, however, been found in two localities in France. Hyenas' teeth, and bears' bones which have unmistakably been gnawed by hyenas, are amongst the curiosities of the cave, and are to be found in many geological museums. To give in detail a list of the animals whose remains have been detected in Kent's Cavern would be interesting only to the palæontologist, and he can readily find it in the already voluminous literature of the cavern. We shall merely name the most interesting animals whose bones have been found in Kent's Cavern, in order to give some idea of the varied life which has found shelter in its dark precincts. Palæolithic man (as he is called), with his flint weapons and stone implements; the beaver, hare, cave-lion, wild cat, hyena; brown, grizzly, and cave bears; mammoth, urus, woolly rhinoceros, Irish elk, and reindeer. These probably inhabited Britain, France, and Germany during the pleistocene period, and were contemporaries of man. Then succeeded neolithic

man with his bronze and polished stone weapons, and the extinction of the large mammals. The Roman with his pottery was followed by the Dane or Northman with his comb, and so the centuries passed on, till, in the nineteenth, science wakes the buried life of long-past ages, and the dry bones once more live.

A chronological statement of the explorations of the cave may not be unacceptable. Though known, as we have stated, from time immemorial, it was first found to contain fossil bones by Mr Northmore and Sir C. Trevelyan in 1824. Mr M'Enery explored it in a superficial way for the next three years. The workmen are at present engaged in sifting what he had cursorily turned over, and know it as the 'intermediate earth.' He was the first to discover the remains of the *Machairodus*, which probably lived here at an early stage of the pleistocene era. Flint implements were found by Mr Austen in 1840, and again six years later by a committee of the Torquay Natural History Society. Then Mr Pengelly, whose name is so honourably associated with the cavern, took up the work, and in 1864 a committee was appointed, under his direction, by the British Association, which still, as we have seen, prosecutes its inquiries. Thus a great mass of evidence is being slowly accumulated; and just as a veteran palaeontologist picks out a bone or a flint weapon from the debris of the cave, and by its aid builds up a theory, or announces a fact which dethrones many a time-honoured belief; so in days to come, the far-seeing philosopher will scan these records, and once more, it may be hoped, cause the whole ancient pleistocene world, its uncouth uncivilised men, and its grotesque and savage monsters, to live and move, as it were, before their eyes. Perhaps another fact should be mentioned under the name of Rev. J. M'Enery: he was the first to discover flint weapons mixed with fossil bones in England, and the discovery occurred in Kent's Cavern.

Ordinary readers will be puzzled at finding in the list of animals above given, some which are natives of a torrid zone, others of a glacial region; and also to notice that many of them have long been extinct, even before historic ages, in our islands. It may help him to attain sounder ideas on these two points, if he remembers that modern science has established the probability of Great Britain having once been joined to the mainland of Europe, and of its having undergone considerable climatic change. Even in historic times, our climate has greatly changed. Sir F. Palgrave deems that at the Norman Conquest it resembled the climate of Canada in its extremes of heat and cold. Vineyards then flourished in Somersetshire, and even in the neighbourhood of London. But much farther back—indeed, Mr Geikie says, speaking as a geologist, 'upwards of two hundred thousand years ago'—a series of astronomical movements resulted in our hemisphere possessing a most intensely severe glacial climate. A large tract of Europe was then submerged, it is supposed, and once more elevated while the climate was gradually ameliorated. These variations would allow animals of both hot and cold countries successively to occupy and withdraw from Great Britain. Another change in the appearance of the United Kingdom may be accounted for by its being joined to the continent. A multitude of facts can only be explained satisfac-

torily on this hypothesis. Thus the land has been lowered to form the present configuration of North-west Europe and our isles. In order to realise this effect, it is only necessary to remember that soundings prove that Great Britain and Ireland constitute an upland plateau submerged to the extent of about one hundred fathoms on the side of the Atlantic. Towards Belgium a sea of from fifty to twenty fathoms separates us from the mainland, while the English Channel is only sunk between forty and twenty fathoms below the sea-level. Were all this tract suddenly elevated one hundred fathoms, a tract of land would encompass Great Britain and Ireland, uniting us to Belgium and the north of France, while the Thames would join with the Elbe and Rhine to form a great river flowing into the North Sea, much above the present north of Scotland; and our western rivers, the Seine and the Somme, would enter the Atlantic some way from the western shores of what is now Ireland. During the pleistocene period, this is supposed to have been the configuration of North-western Europe; and if this were so, it at once renders plain how the great mammalia and other creatures whose fossil bones are now found in Kent's and other caverns, could have passed into England from the continent.

Since the above was penned, we learn from the *Correspondance Scandinave*, that Dr Reusch, a gentleman attached to the Geological Survey of Norway, has been examining, at Sandmore, caverns somewhat similar to those in Devonshire; and that he found in the Slong cavern numerous interesting relics of its ancient inhabitants. The upper bed of the cave he found to be composed mainly of the remains of sheep and goats, which no doubt have for many ages used it as a place of shelter from the weather. Below, there is a deposit of ashes, mussel-shells, and the bones of different species of animals. Among these were found a large number of ancient relics, principally arrow-heads and broken glass. In the event of similar discoveries, adds the *Correspondance*, being made in the other caverns of the country, an unexpected light will be thrown upon the former inhabitants of Norway as they existed at an epoch anterior to the times treated of even in the most ancient histories.

## THE FLAG OF DISTRESS.

### CHAPTER XXVII.—A CONVERSATION WITH ORANGE.

NOTWITHSTANDING his comfortable quarters in the frigate, Harry Blew is up by early daybreak, and off from the ship before six bells have sounded. Ere retiring to rest, he had communicated to his patron, Crozier, a full account of his zigzag wanderings through the streets of San Francisco, and how he came to bring the boat's crew to the rescue. As the two officers are not on the early morning watch, but still abed, he does not await their rising; for, knowing that the adage, 'First come, first served,' is often true, he is anxious as soon as possible to present himself at the office of the agent Silvestre, and from him get directions for going on board the *Condor*. He is alive to the hint given him by Crozier, that there may be a chance of his being made mate of the Chilean ship. As yet he does not even know the name of the vessel, but that he will learn at the office,

as also where she is lying. His request to the lieutenant on duty for a boat to set him ashore, is at once and willingly granted. No officer on that frigate would refuse Harry Blew; and the dingy is placed at his service. In this he is conveyed to the wooden pier, whose planks he treads with heavier step, but lighter heart, than when, on the night before, he ran along them in quest of assistance. With heavier purse too, as he carries a hundred pound Bank of England note in the pocket of his pea-jacket—a parting gift from the generous Crozier—besides a number of gold pieces received from Cadwallader, as the young Welshman's share of gratitude for the service done them. Thus amply provided, he might proceed at once to the 'Sailor's Home,' and bring away his embargoed property. He does not. Better first to see about the berth on the Chilian ship; and therefore he steers direct for the agent's office.

Though it is still early, by good luck, Don Tomas chances to be already at his desk. Harry presents the card given him by Crozier, at the same time declaring the purpose for which he has presented himself. In return he receives from Silvestre instructions to report himself on board the Chilian ship, *El Condor*; Don Tomas, furnishing him with a note of introduction to her captain, points out the vessel, which is visible from his door, and at no great distance off.

'Captain Lantanas is coming ashore,' adds the agent; 'I expect him in the course of an hour. By waiting here, you can see him, and it will save your boat-hire.'

But Harry Blew will not wait. He remembers the old saying about procrastination, and is determined there shall be no mishap through negligence on his part, or niggardliness about a boat-fare. He has made up his mind to be the *Condor's* first-mate—if he can. Nor is it altogether ambition that prompts him to seek the office so earnestly. A nobler sentiment inspires him—the knowledge that in this capacity he may be of more service, and better capable of affording protection, to the fair creatures whom Crozier has committed to his charge.

The watermen of San Francisco harbour do not ply their oars gratuitously. Even the shabbiest of shore-boats, hired for the shortest time, demands a stiffish fare. It will cost Harry Blew a couple of dollars to be set aboard the *Condor*, though she is lying scarce three cables' length from the shore! What cares he for that? It is nothing now. Hailing the nearest skiff with a waterman in it, he points to the Chilian ship, saying: 'Heave along, lad! an' put me aboard o' yonder craft—that one as shews the tricolor bit o' buntin' wi' a single star in the blue. The sooner ye do your job, the better ye'll get paid for it.'

A contract on such conditions is usually entered into with alacrity, and with celerity carried out. The boatman beaches his tiny craft, takes in his fare, and in less than ten minutes' time, Harry Blew swarms up the man-ropes of the Chilian ship, strides over the rail, and drops down upon her deck. He looks around, but sees no one—at least nothing in the shape of a sailor. Only an old negro, with a skin black as a boot, and crow-footed all over the face, standing beside two singular creatures nearly as human-like as himself, but covered with fox-coloured hair—the pets of

Captain Lantanas. The old man-o'-war's-man is for a time in doubt as to which of the three he should address himself. In point of intelligence there seems not much to choose. However, he with the black skin cuts short his hesitation by coming up, and saying: 'Well, mass'r sailor-man, wha' you come for? S'pose you want see de capten. I 'se only de cook.'

'Oh, you're only the cook, are you? Well, old caboose; you've made a correct guess about my bizness. It's the capten I want to see.'

'All right. He down in de cabin. You wait hya, I fetch 'im up less'n no time!'

The old darkey shuffling aft, disappears down the companion-way, leaving Harry with the two monstrous-looking creatures, whom he has now made out to be orang-outangs.

'Well, mates!' says the sailor, addressing them in a jocular way, 'what be your openyun o' things in general? D'ye think the wind's goin' to stay sou'-westerly, or shift roun' to the nor'-eastart?'

'Cro—cro—croak!'

'Oh, hang it, no. I ain't o' the croakin' sort. Ha'n't ye got nothin' more sensible than that to say to me?'

'Kurra—kra—kra. Cro—cro—croak!'

'No; I won't do anythink o' the kind; leas'tways, unless there turns out to be short commons in the ship. Then I'll croak, an' no mistake. But I say, old boys, how 'bout the grog? Reg'lar allowance, I hope—three tots a day?'

'Na—na—na—na—na—boof! Ta—ta—ta—fuff!'

'No! only two, ye say! Ah! that won't do for me. For ye see, shipmates—I s'pose I shall be callin' ye so—'board the old *Crusader*, I've been 'customed to have my rum reg'lar, three times the day; an' if it ain't same on this here craft, in the which I'm 'bout to ship, then, shiver my spars! if I don't raise sich a rumpus as'—

'Kurra—kurra—cr—cro—croak! Na—na—na—boof—ta—ta—pf—pf—piff!'

The sailor's voice is drowned by the gibbering of the orangs, his gesture of mock-menace, with the semi-serious look that accompanied it, having part frightened, part enraged them. The fracas continues, until the darkey returns on deck, followed by the skipper; when the cook takes charge of the *quadrumana*, drawing them off to his caboose.

Captain Lantanas, addressing himself to the sailor, asks: '*Un marinero?*' (A seaman?)

'*Sí, capitan.*' (Yes, captain.)

'*Que negocio tienes V. coningo?*' (What is your business with me?)

'Well, capten,' responds Harry Blew, speaking the language of the Chilian, in a tolerably intelligible *patois*, 'I've come to offer my services to you. I've brought this bit of paper from Master Silvestre; it will explain things better than I can.'

The captain takes the note handed to him, and breaks open the envelope. A smile irradiates his sallow face as he becomes acquainted with its contents.

'At last a sailor!' he mutters to himself; for Harry is the only one who has yet offered. 'And a good one too,' thinks Captain Lantanas, bending his eyes on the ex-man-o'-war's-man, and scanning him from head to foot. But, besides personal inspection, he has other assurance of the good qualities of the man before him; at a late

hour on the night before, he held communication with Don Gregorio, who has recommended him. The haciendado had reported what Crozier said—that Harry Blew was an able seaman, thoroughly trustworthy, and competent to take charge of a ship, either as first or second officer. With Crozier's endorsement thus vicariously conveyed, the ex-man-o'-war's-man has no need to say a word for himself. Nor does Captain Lantanas call for it. He only puts some professional questions, less inquisitorially than as a matter of form. He speaks now in English.

'The Señor Silvestre advises me that you wish to serve in my ship. Can you take a lunar?'

'Well, capten, I hev squinted through a quadrant afore now, an' can take a sight; tho' I ain't much up to loonnars. But, if there's a good chronometer aboard, I won't let a ship run very far out o' her reck'nin.'

'You can keep a log-book, I suppose?'

'I dar say I can. I've larned to writo so 'st might be read, tho' my fist an't much to be bragged about.'

'That will do,' rejoins the skipper, contentedly. 'Now, Señor Enrique I see that's your name—answer me in all candour. Do you think you are capable of acting as *piloto*?'

'By that you mean mate, I take it?'

'Yes; it is *piloto* in Spanish.'

'Well, capten, 'tain't for me to talk big o' myself. But I've been over thirty year 'board a British man-o'-war—more'n one o' 'em—an' if I wan't able to go mate in a merchanter, I ought to be condemned to be cook's scullion for the rest o' my days. If your honour thinks me worthy o' bein' made first-officer o' the *Condor*, I'll answer for it she won't stray far out o' her course, while my watch is on.'

'Enough, Señor Enrique—B—blee. What is it?' asks the Chilian, re-opening the note, and vainly endeavouring to pronounce the Saxon surname.

'Blew, Harry Blew.'

'Ah, Bloo—*azul*, *esta*?'

'No, capten. Not that sort o' blue. In Spanish, my name has a diff'rent significance. It means, as we say of a gale after it's blowed past—it "blew." When it's been a big un, we say it "blew great guns." Now ye understand?'

'Yes; perfectly. Well, Señor Blew, to come to an understanding about the other matter. I'm willing to take you as my first-officer, if you don't object to the wages I intend offering you—fifty dollars a month, and everything found.'

'I'm agreeable to the terms.'

'*Basta!* When will it be convenient for you to enter on your duties?'

'For that matter, this minute. I only need to go ashore to get my kit. When that's stowed, I'll be ready to tackle to work.'

'*Bueno*, señor; you can take my boat for it. And if you see any sailors who want to join, I authorise you to engage them at double the usual wages. I want to get away, as soon as a crew can be shipped. But when you come back, we'll talk more about it. Call at Señor Silvestre's office, and tell him he needn't look for me till a later hour. Say I've some business that detains me aboard the ship. *Hasta Luego!*'

Thus courteously concluding, the Chilian skipper returns to his cabin, leaving the newly appointed *piloto* free for his own affairs.

## CHAPTER XXVIII.—THE 'BLUE-PETER.'

The ex-man-o'-war's-man, now first-mate of a merchant-ship, and provided with a boat of his own, orders off the skiff he has kept in waiting, after tossing into it two dollars—the demanded fare—then slipping down into the *Condor's* gig, sculls himself ashore. Leaving his boat at the pier, he first goes to the office of the ship-agent, and delivers the message intrusted to him. Then contracting with a truckman, he proceeds to the 'Sailor's Home,' 'relieves' his *impedimenta*, and starts back to embark them in his boat; but not before giving the bar-keeper, as also the Boniface, of that inhospitable establishment a bit of his mind. Spreading before their eyes the crisp hundred-pound note, which as yet he has not needed to break, he says tauntingly: 'Take a squint at that, ye land-lubbers! There's British money for ye. An' tho' 't be but a bit o' paper, worth more than your gold-dross, dollar for dollar. How'd ye like to lay your ugly claws on 't? Ah! you're a pair of the most gentlemanly shore-sharks I've met in all my cruizes, but—ye'll never have Harry Blew in your grups again.' Saying this, he thrusts the bank-note into his pocket; then paying them a last reverence with mock-politeness, he starts after the truckman, already *en route* with his kit.

In accordance with the wishes of Captain Lantanas, he stays a little longer in the town, trying to pick up sailors. There are plenty of these sauntering along the streets and lounging at the doors of drinking-saloons. But even double wages will not tempt them to abandon their free-and-easy life; and the *Condor's* first-officer is forced to the conclusion, he must return to the ship *solus*. Assisted by the truckman, he gets his traps into the gig; and is about to step in himself, when his eye chances to turn upon the *Crusader*. There he sees something to surprise him; the 'Blue-Peter!' The frigate has out signals for sailing! He wonders at this; there was no word of it when he was aboard. He knew, as all the others, that she was to sail soon—it might be in a day or two. But not as the signal indicates, *within the hour or two*. While conjecturing the cause of such hasty departure, he sees something that partly explains it. Three or four cables' length from the *Crusader* is another ship, over whose taffrail floats the flag of England. At a glance, the old man-o'-war's-man can tell she is a corvette; at the same time recalling what, the night before, he has heard upon the frigate: that the coming of the corvette will be the signal for the *Crusader* to sail. While his heart warms to the flag thus doubly displayed in the harbour of San Francisco, it is a little saddened to see the other signal—the 'Blue-Peter'; for it tells him he may not have an opportunity to take a more formal leave of his friends on the frigate, which he designed doing. He longs to make known to Mr Crozier the result of his application to the captain of the Chilian ship, to receive the congratulations of the young officers on his success; but now it may be impossible to communicate with them, the *Crusader* so soon leaving port. He has half a mind to put off for the frigate in the *Condor's* gig, into which he has got. But Captain Lantanas might, meanwhile, be wanting both him and the boat.

All at once, in the midst of his irresolution, he sees that which promises to help him out of the dilemma—a small boat putting off from the frigate's sides, and heading right for the pier. As it draws nearer, he can tell it to be the dingy. There are three men in it—two rowers and a steersman. As it approaches the pier-head, Harry recognises the one in the stern-sheets, whose bright, ruddy face is towards him. 'Thank the Lord for such good-luck!' he mutters. 'It's Mr Cadwallader!'

By this the dingy has drawn near enough for the midshipman to see and identify him; which he does, exclaiming in joyful surprise: 'By Jove! it's Blew himself! Hallo! there, Harry! You're just the man I'm coming ashore to see.—Hold, starboard oar! Port oar, a stroke or two. Way enough!'

In a few seconds; the dingy is bow on to the gig; when Harry, seizing hold of it, brings the two boats side by side, and steadies them.

'Glad to see ye again, Master Willie. I'd just sighted the *Crusader's* signal for sailin', an' despaired o' havin' the chance to say a last word to yourself, or Mr Crozier.'

'Well, old boy, it's about that I've come ashore. Jump out; and walk with me a bit along the wharf.'

The sailor drops his oar, and springs out upon the pier, the young officer preceding him. When sufficiently distant from the boats to be beyond ear-shot of the oarsmen, Cadwallader resumes speech: 'Harry; here's a letter from Mr Crozier. He wants you to deliver it at the address you'll find written upon it. To save you the necessity of inquiring, I can point out the place it's to go to. Look along-shore. You see a house—yonder on the top of the hill?'

'Sartinly, I see it, Master Willie; and know who lives in it. Two o' the sweetest creeturs in all Californy. I s'pose the letter be for one o' them?'

'No, it isn't, you dog; for neither of them. Read the superscription. You see it's addressed to a gentleman?'

'Oh! it's for the gov'nor his-self,' rejoins Harry, taking the letter, and running his eye over the direction—Don Gregorio Montijo. 'All right, sir. I'll put it in the old gentleman's flippers safe an' sure. Do you want me to go with it now, sir?'

'Well, as soon as you conveniently can; though there's no need for helter-skelter haste, since there wouldn't be time for an answer, anyhow. In twenty minutes the *Crusader* will weigh anchor, and be off. I've hurried ashore to see you, hoping to find you at the ship-agent's office. How fortunate my stumbling on you here! For now I can better tell you what's wanted. In that letter, there's something that concerns Mr Crozier and myself—matters of importance to us both. When you've given it to Don Gregorio, he'll no doubt ask you some questions about what happened last night. Tell him all you know, except that you needn't say anything of Mr Crozier and myself having taken a little too much champagne, which we did. You understand, old boy?'

'Paritly, Master Will.'

'Good. Now, Harry; I haven't another moment to stay. See! The ship's beginning to shew canvas! If I don't get back directly, I may be left here in California, never to rise above the

rank of reefer. Oh! by the way, you'll be pleased to know that your friend Mr Crozier is now a lieutenant. His commission arrived by the corvette that came in last night. He told me to tell you, and I'd nearly forgotten it.'

'I'm glad to hear it,' rejoins the sailor, raising the hat from his head, and giving a subdued cheer; 'right glad; an', maybe, he'll be the same, hearin' Harry Blew's been also purmoted. I'm now first-mate o' the Chilian ship, Master Willie.'

'Hurrah! I congratulate you on your good-luck. I'm delighted to hear of it, and so will he be. We may hope some day to see you a full-fledged skipper, commanding your own craft. Now, you dear old salt, don't forget to look well after the girls. Again, good-bye, and God bless you! A squeeze o' hands, with fingers entwined, tight as a reef-knot; then relaxed with reluctance; after which they separate.

The mid, jumping into the dingy, is rowed back towards the *Crusader*; while Harry re-hires the truckman; but now only to stay by, and take care of his boat, till he can return to it, after executing the errand intrusted to him. Snug as his new berth promises to be, he would rather lose it than fail to deliver that letter. And in ten minutes after, he has passed through the suburbs of the town, and is hastening along the shore-road, towards the house of Don Gregorio Montijo.

#### CHAPTER XXIX.—DREADING A DUEL.

Once more upon the house-top stand Carmen Montijo and Inez Alvarez. It is the morning of the day succeeding that made sacred by their betrothal. Their eyes are upon the huge war-ship, that holds the men who hold their hearts, with promise of their hands—in short, every hope of their life's happiness. They could be happy now, but for an apprehension that oppresses them—causing them keen anxiety. Yesterday, with its scenes of pleasurable excitement, had also its incidents of the opposite kind; the remembrance of which, too, vividly remains, and is not to be got rid of. The encounter between the gamblers and their lovers cannot end with that episode to which they were themselves witness. Something more will surely come from it. What will this something be? What should it? What could it, but a *desafio*—a duel?

However brave on yester-morn the two señoritas were, however apparently regardless of consequences, it is different to-day. The circumstances have somewhat changed. Then, their sweethearts were only suitors. Now, they are affianced, still standing in the relationship of lovers, but with ties more firmly united. The young Englishmen are now their own. Inez is less anxious than her aunt, having less cause to be. With the observant intelligence of woman, she has long since seen that Calderon is a coward, and for this reason has but little belief he will fight. With instinct equally keen, Carmen knows De Lara will. After his terrible humiliation, he is not the man to shrink away out of sight. Blackleg though he be, he possesses courage—perhaps the only quality he has deserving of admiration. Once, she herself admired the quality, if not the man! That remembrance itself makes her fear what may come. She speaks in serious tone, discussing with her niece the

probabilities of what may arise. The delirious joy of yester-even—of that hour when she sat in her saddle, looking over the ocean, and listening to the sweet words of love—is to-day succeeded by depression, almost despondency. While conversing, they have their eyes upon the bay, watching the boats that, at intervals, are seen to put off from the war-ship, fearing to recognise in them the forms of those so dear. Fearing it; for they know that the young officers are not likely to be ashore again, and their coming now could only be on that errand they, the señoritas, so much dread—the duel. Duty should keep them both on their ship, but honour may require them once more to visit the shore—perhaps never more to leave it alive!

Thus gloomily reflects Carmen, imparting her fears to the less frightened Inez; though she too is not without some apprehension. If they but understood the 'Code of Signals,' all this misery would be spared them; for on the frigate's main-royal masthead floats a blue flag, with a white square in its centre, which is a portent that she will soon spread her sails, and glide off out of sight, carrying their *amantes* beyond all danger of duels or shore-scrapes of any kind. They see the 'Blue-Peter,' but without knowing aught of its significance. They do not even try to interpret or think of it, their thoughts, as their eyes, being busy with the boats that pass between ship and shore. One at length arrests their attention, and keeps it for some time fixed. A small craft, that leaving the ship, is steered direct for the town. It passes near enough for them to see that there are three men in it, two of them rowing, the other in the stern—the last in the uniform of an officer. Love's glance is keen, and this, aided by an opera-glass, enables Inez Alvarez to identify the officer in the stern-sheets as her own Don Guilielmo. This does not alarm the ladies so much as if the steersman had been Crozier. But he is not. The other two—the oarsmen—are only sailors in blue serge shirts, with wide collars, falling far back. For what the young officer is being rowed ashore, they cannot guess. If for fighting, they know that another and older officer would be with him. Where is Eduardo? While still conjecturing, the boat glides on towards the town, and is lost to their view behind some sand-hills inshore. Their glance going back to the ship, they perceive a change in her aspect. Her tall tapering masts, with their network of stays and shrouds, are half-hidden behind broad sheets of canvas. The frigate is unfurling sail! They are surprised at this, not expecting it so soon. With the help of their glasses, they observe other movements going on aboard the war-vessel: signal-flags running up and down their haulyards, while boats are being hoisted to the davits. While watching these manœuvres, the little craft which carries the midshipman again appears, shooting out from behind the sand-hills, and being rowed rapidly back to the ship, the young officer still in it. On reaching the great leviathan, for a short time it shews like a tiny spot along her water-line; but, soon after, it too is lifted aloft, and over the bulwark rail.

Ignorant as the young ladies may be of nautical matters, they can have no doubt as to what all this manœuvring means. The ship is about to sail! As this is an event which interests all the

family, Don Gregorio, summoned to the house-top, soon stands beside them.

'She's going off, sure enough,' he remarks, after sighting through one of the glasses. 'It's rather strange—so abruptly!' he adds. 'Our young friends said nothing about it last night.'

'I think they could not have known of it themselves,' says Carmen.

'I'm sure they couldn't,' adds Inez.

'What makes you sure, *nina*?' asks Don Gregorio.

'Well—because'—stammers out the Andalusian, a flush starting into her cheeks—'because they'd have told us. They said they didn't expect to sail for a day or two, anyhow.'

'Just so; but you see they're setting sail now—evidently intending to take departure. However, I fancy I can explain it. You remember they spoke of another war-ship they expected to arrive. Yonder it is! It came into port last night, and, in all likelihood, has brought orders for the *Cru-sader* to sail at once. I only wish it was the *Condor*! I shan't sleep soundly till we're safe away from'—

'See!' interrupts Carmen; 'is not that a sailor coming this way?' She points to a man, moving along the shore-road in the direction of the house.

'I think so,' responds Don Gregorio, after a glance through the glass. 'He appears to be in seaman's dress.'

'Will he be coming here?'

'I shouldn't be surprised; probably with a message from our young friends. It may be the man they recommended to me.'

'That's why somebody came ashore in the little boat,' whispers Inez to her aunt. 'We'll get *billetes*. I was sure they wouldn't go away without leaving one last little word.'

Inez's speech imparts no information; for Carmen has been surmising in the same strain. The aunt replies by one of those proverbs, in which the Spanish tongue is so rich: '*Silencio! hay Moros en la costa*' (Silence! there are Moors on the coast).

While this bit of by-play is being carried on, the sailor ascends the hill, and is seen entering at the road-gate. There can now be no uncertainty as to his calling. The blue jacket, broad shirt-collar, round-ribbed hat, and bell-bottomed trousers, are all the unmistakable toggery of a tar. Advancing up the avenue in a rolling gait, with an occasional tack from side to side—that almost fetches him up among the manzanitas—he at length reaches the front of the house. There stopping, and looking up to the roof, he salutes those upon it, by removing his hat, giving a back-scraps with his foot, and a pluck at one of his brow locks.

'*Que quieres V., señor?*' (What is your business, sir?) asks the hacienda, speaking down to him.

Harry Blew—for it is he—replies by holding out a letter, at the same time saying: 'Your honour, I've brought this for the master o' the house.'

'I am he. Go in through that door you see below. I'll come down to you.'

Don Gregorio descends the *escalera*, and meeting the messenger in the inner court, receives the letter addressed to him. Breaking it open, he reads:

**ESTIMABLE SEÑOR**—Circumstances have arisen that take us away from San Francisco sooner than we expected. The corvette that came into port last night brought orders for the *Crusader* to sail at once; though our destination is the same as already known to you—the Sandwich Islands. As the ship is about to weigh anchor, I have barely time to write a word for myself, and Mr Cadwallader. We think it proper to make known some circumstances which will, no doubt, cause you surprise, as well as ourselves. Yesterday morning we met at your house two gentlemen—as courtesy would then have required me to call them—by name, Francisco de Lara and Faustino Calderon. We encountered them at a later hour of the day, when an occurrence took place, which absolved us from either thinking of them as gentlemen, or treating them as such. And still later, after leaving your hospitable roof, we, for the third time, came across the same two individuals, under circumstances shewing them to be professional gamblers! In fact we found them to be the proprietors of a Monté bank in the notorious El Dorado, one of them engaged in dealing the cards! A spirit of fun, with perhaps a spice of mischief, led me into the play, and betting largely, I succeeded in breaking the bank. After that, for a short while we lost sight of them. But as we were making our way to the wharf, where our boat was to meet us, we had a fourth interview with the ‘gentlemen,’ who on this occasion appeared with two others in the character of *robbers* and *assassins*! That they did not succeed in either robbing or murdering us, is due to the brave fellow who will bear this letter to you—the sailor of whom I spoke. He can give you all the particulars of the last and latest encounter with these versatile individuals, who claim acquaintance with you. You may rely on his truthfulness. I have no time to say more.

Hoping to see you in Cadiz, please convey parting compliments to the señoritas—from Cadwallader and yours faithfully,  
EDWARD CROZIER.

The letter makes a painful impression on the mind of Don Gregorio. Not that he is much surprised at the information regarding De Lara and Calderon. He has heard sinister reports concerning them, of late so loudly spoken that he had determined on forbidding them further intercourse with his family. That very day he has been displeased on learning of their ill-timed visit. And now he feels chagrin at something like a reproach conveyed by that expression in Crozier's letter, ‘These versatile individuals who claim your acquaintance.’ It hurts his hidalgo pride. Thrusting the epistle into his pocket, he questions its bearer, taking him to his private room, as also into his confidence. The sailor gives him a detailed account of the attempt at murder, so fortunately defeated; afterwards making known other matters relating to himself, and how he has taken service on the Chilean ship—Don Gregorio inquiring particularly about this.

Meanwhile, the young ladies have descended from the azotea, and the ex-man-o-war's-man makes their acquaintance. They assist in shewing him hospitality, loading him with pretty presents, and knick-knacks to be carried on board the *Condor*, to which they know he now belongs. As he is about to depart, they flutter around him, speaking

pleasant words, as if they expected to get something in return—those *billetitas*. And yet, he goes away without leaving them a scrap. A pang of disappointment—almost chagrin—shoots through the soul of Carmen, as she sees him passing out of sight. And similarly afflicted is Lúez; both reflecting alike.

Still they have hope; there may be something inclosed for them in that letter they saw Harry holding up. It seemed large enough to contain two separate notes. And if not these, there should at least be a postscript with special reference to themselves. Daughters of Eve, they are not long before approaching the subject, and drawing Don Gregorio.

Yes; there is something said about them in the letter. He reads it: ‘*Parting compliments to the señoritas.*’

#### SAFES AND SAFE-DEPOSIT STRUCTURES.

A remarkable building just finished in the very heart of the city of London illustrates the great solicitude felt for the safety of articles which possess a high money value as compared with their bulk. Among such articles are various kinds of paper-money or representatives of money; such as bank-notes, Exchequer bills, bills of exchange, share certificates, debenture bonds, loan-notes, share coupons, and the like. A small flame, such as the light of a candle or of a gas-jet, would consume thousands of pounds' worth of such pieces of paper in a few minutes, or even seconds; while the breast-pocket of a thief would afford a snug hiding-place for an equal amount. Another class of small valuables would be jewellery and articles of goldsmiths' work, together with gold and silver watches and chronometers. But there are many other kinds of paper and parchment documents, and of manufactured goods made of other materials than precious stones and precious metals, which it is of great consequence to preserve intact, shielded alike from fire and from thieves.

Although well known to bankers, large commercial firms, jewellers, and goldsmiths, it is but partially known to the public how great has been the ingenuity shewn in the manufacture of iron receptacles that will protect valuables. After a devastating fire that has baffled all attempts at fire-resistance, the makers of iron safes tax their powers of invention to devise something more secure than was before known; and after a burglary of more than usual daring, the same ingenuity is set to work to baffle more successfully the drill, the chisel, the crowbar, and the sledge-hammer. The locksmiths are expected to do their own part of the work, by producing locks that will defy picking and bursting open. The making of safes is a separate trade, intended to grapple alike with both enemies—fire and burglars.

It might seem that chemistry could not have much to do with the making of plate-iron strong-boxes and strong-rooms; nor has it, so far as regards thief-resisting qualities; but in making such receptacles fire-proof, many facts discovered by scientific chemists have been utilised in a remarkable degree, sometimes very successfully. A fire-proof composition is used as a lining for some safes; while in others the heat of any conflagration to which the safe may be exposed brings about chemical changes of a fire-resisting character.



Frequently the case is made hollow or double, and a stuffing or damper thrust in between the two thicknesses. Patentees have selected a large diversity of substances to form this stuffing: sand, sawdust, burnt clay, powdered charcoal, dust, fragments of stone, baked wood-ashes, small gravel, bone-dust, ground alum, gypsum, cement—all are adopted by different inventors. In one form, a specially chosen liquid is placed in some part of the interior of the safe; an external fire, greatly heating the iron, would burst the vessels containing the liquid; and the liquid, saturating the powdery composition used as stuffing, would render it fire-resisting in a high degree. Many inventors have turned their attention to the power of developing a vapour in the double jacket of the safe, by the effect of external heat: a vapour that will retard the intense heating of the interior of the safe, the space wherein the valuables are placed. Steam, the vapour of mere water, is known to possess this damping quality; and some chemical salts and liquids possess it in a still higher degree.

Many of the safes now made are rooms or chambers rather than chests or boxes, and claim to be thief-proof and fire-proof in an extraordinary degree. One, made for a banking company, is seven feet wide, seven feet high, and nine feet deep, constructed of wrought-iron, and lined or jacketed with fire-resisting composition; the interior space contains nineteen separate and distinct lock-up safes, besides shelves for books and papers; the massive folding-doors of the front are provided with three detector locks, which throw thirty bolts all round. We have seen a safe or strong-room, made for a goldsmith, far exceeding this in size; it has walls of concrete as well as of slab iron; it has a canal of water within the outer skin; and if any attempt be made to pierce this skin with a drill, an electric apparatus is set into action which keeps a small bell ringing—effectually disturbing the quietude of a burglar. Messrs Milner have constructed safes or magazines for gunpowder, which have preserved the contents intact even when exposed to the fiercest flames ever known to fire brigades. The government caused experiments to be made on these safes, in the open marshes near Woolwich. The jacket of each safe contained alum and sawdust: alum has the property of liquefying when exposed to a high temperature; this liquid saturates the sawdust; vapour arises, and is admitted through small apertures into the interior space, where it thoroughly wets the contents, cools them, and thus preserves them. At the experiments in question, Major Majendie, of the Royal Artillery, put into each of the safes several canisters of cartridge-charge. After six hours' exposure to intense heat—so intense as in two places to burn through an exterior skin of half an inch of iron—the safes were allowed to cool. When opened, he found that several sticks of alloy, capable of bearing temperatures varying from three hundred and forty to six hundred degrees Fahrenheit, were unmelted; that a register thermometer had not risen higher than two hundred and ten degrees Fahrenheit; that the exterior of the canisters was quite wet with steam; and that the gunpowder contained in them was uninjured. We may suitably mention that burglars occasionally blow open safes by exploding a little gunpowder introduced into the keyhole of the lock; and that

lock-makers, to baffle this manœuvre, are trying methods of closing the keyhole against the intrusion.

A contest of a singular character took place at Paris in 1867, in connection with the grand International Exhibition in that city. It was a struggle between two makers of bankers' safes. At the time of our Hyde Park Exhibition in 1851, the rivalry had been about locks; the world being called upon to decide whether Mr Bramah could make a lock that would defeat Mr Hobbs; or whether Hobbs could pick any and every lock that Bramah could make. The result of that and later trials was to shew that, though experienced locksmiths can pick *any* lock if abundance of time be allowed to them, the best makers can now pretty successfully frustrate burglars, so far as concerns picking locks within anything like a short space of time. The owners of good safes provided with good locks were satisfied; and for many years had reason to be so. In 1865, however, the shop of a watchmaker and jeweller in Cornhill was plundered one night by burglars, notwithstanding the fact that most of the valuables had been placed in an iron safe of great strength. Subsequent investigations shewed that the elaborate lock, made by one of the most distinguished makers, had not been tampered with; the iron door of the safe had been wrenched open, by a peculiar application of chisels and a crowbar. A civil engineer, writing to the public journals, explained how this could be done; the safe-maker denied its possibility; but the chief burglar, who afterwards made a confession, stated that he had employed the identical plan described by the civil engineer.

Bankers, goldsmiths, and other owners of property small in size but great in value, were rendered uneasy by these revelations; they found that though locks might be invulnerable to pickers, safes were not proof against forcing. Thereupon the safe-makers set to work to produce safes that could not be forced open by any probable employment of chisels and crowbars. The Patent Office affords proof of the activity here displayed; and specifications of modifications in strong-rooms and boxes abound. It had been admitted for many years that safes could be made fire-proof; but now the question related to burglar-proof. Two exhibitors at Paris in the year above named, an Englishman and an American, put forth challenges; large sums of money were deposited; judges and umpires were chosen; the American, aided by three men, was to try to force open the best safe exhibited by the Englishman; the latter, with an equal number of men, was to try conclusions with the American's best safe; and money and reputation were to reward the victors. The American brought three skilful and educated German workmen; the Englishman brought three strong but uneducated men: the former had a large store of beautiful tools; the latter, a smaller store of rougher tools; and a debate arose as to whether these relative advantages were fair. Preliminaries being at length settled, the Germans set to work upon the English safe. They tried the lock, but failed to open it; they endeavoured to drill a hole through the door, but found the layers of steel with which it was intersected baffled them; they tried wedges at the edge of the door, but could not drive them in. Frustrated in the front of the

safe, they turned their attention to one side, which was composed of four skins of tough metal bolted together. These they burst asunder one after another, by applying chisels to the dovetail joints, dealing heavy blows upon them, and loosening bolt after bolt. After four hours of very hard work they succeeded in making an opening wide enough for the abstraction of a sanded packet which had purposely been placed by the maker on a shelf within. If they had made no attempt on the door, they would have saved an hour; if the packet had been placed in the drawer instead of on a shelf, their work would have been prolonged; but as matters stood, they broke open the stronghold in four hours.

Meanwhile the Englishmen were trying their skill on the American safe, which was double, a burglar-proof safe inclosed in one that was fire-proof. Half an hour was consumed in opening the outer one; and then the inner was seen, much stronger in build, and difficult to get at. The men, as before observed, were but slenderly provided with good tools; nevertheless the inner safe was broken into in about four hours and a quarter. The victory lay with the maker of the American safe, with about a quarter of an hour to spare. The English safe, however, having successfully resisted the attack from the front, and only yielded when battered and wrenched on the side—which in practice is usually protected by masonry, and thereby beyond the reach of attack—was considered the better of the two by practical men.

Without going into further details concerning strong-rooms and safes, we proceed to describe a structure, just finished, which is to be a perfect magazine of such things, a stronghold full of strongholds, defying alike fire, water, gunpowder, and burglars.

The building constructed for this treasure-deposit purpose is in the very centre of the city of London, and stands upon ground purchased at a price nearly equivalent to one million sterling per acre. When the Thames Embankment was finished from Westminster Bridge to Blackfriars Bridge, and Queen Victoria Street from thence to the vicinity of the Bank, a triangular space of ground was laid bare, every square foot of which had been associated with commercial houses of great wealth. Facing the western front of the Mansion House on one side, and close to the Poultry, Bucklersbury, and Walbrook, it was just in the midst of those establishments which require strong-rooms or receptacles for the safe custody of monetary and commercial documents, as well as precious metals and jewels. America furnished many hints which have been utilised in this instance. When a Safe-deposit Company was formed, with three or four bankers among the directors, Mr Graves, the lately deceased member of parliament for Liverpool, travelled through the United States of America, where, from Maine in the east to California in the west, most of the large commercial towns possess Safe-deposit institutions of a more or less analogous kind. Mr Gray, the Managing Director of the new Company, has taken advantage of the information thus obtained in organising the general plan of the structure. Dr Pole, Professor of Engineering, and General Gossett, of the Royal Engineers, assisted in establishing the conditions necessary for fire-proof and burglar-proof construction; Messrs

Easton undertook the engineering construction, while Messrs Peto were responsible for the brick and stone work.

It is, we believe, quite correct to say that there is more work below ground than above, in the costly building just completed; at anyrate, the excavation made was of vast depth, and the honeycomb of chambers which fills it has been the result of more thought and labour than the above-ground structure. If it realises the expectations which are entertained, this subterranean portion will deserve the titles sometimes given to it—a fortress, a citadel, a stronghold that will defy all assailants.

The building has three frontages, and is entirely isolated, no other structure being within many yards of it. The above-ground portion much resembles in appearance many of the banking-houses and insurance offices in the City, and need not be particularly described. The core of the underground citadel or fortress is about seventy feet by thirty-two, and thirty-six feet deep; it has passages all around it, vaults underneath it, and passages over, inasmuch that every part can be examined by the armed watchmen who will patrol the place day and night. The side-walls of the citadel are six feet thick, and built of the hardest bricks that can be made; they are backed by a mass of concrete almost as thick, and lined with armour-plates that would suffice for many of the Queen's iron-clads. One can hardly imagine any process of surreptitious drilling that would penetrate twelve or thirteen feet of such wall; nor is it easy to see how fire could work much destruction, seeing that there is scarcely an atom of woodwork anywhere near. If any riot or tumultuous attack occurred, access down to the citadel would be no easy matter, seeing that the roof is formed of bomb-proof, semicircular arches; even the subterranean operation which military engineers call mining has been provided against, for the whole citadel is surrounded by water, which would frustrate if not drown any invaders.

This citadel, then, beneath the level of the street, is the stronghold in which valuables are to be deposited; and now we have to notice the manner in which its cubical interior space is divided and subdivided. The space is arranged in four floors or stories, each covering about nine thousand square feet. The two upper floors are set apart for safes of small or moderate size, of which a supply of more than ten thousand is provided. These safes are let to the public, at rentals varying from fifty shillings to thirty pounds per annum each, according to size and other circumstances; they vary in frontage from a few inches square to two feet square, but all are alike twenty inches deep from front to back, and all are fixtures. Every safe has a lock differing from that of every other safe in the place; and whenever a new renter takes possession of a safe, a new lock is put to it, or an alteration made in some of the interior mechanism of the old one. The renters can obtain easy access to their safes during business hours; and small compartments or recesses are provided, to afford facilities for examining securities, cutting off coupons, &c. The two lower floors or stories are appropriated to plate-chests and bulky boxes, which do not need to be often disturbed or opened; and to valuables placed under the immediate care of the Company. A special tariff is charged for these latter, seeing that

the Company hold themselves responsible for the safety of the treasures—plate, jewels, works of art, or what not—intrusted to them.

The doors by which the citadel and its range of four floors are entered were a matter of anxious deliberation with the architect, Mr Whichcord. As a rope is no stronger than its weakest part, nor a chain than its weakest link, so is a strong-room no stronger than its weakest part—which is usually the door. A plan was formed for a series of iron doors to work upon hinges, and to be fastened with locks and bolts; but it was found that their manufacture would occupy a longer time than was convenient either to the Company or to the builders. The architect thereupon resolved to dispense alike with hinges, locks, and bolts, so far as these doors are concerned. Each door is a solid mass of the toughest rolled iron, nearly twelve inches in thickness; they slide instead of turning on hinges, and their enormous weight renders locks and bolts unnecessary. A simple agency (we believe hydraulic) suffices to open these doors at the commencement of each day's business, and to close them again when the busy hours of City work are over. For the various stories, floors, or 'flats' of the citadel, there are no fewer than thirty-two of these doors, each of which weighs four tons. The iron is of the hardest kind known in the present state of metallurgy. In order to test what a burglar might or might not be able to accomplish, a skilled workman was employed to do his best in drilling one of these formidable slabs; in fourteen hours he was only able to penetrate one inch of iron, after breaking or blunting eighty-six drilling-tools.

The value of such an establishment can only be tested by long-continued experience; but the prospect is certainly favourable. It is now announced that Manchester is about to try its hand at a similar work.

### THE GIRL HE LEFT BEHIND HIM.

THE good ship *Tamar* was bearing up Channell before a brisk south-west wind. The passengers were gathered on deck, conversing in little groups, as they stood watching the green English shores, lying bright and still in the afternoon light. But one stood apart from the rest, leaning over the stern taffrail, gazing with fixed eyes and thoughtful face. He was a man of about forty-five years of age, of somewhat spare build, with an ample brown beard, and bronze-tanned cheeks. A near scrutiny would have revealed something of sadness in his eyes at the moment, as though the prospect of again setting foot on his native land, from which he had been absent for many years, was not wholly one of pleasure. It was not only the green English shores that he saw as he gazed from the vessel's deck; all day, ever since the ship had passed Plymouth, a vision, summoned up by the memories which the thought of that town brought back, had been floating before his eyes. He saw a cottage on the outskirts of the town, with a garden sloping to the sea. In the soft twilight of the June day, two figures, a youth and a girl, stood in the garden beneath the lime-trees. They were bidding each other farewell with many protestations of undying love and constancy, spoken from the heart in the case of both. Circumstances were sending the youth from his home to try his fortune

in a far-away land. But he would return, and take the girl, his accepted wife, back with him; and meanwhile she could wait contentedly, assured of the strength of his constancy and her affection. He had gone away, and—well, events had not turned out quite as the youth and the girl had intended.

George Herder had then looked forward to returning to England with somewhat different feelings from those which he was at present experiencing. Instead of thoughts of wedding-bells, he was coming back with no deeper sentiment in his heart than a desire to see once more the friends and home of his boyhood, before finally settling in the country of his adoption, where he had formed stronger ties, he thought, than any that now existed for him in the land of his birth. And yet a dimness gathered in his eyes as the past came back upon him, and his memories were neither gloomy nor misanthropic.

On the afternoon of the following day, the *Tamar* dropped anchor off Gravesend. Most of the unmarried men on board went on shore at once, and among them George Herder. On reaching London, he took a cab, and gave the man the address to drive to. He was set down in Hereford Road, Bayswater, at a house in a terrace. He gave the servant who opened the door his name, and following her up-stairs, entered the room into which she shewed him. As he did so, a man rose from the table at which he was seated, glanced for a moment at the stranger, and then came quickly forward, and grasped him by both hands.

'George, old man, it is you. Welcome back to England. But I can't tell how I feel at seeing you again, old fellow!'

'Did you get my telegram?' asked Herder.

'Yes, I got it. I have been talking to my landlady, and she can let you have a bedroom here, if you like, and we can share this room in common. The arrangement might suit you for the present, at anyrate. What do you say?'

'It will do capitally,' answered Herder. 'It will be convenient our being together, for we have much to say to each other. I'll need to be piloted about London too; I've forgotten my way greatly, and I find many of the places changed.'

'I thought of that too. I'm not very busy just now, so we can have a good deal of time together. I shall be free every afternoon by four o'clock.'

Fred Hammond held a position of some responsibility in the Civil Service. Next day, George Herder's time was chiefly occupied in looking up the few friends in London with whom he had kept up an acquaintance by correspondence. Hammond and he had finished dinner in their lodgings, and had produced their pipes, when the former said: 'I've got an engagement for this evening, which it's too late now to think of getting off. Some very good friends of mine, who live in a square close by, have a sort of musical party and conversation. I am on quite such terms with them as to be able to use the freedom of taking you with me, if you would care to go. I can't promise that you will be greatly interested among a lot of people who are strangers to you; but we need only stop an hour or so, and it may be less dull than staying here by yourself. However, if you don't feel inclined for it, you must try and find something to amuse you till I come back, and I'll get

away as soon as possible. There are two or three of this month's magazines on the table yonder.'

'I don't mind going with you for a short time, if you can use the liberty of introducing me to your friends,' said Herder.

'All right, then; we'll finish our pipes, and it will then be about time to fix ourselves.'

Mrs Norcott entertained a sufficient number of guests that evening to fill her drawing-rooms comfortably without crowding. Music, conversation, and cards for the more elderly of the company formed the staple of the evening's amusements. The host and hostess received Herder with agreeable geniality; but as the people about him were all entire strangers, it could hardly be otherwise than that George should every now and then feel somewhat at a loss what to do with himself. He had exchanged a few commonplaces with an old Indian officer to whom he had been introduced, and was standing in a corner of the room gazing rather aimlessly about him, when Hammond came up and said: 'I'm afraid this isn't very lively for you, but I think we need not stay any longer. I've explained matters to Mrs Norcott. I just want you to hear this lady play, and then we'll go. She is one of the best amateur pianoforte-players I know, and I always consider it a treat to hear her. You used to be fond of music; I think you'll like this.'

The piano stood at the opposite end of the room. While Hammond was speaking, a lady seated herself at it and began playing. As Herder looked at her he started so evidently, that it did not escape his companion's notice. Was it possible that he knew that face and figure? The lady was middle-aged, of a rather small and slight figure, with a face not regularly moulded, but soft, refined, and expressive; brown hair, with a ripple in it, and brown eyes. The face had lost the rounded curves of girlhood, and all the colour that once mantled in it; the eyes had somewhat faded; and there were not wanting lines upon the brow; but surely George could not be mistaken. The light from a bracket above the piano fell upon the player, and revealed her face and figure in clear outline. She played an arrangement of Irish melodies, old and familiar airs all of them, but so delicately and sympathetically played, that the whole room was hushed to listen. Conversation ceased for the time; and several of the card-players from the adjoining room, abandoning their game, came forward and stood at the doors while the music continued. It was evident that the skill of the performer was well known to many of the company. Herder listened with rapt ears. The music was stirring old memories in his heart, reviving them with a strange power. If anything had been needed to confirm him in his recognition of the performer, the music she had happened to choose would have done so. Were not some of these old airs once his chief favourites, airs that used to haunt him for days together, and that still came back upon him now and then? The music ceased; a murmur of applause went round the room, and the performer rose and left the piano.

'That lady plays admirably,' observed Herder to his companion, with an effort to appear calmer than he really felt.

'Ah! I thought you would like her,' answered Hammond. 'The music is simple enough; but

whatever Mrs Vallance plays is played in a way you don't often meet with.'

'Vallance! Are you sure that is the name?' asked George, and the disappointment in his voice was evident.

'Perfectly,' replied Hammond, a little surprised. 'I know her very well. Why do you doubt it?'

'Oh, it's of no consequence; I suppose I was mistaken; but it's very strange.' The last part of Herder's sentence was spoken in an absent, half-musing way, as though the speaker had grown suddenly unconscious of his companion's presence.

'What is strange?' said Hammond. 'You seem greatly interested in Mrs Vallance, George. What is the mystery?'

'Have you known Mrs Vallance long, Fred?'

'Yes; and I have the pleasure of knowing her pretty intimately. There is somewhat of a little history connected with her.'

'Is there? Would you mind telling it to me, if it is not a private matter?'

'Certainly, if you wish; it is no secret. But we can't talk here. Let us find Mrs Norcott, and make our adieus.'

'I can tell you what I know of Mrs Vallance,' began Hammond, when the two men had reached their lodgings and were again seated, each in an easy-chair, at the open window, for it was summer-time, 'in a few sentences, for it is after all a simple enough story. When Mrs Vallance was a girl of twenty, she was engaged at Plymouth, where she resided, to a young fellow a few years older than herself. Unfortunately, however, he had not the wherewithal to keep a wife, and with the hope of increasing his worldly circumstances more rapidly than he was doing in England, he resolved to emigrate to Australia. He was to return in a short time and take the girl out with him. In Australia he started sheep-farming, I believe; but his success was by no means so rapid as he had hoped for. Years passed on, and still there seemed no prospect of his being soon able to return to England. At last the girl received a letter in which her affianced lover—whose name I never happened to hear—stated that he could not possibly say when he would be in a position to fulfil his promises to her. Under these circumstances, he could not ask her to wait any longer for him; and he therefore released her from her engagement. Well, the girl was sad and depressed enough for a while, they say, but by-and-by she seemed to get over it. About this time, Mr Vallance, an old friend of the father's, came a good deal about the house, and it was soon evident that he was attracted by the daughter. Vallance was a partner in a long-established mercantile house in London, and was reputed to be rich. He was a kind-hearted and estimable man in many ways. The parents looked favourably upon his suit, and when he proposed for the daughter's hand, she accepted him. They were married. Mr Vallance took a handsome house in London, and made a kind husband and a generous son-in-law. But this prosperous condition of things did not last long. In little more than two years after his marriage, the house to which Vallance belonged, to the astonishment of the mercantile world, stopped payment. The affair made a considerable talk in the City at the time. Nobody seemed to have anticipated

the firm's failure, and I don't think Mr Vallance could have had any thought of the possibility of such a change in his circumstances when he married his wife, from the way he took the matter to heart. He never recovered from the shock, and in a year after the firm had suspended payment, he died. His widow was left almost entirely dependent upon her own exertions for the support of herself and her two young children. She removed to Plymouth again, began to give music-lessons, and in this way has maintained herself and family ever since; and very nobly she has done it. It was shortly after her husband's death that I became acquainted with her. I have given you the most favourable version of her story. As regards her engagement with Mr Vallance, there were not wanting people in Plymouth who hinted their doubts at the time as to whether she had ever received such a letter as I have mentioned from the young fellow in Australia. Gossips said that she lent a willing enough ear to Mr Vallance's addresses.'

'Was that the general report?' asked Herder.

'Well, it was not uncommon to hear the matter talked of in that way.'

'And what is your own opinion?'

'There is no lady of my acquaintance for whom I have a greater respect and liking than for Mrs Vallance,' answered Hammond; 'and I would not believe anything unworthy of her. But it is perhaps too much to expect from average human nature, and I don't claim anything ideal for Mrs Vallance, that a woman should be able to keep up a strong affection for a man away in Australia for a number of years, and under the cheerless conditions I have described, with nothing to feed it on but an occasional letter. No doubt, the girl's sentiment lasted longer than the young man's. Possibly, she may not have received such a letter; and what Mr Vallance could offer her, everything that is pleasant and attractive to a woman, may have had its effect. Her father's worldly circumstances too, which were latterly not in a very prosperous state, would very likely have an influence in the matter.'

There was a short pause, during which the two men puffed their pipes in silence. Then Herder said: 'I think a life spent as mine has been has at least one advantage over yours, Fred—it is not so apt to make a man become so rapidly sceptical about everything, as one passed in cities; not so prone to think that people are much the same everywhere, or so content to assign the least noble motives for human action. Now, in this case of Mrs Vallance, I am able to inform you that both common report and yourself were wrong, at least in one important respect. Miss Maurice—that was the young lady's maiden name, I think, though you did not mention it—did receive such a letter as you describe, from her friend in Australia; a letter, too, that released her completely from her engagement.'

'And how on earth do you know all this?' asked Hammond.

'For the simple reason, that I am the young fellow that went to Australia.'

'You, George!' exclaimed Hammond, starting from his chair, and staring in his companion's face. 'How is it I never heard a word of this before? I thought we knew most of each other's affairs, as young men.'

'Well, Fred, for a year before I became engaged

to Miss Maurice, you were in Germany with your mother and sister; and I was away, you know, before you came back. I never mentioned my acquaintance with Miss Maurice to you; I was rather a shy and shamefaced fellow, somehow, about that sort of thing, and I did not tell even so close a chum as you about it, though I was on the point of doing so when I started so suddenly for Australia. After that, I felt the less inclined to write about the subject; my prospects were so vague and uncertain in every way.'

'It was rather strange, George, that I never heard your name mentioned in the matter, and there was nothing to make me think of connecting you with Miss Maurice's friend. You knew Mrs Vallance again, then, to-night? I could not think what made your manner so odd.'

'Yes, I knew her. She is much changed, of course, though not more so, I suppose, than was to be expected. I left behind me a girl of twenty, with a bloom on her cheek like a June rose, and eyes like sunshine. Both the rose-red and the light in her eyes have faded; but she is still Kate Maurice, the same sweet-looking woman I knew long ago. One thing only made me hesitate to-night as to whether I was not mistaken, after all, and I don't understand it yet. I heard in Australia that the man Miss Maurice married was a Mr Ewing; but I suppose there was some mistake about the name.'

'It was a mistake,' said Hammond; 'but I can see how it probably occurred. The title of the firm of which Mr Vallance was a junior partner was Griffith and Ewing. Your informant must have heard that Miss Maurice married the junior partner, and concluded that it was Mr Ewing, or the story got mixed up in some such way.'

'Yes; the more easily as it had passed through several mouths by the time it reached me.'

'And I suppose that letter of yours expressed the real state of things with you at the time?'

'Exactly; you have got the gist of the letter quite correctly. When I wrote that, I saw no prospect for years to come of being able to marry. When things did at length take a turn in the right direction with me, I made fair progress. And now, though I am not a wealthy man, I have as much as I had any right to expect.'

'Well, George, how is this little story of yours to end?' and as Hammond spoke, he looked quietly into his friend's face, but with not a little curiosity.

'Ah, how?' answered the other, and the friends again for a little relapsed into silence.

'Is Mrs Vallance staying in London for any time, do you know?' inquired Herder presently.

'She has been paying a short visit to Mrs Norcott, and is to return home in a day or two, she told me,' replied Hammond. 'When do you think of going to Plymouth yourself?'

'This is Wednesday; I think I shall go on Friday or Saturday. When I have got my things out of the ship, and arranged one or two small matters of business, I shall have nothing further to keep me in London, and I am anxious to see my old aunt. She is almost my only relative now left. I was a favourite of hers, you remember.'

'I think you are perfectly right in visiting her at once,' Hammond answered quietly.

The Friday evening following found Herder at

Plymouth. Early next morning, he visited his aunt, and one or two old friends, and then made his way in the direction of the house in which he had spent his boyhood. It lay two or three miles out of the town, among fields and low hills, and Herder found it again without difficulty. A few villas had sprung up in the neighbourhood, but otherwise the place and the surroundings were little altered. Time had been less busy in this part of the vicinity of Plymouth than in most others. George walked round the house, stood gazing over the low garden-wall for a while, and then strolled away in the direction of the hills in the rear. By-and-by he came upon a stream flowing between grassy banks, and shaded by willow trees. The recollections of the place came fully back upon him now, and he recalled point after point in the landscape. As he followed the windings of the stream, he felt himself once more on familiar ground, and he almost forgot for the moment the years that had elapsed since last he trod these same paths. He had fallen into the sort of reverie which the circumstances naturally induced, when he reached a point where the stream widened into a little pool, with an overhanging rock on one side, and on the other a close line of willows, whose drooping boughs swept the clear-brown waters beneath. A boy who was on the bank fishing, looked up as Herder approached. He had a frank, intelligent face and brown waving hair.

'Good sport this morning?' asked Herder, accosting him.

'Not first-rate,' and the speaker lifted the lid of the small creel that lay on the grass beside him, for the stranger's inspection of the morning's take.

'This used to be a good spot, and this is not a bad morning either; a little bright, perhaps,' continued Herder.

'The river isn't so good as it was once, I think, sir; at least if all the stories old fishermen tell of it are true; but I daresay these old chaps either forget or exaggerate. I get a good lot of fish sometimes, though generally higher up than this. Do you ever fish here, sir? I never saw you.'

'I did once,' answered George; 'I think I knew every yard of it from this to the Bridgend Inn. Is the inn still to the fore?'

'O yes; but I suppose it would be old Marley who kept it when you were a boy, sir? His nephew, Fred, has it now.'

'Ah! so old Dave is gone.'

The two fell into a conversation about trout-fishing and all pertaining to it. In a little the youth left the pool, and moved slowly up the stream, Herder walking by his side—a frank, bright, intelligent boy, who gossiped on with the open-hearted freedom of an English youth. What was it in the tones of his voice, every now and then, that puzzled Herder with a faint sense of familiarity? He looked more narrowly at his companion's face, and as he did so, another face came slowly back, and filled his mental vision. A strong desire to learn his young companion's name possessed him, and he asked it.

'John Vallance,' was the answer. 'May I ask yours, sir?'

George seemed to hear the words with no feeling of surprise, but he was conscious that his interest in the youth beside him deepened with the con-

fimation of his suspicion. He hesitated for a moment, and then told his surname.

'Herder,' repeated the youth; 'I know that name. There's an old lady, Miss Field, who lives near us, a great friend of my mother's, who has a nephew named Herder. She often talks of him. George, she always calls him. But he's in Australia; been there for ever so long.'

Herder did not answer; the two resumed their talk upon fishing, and from that it turned upon other subjects. Herder encouraged young Vallance to talk, and gradually drew from him the leading particulars of his life. He spoke of his mother, his sister Katy, himself and his school-life, freely and unconstrainedly, for there was nothing to conceal.

The two had now reached the Bridgend Inn, a small, old-fashioned-looking hostelry, frequented by anglers, standing close to the bank of the stream, where it was crossed by a rustic wooden bridge. Herder and John Vallance entered the cool, little, sanded parlour, and George ordered some refreshment. The host brought them cold meat, bread and cheese, and a jug of beer; and off these simple viands the two made a merry lunch together. When Herder had paid for the refreshment, and John and he were leaving the inn, after chatting for a moment with the landlord, George said to his companion: 'It's time I were making my way to Plymouth again. There used to be a short path back to the town from here, across the hills. But I don't think I could find it myself, now.'

'Yes,' answered John; 'I can put you upon it in a few moments. I shall keep along the river for a bit longer, I think. There's the road, sir. Keep straight ahead, and it will take you into the town.'

'I am to be in Plymouth for a few days longer,' said Herder, 'and I hope we shall see each other again.'

'I hope so too, sir,' answered the boy heartily.

The two new friends parted very cordially.

Before Herder reached the town again, he had resolved to visit Mrs Vallance. When he had parted from his aunt in the morning, she had told him he should do so, and he had answered her with a half-promise, not himself certain that he wished to follow her advice immediately, though the intention of making himself known sooner or later to Mrs Vallance had been in his thoughts since his conversation with Hammond. The events of the morning had had the effect of quickening his intention. He knew the cottage in which Mrs Vallance lived; he had been directed to it by Miss Field, and he had to pass it in returning to his aunt's house. He rang the bell; and instead of its being answered by a servant, the door was opened by Mrs Vallance herself. The single maid-servant of the family was out for the afternoon. Brought thus suddenly face to face with Mrs Vallance, George was for a moment taken somewhat aback, but in the next he felt almost certain that he was recognised. A quick, slightly startled, half-doubtful look came into Mrs Vallance's face.

'Mrs Vallance,' he said, 'do you know an old friend?' His voice confirmed her recognition.

'You are—George Herder,' she answered in a low voice, which, despite the effort made to control it, trembled. She led him into a little sitting-room.

'You knew me again very quickly, Mrs Vallance,' George began in a rather hurried manner; 'as

quickly as I did you. I saw you the other night at Mrs Norcott's.

'Were you there? How did I never see you?' Her voice was still not very firm.

'Easily enough; I was with Fred Hammond. We did not stay long, and I kept a good deal in the background, for I knew no one. I did not see you till just before we left, while you were playing.'

The meeting might have seemed to a casual onlooker a very ordinary one, and to one of an emotional nature, who was aware of nothing further than that the two were old friends, less cordial than the occasion warranted. But Herder was an undemonstrative man, not through sluggishness, but through shyness of temperament; and Kate Vallance's life had been such as had tended to subdue in her the outward expression of emotion. George Herder narrated to his listener the chief events of his colonial life; and Kate related her history since the two had parted. And thus it was that, with old memories, waked to new life, stirring in the heart of each, the two met and talked with scarcely the expressed warmth of old friends. By-and-by, Katy Vallance, returning from afternoon school, entered the room, and was introduced to the stranger.

'You will stay to tea with us, Mr Herder, will you not, and wait till John comes back?' Mrs Vallance said; and George consented, although he was due at his aunt's to six-o'clock dinner.

John Vallance's sport improved as the day wore on, and he lingered late by the river. His mother and sister, with George Herder, were standing in the verandah of their cottage, awaiting his return, and John saw, as he drew near the house, the third figure of the party. The sight somewhat surprised him, for visitors of the male sex were not frequent at the cottage; but his surprise was increased tenfold when he made out the figure and face of his friend of the morning.

'John,' said Mrs Vallance, when her son had approached, 'this is an old friend of mine, who tells me that you and he have already met. He is the nephew of Miss Field, and went to Australia many years ago, as you have heard her tell. His coming back has taken us all by surprise.'

'Why, when I mentioned Miss Field's name this morning you never said anything!' said John.

'No; I must ask your pardon for that little deception,' said Herder with a smile. 'I was not sure at the time that we should meet again so soon.'

There seemed to John Vallance to be not a little mystery about the stranger, but he was content to leave events to explain themselves. Herder staid a short time after tea at the cottage, and then took his leave. A day or two after, he was there again with his aunt. George found himself lingering in Plymouth far longer than he had intended. His aunt pressed him to extend his visit, and he fell in very readily with her wish. Soon John Vallance and his sister became accustomed to the sight of Herder's brown beard, and kindly, sun-bronzed face, at their home, and the friendship between George and the young people grew and ripened.

Herder had been more than a month at Plymouth, when one afternoon he made his way to the Vallances' cottage with a fixed purpose in his mind. He found Mrs Vallance sitting alone in the little garden in front of the house. George

came direct to the matter. 'Kate,' he said quietly, but not without a tremor in his voice, 'I don't know whether I can offer you the same sort of love as I did long ago. I suppose a young fellow's love is necessarily somewhat different from that of a middle-aged man's, but I can promise the true affection of one who has not thought of any other woman since he gave up hope of you. Can you accept it? I am going to London to-morrow, to write and arrange matters with my business men in Australia. I have staid in England about as long as I had intended. Am I to return to my bush-life, or to remain here for good? It depends upon you.'

Kate Vallance placed her hand in Herder's. 'Then I think we should all like your to stay, George,' she said.

It was but a few minutes after this that John and Katy Vallance returned from an afternoon's walk.

'John,' said Herder, with his hand on the boy's shoulder, 'step-fathers are not always represented as popular people, either in books or in real life. But supposing I were to become yours would we be the worse friends, think you?'

'No, sir; I think not,' answered John with simple heartiness: 'I have never known a father, and I will gladly take you for one.'

'And Katy,' continued Herder, turning to the girl, and drawing her to his side, 'I know you will say the same as John.'

Next morning, Herder was in London, and in the evening of the same day found himself at Hammond's lodgings. Fred listened to his friend's brief statement with a quiet smile. When it was finished, he said: 'A month ago, you remember, I asked you how your little story was to end, and you gave me but a doubtful answer. I had my own thoughts at the time, though I did not venture on prophecy. You have answered me now in the most satisfactory way. I congratulate you, George, most heartily; and all I ask is, that you let me be your "best-man."'

#### THE ALLEGED DEGENERATION OF MAN.

SOME recent athletic feats, particularly that of Captain Webb, in swimming across the Channel from Dover to Calais, have drawn attention to the important fact, that physical strength, so far from degenerating with the progress of civilisation and luxury, is absolutely increasing and becoming more effective. On this subject, which is well worth discussing, the *Spectator* newspaper has the following very interesting remarks.

'There never was a delusion with less evidence for it, except a permanent impression among mankind, which is often the result, not of accumulated experience, but of an ever-renewing discontent with the actual state of things. There is not the slightest evidence anywhere that man was ever bigger, stronger, swifter, or more enduring under the same conditions of food and climate than he is now. As to bigness, the evidence is positive. Modern Egyptians are as big as the mummies who were conquerors in their day, and modern Englishmen are bigger. There are not in existence a thousand coats of armour which an English regiment could put on. Very few moderns can use ancient swords, because the hilts are too small for their hands. Endless wealth and skill



were expended in picking gladiators, and there is no evidence that a man among them was as big or as strong as Shaw. No skeleton, no statue, no picture indicates that men in general were ever bigger. The Jews of to-day are as large as they were in Egypt, or larger. The people of the Romagna have all the bearing and more than the size of the Roman soldiery. No feat is recorded as usual with Greek athletes which English acrobats could not perform now. There is no naked savage tribe which naked Cornishmen or Yorkshiremen could not strangle. No race exists of which a thousand men similarly armed would defeat an English, or German, or Russian regiment of equal numbers. Nothing is recorded of our forefathers here in England which Englishmen could not do, unless it be some feats of archery, which were the result of a long training of the eye continued for generations. The most civilised and luxurious family that ever existed, the European Royal caste, is physically as big, as healthy, and as powerful as any people of whom we have any account that science can accept. Thiers' Frenchman is Cæsar's Gaul in all bodily conditions, and with an increased power of keeping alive, which may be partly owing to improved conditions of living, but is probably owing still more to developed vitality. There is no evidence that even the feeble races are feebler than they became after their first acclimatisation. The Bengalee was what we know him twelve hundred years ago, and the Chinaman was represented on porcelain just as he is now before the birth of Christ. No race ever multiplied like the Anglo-Saxon, which has had no advantage of climate, and till lately no particular advantage of food. Physical condition depends on physical conditions, and why should a race better fed, better clothed, and better housed than it ever was before degenerate? Because it eats corn instead of berries? Compare the Californian and the Digger Indian. Because it wears clothes? The wearing of clothes, if burdensome—which the experience of army doctors in India as to the best costume for marching makes excessively doubtful, they declaring unanimously that breechless men suffer from varicose veins as men wearing trousers do not—must operate as a permanent physical training. You carry weight habitually. Because they keep indoors? Compare English professionals with Tasmanian savages, living in identically the same climate, but living out of doors. The conditions of civilisation not only do not prohibit Captain Webb, who would have out-walked, out-swum, or strangled any German that Tacitus ever romanced about, but they enable him to live to seventy instead of dying at forty-five, as two thousand years ago he, then probably a slave bred for the arena, would have done. That races have degenerated in what we may call the physical-moral qualities is incontestable, or, at least, having the fear of the Duke of Argyll before our eyes, we will not contest it—though we do not believe the Greek Klept to be the inferior of the Spartan in courage, or the men who defended Bhurtpore to be more timorous than the men who were defeated with Porus—but of physical degeneracy without change of food or climate we can find no authentic trace. The illusion is a mere result of discontent, and of inability to see facts through the mist in which time kindly enshrouds them. That the human race, even

under the best conditions, advances very little in physical capacities, is true, but then it is true also that those conditions are fatal to the most powerful of the old improving forces, the survival of the fittest. Still an advance is perceptible in vital power, and we question whether a Greek swimmer would ever have crossed from Dover to Calais, just as strongly as we question whether the ancient world ever possessed a horse which would have achieved a place at Epsom. Why should men grow feeble in civilisation any more than horses?'

#### THE MISSING SHIP.

Bright gallantly, that morning hour,  
From harbour she sailed forth;  
Five hundred sunny hearts on board,  
A thousand bales of worth—

A little kingdom on the sea,  
A little heaven of hopes,  
And whistled merrily the winds,  
And seaman at the ropes.

Oh, what a picture-gallery  
Was in those wooden walls!  
Each man was painting out his dream  
Of woods and waterfalls;

Of corn-fields bowing to the sun;  
Of kine on sweet green-sward:  
These were to be, across the sea,  
And he of all, the lord!

No wonder 'twas, though hard to part  
From all beloved of yore,  
That such a shout rang from the ship,  
And such a shout from shore!

They went. They're gone from mortal ken,  
(God only knoweth where;  
Full many a fathom deep, perchance,  
Each with his dream so fair.

Not one shall ever come to tell  
Of how and when they died:  
If thirsting in a burning calm,  
Or whelmed beneath the tide:

If storm, or rock, or horrid fire,  
The fatal havoc made:  
If some went mad, if some blasphemed,  
If some embraced and prayed.

'Tis many a day since died our hopes;  
Long since they left our coast:  
God pity them as we do! Then  
None should be mourned as lost.

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Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, 47 Paternoster Row, LONDON, and 339 High Street, EDINBURGH.  
Also sold by all Booksellers.

# CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

OF

POPULAR

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

*Fourth Series*

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS.

No. 616.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 16, 1875.

PRICE 1½d.

## OUR FEATHERED NEIGHBOURS.

### PARTRIDGES.

My own territory is not extensive; but my friend the 'squire' is very glad to see me trudging about his farms whenever I am so inclined. Richard, the keeper, however, is my particular friend, and a very intelligent man he is in his way. Sometimes I join him in going his rounds, and thereby I have obtained a stock of useful and original information concerning partridges and pheasants.

There is one point upon which Richard and I do not agree. He says that in the autumn, when the cold weather approaches, the parent birds separate from each other; their companionship is dissolved; and in the following 'pairing season' each chooses a mate without any regard to any former connection. But I cannot agree with Richard in this particular, and I will state my reasons for holding my own opinion. Rooks are known to occupy the same nest for several years in succession, an arrangement which would certainly lead to serious misunderstanding, and no little fighting, if they were not tenanted by the same couples. Swallows, after six months' sojourn in Africa, will come back, and occupy the nests they built the year before, beneath the eaves of your house. Ravens, magpies, and the generality of solitary birds, are known to keep up their association throughout the winter, and continue their connubial state until one or both fall victims to the gun, or otherwise die. I remember to have seen a partridge sitting on her eggs in a meadow not more than fifty yards from a tolerably well-frequented garden. In that situation she would remain perfectly quiet, though several persons went to look at her in the course of the day. She would also take the food that was thrown to her, without manifesting any signs of fear. The male bird was much more shy, and would not remain in sight if he were watched. The following season they took up their dwelling on the same spot, but, for some reason, they were rather late in bringing out their brood; and before

that event took place, it was found necessary to mow the grass. However, a certain portion was left for the birds' convenience; and soon after the young ones were hatched, they all disappeared together; and the following year we saw nothing of them. I have a strong notion, however, that for the two years they were the same pair of birds.

My argument, I acknowledge, has not as yet convinced my friend Richard. He maintains, on the contrary, that in the month of February or March it is as good as a play to see them go through a variety of antics with a view to pairing. I do not deny this for a moment, but I consider that these may be the last year's birds, which are mating for the first time. Nor do I say that the anticipation of spring may not have an influence on the older birds, so as to make them exhibit a renewal of their earlier frolics. Though they mate thus early in the year, it is not until towards the month of May that they begin to make preparation for a future brood of young ones. I may here remark that amongst partridges there is something peculiar, and perhaps amusing. The number of male birds is greater than that of the hens, consequently, they cannot all be suitably accommodated with mates. Some of them are destined to pass a season, at least, in a state of bachelordom. At the beginning of the period of incubation, these unfortunate ones may be heard to utter a peculiar note in the evening twilight, which experienced keepers say is a bemoaning of their unhappy lot, or a late and desperate appeal to any disengaged lady partridge to take pity upon them.

It can scarcely be said that they build any nest at all. They often take up their position on a tuft of grass in the open field, but occasionally they will exercise more discretion, and select a really secluded spot in the hedge-bottom, or amidst the thicket of a whin-bush, where the hen lays from twelve to twenty eggs. It is at this time that we, by careful observation, may become aware of the many dangers and enemies by which the partridge is beset, and when duly considered, it is surprising that so many come to maturity. The hedgehog, if once he discovers the spot where the partridge's

eggs are laid, will watch for hours for an opportunity of pilfering the poor bird's store. At last, when its patience is exhausted, and relying on its defensive armour, it will boldly attack the hen, drive her from the nest, and feast on the eggs. The stoat, the weasel, and the rat are often most destructive, if they have but a chance; and the keepers, not having faith in the doctrine propounded by the late Mr Waterton about the balance of nature, shew no mercy to such 'vermin,' whenever they come in their way. A host of birds may be reckoned amongst the enemies of the partridge. The carrion crow and the raven are well known to be constantly ready to make a raid on a nest of eggs. Even the rook—whose character is none of the best, in Richard's estimation—if once it obtains a taste for such luxuries, is said to take as many as can be found. This, however, requires confirmation. Jays and magpies are particularly keen in availing themselves of the first opportunity of committing a robbery in the absence of the parent birds. According to keepers' law, not one of these creatures should live, except the rook, which, being a doubtful subject, is allowed the benefit thereof.

Few people imagine that the country is so numerously stocked with rats as it seems to be. Many of the hedgerows almost swarm with them. One day, in our rounds, we heard a peculiar squeak, as of some animal in pain.

'What's that?' I inquired.

'It's a leveret,' replied Richard; 'I should think a weasel has got hold of him.'

A slight movement amongst the turnips was sufficient to induce the keeper to take aim, and immediately after we found a large rat, which had been shot in the midst of his dainty dining.

'I killed eighteen of these gentry in that hedgerow only last week,' exclaimed Richard in disgust; 'they come out from the houses in the summer-time.'

The partridge sits very closely for three weeks and three days, when occasionally the young birds may be seen to run off before they are entirely divested of the shell. Both parent birds will defend their brood with wonderful courage; and even when surprised by man himself, they will cover the retreat of the young ones, as if altogether regardless of their own danger. It is also curious to notice, that when but a few hours old, the baby partridges disappear in a most mysterious manner, creeping beneath grass which would seem quite inadequate to afford them shelter. Often have I suddenly come upon a very young brood, when both the old and young birds would set up a great cry of alarm; but in a moment or so, they had all vanished, as it were by magic, beneath the ground. The hen partridge has the reputation of being a good mother, and it is no more than she truly deserves. She sits very closely on her eggs, and is materially assisted by the male in the defence of the young birds, in case of danger. It is therefore seldom that their eggs are taken for the purpose of

setting them under a barn-door fowl. This, however, is done in some instances, for example, when the nest is exposed to peculiar danger, and there is little chance of the brood being brought out; or where the hen has been driven away by one of its numerous enemies, and the eggs are rescued in time. Otherwise, it is considered far more profitable to let them take their natural course.

With the pheasants it is very different. The hen is not a close sitter, nor does the male bird—which unlike the partridge, has many wives—shew any regard whatever for his progeny. The keepers therefore frequently take their eggs and place them under the common fowl. As soon as they are hatched, they are taken into the woods, the mother being kept under a coop, whilst the chicks have comparative liberty.

'I've a nice lot of young birds, sir, in the cover there,' said Richard—'if you can manage to get through the hedge,' he added.

Surmounting the obstacle without any particular difficulty, we entered the wood. The hens repeatedly poked their heads through the bars of their coops, as if they fully understood for what purpose the keeper had come; but the young pheasants were not to be seen. The keeper whistled repeatedly in a low soft key for some time, perhaps for four or five minutes, when, in a weird-like manner, the young birds came silently from the thickets. They did not follow one another, but each seemed to converge individually from its own special hiding-place. It reminded me of Roderick Dhu's warriors that appeared so mysteriously when summoned by their leader.

'You see,' said Richard, 'these birds are rather late; they all look like hens; but I've another lot, which I'll shew you by-and-by, that are beginning to shew better plumage.'

They manifested no signs of fear, but took their food with as much unconcern as though they had been domestic chickens. I expressed a hint that it seemed almost cruel to shoot the creatures at some future day, after having been made pets of for so long a time.

'That's just what the squire says,' replied Richard; 'but, bless you, sir, we shan't know 'em when they get away; and besides, if they had been young ducks or chicks they'd have had their heads chopped off or their necks twisted; and I'm sure it's far better, and more sportsman-like for 'em to be shot handsome and done with.'

Richard evidently was of the same opinion with the old general who declared of soldiers: 'Few die a death less painful, none a more honourable one.'

When the harvest has begun, especially if it be early, and some weeks have to elapse before the first of September, the keepers have a busy time. They ought frequently to be in the fields during the process of 'cutting,' to see that the birds are not frightened more than is absolutely necessary, and thus rendered wild and difficult to approach. If the harvest is late, and much corn is left

standing, the birds, especially in cold or windy weather, will lie close, to the great annoyance of the sportsman. Both the numbers and condition of the birds are considerably affected by the weather; a cold, wet spring is not favourable, but a genial atmosphere, as may be expected, will produce fine coveys. I have counted nineteen birds, all strong and active, which had been reared by one pair. Thirteen or fifteen are not to be considered at all extraordinary as to numbers, though some, of course, are less, from various accidents.

'Ah! sir,' says Richard, 'but partridge-shooting isn't what it was. It was bonny sport in my young days. Gentlemen then wasn't above walking through the stubble in the early part of the day. We knew nothing about "beaters" in them times. To be sure, the stubble was longer then than it is now. Them new mowing-machines don't leave behind 'em enough to shelter a cock-sparrow. It's many a hundred brace of birds as I've seen brought down, particularly when the corn was in stook. 'Twas a pretty sight to see a brace o' good setters or pointers at work; but, bless you, sir, they are of little use now. It's only retrievers as are thought anything of. Once upon a time,' continued the keeper, 'it was considered no bad thing if a gentleman had five hundred acres of well-stocked land to shoot over. It made a good long day for himself and a friend or two. But it's all altered now. What with "driving in," and "walking down," and breech-loaders, gentlemen have nought to do but "blaze away" as hard as they can for a few hours, with precious little trouble to themselves; and the next morning they read their own names in the papers, and the "heads" of game they killed—as though killing was the great object of a sportsman—which it oughtn't to be, sir.'

Doubtless, there is a considerable amount of truth in Richard's opinion.

## THE FLAG OF DISTRESS.

### CHAPTER XXX.—THE LAST LOOK.

'UP anchor!' The order rings along the deck of the *Crusader*, and the men of the watch stand by the windlass to execute it.

That same morning, Crozier and Cadwallader, turning out of their cots, heard with surprise the order for sending up the 'Blue-Peter,' as also that the ship was to weigh anchor by twelve o'clock noon. Of course, they were expecting it, but not so soon. However, the arrival of the corvette explains it, an officer from the latter vessel having already come on board the *Crusader* with despatches from the flag-ship of the Pacific squadron.

These contain orders for the frigate to set sail for the Sandwich Islands without any delay; the corvette to replace her on the San Francisco station. The despatch-bearer has also brought a mail; and the *Crusader's* people get letters—home-news, welcome to those who have been long away from their native land; for the frigate has been three years cruising in the South Sea. Something more than mere news several of her officers receive. In large envelopes, addressed to them, and bearing the British Admiralty seal, are documents of

peculiar interest—commissions giving them promotion. Among the rest, one reaches Crozier, advancing him a step in rank. His ability as an officer has been reported at headquarters; as also his gallant conduct in having saved a sailor's life, rescued him from drowning—that sailor Harry Blew. In all probability, this has obtained him his promotion; but whatever the cause, he will leave San Francisco a lieutenant.

There are few officers, naval or military, who would not feel favoured and joyous at such an event in their lives. It has no such effect upon Edward Crozier. On the contrary, as the white canvas is being spread above his head, there is a black shadow upon his brow, while that of Cadwallader is also clouded. It is not from any regret at leaving California; but leaving it under circumstances that painfully impress them. The occurrences of the day before, but more those of the night, have revealed a state of things that suggest unpleasant reflections, especially to Crozier. He cannot cast out of his mind the sinister impression made upon it by the discovery that Don Francisco de Lara—his rival for the hand of Carmen Montijo—is no other than the notorious 'Frank Lara,' of whom he had frequently heard—the keeper of a Monté table in the saloon El Dorado! Now he knows it, and the knowledge afflicts him, to the laceration of his heart. No wonder at the formality of that letter which he addresses to Don Gregorio, or the insinuation conveyed by it. Nor strange the cold compliments with which it was concluded; far stranger had they been warm. Among other unpleasant thoughts which the young officers have, on being so soon summoned away, is that of leaving matters unsettled with Messrs De Lara and Calderon. Not that they have any longer either design or desire to stand before such cut-throats in a duel, nor any shame in shunning it. Their last encounter with the scoundrels would absolve them from all stigma, or disgrace in refusing to fight them—even were there time and opportunity. So, they need have no fear that their honour will suffer, or that any one will apply to them the opprobrious epithet—*lèche*. Indeed, they have not, and their only regret is at not being able to spend another hour in San Francisco, in order that they might look up the intending assassins, and give them into the custody of the police. But then that would lead to a difficulty that had better be avoided—the necessity of leaving their ship, and staying to prosecute a criminal action in courts where the guilty criminal is quite as likely to be favoured as the innocent prosecutor. It is not, to be thought of, and long before the *Crusader's* anchor is lifted, they cease thinking of it.

Crozier's last act before leaving port is to write that letter to Don Gregorio; Cadwallader's to carry it ashore, and deliver it to Harry Blew. Then, in less than twenty minutes after the midshipman regains footing on the frigate's deck, the order is issued for her sails to be sheeted home, the canvas hanging corrugated from her yards is drawn taut,

the anchor hauled apeak, and the huge leviathan, obedient to her helm, held in strong hands, is brought round, with head towards the Golden Gate. The wind catches her spread sails, bellies them out, and in five minutes more, with the British flag floating proudly over her taffrail, she passes out of the harbour; leaving many a vessel behind, whose captains, for the want of a crew, bewail their inability to follow her.

But there are eyes following her, from farther off—beautiful eyes, that express sadness of a different kind, and from a different cause. Carmen Montijo and Inez Alvarez again stand upon the azotea, glasses in hand. Instead, there should have been kerchiefs—white kerchiefs—waving adieu. And there would have been, but for those chilling words: 'Parting compliments to the señoritas.' Strange last words for lovers! *Santis-sima!* what could it mean? So reflect they to whom they were sent, as they stand in saddened attitude, watching the war-ship, and straining their eyes upon her, till rounding Telegraph Hill she disappears from their sight.

Equally sad are two young officers on the departing ship. They too stand with glasses in hand levelled upon the house of Don Gregorio Montijo. They can see, as once before, two heads over the parapet, and, as before, recognise them; but not as before, or with the same feelings, do they regard them. All is changed now, everything doubtful and indefinite, where it might be supposed everything had been satisfactorily arranged. But it has not—especially in the estimation of Crozier; whose dissatisfaction is shewn in a soliloquy to which he gives utterance, as Telegraph Hill, interfering with his field of view, causes him to lay aside his telescope.

'Carmen Montijo!' he exclaims, crushing the telescope to its shortest, and returning it to its case. 'To think of a "sport"—a common gambler—even having acquaintance with her—far less presuming to make love to her!'

'More than gamblers—both of them,' adds Cadwallader by his side. 'Robbers—murderers—anything if they only had the chance.'

'Ay, true, Will; everything vile and vulgar. Don't it make you mad to think of it?'

'No, not mad. That isn't the feeling I have; but fear.'

'Fear! Of what?'

'That the scoundrels may do some harm to our girls. As we know now, they're up to anything. Since they don't stick at assassination, they won't at abduction. I hope your letter to Don Gregorio may open his eyes about them, and put him on his guard. Inez! who's to protect her? I'd give all I have in the world to be sure of her getting safely embarked in that Chilean ship. Once there, dear old Harry will take care of her—of them both.'

Cadwallader's words seem strangely to affect his companion, changing the expression upon his countenance. It is still shadowed, but the cloud

is of a different kind. From anger, it has altered to anxiety!

'You've struck a chord, Will, that, while not soothing the old pain, gives me a new one. I wasn't thinking of that; my thoughts were all occupied with the other trouble—you understand?'

'I do; at the same time, I think you make too much of the other trouble, as you term it. I confess it troubles me too, a little; though, perhaps, not so much as it does you. And luckily less, the more I reflect on it. After all, there don't seem so much to be bothered about. As you know, Ned, it's a common thing among Spanish Americans—whose customs are altogether unlike our own—to have gamblers going into their best society. Besides, I can tell you something that may comfort you a little—a bit of information I had from Inez, as we were *platicando* along the road on our ride. It was natural she should speak about the sky-blue fellow, and my sticking his horse in the hip.'

'What did she say?' asks Crozier, with newly awakened interest.

'That he was a gentleman by birth; but falling fast, and indeed quite down.'

'And De Lara: did she say aught of him?'

'She did; she spoke of him still more disparagingly, though knowing him less. She said he had been introduced to them by the other, and they were accustomed to meet him on occasions. But of late they had learned more of him; and learning this, her aunt—your Carmen—had become very desirous of cutting his acquaintance, as indeed all of them. That they intended doing it—even if they had remained in California. But now—now that they were leaving it, they did not like to humiliate him by giving him the *congé* he deserved.'

Crozier, with eyes earnestly fixed upon Cadwallader, has listened to the explanation. At its close, he cries out, grasping his comrade's hand: 'Will! you've lifted a load from my heart. I now see daylight where all seemed darkness; and beholding yonder hill, feel the truth of Campbell's splendid lines:

A kiss can consecrate the ground,  
Where mated hearts are mutual bound;  
The spot, where love's first links are wound,  
That ne'er are riven,  
Is hallowed down to Earth's profound,  
And up to Heaven!

After repeating the poet's passionate words, Crozier stands gazing on a spot so consecrated to him—the summit of the hill—where, just twenty-four hours ago, he spoke love's last appeal to Carmen Montijo. For the *Crusader* has passed out through the Golden Gate, and is now beating down the coast of the Pacific. Cadwallader's eyes, with equal interest, are turned upon the same spot, and for some time both are silent, absorbed in sweet reflection; recalling all that occurred in a scene whose slightest incident neither can ever forget. Only when the land looms low, and the outlines of the San Bruno Mountains begin to blend with the purpling sky, does shadow again loom on the countenances of the young officers. But now it is different, no longer expressing chagrin, nor the rancour of jealousy; but doubt, apprehension, fear, for the

dear ones left behind. Still the cloud has a silver lining, and that is—Harry Blew.

#### CHAPTER XXXI.—A SOLEMN COMPACT.

A cottage of the old Californian kind—in other words, a *rancho*; one of the humblest of these humble dwellings—the homes of the Spanish-American poor. It is a mere hut, thatched with a species of sea-shore grass, the 'broom-bent' seen growing in the *medanos* (sand-dunes) near by. For it is by the sea, or within sight of it; itself inconspicuous by reason of rugged rocks, that cluster around and soar up behind, forming a background in keeping with the rude architectural style of the dwelling. From the land-side it is approachable by devious and difficult paths, only known to a few intimate friends of its owner.

From the sea, equally difficult, for the little cove leading up to it would not have depth sufficient to permit the passage of a boat, but for a tiny stream trickling seaward, which has furrowed out a channel in the sand. That by this boats can enter the cove, is evident from one being seen moored near its inner end, in front of, and not far from the hovel. As it is a craft of the kind generally used by Californian fishermen—more especially those who hunt the fur-seal—it may be deduced, that the owner of the hut is a seal-hunter.

This is his profession reputedly; though there are some who ascribe to him callings of a different kind; among others, insinuating, that he occasionally does business as a *contrabandista*.

Whether true or not, Rafael Rocas—for he is the owner of the hut—is not the man to trouble himself about denying it. He would scarce consider smuggling an aspersion on his character; and indeed, under old Mexican administration, it would have been but slight blame or shame to him. And not such a great deal either under the new, at the time of which we write, but perhaps even less. Compared with other crimes then rife in California, contrabandism might almost be reckoned an honest calling.

But Rafael Rocas has a repute for doings of a yet darker kind. With those slightly acquainted with him, it is only suspicion; but a few of his more intimate associates can say for certain, that he is not disinclined to a stroke either of road-robbery, or a job at house-breaking; so that, if times have changed for the worse, he has not needed any change to keep pace with them.

It is the day on which the *Crusader* sailed from San Francisco Bay, and he is in his hut; not alone, but in the company of three men, in personal appearance altogether unlike himself. While he wears the common garb of a Californian fisherman—loose pea-coat of coarse canvas, rough water-boots, and seal-skin cap—they are attired in costly stuffs—cloaks of finest broadcloth, *jaquetas* of rich velvet, and calzoneras, lashed with gold-lace, and gleaming with constellations of buttons.

Notwithstanding the showy magnificence of his guests, the seal-hunter, smuggler, or whatever he may be, does not appear to treat them with any obsequious deference. On the contrary, he is engaged with them in familiar converse, and, by his tone and gestures, shewing that he feels himself quite their equal.

Two of the individuals thus oddly consorting

are already well known to the reader—the third but slightly. The former are Francisco de Lara and Faustino Calderon; the latter is Don Manuel Diaz, famed for his fighting-cocks. The first two have just entered under Rocas' roof, finding the cock-fighter already there, as De Lara predicted.

After welcoming his newly arrived guests in Spanish-American fashion, placing his house at their disposal—'*Mia casa a la disposicion de Vms*'—the seal-hunter has set before them a bottle of his best liquor—this being *aguardiente* of Tequila. They have taken off their outer apparel—cloaks and hats—and are seated around a small deal table, the only one the shanty contains—its furniture being of the most primitive kind.

Some conversation of a desultory nature has passed between them, and they have now entered on a subject more interesting and particular, the key-note having been struck by De Lara. He opens by asking a question:

'Caballeros! do you want to be rich?'

All three laugh while simultaneously answering: '*Carramba!* Yes.'

Diaz adds: 'I've heard many an idle interrogatory; but never, in all my life, one so superfluous as yours; not even when there's twenty to one offered against a staggering cock.'

Rocas inquires: 'What do ye call rich, Don Francisco?'

'Well,' responds the Monté dealer, 'say sixty thousand dollars. I suppose you'd consider that sufficient to bestow the title?'

'Certainly; not only the title, but the substantial and real thing. If I'd only the half of it, I'd give up chasing seals.'

'And I cock-fighting,' put in Diaz; 'that is, so far as to look to it for a living; though I might still fight a main for pastime's sake. With sixty thousand dollars at my back, I'd go for being a grand ganadero, like friend Faustino here, whose horses and horned cattle yield him such a handsome income.'

The other three laugh at this, since it is known to all of them that the ganadero has long since got rid of his horses and horned cattle.

'Well, gentlemen,' says De Lara, after this bit of preliminary skirmishing, 'I can promise each of you the sum I speak of, if you're willing to go in with me in a little affair I've fixed upon. Are you the men for it?'

'Your second question is more sensible than the first, though equally uncalled for, at least so far as concerns me. I'm the man to go in for anything which promises to make me the owner of sixty thousand dollars.'

It is Diaz who thus unconditionally declares himself. The seal-hunter endorses it by a declaration of like daring nature. Calderon simply nods assent, but in a knowing manner. He is supposed to be already acquainted with De Lara's design.

'Now, Don Francisco! let's know what you're driving at?' demands Diaz, adding: 'Have you struck a *veta*, or discovered a rich *placer*? If so, we're ready for either rock-mining or pan-washing, so long as the labour's not too hard. Speak out, and tell us what it is. The thought of clutching such a pretty prize makes a man impatient.'

'Well, I'll let you into the secret so far—it is a *veta*—a grand gold mine—but one that will

need neither rock-crushing nor mud-cradling. The gold has been already gathered; and lies in a certain place, all in a lump; only waiting transport to some other place, which we may select at our leisure.'

'Your words sound well,' remarks Don Manuel.

'Wonderful well,' echoes Rocas.

'Are they not too good to be true?' asks Diaz.

'No. They're true as good. Not a bit of exaggeration, I assure you. The gold only wants to be got at, and then to be taken.'

'Ah! there may be some difficulty about that?' rejoins the doubting Diaz.

'Do you expect to finger sixty thousand pesos, without taking the trouble to stretch out your hand?'

'O no. I'm not so unreasonable. For that I'd be willing to stretch out both hands, with a knife in one and a pistol in the other.'

'Well, it's not likely to need either, if skilfully managed. I ask you again, are you the men to go in for it?'

'I'm one,' answers Diaz.

'And I another,' growls Rocas, whose manner tells that he already knows what the Monté-dealer means.

'I'm not going to say no,' assents Calderon, glancing sympathetically at the questioner.

'Enough!' says De Lara; 'so far as you consent to the partnership. But before entering fully into it, it will be necessary to have a more thorough understanding, as also a more formal one. Are you willing to be bound that there shall be truth between us?'

'We are!' is the simultaneous response of all three.

'And fidelity to the death?'

'To the death!'

'Bueno! But we must take an oath to that effect. After that, you shall know what it's for. Enough now to say it's a thing that needs swearing upon. If there's to be treason, there shall be perjury also. Are you ready to take the oath?'

They signify assent unanimously.

'To your feet, then!' commands the chief conspirator. 'It will be more seemly to take it standing.'

All four spring up from their chairs, and stand facing the table. De Lara draws a dagger and lays it down before him. The others have their stiletos too—a weapon carried by most Spanish Californians. Each exhibits his own, laying it beside that already on the table. With the four De Lara forms a cross—Maltese fashion—and then standing erect, Diaz opposite, Rocas and Calderon on either flank—he repeats in firm, solemn voice, the others after him:

*'In the deed we this day agree to do, acting together and jointly, we swear to be true to each other—to stand by one another, if need be, to the death; to keep what we do a secret from all the world; and if any one betray it, the other three swear to follow him wherever he may flee, seek him wherever he may shelter himself, and take vengeance upon him by taking his life. If any of us fail in this oath, may we be accursed ever after!'*

This infamous ceremony duly ratified, a drink of the fiery spirit of the mezcal plant is a fit finale; which quaffed, they take up their stiletos, replace them in their sheaths, and again sitting down, listen to De Lara, to learn from him the

nature of that deed for doing which they have so solemnly compacted.

In a short time he makes it known in all its details, the disclosure calling for but a few words. It is after all but a common affair, though one that needs skill and courage. It is simply a 'bit of burglary,' but a big thing of its kind. He tells them of between two and three hundred thousand dollars' worth of gold-dust lying in a lone country-house, with no other protection than that of its owner, a feeble old man, with some half-score of Indian domestics.

There are but two of them to whom this is news—Diaz and Calderon. Rocas smiles while the revelation is being made; for he has been the original depository of the secret. It was that he communicated to De Lara, when on the day before he stopped him and Calderon at the tinacal of Dolores. It is not the first time for the seal-hunter to do business of a similar kind in conjunction with the gambler; who, like himself, has been accustomed to vary his professional pursuits. But as now, he has always acted under De Lara—whose clear, cool head and daring hand assure him leadership in any scheme requiring superior intelligence for its execution.

'How soon?' asks Diaz, after all has been declared. 'I should say the sooner the better.'

'You're right about that, Don Manuel,' rejoins Rocas.

'True,' assents De Lara. 'At the same time, caution must not be lost sight of. There's two of you know what danger we'd be in if we went near the town, or anywhere outside this snug little asylum of Señor Rocas, whose hospitality we may have to trench upon for some time. I don't know, Don Rafael, whether friend Diaz has told you of what happened last night?'

'He's given me a hint of it,' gruffly replies the smuggler.

'O yes,' puts in Diaz; 'I thought he might as well know.'

'Of course,' agrees De Lara. 'In that case, then, I've only to add that there will be no safety for us in San Francisco so long as the English man-o-war stays in port. He who broke our bank is rich enough to buy law, and can set its hounds after us by night, as by day. Until he and his ship are gone!—'

'The ship is gone,' says Rocas, interrupting.

'Ha! what makes you say that?'

'Because I know it.'

'How?'

'Simply by having seen her. Nothing like the eyes to give one assurance about anything—with a bit of glass to assist them. Through that thing up there—he points to an old telescope resting on hooks against the wall—'I saw the English frigate beating out by the Farralones when I was up on the cliff about an hour ago. I knew her from having seen her lying out in the bay. She's gone to sea, for sure.'

At this the others look surprised, as well as pleased; more especially Calderon. He need no longer fear encountering the much-dreaded midshipman, either in a duel or with his dirk.

'It's very strange,' says De Lara. 'I'd heard the Crusader was to sail soon, but not till another ship came to relieve her.'

'That ship has come,' returns Rocas—'a corvette. I saw her working up the coast last



evening, just before sunset. She was making for the Gate, and must be inside now.'

'If all this be true,' says the chief conspirator, 'we need lose no more time, but put on our masks, and bring the affair off at once. It's too late for doing anything to-night; but there's no reason why we shouldn't act to-morrow night, if it prove a dark one. We, four of us, will be strength enough for such a trifling affair. I thought of bringing Juan Lopez, our coöper, but I saw he wouldn't be needed. Besides, from the way he's been behaving lately, I've lost confidence in him. Another reason for leaving him out will be understood by all of you. In a matter of this kind, it isn't the more the merrier, though it is the fewer the better cheer. The yellow dust will divide bigger among four than five.'

'It will,' exclaims the cock-fighter with emphasis, shewing his satisfaction at what De Lara has done. He adds: 'To-morrow night, then, we are to act?'

'Yes, if it be a dark one. If not, 'twill be wiser to let things lie over for the next. A day can't make much difference; while the colour of the night may. A moonlit sky, or a clear starry one, might get us all where we'd see stars without any being visible—with a rope round our necks.'

'There'll be no moon to-morrow night,' puts in the smuggler, who, in this branch of his varied vocations, has been accustomed to take account of such things. 'At least,' he adds, 'none that will do us any harm. The fog's sure to be on before midnight; at this time of year, it always is. To-morrow night will be like the last—black as a pot of pitch.'

'True,' says De Lara, as a man of the sea, also having some slight meteorological knowledge. 'No doubt, 'twill be as you say, Rocas. In that case, we have nothing to fear. We can have the job done, and be back here before morning. Ah! then seated round this table, we'll not be like we are now—poor as rats; but every one with his pile before him—sixty thousand pesos.'

'Carramba!' exclaims Diaz, in a mocking tone, 'while saying vespers to-night, let's put in a special prayer for to-morrow night to be what Rocas says it will—black as a pot of pitch.'

The profane suggestion is hailed with a burst of ribald laughter; after which they set about preparing the *mascaras*, and other disguises, to be used in their nefarious enterprise.

residents in India, and from it are all the most direct routes to the interior of the Himálaya and Central Asia. It was here, therefore, that Mr Wilson made his final preparations for a journey which extended from Shipki, in Chinese Tibet, to the Sind valley, in Upper Kashmir, along the whole line of the Western Himálaya; not exactly over the tops of them, but through a series of elevated valleys, for the most part twelve thousand feet high, with passes ranging up to eighteen thousand feet.

The preparations for such a journey were necessarily rather formidable, especially for one who, when he started, was unable to mount a horse, or walk a hundred yards. A tent was the first necessity; and one constructed after the pattern of that used in Abyssinia by Lord Napier of Magdala was found to be by far the best that could have been procured for the purpose. In order to avoid taking a small army of coolies, the amount of provisions, tent furniture, &c. was cut down to the lowest point. In most villages, mutton, milk, and coarse flour could be procured. The need of stimulants in the highly rarefied air of the mountains is very slight, but a supply of compressed vegetables was indispensable.

The first part of the journey was along 'the Great Hindusthan and Tibet Road,' which stretches from Simla to the gloomy valley of the Sutlej. And along this road, which is in reality a mere bridle-path, running often without any parapet, and only seven or eight feet broad, across the face of enormous precipices and nearly precipitous slopes, Mr Wilson had to be carried in a *dandi*, the nearest approach to travelling in which, he says, 'is sitting in a half-reefed topsail in a storm, with the head and shoulders above the yard.' But so much do the bearers dislike this special work, that it is difficult, says our traveller, 'when the road is narrow, and the rocks are falling, and one's feet are dangling over a precipice, for the candid mind to avoid concluding they would be justified in throwing the whole concern over.' But the Narkanda Ghaut was reached at last, and here, at an elevation of nine thousand feet, a splendid view of the Sutlej valley and the snowy ranges beyond was obtained. To reach those snowy heights it was necessary first to descend into the burning valley. And Mr Wilson seems to have been haunted by a but too well-founded presentiment of evil as he did so. Yet the wonderful combinations of beauty and grandeur he met with in his path, might well compensate almost worse fears—at one moment catching a glimpse of snowy peaks rising twenty thousand feet high close above, and next minute looking down into a precipitous gorge thousands of feet deep. Green alps rising on every side, and Himálayan hamlets built on ridges of rock, or some green sloping meadow clothed with white flowers; and at every step giant trees, sometimes forty feet in circumference, waving their branches under the intense blue of the sky. It is pleasant to know that the

#### WANDERINGS IN THE HIMÁLAYA.\*

It was in the spring of 1873 that Mr Andrew Wilson—with whose writings many of our readers are doubtless familiar—started, an invalid in search of health, for the Indian hill-stations of Masúri and Simla, hoping to get a distant view of the Himálaya. But the first glimpse of the Jumnotri and Gangotri peaks 'excited longings there was no need to restrain,' and he determined to quit Simla, and place, as speedily as possible, a snowy range between himself and the Indian monsoon. Simla, purchased in 1822 from the Rana of Keonthul by the British government, has since then become the greatest sanatorium for English

\* *The Abode of Snow*. By Andrew Wilson. Blackwood & Sons.

conservancy of these cedar forests of the Sutlej is looked after by the 'Forest Department' in British India, so that the ruthless destruction which is the rule in the native states, will, we hope, be long prevented.

At Pangay, where the main road comes to an end, Mr Wilson bade adieu to civilisation, and prepared for tent-life, and fairly entered what he describes as the wildest and sublimest region of the earth. It was here he made his first acquaintance with the meaning of a granite avalanche. The whole mountain-side, including the road—or what had to serve as road—over which it was necessary to pass, was covered for a long way with huge blocks of gneiss and granite, while at one point it was necessary to wind over this rough footing, round a corner of the precipice, 'on two long poles which rested on a niche at the corner of the precipice which had to be turned, and which there met two corresponding poles from the opposite side.' A ticklish position for the most experienced traveller, but pleasant camping-ground was found near by, at a village, where there was also a Lama temple; and here and everywhere was to be seen the curious prayer-wheel, by the help of which the Lama prayer, *Oru mani pad me hanu*—which, freely translated, means, 'O God, consider the jewel in the lotus, amen'—is endlessly repeated. The journey from Lippe to Súguam was over a pass 14,354 feet high; and here, for the first time, Mr Wilson rode the yak or wild ox of Tibet. And if any one would like to have an idea of the comfort of riding this creature, he suggests he need only fasten two Prussian spiked helmets close together along the back of a great bull, and sent himself between them. Before Súguam was reached, he was compelled once more to have recourse to the *dandi*, and ultimately reached Pú (which, if our readers will take the trouble to consult a good map, they will see is on the immediate border of Chinese Tibet), more dead than alive; having been compelled to do ten miles of the distance on foot, or rather on hands and feet, along narrow ledges of slate, often with no path, but only a few hard ends of slate sticking out, and a few ropes of juniper branches to help the traveller across some frightful chasm; while it seemed to our already invalided hero as if the whole precipice had got into the habit of detaching itself in fragments into the river, which in these deep gorges foamed along at the rate of twenty miles an hour.

The 'Valley of the Shadow of Death,' as some one has not inaptly called the valley of the Sutlej, was destined to prove no pleasant halting-place. For a month Mr Wilson lay in his tent struggling with disease and misery. A Moravian missionary stationed here was absent, and his wife, a kindly, well-meaning woman, seems hardly to have been an efficient nurse; while the immediate proximity of scorpions, serpents, sandflies, and wild beasts kept the invalided man in a state of perpetual torment. With the return of the missionary, however, matters improved, and as soon as possible the

kindly German accompanied the invalid to higher ground, and together they set off for Shipki, in Chinese Tibet. In the course of that journey our attention is called to the geological formation of the rocks, and to the fact that 'across the Chinese border the mountains are rolling plains of quartz and whitish granite, probably containing great gold deposits.' Mr Wilson adduces adequate evidence to support his conclusion that important gold-fields are to be found in Chinese Tibet, the proper working of which has been effectually prevented hitherto, both by the Lama religion, and by the absence of the mechanical appliances of civilisation; but the fact itself may account in large measure for the jealous care with which foreigners are excluded from this land of mineral wealth.

The difficulties Mr Wilson himself encountered in his efforts to penetrate beyond the frontier are decidedly amusing, and serve to indicate a few of the peculiarities of the people. He had sent his servants in advance to Shipki, that they might pitch his little mountain-tent before his arrival; an undertaking which did not prove so easy as might have appeared probable. The reader must bear in mind, that Shipki is situated on the very steep slope of a hill, above a foaming river; that there is no level ground there, except the roofs of the houses, which are jealously guarded by huge Tibetan mastiffs, and the narrow terraced fields surrounded by prickly hedges on stone walls. Of course, the only apparently available spot was on one of these fields. But here a formidable obstacle presented itself, in the shape of a band of powerful, handsome, young Tartar women, who constituted themselves guardians of the ground, and shewed determined fight. In vain the Moravian missionary, who was with our traveller, argued fluently in Tibetan. His eloquence was wasted. To use force was impossible; for, to say nothing of the want of English gallantry such a proceeding would have implied, Mr Wilson very much doubts if these young Tartar women would not have proved more than a match for his handful of servants; and most certainly the men of the place would have found in any attempt 'at attack a pretext for a murderous assault. There appeared nothing for it but ignominiously to submit. But fortunately, a Lama, for whom, Mr Pagell, the missionary, had done some medical service, appeared on the spot, and offered the strangers a field of his own; on which for two nights they were permitted to encamp. But every attempt to proceed further proved unavailing. The Tibetans reasoned 'that wherever Englishmen set foot in a country, however peaceably at first, they ended by conquering it; that the only way to keep their country was to keep Englishmen out.' So without losing further time, Mr Wilson resolved to alter his route, and reach Kashnir by way of remote Tibetan provinces such as Zanskar.

Meanwhile he had heard more than enough of the cruelty of the people whose acquaintance he was so anxious to make; while some idea of their social condition may be gained from the fact that polyandry is not only tolerated, but is 'probably the common marriage custom of thirty millions of people,' being nearly universal throughout the Tibetan-speaking provinces. The people are enor-

mous eaters, and not over-particular as to the quality of their food. Ferocity is so much admired that, in order to create it, we find the people fond of eating putrid meat, and giving to infants a pap made of dried meat ground into powder and mixed with fresh blood; after which we need not be astonished to find the men strong to bear enormous burdens, and endure the long marches they are often compelled to make up and down their terrible mountains. Strong-nerved, too, to judge by the way they will cross their rivers, by means of the *jhūla* or twig bridges, made simply of two thick ropes of twigs stretched—sometimes at a considerable height over the river—a distance of from four to six feet apart, while another rope runs between them, three or four feet lower, connected with the upper ropes only by more slender twists of birch twig. It does not take a very vivid imagination to realise the sensations of the ordinary traveller who finds himself half-way across some roaring torrent, with merely a bending rope between himself and certain destruction. But then he is compensated for putting his neck in jeopardy by the sight of mountains like Lio Poryuil, which stands like a great fortress between Iran and Turan, between the dominions of the Aryan and the Tartar race, rising to a height of 22,183 feet. Its cream-coloured granite and quartz towers, walls, and aiguilles suggesting 'Milan cathedral magnified many million times.'

In the province of Lahant, through which Mr Wilson passed, he found the Moravians had created quite an oasis in the midst of the squalor and wildness of a sparse Himalayan population. They have their headquarters at Kaeleng, and their work, as Mr Wilson observes, is not to be judged by the number of their converts. They have translated almost the whole of the New Testament, and have scattered Christian publications over all the Tibetan-speaking countries, besides conducting extensive educational operations; and our readers are probably aware that, with Moravian missionaries, education includes a knowledge of agriculture, carpentry, masonry, &c.

Following the lie of the Himalaya, always in the loftier valleys, our traveller went over the great Schinkal Pass into the almost unknown province of Zanskar; and when about a day's journey from the capital—a really considerable village—he was overtaken in a snow-storm, and obliged to take refuge in a Tibetan house, into which he was admitted as a special favour. Though 'typical of Tibetan houses of the better class,' it does not seem to have been the place one would choose for a prolonged visit. The lower rooms were all occupied by ponies, sheep, and cattle, whilst the upper were partitioned off into a large room occupied by the women and children, a chapel, a store-room, and a principal apartment, which Mr Wilson shared with the husbands of the wife, and any wanderer who might drop in. A square hole in the roof admitted air, light, and snow. Smoke was expected to make its exit through this aperture, but generally declined doing so. 'Certainly the reader is not impressed with the comfort of a Tibetan residence, but Mr Wilson's detention was not of long duration. With the first abatement of the storm he proceeded on his way, and by a difficult, unusual, and by no means desirable route, at last descended to Kashmir. And here at Srinagar, the capital of the country, he rested for awhile,

the guest of the Resident, the late lamented Mr Le Poer Wynne.

The valley of Kashmir has been so often described, that its beauty and general characteristics are probably familiar to our readers. Yet much remains to be known. It must have been pleasant for the nearly worn-out traveller to find himself at last in one of the most delightful regions of the earth. In a valley six thousand feet above the sea, sixty miles long, and forty in breadth, surrounded and protected by magnificent mountains, with a temperate climate, brilliant vegetation, and a capital which, on a cursory glance, might bear comparison with Florence, it would be well, Mr Wilson suggests, if the visitor would not be disenchanted, not to venture too far into the interior; but 'some of the canals present deliciously picturesque scenes such as even Venice cannot boast.' The Sout-i-kol, or Apple-tree Canal, which connects the Dal with the Jhelam, must be magnificent, the stream covered with aquatic birds of every variety of plumage, and splendid trees rising from its lotus-fringed smooth green banks; while on the Dal itself (a lake five miles long and about half as broad) are floating gardens, curiously formed. 'The reeds, sedges, water-lilies, and other aquatic plants which grow together in tangled confusion, are, when they cluster more thickly than usual, detached from their roots; the leaves of the plants are spread over the stems, and covered with soil, on which melons and cucumbers are grown.' But still more useful to the people of Kashmir is the horned water-nut (*Trapa bispinosa*), which Mr Wilson tells us is ground into flour and made into bread; sixty thousand tons of it are said to be taken every season from the Wutlar Lake alone. Indeed, nature seems to have provided for a far larger population than at present exists in the country.

And with all this fair exterior, and these conditions for the physical well-being of the people, the inhabitants of the land are disappointing—a people filthy in their habits, cowardly and corrupt; half-starved, half-naked children, and worn-out looking women, are everywhere conspicuous. The present Maharajah seems anxious to effect reforms, and, one day in every week, holds an open court to administer justice, and on these occasions the meanest peasant is free to prefer his suit. But, practically, this nominal liberty is of small avail, owing to the system of terrorism which prevails. The famous trade in Kashmir shawls has greatly decreased. The shawl-weavers seem to get miserable wages, and are very nearly in the position of slaves, not being allowed to leave Kashmir, or change their employment. The finest of the goat's wool employed in making these shawls comes from Túrán, in the Yarkand territory. 'It is only on the wind-swept steppes of Central Asia animals are found to produce so fine a wool.' But another source of revenue is beginning to attract the attention of the government—this is the manufacture of silk. The present Chief-justice of the court of Srinagar has, we learn, made himself practically acquainted with the breeding of silk-worms and the spinning of their cocoons, and he has actually been able to induce Brahmans to allow their children to engage in spinning silk. This is an enormous step in the path of progress, as those who are acquainted with Brahmanical habits can best judge. In 1871, the Maharajah set apart thirty

thousand pounds for the development of this branch of industry. But at present the entire population of his dominions scarcely exceeds a million and a half; the beautiful valley itself containing scarcely half a million, while it could with ease support four millions, and is admirably adapted for English colonisation. As matters at present stand, however, there is little chance of many Anglo-Saxons settling there, since 'no Englishman can settle in the country, or purchase a foot of land in it,' and it is only by special permission that visitors are allowed to enter even during winter.

Not far up the Jhelam from Srinagar, the traveller comes upon the ancient capital of Kashmir, where there still exist the ruins of a Hindu temple of great antiquity, 'its roof covered with sculpture of purely classic design,' and many indications that its details were borrowed from Greek architecture; though Mr Wilson is inclined to ask if these Kashmirian ruins may not possibly have belonged to a much earlier age, and have influenced Greek architecture, instead of being influenced by it. 'At all events,' he says, 'this beautiful little temple stands alone, a curious remnant of a lost city and a bygone age.' Another great ruin which arrested the attention of our traveller was that of the once magnificent temple of Mártand, which he describes as one of the noblest amongst the architectural relics of antiquity to be found in this or any other land. There are indications that a great city may once have stood around it; but now it stands quite alone in solitary grandeur, with exquisite pillars, delicate though now half-defaced ornamentation, and with a grandeur of outline and richness of detail which the visitor finds it difficult adequately to describe. It is supposed to owe its existence to the most ancient dynasty of Kashmir. The Pandú dynasty ended twenty-five hundred years before Christ, which gives an antiquity of nearly five thousand years to the temple. This is mere conjecture, however, and it is probably of far more recent date; though Mr Wilson adduces one speculation in favour of its great antiquity, which should not be overlooked. Geology leaves no doubt that the great valley of Kashmir was once a magnificent lake; and there is considerable evidence that the temple of Mártand must have been placed where it now stands at a period 'when the inhabitants of Kashmir were located on the slopes of the mountains, round what must have been one of the most picturesque sheets of water upon earth.' 'The people were Indo-Aryans, retaining much of the simplicity and rich powerful naturalness of the Vedic period, but civilised to a high degree, and able to erect splendid temples to the sun-god.'

The people have degenerated since those days, and small traces remain of the hardiness and courage which once distinguished the Kashmiri; but it must be a pleasant land for the weary traveller to rest in awhile, and drink in scenes of quiet beauty, wandering—if such wanderings are permitted—in the 'Garden of Delight,' the Nishat Bagh, or the Golden Island, or floating up the canals, enjoying a delicious repose, before once more ascending the snowy heights and difficult passes which will bring him again into the land where he may dispose of his 'worn-out dandi, his cooking-pots, and his Khiva horse,' and glide by railway from Lahore to Bombay; 'while all across

the Country of the Five Rivers, afar off, high above the golden-dust haze, gleam the snowy summits of the giant mountains, whose whole line I have traversed in their central and loftiest valleys.'

#### A REMARKABLE DREAM.

SOME few years ago I was a resident in Hong-kong, and there became acquainted with the following circumstances. The story itself was related one winter's evening—for even in China there is a winter—around a glowing fire that put one in mind of home. The conversation during dinner had turned upon dreams, and some very curious theories were advanced in support of the interpretation of them. Our number consisted of eight persons; and after a protracted discussion, in which the number for and against there being any truth in dreams stood about equal, Captain Topham proposed to settle the question by telling us a story of what actually happened to himself a few years previously. The cloth was removed, and at the invitation of our host we each drew our chairs round the fire, lit our cigar or pipe; and after mixing for himself a glass of punch, the captain related the following tale as nearly as I can remember:

'It is now, gentlemen, some ten years ago since I was first-mate of the opium schooner *Wild Dayrell*. We were lying in Hong-kong harbour at the time, preparatory to sailing the next morning for Formosa. Then—and, for the matter of that, now—there was a great deal of smuggling done in that beautiful island of the Chinese. Our cargo consisted of thirty thousand dollars in syce, one hundred and fifty chests of Patna, and two hundred chests of Malwah opium, besides a few sundries, which could be bought cheap enough in Hong-kong or Shaug-hai, but upon which we turned a good round sum. Captain Wilkes—whom I think you all know, gentlemen—commanded her, and had made many a voyage, and run many a risk for his owners to the same place. At about four in the afternoon the captain left me to go on shore; but just as he was stepping into the boat, he cried out:

"Topham! Upon second thoughts, I shan't stay on shore to-night, as I intended. I am going to old Douglas's to dine; and as, in all probability, it will be a noisy party, I shall slip away early; so you can look for me about eleven."

"Very well, sir," I answered; and then turned to see that everything was all right for the morning.

'At six o'clock I and the second-officer had tea; and after tea, he and I had quite a confidential chat about our voyage, the value of our cargo, and the immense risk that was run in not shipping Englishmen, in place of the mongrel crew we then had. Our crew consisted, by the way, of fourteen persons, including the captain. The captain, myself, second-officer, and two sailors were Englishmen; a Lascar; two Manila men, two Malays, and two Chinamen, as seamen; a Chinese cook, and Chinese steward—in all, fourteen

souls. At about eight o'clock the second-officer had retired for the night, and had left me alone on the poop. I well remember how my thoughts then ran. I revolved in my mind the conversation that I had had with Mr Spencer, the second-officer, respecting the immense value of our cargo, and the risk that we ran, both from our own crew, should they turn traitors, and also from the hordes of pirates that continually infest the China seas, notwithstanding our gun-boats, and the havoc that they make of them whenever they come within range.

"Well, gentlemen, upon that evening my thoughts were especially turned upon home, and to a dear mother from whom I had received a letter by the last mail, and who was then in a very delicate state of health. I had answered her letter only that morning.

"I must have been on the poop about three-quarters of an hour after Mr Spencer had left me, and was thinking of returning to the cabin to look over some papers connected with the ship, when I observed a sampan, or Chinese boat, hovering round the stern. I called out to the men in the boat, and inquired what they wanted there; but their only answer, when they found they were observed, was to pull away from the ship in the direction of the middle of the harbour. Their movements I did not at all like, and leaning on the taffrail, I watched them until they were lost in the darkness. I suppose I must have remained in this position—that is, with my arms on the taffrail—about ten minutes, when, without warning, I felt myself lifted off my legs, and some one behind me endeavouring to throw me overboard. I am by no means a light weight, gentlemen, as you can see, weighing, I should say, then sixteen stone; but the person evidently depended upon the suddenness of the attack to accomplish his purpose. I struggled violently, holding on by my hands to the rail, and letting fly right and left with my feet; and in the end I was successful. The Chinaman tripped, and lay upon the deck in my power. Without a thought, without a moment's hesitation, I laid hold of him by the trousers with one hand, and took a couple of turns of his pig-tail by the other, and threw him overboard. After I had accomplished this, I made for the cuddy. Arrived there, I at once went to Mr Spencer's cabin; but upon trying the door, found it locked! I gave one or two good kicks, at the same time calling out to him to open the door. He sprang from his berth, and called out in reply that it was locked from the outside. I told him to stand clear, and with a good one, two, three, from the shoulder, I burst the door in. There is no doubt I must have looked very pale and very excited, as his first question to me was:

"Why, Mr Topham, what in the name of goodness is the matter? You look as pale as death."

"I told him all that had happened, and likewise my suspicions that we had not seen the end of the affair, and that our best plan would be at once to arm ourselves. I told him to dress himself, whilst I went on deck to rouse our two English sailors, whom we could depend upon, and bring them aft to the cabin. I had planted one foot in the saloon, the other being still in Mr Spencer's cabin, and had my eyes directed to the stairs of the companion, when, in the shade, I thought I descried a Chinaman. Thinking that it might be the

steward, I called out to him by name "A Tong;" but no reply came; when I felt pretty certain that it was not the steward; in which belief I was not long left in doubt. I had turned my head into Mr Spencer's cabin, to tell him of my suspicions, when I thought I heard steps stealthily approaching me. I gave a rapid glance; and there, not four feet from where I stood, were some five or six as villainous-looking Chinamen as I had ever beheld, armed, some with bamboos about ten feet long, and others with swords. In an instant, I had sprung into the cabin, and closed and bolted the door. With a yell, the whole of the gang made one simultaneous rush towards the door; but they had missed their mark by a second. I had planted my back against the door, and thanks to my weight and the bolts, it resisted their combined efforts to force it. Other measures, however, I knew must be at once resorted to, and that instantly. Calling upon Mr Spencer to move his chest of drawers against the door, and placing two trunks on the top of them, we patiently waited the coming events. Spencer very fortunately had a couple of Colt's revolvers in his chest of drawers, with which we armed ourselves. The gang outside were evidently in deep consultation as to their next mode of attack. One voice I heard raised above all the others, and that one voice was without a doubt A Tong, our much respected steward! From the little Chinese I was acquainted with, I gathered that they were bent upon the treasure, which had come on board from the Oriental Bank only that afternoon. It had been stowed away in the captain's cabin, and was safely lodged in one of Milner's fire and thief proof safes.

"They proceeded to the captain's cabin; but in a very short time returned, and, knocking at the door with their bamboos, demanded it to be opened. At first they used threats, then entreaties, promising us that not a hair of our heads should be hurt. But, though we feared their threats, we had no faith in their promises, and fully determined that, if the worst came to the worst, we would sell our lives dearly. Oh, how we longed for eleven o'clock, for Captain Wilkes's return! How patiently and eagerly we listened for the splash of the oars of the six stalwart boatmen! We heard four bells from the different ships in the harbour, some not a couple of hundred yards away; but it was impossible to reach or signal them. Instead of a large port-hole, there was only the small dead-light, through which we could not even manage to thrust our heads, much less our bodies. Well, sirs, when they found that neither threats nor promises would avail them, they at once commenced their work. I was standing on a camp-stool, endeavouring to see what they were doing, by looking through the iron grating on the top of the door, when I saw one of them with a spear, at what, in military phraseology, would be termed "shorten arms"—that is, with the spear drawn back to its fullest extent, ready to thrust through the door. I gave one spring from the stool, and lucky indeed I did so; for the next moment the point of a spear grazed my cheek. Another inch to the left, and I would have been a dead man. We both then retired to the further end of the cabin, so as to keep out of harm's way. We knew that they dared not use firearms, for fear of attracting the attention of the ships in the neighbourhood; and no doubt

this was our salvation. Spear after spear was thrust through, some almost reaching us as we crouched down on the floor of the cabin, when all at once we heard a crash, and, on looking up, to our horror saw that one of the panels of the door had been forced in sufficiently for a man to thrust his body through. We both immediately sprang upon our feet, grasping our revolvers more firmly, expecting that, in desperation, some of them would be hardy enough to try and force their way into the cabin. But they were far too cunning for that. Two of them now got upon chairs, but taking care to keep out of the line of fire of our revolvers, and by side-thrusts—by which they shewed that they were adepts in the use of the weapon—compelled us to kneel and crouch behind the chest of drawers one moment, into the berths the next, and, at last, under the bottom of them, where we were for some time comparatively safe. But, emboldened by their success, they now faced the broken panelling; and we could plainly see that, in another minute or two, the matter would end by our both being speared like wild boars. I whispered to Spencer to fire at the first head that shewed itself at the panelling, and I would do the same—he to take the right, and I the left, so that we should not waste ammunition through both of us firing at the same person. I remember as if it happened only five minutes ago, two heads suddenly appearing, and myself and Spencer in the act of presenting our revolvers at them, when, as a flash of lightning, two spears were suddenly thrust through the aperture, and the next instant I felt a twinge in the right side.

Here the narrator paused for a few moments, and after a good stiff pull at his punch, continued:

'I remember no more until six weeks afterwards, when I was lying in bed in a strange room, very weak and very faint. There was my servant keeping me nice and cool with a large fan, whilst on my forehead was a cloth steeped in vinegar. By degrees, some slight recollection came back to my mind of the events that had happened on that fearful night; but when I interrogated my Chinese nurse, I could only obtain from him such replies as: "Me no sabby; doctor berry angry me talkee that pigeon." By which he meant that he knew nothing about the matter; and that if he did, he was enjoined by the doctor to silence, otherwise he would be very angry with him. However, with a good constitution and careful attention, I was soon able to leave my room; and then, and not before, I gathered from my old friend, Charles Lawrence, one quiet afternoon, the following rather rambling account of the affair.

"I have no occasion," said Charley, "to ask you to remember the 8th of March, for that you will do to the end of your days; but I have also reason to remember it; for on that day, as I learned by a letter from home by the last mail, an only brother was killed on the Great Western Railway, in the collision that occurred near Reading. Well, if you remember that evening, we were to have a great spread at Douglas's. Thompson, Wilkinson, and some twenty others, were invited, including Captain Wilkes. Of course, you know what a jovial fellow Wilkes is, good for a story or song, and can take his part in an argument with the best of them. Everything went off very

well during dinner; and after the cloth had been removed, and one or two songs had been given, the call was for Wilkes. He, however, who is usually so ready and willing to oblige, made some excuse about hoarseness, which, however, was so palpably fictitious, that we all burst out laughing; and upon being pressed again by some of us, including old Douglas, he positively refused, and intimated his intention of going on board at once. We could see that something had occurred to irritate him, but for the life of us none of us could guess. Before leaving the room, however, Douglas called him to one side, and asked him the cause of his going away so early. He replied that he was uneasy in his mind; that a depression of spirits such as he had never felt before, had come over him within the last half-hour, but for which he could not account; and asked Douglas kindly not to detain him, as he wanted to go on board to see that everything was all right; and if he felt better, they might expect to see him in the course of an hour or so. And in an hour's time he did return, not to join our party, but to horrify us with the details of what had occurred on board the *Wild Dayrell*. Dr. Anderson, who was one of our party, went on board immediately, to attend to you; and Captain Wilkes and two or three of us proceeded to the police station to report the matter. The police took the matter up vigorously; and thanks to a large reward offered by the owners, one of the gang turned Queen's evidence; and in the course of three or four days the whole gang was safely lodged in the Victoria jail. They were brought up before the magistrate, and remanded until you are able to appear against them."

But I asked: "What time did Captain Wilkes arrive on board the *Wild Dayrell*; it was some time after ten o'clock—of that I am sure."

"Yes," he replied; "I believe it was just half-past ten when he pulled alongside, for five bells were struck from all the other ships lying alongside of him, but not from his own, which at the time he noticed as very singular. As he approached the ship he saw two boats coming from the direction of her, but at the time he took no notice of them; but there is no doubt, he thinks, that these very boats contained the gang."

"But did they succeed in obtaining any of the treasure?" I again asked.

"No; not a cent of it, thanks to Chubb. They had tried to pick the lock; and when they found that they could not succeed in that, they tried gunpowder, but with the same result. The two English seamen were found tied in their bunks, and quite drunk. They acknowledged that the steward had given them three bottles of brandy early in the evening, as a present; and they made good use of it, for they were half-drunk the next morning. The rest of the crew were too much afraid of their own necks to offer any resistance or give the alarm. The *Wild Dayrell* sailed a couple of days afterwards, but with a fresh crew." And so ended Charley's account.

'About a week after this conversation,' continued the narrator, 'I appeared at the police court, and swore to every one of the gang, eight in number. They were sent for trial to the High Court, and were all found guilty of mutiny and conspiracy; and sentenced, four of them to penal servitude for life, two for fourteen years, and the remaining two for seven years each.'

'Amongst my letters from home I was not long in noticing one in the handwriting of my mother; this, singular though it may appear, I kept until the last, and toyed and played with it for a minute or two before I opened it. In that letter, gentlemen, occurs the following passage: "What were you doing, dear John, on the night of the 8th of March, at about ten o'clock, from that to half-past? I will tell you my reasons for asking. I had been very poorly during the whole of the day; so much so, that after a cup of tea, about six o'clock, I retired for the night. I fell asleep very soon, but it was a disturbed sleep, and I awoke two or three times. At about eight o'clock Jane brought me a cup of cocoa, and very soon afterwards I again fell asleep, and did not wake until about half-past ten, when I awoke with a fright. I dreamed that I had seen you walking along some strange street, and following you were three or four Chinamen. All at once they rushed towards you, at which you ran, but they ran faster than you did, and were rapidly gaining on you, when you at once made for the river, which was some hundred yards distant. You had gone about half-way when you slipped, and fell down; immediately the Chinamen were upon you, and one I saw with a long knife ready to strike you: but with that I awoke with a scream."

'Now, gentlemen, I wish to draw your attention to the fact, that the 8th of March, as mentioned in my mother's letter, was the same day that the *Wild Dayrell* affair happened, and also that the time from ten o'clock to half-past was the exact time that we were placed in the most imminent peril by the smashing in of the door-panel. You can call it what you like—a singular coincidence, or anything else you please; but the fact remains that, while on the very day and hour I was placed in great danger of my life, my mother, fourteen thousand miles away, in dear Old England, had a dream in which I figured conspicuously; and although the incidents of the dream did not exactly tally with the actual facts of the case, yet they were so near the truth, that I think you will bear me out, gentlemen, when I state that it was a most extraordinary and remarkable dream.'

#### AFFAIR OF THE DIAMOND NECKLACE.

A DIAMOND necklace, possibly the most costly in the world, certainly the most celebrated, was one of the predisposing causes of the terrible French Revolution. Not that it was directly concerned in that fearful convulsion; but that it gave occasion, rightly or wrongly, to intensify the suspicions entertained of the hapless queen, Marie Antoinette, and thereby to raise to a pitch of madness the hatred of the Parisian mob against the royal family.

Just about a century ago, the French court was steeped in a lower abyss of immorality than at any period before or since. The king, Louis XV., was a *débauché* and little else; the nobles were nearly as bad as their sovereign; the higher ecclesiastics carried shameless dissoluteness to a pitch hardly credible to readers at the present day; while the royal palaces were thronged with intriguing adventurers of both sexes. The

prime favourite was the beautiful but heartless Madame Dubarry. On her the king lavished wealth that was sorely needed by his impoverished country. In the last sixteen months of his worthless life, he showered down upon her sums of money equal to a hundred thousand pounds sterling, besides salaried offices, houses, and lands. He furthermore determined, in his infatuation, to present her with a diamond necklace, such as no empress or queen possessed. The crown jewellers, MM. Bohmer and Bassenge, were commissioned to make it, at an estimated cost of two million francs (eighty thousand pounds). The whole of Europe was ransacked for diamonds of sufficient size and lustre to form component elements in the necklace, the most skilful diamond-cutters to shape them, the most tasteful jewellers to set them. Bohmer and Bassenge exhausted nearly all their own capital, borrowed more from friends, and obtained credit to a considerable amount from foreign diamond-merchants. And so the costly necklace was finished.

Carlyle brings this gorgeous ornament before us vividly in his own graphic style: 'A row of seventeen glorious diamonds, as large almost as filberts, encircle, not too tightly, the neck a first time. Looser, gracefully fastened thrice to these, a three-wreathed festoon and pendants, simple pear-shaped, multiple star-shaped, or clustering amorphous, encircle it, enwreath it a second time. Loosest of all, softly flowing round from behind in priceless catenary, rush down two broad threefold rows; seem to knot themselves round a very queen of diamonds, on the bosom; then rush on, again separated, as if there were length in plenty: the very tassels of them were a fortune for some men. And now, lastly, two other inexpressible threefold rows, also with their tassels, will, when the necklace is on and clasped, unite themselves behind into a doubly inexpressible six-fold row; and so stream down, together or asunder, over the hind neck—we may fancy like lambent zodiacal or aurora-borealis fire.' We can almost see the very thing before us, in these few lines of description.

Just before the necklace was finished, in 1774, the dissolute king died, to the dismay of MM. Bohmer and Bassenge. Madame Dubarry withdrew from court, with her ill-gotten money; sorry, no doubt, that she could not get the diamond necklace as well, and the jewellers equally sorry that they could not obtain the purchase-money from her.

New actors appear upon the scene. The young king, aged twenty, was Louis XVI.; and his queen, also aged twenty, was Marie Antoinette. He was simple-minded and quiet, she was light-hearted and fond of gaiety; but neither of them evinced a taste for the profligacy which had so disgraced the preceding reign. The youthful queen, prone to balls and assemblies and brilliant life, had also the natural fondness of young queens for jewels. Bohmer and Bassenge had hopes in this quarter. They obtained admission to the



queen, and displayed the matchless necklace before her admiring eyes. Whether she scorned, as a young wife, to wear that which had been intended for a worthless courtesan; or whether she knew that the finances of France were in too embarrassed a condition to justify an expenditure of public money in this way—certain it is that she refused to treat for costly glitter. A pair of diamond earrings, costing sixteen hundred pounds, were still in great part unpaid for; and it was not a time for her to run farther into debt. Almost in despair, Bassenge visited various courts of Europe, in the hope of tempting some empress, queen, or princess to purchase the diamond necklace; while Böhmer remained in Paris, watchful for any favourable symptoms that might present themselves. Thus ended 1774, thus 1775, and thus many succeeding years, during which time the gorgeous ornament never left the hands of the jewellers.

Now we come to the eventful part of the story—a conspiracy in which many persons were concerned, and of which Marie Antoinette was unquestionably the victim. We say ‘unquestionably,’ because the verdict of Europe has pretty well settled down to an acquittal of her. We must go back several years, to introduce a new actress upon the scene.

The Marquis and Marchioness de Brinvilliers, when driving out of Paris, were one day accosted by a ragged girl, who asked alms for a descendant of Henry II. of France! The lady requested the girl to call on her on the following day, and explain this singular application. There is no reason to doubt that the averment was actually true. Henry II. had an illegitimate son, to whom he gave the title of Count de Saint Remi. The count was rich and influential; but his descendants became gradually impoverished, until at length, about the middle of the last century, the family was represented by Jacques de Saint Remi, who lived almost in beggary at Bar-sur-Aube. He kept parchments in his possession relating to the lygone estates of the family, and was always seeking for some patron, to aid him in obtaining restitution of property to which he conceived he had a rightful claim. When he died, he left three children quite unprovided for; and one of these was the beggar-girl above mentioned. The marchioness, interested in the story, took the girl and a younger sister under her care, clothed them, and sent them to a ‘pension,’ or boarding-school. Jeanne, the elder, remained some years at school, then became apprentice to a milliner, then resided for a time in a convent, and afterwards removed to Bar-sur-Aube. Her descent from the royal House of Valois was acknowledged, and a small pension granted to her by the crown; but all attempts to get back estates and revenues were fruitless. Grown up to be a handsome young woman, Jeanne had lovers in plenty in her native town, among whom were M. de Beugnot and M. de la Motte; the latter of whom she married in 1780.

He was a young scapegrace who lived by his wits. The couple, assuming the titles of Count and Countess de la Motte, begged and borrowed money from all who would give or lend, especially worrying courtiers and influential persons by their importunities, and wearying ministers and judges about the Valois estates. Among those who paid attention to these representations was Cardinal de Rohan, a man who—if we are to believe Madame Campan, one of the ladies in attendance on the queen—was intriguing and dissolute, a discredit alike to the nobility and the church.

Now we come back to the necklace. MM. Böhmer and Bassenge were still the owners of it in 1784, as they had been for ten years; all attempts to get it off their hands had failed. The poor queen was beset by three tormentors at once: M. Böhmer, to induce her to buy the necklace; the Countess de la Motte, to induce her to take an interest in the Valois question; and De Rohan, who was at that time in disgrace at court, and wished to obtain an intercessor. She refused to see one and all of them, and out of this refusal arose a series of intrigues and crafty designs of most extraordinary character. The countess persuaded De Rohan that she was in the habit of seeing the queen frequently, and had influence with her. The cardinal believed this, supplied her with money, and commissioned her to intercede for him with Marie Antoinette. At this point we come into a very atmosphere of lies. The countess stood as low in moral character as De Rohan; the relations between them were very equivocal, but in later years each gave a flat denial to the assertions of the other touching the events of this period. One admitted fact was, that the countess gave to De Rohan, from time to time, letters purporting to come from the queen; expressing the great interest she felt in him and his affairs, and gradually breathing a warmth of sentiment alike inconsistent in a queen and a wife. An agent of the countess, Rétaux de Villette, afterwards confessed that he wrote these letters, forging and imitating to the best of his ill-applied skill, and using letter-paper similar to that used by the queen. De Rohan, we are told, believed that the countess was in the habit of seeing Her Majesty, believed that the queen wrote the letters to him, believed that she was warmly and deeply interested in him; and he shewed his gratitude by liberally supplying the countess with money.

The historically famous ‘Secret Interview,’ in August 1784, was either an unpardonable error on the part of the queen, or an act of unparalleled audacity on the part of the countess; impartial history, now that the heat of contemporary excitement has passed away, leaves little doubt that the latter was the case. According to the accepted version of this extraordinary affair, the countess employed an agent to seek out among the young women who frequented the Palais-Royal and other public places some one who bore as near a resemblance as possible to the queen in form and feature. One Mademoiselle Legnay Designy was selected. The countess, at an interview with her, promised her fifteen thousand francs if she would

fully carry into effect a plan laid down for her guidance. She was to be in a particular spot in the palace gardens at midnight on a certain day, dressed in a way to conceal her features as much as possible; she was to carry on a cautious conversation with a gentleman she would there see shrouded in a cloak; and she was to retreat on receiving a signal from the countess, who would be near at hand. Whatever else in this strange affair may be disputed, it is admitted that De Rohan met a veiled lady at that time and place; that he believed her to be the queen; that the queen to the day of her cruel death indignantly denied any complicity in or knowledge of the matter; and that both the countess and Mademoiselle Designy afterwards confessed that the latter was the real veiled lady. De Rohan blindly believed the countess in these and other matters, and credited her statement (at the time) that the queen had sought this interview; it is also certain that he gave her much money, under the impression that she was pleading his cause with the queen.

It was in January 1785 that the profligate countess laid a plan concerning the famous diamond necklace. She told De Rohan and the jewellers that the queen really wished to obtain the necklace, but was afraid to ask the king or his ministers for the money to pay for it; and she plied her artillery so skilfully as to induce the cardinal to purchase the costly jewel. He was to pay for it by bonds, to fall due at four successive periods; and the queen would (the countess asserted) provide means for these payments. The form of the bonds was drawn up by the cardinal himself; the penmanship was managed under the control of the countess; and the royal signature to each bond, which he believed to be the queen's, was forged by the countess's creature, Rétaux de Villette. De Rohan expected that he would have the honour of handing over the necklace to the queen in person; but this was the last thing that the countess intended. She cajoled him, by means of pretended messages and notes from the queen, to give the precious necklace to herself (the countess), to be by her handed over to the royal lady. Poor Marie Antoinette neither saw nor wrote to any of the persons concerned; that she was utterly ignorant of this plot, as of the previous secret interview, there is now hardly a doubt in the mind of any one; whether the countess victimised De Rohan or not, one or other of those two worthies certainly victimised the queen.

De Rohan and the jewellers were alike surprised that Her Majesty did not wear the diamond necklace, even on the grandest state occasions. The countess quieted their fears by fibs invented for the purpose; and at the same time persuaded them to avoid all public mention of the royal purchase of the jewel. When the first bond was coming due, in August, the countess told De Rohan that Her Majesty had pressing need for money, and wished him to make some arrangement for postponement. This made him uneasy; but the countess induced him to believe that she had actually seen the bank-notes in the queen's hands. He little suspected that she had neither seen the queen's bank-notes nor the queen herself. He made arrangements with the jewellers to delay the taking up of the bond until October.

Meanwhile, where was the necklace? The De la Mottes knew, if no one else did. Of course they would not have dared to offer so costly and celebrated a treasure for sale; instant exposure would have attended such a step. The count took it to pieces with his own hands, and cautiously sold many of the brilliants one by one—some in Paris, some in Amsterdam, some in London. The countess lived in grand style during that summer, on the proceeds of these diamond sales, somewhat to the perplexity of De Rohan. He knew not how she could obtain the means; what he did know was, that the (feigned) letters from the queen, given to him by the countess, were becoming more scanty and more cold; and that Her Majesty took as little notice of him as ever, when he occasionally attended Court.

The thundercloud was certain to burst soon; and it did burst early in August. M. Böhmer, not satisfied with the secrecy imposed upon him, on the one hand by De Rohan, and on the other by the countess, called on Madame Campan. That lady was inexpressibly astonished to hear his recital; she declared strongly that her royal mistress had had nothing whatever to do with the necklace. Marie Antoinette, when told of it, sent for Böhmer, and learned from his lips how busy De Rohan and the countess had been with her name and her signature. The simple-hearted king, not wishing to prosecute anybody, nevertheless saw that this was too serious an affair to pass unnoticed; he informed his ministers, and proceedings were resolved upon. Cardinal De Rohan was arrested, actually while in his sacerdotal robes in the chapel of Versailles; the Countess de la Motte was arrested three days afterwards; Mademoiselle Designy, and Cagliostro, the mysterious wizard of those days, were also captured; but the Count de la Motte eluded justice by escaping to England.

The parliament of Paris, which was rather a judicial tribunal than a legislative assembly, investigated the affair. The queen's signature had been forged on certain bonds; the diamond necklace had never reached her hands; and the jewellers had not yet received a penny of real cash for it—here were facts amply sufficient to employ legal acuteness and judicial impartiality. In January 1786 the proceedings began. They were of a voluminous character, almost reminding us of our Tichborne case. The perjury must have been something awful; for the declarations and counter-declarations contradicted one another with an audacity utterly amazing. The moral character of the nation, especially in the courtly class, had been brought down so low during the preceding reign, that a regard for truth was little cultivated. The cardinal protested that his one object had been to regain the favour of his sovereign, through the kind intercession of the queen; that he had thoroughly believed in the influence which the countess claimed to have with Her Majesty; and that he had been grossly deceived from first to last. The countess boldly denied everything that incriminated herself, declaring that she had been victimised by the cardinal, instead of making him her victim. It was an awkward thing for her that Rétaux de Villette confessed to the writing of the letters and the forging of the queen's signature; and that Mademoiselle Designy confessed the part she had played at the secret interview. The

countess, however, nothing abashed, either denied everything, or turned it to her own credit; she wrote and published two or three pamphlets during the lengthened trial, painting herself almost as a paragon of virtue and long-suffering. None of the accused, none of the witnesses, made any direct charge against the queen at the trial; even the countess shrunk from doing this when pressed to say when and where she had had conversations with the queen, and had received letters from her for De Rohan.

At the end of May, a verdict was given and sentences pronounced. The Count de la Motte was to be flogged, branded, sent to the galleys for life, and his property confiscated (but he took care to keep quiet in England); the Countess de la Motte, with a halter round her neck, was to be flogged, branded on both shoulders with a hot iron, and imprisoned for life in the Salpêtrière—a gaol for abandoned women; Cardinal de Rohan, Cagliostro, and Mademoiselle Designy were acquitted; while Rétaux de Vilette was banished for life. The king and queen were indignant at the acquittal of the cardinal; an opinion prevailed that De Rohan and his influential friends had bribed some of the judges, a delinquency not inconsistent with the low moral tone of the age. The king deprived him of his offices, and sent him to reside at one of his country estates, away from Paris.

Alas, poor Marie Antoinette! The Paris populace refused to believe her innocent of the diamond necklace affair. Three years later, when the Revolution of 1789 began, she was taunted and reproached with it; and when, in 1793, her career was ended by the guillotine, the necklace was pointedly included in the catalogue of heinous crimes imputed to her.

What was the fate of the necklace, we have already said; the diamonds were sold separately, and became the property of various owners. De Rohan was allowed by the National Assembly to return to Paris in 1789; he had a temporary restoration of influence, but deemed it prudent to retire during the horrors of the Revolution; and died, quiet and impoverished, in 1803. MM. Bohmer and Bassege were paid for the necklace in instalments by him and his friends; there was no getting over this, for the bonds had really been given to them by him, however much he may have been deceived by the countess. Rather, we should say, they were *partly* paid; the failure to obtain the rest of the money brought them to bankruptcy. About the middle of 1787, the countess escaped from prison (with the connivance, it is believed, of the authorities), and joined her husband in England. The pair kept up a succession of schemes for many years, to convert the rest of the diamonds into money, and to obtain favour at Paris by mingled entreaties and menaces. The countess remained in England till 1792, when she met with an accident which led to her death. The count, readily pardoned by the Revolutionists, returned to Paris, and was for a time in favour, first with Mirabeau and Bailly, afterwards with Robespierre and Danton; but he gradually slunk out of notice, and lived nearly forty years longer, begging from every one who would give.

This is the eventful story of the Diamond Necklace. Very few persons now believe that the hapless queen had aught to do with it.

## THE FLOWERS' CHOICE.

I HEARD the flowers on a day  
Confess in turn the fate which they  
Would deem most blessed.  
The timid Violet whispered: 'I  
Would choose to live—I dare not die!  
Let me be pressed!'

The Moss-rose raised its dainty head,  
And blushing: 'Ah! what bliss,' it said,  
'For aye to rest  
On some fair maiden's bosom soft,  
And, with her loving fingers, oft  
To be caressed!'

The gaudy Peony declared,  
As arrogant around it stared:  
'To be admired  
Is all I ask! And 'tis my due;  
My loveliness leaves nothing new  
To be desired!'

The modest Daisy said: 'I know,  
Alas! I am not fit to grow  
'Mid such as ye!  
Yet God hath given to each a place  
To occupy a little space,  
Though mean he be.

Content with my estate, I pray,  
Where He has placed me, there to stay  
Till life is done;  
Enjoying warmth, enjoying light,  
Until my everlasting night  
Obscure the sun!'

And last the Lily, fair and mild,  
Spoke, sighing: 'When a little child  
Is snatched by Death,  
I'd love to nestle pure and bright  
Within its hands so cold and white;  
Or, in a wreath

I'd twine me o'er the coffin's lid,  
Till from the mother's sight 'twas hid;  
And I would make  
The hideousness of Death appear  
Less foully hideous—almost fair,  
For her poor sake!'

The Lily spoke; and for a space  
The dewy tears were shed apace!  
And all confessed,  
Who heard her gentle words, that she,  
So full of love and sympathy,  
Had chosen best!

Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, 47 Paternoster Row, LONDON, and 339 High Street, EDINBURGH.  
Also sold by all Booksellers.

# CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

OF  
POPULAR

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

*Fourth Series*

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS.

No. 617.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 23, 1875.

PRICE 1½d.

## THE AUSTRALIAN DESERT.

ON looking at a map of the Australasian continent, one cannot fail to observe that, though Western Australia occupies a larger space than any of its sister colonies, a vast extent of it remains a blank, unmarked as the dwelling-place of man, a huge expanse of desolation; and this although the earliest discovered portions of the continent are included within its boundary. The story of Western Australia is one of almost incredible hardship, disappointment, and gloom, but also of pluck, determination, and patience, though, so fettered has the energy of the colonists been by the nature of the country and the small area of agricultural land yet discovered, that in 1848 the inhabitants seriously entertained the project of abandoning the settlement for good. Since then, repeated expeditions have been organised for the exploration of the great blank space which constitutes a little less than one-fifth of the entire continent, and forms the western slope of that which geographers call 'the Great Interior Basin.' On the whole, these expeditions have achieved but little, at a great cost of life, money, toil, and suffering; and there is hardly any hope that it will ever be possible to construct that overland route from east to west, which would be of immense advantage to both regions, for South Australia needs fresh outlets for her capital, and Western Australia longs to pierce through the mystery of the desert which shuts her in upon the landward side, and says to her people, 'Thus far shall ye go, and no farther.' The explorations which preceded that of Colonel Egerton Warburton—known severally as the expeditions of Sturt, Eyre, Stuart, Gregory, and McKinlay—had, with the exception of Mr Stuart's discoveries on the banks of the Adelaide River, which led to the addition of hundreds of thousands of fertile acres to the colony of South Australia, been almost destitute of result. The upshot of them all is briefly described by Mr Eden as follows: 'We have followed Sturt until a sea of sand checked his progress; we have seen the brothers Gregory,

one striking from the north, the other from the north-west, both brought to a standstill by the same obstacle; and of the arid nature of the country bordering the Great Bight, Mr Eyre's terrible journey has sufficiently convinced us. On the other hand, we have Stuart discovering a fertile belt, running due north and south through the very centre of the continent, by means of which the communication between the two seas had been rendered comparatively easy. Diverge from it fifty miles east or west, and the sand-ridges in all their hideous uniformity are before the traveller. Colonel Egerton Warburton availed himself of Stuart's route until he gained the centre of the continent, and then struck boldly into that terrible western desert of which his predecessors had given so appalling a description.'\*

The first great and hopeful difference between Colonel Warburton's expedition and its predecessors was the employment of camels. In 1866, Mr Elder, an influential and wealthy colonist, imported 121 camels from Kurrachee, with a dozen Afghan drivers, and the animals were found to thrive admirably upon the Australian vegetation. The Afghan drivers taught the colonists how to treat and drive the great strange beasts; making them understand that they must lay aside stock-whips and bad language, for neither would avail with the camel, who is most docile and hard-working while he is well treated, but quite unmanageable and exceedingly dangerous if he be not. Mr Elder's camels increased and multiplied, and proved themselves most valuable for every kind of service in which they were employed. In August 1872, the advisability of exploring the interior between Central Mount Stuart and Perth was recognised by the government of Western Australia, and the Warburton expedition was organised. Mr Elder generously placed his camels at the disposal of the government, and offered to provide native drivers, both free of expense. The

\* *Journey Across the Western Interior of Australia.* By Colonel Peter Egerton Warburton, C.M.G. With an Introduction by Charles H. Eden, Esq. London: Sampson Low & Co.

government afterwards withdrew from the undertaking; and Mr Elder, assisted by Mr Hughes, also an influential colonist, resolved to carry through, upon their own responsibility, a liberal and patriotic design, which deserves acknowledgment and commemoration.

A glance at the map shews us Beltana station, the headquarters of the camels, where the party was to muster, and thence to proceed to the Peake, the principal depot of the persons employed in the construction of the overland telegraph. From this point, Colonel Warburton was to make a *détour* to the westward, through unknown country, test the capabilities of the camels, familiarise the whole party with the character of the territory they would afterwards have to penetrate, and rejoin the line at Central Mount Stuart. There he would receive a reinforcement of camels, and 'strike out straight for the capital of Western Australia.'

With some modifications, this plan was carried out; and on April 15, 1873, the exploring party started from Alice Springs on their way through the untracked regions and 'antres wild.' It consisted of Colonel Egerton Warburton and his son, an accomplished bushman; Lewis, an attendant on them; two Afghan camel-drivers; Dennis White, who was to cook, and act as assistant camel-driver; and Charley, a native lad. They had four riding, twelve baggage, and one spare camel, and six months' provisions. The start of these seven human beings for the wilderness, with their long train of grotesque animals in single file, was a curious sight—those who saw it could hardly have pictured, let their imagination have been ever so vivid, what lay before the small, stout-hearted party. The first part of the journey lay over grassy plains; then came scrub, and grass again, and the first terrible touch of apprehension of want of water. They had been assured that the Hugh River would be found as a creek beyond the McDonnell ranges; but no creek was there; and without water to drink or to cook their food with, they lay down beneath the stars on the fifth night of their journey. The next day, rain fell in abundance, and Colonel Warburton recorded the experience of those few hours in his journal, with the comment: 'I hope we may never forget this day.' He had probably maturely considered the enterprise he had embarked in, and studied its risks; but it would have been happily impossible for him to conceive to what insignificance the future sufferings which lay before him and his party would reduce the remembrance of that day. From that time the word 'water' holds an ominously prominent place in the colonel's journal; to the finding of water everything is subservient; the story makes one thirsty as one reads it. Sometimes water is struck on the day's march, and the camp is peacefully pitched; sometimes there is no surface-water, and a scanty supply is with difficulty obtained from rock-holes and clay-pits. The face of the country is undulatory, and covered with the cruel spinifex, and with casuarina forest, the tall, straight-stemmed trees lending it a melancholy beauty. 'The trees stand in thousands and thousands,' says Colonel Warburton of one great tract over which they marched early in May; 'but there is not a scrap of food nor a drop of water in the country.' On the 9th, having sustained a severe loss of a fine camel,

they reached some grand and imposing glens, and there the camels behaved provokingly. They were so frightened at the stupendous rocks, that they could not be got to the water, and would not even taste it when it was brought to them in a bucket. This, too, when it was of so much importance that they should lay in a good supply to carry them through the dry country beyond the glens. It must have been hard for the men to turn their backs on such a scene as those glens presented—on the majestic beauty of them, and the bountiful water-supply. At the entrance of the first glen, a huge column of basalt has been launched from a height of three hundred feet, and has stuck perpendicularly in the ground, where it stands sentry over the beautiful pool which occupies the whole width of the entrance to the glen. 'The pool is about fifteen feet wide, fifty long, and the basaltic walls which inclose it are about three hundred feet in height. A turn in the glen at a right angle to the first shews a still grander split in the mountain, with a circular pool of deep clear water, almost wholly roofed over by a single huge slab of basalt. As the sun cannot reach this water, it never can fail.' How often must this scene have come back to the explorers afterwards, with all the cruel charm of a mirage, to their sick senses and fainting hearts! This last glimpse of beauty was succeeded by scrub and spinifex, or, as it is more expressively called, porcupine grass, a horrid growth, which contributed largely to both the toil and the danger of their task. Colonel Warburton describes it in his plain, patient way as a sharp, spiny grass, growing in tussocks of from eighteen inches to five feet in diameter, of the colour of wheat-straw, so that it only adds desolation to the aspect of the wilderness. It is quite uneatable, even for camels, who are compelled to thread their way painfully through its mazes; and to horses it proves most destructive, piercing and cutting their legs, which in a very short time become fly-blown, when the animals have to be either destroyed or abandoned. The country it grows in is utterly useless for pastoral purposes. The presence of this harassing and destructive growth must be constantly borne in mind among the hardships of the explorers' journey.

On they go through the dreary land, under the hot sun, forced to diverge constantly from the track in search of water; suffering from want of bread and vegetables; delayed by the straying of the camels; terribly inconvenienced by some of those animals getting sore back; alarmed by the illness of one of the drivers; and when they have travelled 1700 miles, and yet have hardly made any progress towards Perth, disheartened by the loss of three camels, which were vainly pursued for a hundred miles! Then came salt lagoons, and dust-storms, during which the men crouched by the side of the beasts, to hide from the swirling clouds of sand and ashes from the burnt ground—burned by the natives when they had camped there. Once or twice they caught sight of some wretched wandering natives; but these fled from them, and the party could only follow up their tracks, in hope of coming to the blessed water. The story is terrible in its very monotony; over and over again come entries like this: 'I sent two men, in the evening, on our back-track, to see if they could trace to water the natives whose yam-digging marks we saw yesterday. This is our last chance;

if it fail, we must go over those terrible sand-hills again to our last water! It will ruin the camels; but there is no alternative. I dare not work them on a chance. What they can do must be all on a certainty of getting water at the end.' The attempt was successful on this particular occasion; water was found, and the party pushed on over sandy desert towards a range of basaltic hills, which their leader hoped might be the entrance to a better country; but the hope proved delusive, and the difficulties increased from that time. On the 14th September it became evident that the camels were breaking down, the men only holding out, and that day-travelling must be abandoned. They were journeying through the sand-ridges, which are totally unlike any other known portion of the globe, and form a wilderness utterly divested of animal life, portions of which appear as though they had recently formed part of the bed of the ocean, but whercon shrubs are found which supply food for camels, though nothing edible to a human being. Misfortunes come thick upon the party. Their 'master bull-camel,' a beast which keeps all the others in a well-understood subjection, eats poison, and dies; two riding camels are struck in the loins by the night-wind, and cannot stir; they are abandoned; and next day a similar accident occurs to the riding camel of Mr Warburton. The camel-men say the disease is common in their country, and always comes in the night, when a certain star is in the ascendant. They killed this animal for meat, and the necessity for doing so was the first indication of the new distress—want of provisions—that was coming upon them. The knowledge of the constant danger of the camels from this wind-blight came with a shock to Colonel Warburton, and it proved only the beginning of evils.

In one year after the departure of the exploring party from Adelaide, in five months after their start from Alice Springs, we find them struggling through awful wastes, with the sick and emaciated creatures which are destined to be their disgusting but sole resource against starvation, in such straits, that only two riding camels are left. The tents and every article except guns and ammunition, and just so much clothing as is required for decency, have been thrown away, and they are in a country where, if they do not come on natives' tracks, and find their well, they will have to go back fifty miles, and so exact from the quickly failing strength of the camels an additional hundred miles of travel before they can recover their present position. On the anniversary they did find a well, and they rested awhile; but when they pressed on again, it was amid torments from ants, flies, and especially from the hideously ill-smelling 'honey-fly,' great heat, the illness of every man of the party, and with a dying camel, whose loss reduced their number to eight; forced too to retreat to the forsaken camp, a week later, because there was no water to be found; so that in ten days they had only made a few miles' advance, were already on short allowance of food, and had the prospect of starvation before them.

On the 1st of October they went on in a north-westerly direction, having found tracks. Here is the leader's quiet, brief entry of the situation: 'Our hopes are raised at finding a different class of water, and though it has taken us to lat. 20° 2', we must follow its line; our great disadvantage lies in being unable to make any extensive search in our

front, for want of camels, or to travel by day, on account of the heat, which utterly prostrates them. When we move, we can't see; when we stop, we can't search.' Suffocating heat at night, and ceaseless worry of insects precluding sleep; pressing on by night, to be driven back by want of water; failing provisions; days 'which only men can bear uninjured; the beasts cannot stand the heat;' the chance, if they attempt to make more progress, of losing their camels, and dying of thirst; the certainty, if they stand still where water is, of being able to prolong their lives only for the time that their sun-dried camel-flesh may be made to last. So comes to them October, and the fifth remaining camel knocks up. Lewis, whose exertions all through the journey have been preternatural, finds a wretched well, which yields one bucket after three hours of hard work; but the camel cannot be saved; so they kill it, and have its jerked-meat between them and starvation; but the loss of it marks another stage on their way to destruction. Great was the economy these unhappy explorers practised in the utilising of the poor carcasses of their much-enduring, willing, worn-out beasts. To eat a camel meant to eat him *right through*; the inner portions first, not the liver and dainty parts only, but all. 'No shred was passed over; head, feet, hide, tail, all went into the boiling-pot, even the very bones were stewed down for soup first, and then broken for the sake of the marrow they contained. The flesh was cut into thin flat strips, and hung upon the bushes to dry in the sun. The tough thick hide was cut up and parboiled, the coarse hair was scraped off with a knife, and the leather-like substance replaced in the pot and stewed until it became like the inside of a carpenter's glue-pot, both to the taste and to the smell. Nourishment there was little or none, but it served to fill up space, and so was valuable to starving men. The head was steadily attacked, and soon reduced to a polished skull, tongue, brains, and cheeks having all disappeared.' As the worn-out creatures were ultimately the sole salvation of their masters, the particulars of this horrid food are interesting. Out of the whole number killed for food by Colonel Warburton, not one threw to the surface of the cooking bucket a single particle of fat. Exhausted and diseased, they afforded no more nutriment than is found in the bark of a tree, yet such was the food which *did* preserve the lives of the explorers, and without it they must have certainly perished.

One day in October they met some natives, who let them take water from their well, and bartered with them a wallaby, 'without which,' says Colonel Warburton, who was exhausted by illness and deprivation of sleep, 'I should not have reached our camp that night.' At the end of the month they are creeping on, sometimes forced to return on their tracks, having no beasts which could be sent on to scout, while the others were resting. Here is the colonel's ration-list for one Sunday: 'Half a quart of flour and water at 4 A.M., a hard sinewy bit of raw, that is, sun-dried but uncooked camel-meat at 2 P.M. Supper uncertain, perhaps some roasted acacia seeds; these are very small and hard; they grow on bushes, not trees, and the natives use them roasted and pounded.' What an event it was when a bird was shot, to be eaten uncleaned, lest anything should be lost; and how

rarely birds came in sight! The flies were quite horrible, and kept men and animals in perpetual torment, while they attacked the slightest abrasion of the skin, and turned it into a festering wound. The explorers were as much imprisoned as if they had been in a jail, without any of the advantages of prison dormitory and dietary; and owing to the fierce heat, which would have rendered it impossible that men or beasts could have lived long without an abundant supply of water, it seemed likely their advance might be stopped until the summer tropical rains of January should fall. This did not befall them, however, for the indefatigable Lewis, and Charley the black boy, searched out wells towards the south-west, and once more they started, hoping, by travelling on 'known water' for some days, to get the animals into condition for a rush across the dreadful sand-hills lying between them and the Oakover River, to reach which was now their only chance for life. At this time their sufferings from the ants were frightful. Often when the vertical sun poured down in full fierceness on their heads, and the poor shade afforded even by a bush would have been an inestimable blessing, the travellers were driven away from the shelter by their relentless persecutors, and in despair flung themselves down on the burning sand, where it was too hot even for an ant. Their flight was to be on 4th November, and they would have to take their chance of finding a little water somewhere in the one hundred and fifty miles of pitiless desert which separated them, the starving men, and their shrunken train of worn-out beasts, from the Oakover. 'Richard is very weak, and so am I,' writes the leader as they are starting at sunset. They marched that night through darkness caused by an eclipse of the moon, in which their weary procession must have looked weird and ghostly, and made twenty-five miles.

From this point the story becomes more harrowing than any that has ever been told, except that awful history which Mr Wills continued until he died of starvation, also in the Australian desert, and it includes every kind of bodily suffering, with hope deferred, and its attendant heart-sickness; for they fondly fancied themselves within three days' journey of the Oakover, whereas they did not strike the creek, its tributary, which denoted their release from the horrible desert in which they were wandering, until 2d November, a month, all but two days, after the start, of which they had hoped to make a rush. The terrible sand-hills, the cruel spinifex, the ailing animals, the constant halts and returns for water, the ever-vain hope of finding a country in which there might be something to eat, the actual experience of a country where there was not even a crow or a snake, the absence of all nutrition in the flesh of the diseased camels, which were one by one released from their sufferings by the knife—the sense of the uselessness of it all, the hopeless barrenness of the land they had come to see, the physical pain, and the natural shrinking of the spirit from death in such a place and such a way, make up a picture which presents itself in sombre colours to the least active imagination. Throughout, Lewis is a constant source of admiration and wonder; and once, when the leader, having just recorded his belief that men have never traversed so vast an extent of continuous desert, adds that they cannot get the few wallabies there are in the spinifex,

that the last riding camel has given in, that rest, even in their state of exhaustion, is rendered impossible by the ants, and that, if the advance party does not bring them relief, he and his son cannot live twenty-four hours—Lewis comes up with a bag of water, and news of a native camp only twelve miles off. They killed the sick camel, and started for the camp; and again Lewis went on to seek for indications of the Oakover, while Colonel Warburton and his son remained at the camp—where there was nothing to eat—keeping themselves and the others alive on the fragments of the last slain beast. Should they have to kill another, some of the party would have to walk, and not one was equal to the exertion. They had to kill another; for they did not get away until 1st December, after Lewis's return and report that he had found the road to the Oakover. Then Colonel Warburton records a horrible four days' march—tropical heat, thirst, hunger, no sleep, constant torture from the ants, semi-blindness, such weakness that he had to be tied on his camel's back, as the animal plunged head foremost down the steep sand-hills; and on the fourth day they camped on a tributary to the Oakover, and were out of the wilderness indeed, in a place where the camels could have water and rest.

But the haunting question of food for themselves drove the party on; on the 6th they had been two days without food, and could find nothing but bulrush roots. They were forced to return to the creek, and to kill another camel; and now there were but three left. There were fish in the water, but no means of taking them. 'A light twine-net would be worth its weight in diamonds to us now,' says Colonel Warburton; 'let no Australian traveller ever go out again without one.' It was nearly over with them; the camel-meat did not revive them; soon the strongest would be unequal to the least exertion; help in food and carriage must be obtained, or they must all die. The only thing to be done was to locate the party at the best attainable place on the Oakover, and send two men down the river to look for the settler's station. If they should live to reach it, and return with aid, the others might have been able to endure the starvation until their return; they might find them still alive. With this dim, grim hope, they struggled on to a beautiful mocking spot on the river-edge, and camped. 'I sent off Lewis and one Afghan,' says Colonel Warburton, 'on the only two camels that could travel. They are to look for the station of Messrs Harper and Company; we do not know how far it may be, or whether it may not have been abandoned, but must take our chance; it is the only one we have.' Then the four men and the boy, and the one camel—for whom the desert had been, too much, for though it had food and water and rest, it was dying, and they could only hope it would last until the time should come when they must kill it, to keep themselves alive a little longer—waited! Lewis left them on the 13th; on the 19th, they killed the last camel, and ate voraciously 'all day.' What if he should find no station? How is he to hold out with his scanty supply of food? Awful questions these, and their minds can hold no others. Christmas Day! And they 'lie sweltering on the ground, and would be thankful to have the pickings out of any pig's trough.' On the 29th, they have abundance of water, a little tobacco, a few bits of dried camel, and



a hope that the rain will bring up some thistles or pigweed. They cannot catch the fish; they cannot find 'possums or snakes, the birds will not sit down by them, and they are unable to get up and go to the birds. On that morning, Colonel Warburton wrote these lines in his journal: 'We must wait patiently. I am sure Lewis will do all that can be done. His endurance, perseverance, and judgment are beyond all praise. My great fear is that the summer rains may set in, and stop his return, but we must hope for the best.' A few hours afterwards, Lewis returned! He had found the station one hundred and seventy miles off, and brought back ample supplies for all the wants of the party, with six horses to carry them down to Roebourne.

No man's life had been lost, but a year of intense suffering had been endured by the men and the beasts in the exploring party. The result is absolutely *nil*, except in honour. Colonel Warburton and his son did their duty nobly; Lewis proved himself a hero. The Council and Burgesses of the city of Perth declare that 'the expedition has prepared the way for future explorers to disclose to us the characteristics and resources of our island continent.' Considering the nature of these characteristics and resources—horrible wilderness, and the absence of anything to support human life—we think the less they are disclosed the better, and hope Colonel Egerton Warburton's expedition may have no successor.

## THE FLAG OF DISTRESS.

## CHAPTER XXXII.—'AMBRE LA PUERTA!'

ANOTHER sun has shone upon San Francisco Bay, and gone down in red gleam over the far-spreading Pacific, leaving the sky of a leaden colour, moonless and starless. As the hour of midnight approaches, it assumes the hue predicted by Rocas, and desired by Diaz. For the ocean fog has again rolled shoreward across the peninsula, and shrouds San Francisco as with a pall. The adjacent country is covered with its funeral curtain, embracing within its folds the house of Don Gregorio Montijo. The inmates seem all asleep, as at this hour they should. No light is seen through the windows, nor any sound heard within the walls. Not even the bark of a dog, the bellow of a stalled ox, or the stamping of a horse in the stables. Inside, as without, all is silence. The profound silence seems strange, though favourable, to four men not far from the house, and gradually, but with slow steps, drawing nearer to it. For they are approaching by stealth, as can be told by their attitudes and gestures. They advance crouchingly, now and then stopping to take a survey of the *terrain* in front, as they do so exchanging whispered speech with one another.

Through the hazy atmosphere their figures show weird-like—all the more from their grotesque gesticulation. Scrutinised closely and in a clear light they would still present this appearance, for although in human shape, and wearing the garb of men, their faces more resemble those of demons. They are human countenances, nevertheless, but craped—*enmascaradas*. Nothing more is needed to tell who and what they are, with their purpose in thus approaching Don Gregorio's dwelling. They are burglars, designing to break it.

It needs not the removal of their masks to iden-

tify them as the four conspirators left plotting in the ranche of Rafael Rocas.

They are now *en route* for putting their scheme into execution.

It would look as if Don Gregorio were never to get his gold to Panama—much less have it transported to Spain.

And his daughter! What of her, with Francisco de Lara drawing nigh as one of the nocturnal ravagers? His granddaughter, too, Faustino Calderon being another?

One cognisant of the existing relations, and spectator of what is passing now—seeing the craped robbers as they steal on towards the house—would suppose it in danger of being doubly despoiled, and that its owner is to suffer desolation, not only in fortune, but in that far dearer to him—his family.

The burglars are approaching from the front, up the avenue, though not on it. They keep along its edge among the manzanita bushes. These, with the fog, afford sufficient screen to prevent their being observed from the house—even though sentinels were set upon its azotea. But there appears to be none; no eye to see, no voice to give warning, not even the bark of a watch-dog to wake those unconsciously slumbering within.

As already said, there is something strange in this. On a large grazing estate it is rare for the Molossian to be silent. More usually his sonorous bay is heard sounding throughout the night, or at short intervals. Though anything but desirous to hear the barking of dogs, the burglars are nevertheless puzzled at the universal silence, so long continued. For before entering the inclosure, they have been lying concealed in a thicket outside, their horses tied to the trees where they have left them, and during all the time not a sound has reached them; not a voice either of man or animal! They are now within sight of the house, its massive front looming large and dark through the mist—still no sound outside, and within the stillness of death itself!

Along with astonishment, a sense of awe is felt by one of the four criminals—Calderon, who has still some lingering reluctance as to the deed about to be done—or it may be but fear. The other three are too strong in courage, and too hardened in crime, for scruples of any kind.

Arriving at the end of the avenue, and within a short distance of the dwelling, they stop for a final consultation, still screened by a clump of manzanitas. All silent as ever; no one stirring; no light from any window; the shutters closed behind the *rejas*—the great *puerta* as well.

'Now about getting inside,' says De Lara; 'what will be our best way?'

'In my opinion,' answers Diaz, 'we'll do best by climbing up to the *azotea*, and over it into the *patio*.'

'Where's your ladder?' asks Rocas, in his gruff blunt way.

'We must find one, or something that'll serve instead. There should be loose timber lying about the *corrales*—enough to provide us with a climbing-pole.'

'And while searching for it, wake up some of the *vaqueros*. That won't do.'

'Then what do you propose, Rafael?' interrogates De Lara.

The sea-fighter, with his presumed experience in housebreaking, is listened to with attention.

'Walk straight up to the door,' he answers; 'knock, and ask to be admitted.'

'Ay; and have a blunderbuss fired at us, with a shower of bullets big as billiard-balls. *Carrai!*' It is Calderon who speaks thus apprehensively.

'Not the least danger of that,' rejoins Rocas. 'Take my word, we'll be let in.'

'Why do you think so?'

'Why? Because we have a claim on the hospitality of the house.'

'I don't understand you, Rocas,' says De Lara.

'Haven't we a good story to tell—simple, and to the purpose?'

'Still, I don't understand. Explain yourself, Rafael.'

'Don't we come as messengers from the man-of-war—from those officers you've been telling me about?'

'Ah; now I perceive your drift.'

'One can so announce himself, while the others keep out of sight. He can say he's been sent by the young gentlemen on an errand to Don Gregorio, or the señoritas, if you like. Something of importance affecting their departure. True, by this they'll know the ship's weighed anchor. No matter; the story of a message will stand good all the same.'

'Rafael Rocas!' exclaims De Lara, 'you're a horn genius. Instead of being forced to do a little smuggling now and then, you ought to be made administrator-general of customs. We shall act as you advise. No doubt the door will be opened. When it is, one can take charge of the janitor. He's a sexagenarian, and won't be hard to hold. If he struggle, let him be silenced. The rest of us can go ransacking. You, Calderon, are acquainted with the interior, and, as you say, know the room where Don Gregorio is most likely to keep his chest. You must lead us straight for that.'

'But, Francisco,' whispers Calderon in the ear of his confederate, after drawing him a little apart from the other two; 'about the *niñas*? You don't intend anything with them?'

'Certainly not—not to-night; nor in this fashion. I hope being able to approach them in gentler guise, and more becoming time. When they're without a *peso* in the world, they'll be less proud; and may be contented to stay a little longer in California. To-night we've enough on our hands without that. One thing at a time—their money first, themselves afterwards.'

'But suppose they should recognise us?'

'They can't. Disguised as we are, I defy a man's mother to know him. If they did, then—'

'Then what?'

'No use reflecting what. Don't be so scared, man! If I'd anticipated any chance of its coming to extremes of the kind you're thinking about, I wouldn't be here prepared for only half-measures. Perhaps we shan't even wake the ladies up; and if we do, there's not the slightest danger of our being known. So make your mind easy, and let's get through with it. See! Diaz and Rocas are getting impatient! We must rejoin them, and proceed to business at once.'

The four housebreakers again set their heads together; and after a few whispered words, to

complete their plan of proceeding, advance towards the door. Once up to it, they stand close in, concealed by its overshadowing arch.

With the butt of his pistol, De Lara knocks.

Diaz, unknown to the family, and therefore without fear of his voice being recognised, is to do the talking.

No one answers the knock; and it is repeated. Louder, and still louder. The sexagenarian janitor sleeps soundly to-night, thinks De Lara, deeming it strange. Another 'rat-at-ta' with the pistol-butt, followed by the usual formula: '*Ambre la puerta!*' (Open the door). At length comes a response from within; but not the customary '*¿Quien es?*' (Who's there), nor anything in Spanish. On the contrary, the speech which salutes the ears of those seeking admission is in a different tongue, and tone altogether unlike that of a native Californian.

'Who the old scratch are ye?' asks a voice from inside, while a heavy footstep is heard coming along the *saguam*. Before the startled burglars can shape a reply, the voice continues: 'Darn ye! what d'ye want anyhow—wakin' a fellur out o' his sleep at this time o' the night? 'Twould surve ye right if I sent a bullet through the door at ye. Take care what you're about. I've got my shootin-iron handy; an' a Colt's revolver it air.'

'*Por Dios!* what does this mean?' mutters De Lara.

'Tell him, Diaz,' he adds, in *sotto-voce* to the cock-fighter—'tell him we're from the British man-of-war with—' *Carrai!* I forgot, you don't speak English. I must do it myself. He won't know who it is.' Then raising his voice: 'We want to see Don Gregorio Montijo. We bring a message from the ship *Crusader*—from the two officers.'

'Consarn the ship *Crusader*, an' yur message, an' yur two officers, I know nothin' 'bout them. As for Don Gregorio, if ye want to get sight on him, ye're a preeshus way wide o' the mark. He ain't here any more. He's gin up the house, y. terday, an' tuk everything o' hisn out o't. I'm my here in charge o' the place. Guess you'll find both the Don an' his darters at the *Parker*—the most likeliest place to tree thet lot.'

Don Gregorio gone!—his gold—his girls! Only an empty house, in charge of a care-taker, who carries a Colt's repeating pistol, and would use it on the slightest provocation! No good going inside now, but a deal of danger. Anything but pleasant medicine would be a pill from that six-shooter.

Many are the wild exclamations that issue from the lips of the disappointed housebreakers, as they turn away from Don Gregorio's dismantled dwelling, and hasten to regain their horses.

#### CHAPTER XXXIII.—A SCRATCH CREW.

It was a fortunate inspiration that led the ex-haciendado to have his gold secretly carried on board the Chilean ship; another, that influenced him to transfer his family and household gods to an hotel in the town.

It was all done in a day—that same day. Every hour, after the sailing of the *Crusader*, had he become more anxious; for every hour brought intelligence of some new act of outlawry in the neighbourhood, impressing him with the insecurity,

not only of his Penates, but of the lives of himself and the young ladies. So long as the British ship lay in port, it seemed a protection to him; and although this may have been but fancy, it served somewhat to tranquillise his fears. Soon as she was gone, he gave way to them, summoned Silvestre, with a numerous retinue of *cargadores*, and swept the house clean of everything he intended taking—the furniture alone being left, as part of the purchased effects. It is a company of speculators to whom he has sold the property, these designing to cut it up into town-lots and suburban villa-sites.

He has reason to congratulate himself on his rapid removal, as he finds on the following day, when visiting his old home for some trifling purpose, and there hearing what had happened during the night. The man in charge—a stalwart American, armed to the teeth—gives him a full account of the nocturnal visitors. There were four, he says—having counted them through the keyhole of the door—inquiring for him, Don Gregorio. They appeared greatly disappointed at not getting an interview with him; and went off uttering adjurations in Spanish, though having held their parley in plain English.

A message from the British man-of-war! and brought by men who swore in Spanish! Strange all that, thinks Don Gregorio, knowing the *Crusader* should then be at least a hundred leagues off at sea. Besides, the messengers have not presented themselves at the *Parker House*, to which the care-taker had directed them. 'What could it mean?' asks the ex-haciendado of himself. Perhaps the sailor who is now first-officer of the Chilean ship may know something of it; and he will question him next time he goes aboard. He has, however, but little hope of being enlightened in that quarter; his suspicions turning elsewhere. He cannot help connecting Messrs De Lara and Calderon with the occurrence. Crozier's letter, coupled with further information received from the bearer of it, has thrown such a light on the character of these two individuals, that he can believe them capable of anything. After their attempt to rob the young officers, and murder them as well, they would not hesitate to serve others the same; and the demand for admission to his house may have been made by these very men, with a couple of confederates—their design to plunder it, if not worse.

Thus reflecting, he is thankful for having so unconsciously foiled them—indeed, deeming it a providence. Still is he all the more solicitous to leave a land beset with such dangers. Even in the town he does not feel safe. Robbers and murderers walk boldly abroad through the streets; not alone, but in the company of judges who have tried without condemning them; while lesser criminals stand by drinking-bars, hobnobbing with the constables who either hold them in charge, or have just released them after a mock-hearing before some magistrate, with eyes blind as those of Justice herself—blinded by the gold-dust of California!

Notwithstanding all this, Don Gregorio need have no fear for his ladies. Their sojourn at the hotel may be somewhat irksome and uncongenial, still are they safe. Rough-looking and boisterous as are some of their fellow-guests, they are yet in no way rude. The most sensitive lady need not fear

moving in their midst. A word or gesture of insult to her would call forth instant resentment.

It is not on their account he continues anxious, but because of his unprotected treasure. Though secreted aboard the *Condor*, it is still unsafe. Should its whereabouts get whispered abroad, there are robbers bold enough, not only to take it from the Chilean skipper, but set fire to his ship, himself in her, and cover their crime by burning everything up. Aware of this, Don Gregorio, with the help of friendly Silvestre, has half-a-dozen trusty men placed aboard of her—there to stay till a crew can be engaged. It is a costly matter, but money may save money, and now is not the time, to cavil at expenses.

As yet, not a sailor has presented himself. None seems caring to ship 'for Valparaiso and intermediate ports,' even at the double wages offered in the advertisement. The *Condor's* fore-castle remains untenanted, except by the six long-shore men, who temporarily occupy it, without exactly knowing why they are there; but contented to make no inquiry so long as they are receiving their ten dollars a day. Of crew, there is only the captain himself, his first-officer, and the cook. The oranges do not count.

Day by day, Don Gregorio grows more impatient, and is in constant communication with Silvestre. 'Offer higher wages,' he says; 'engage sailors at any price.' The ship-agent yields assent; inserts a second *aviso* in the Spanish paper, addressed to 'marineros of all nations.' Triple wages to those who will take service on a well-appointed ship. In addition, all the usual allowances, the best of grub and grog. Surely this should get the *Condor* a crew.

And at length it does. Within twenty-four hours after the advertisement has appeared, sailors begin to shew on her deck. They come singly, or in twos and threes; and keep coming till as many as half a score have presented themselves. They belong to different nationalities, speaking several tongues—among them English, French, and Danish. But the majority appear to be Spaniards, or Spanish-Americans, as might have been expected from the *Condor* being a Chilean ship. Among them is the usual variety of facial expression, though, in one respect, a wonderful uniformity. Scarce a man of them whose countenance is not in some way unprepossessing—either naturally of sinister cast, or brought to it by a career of sinful dissipation. Several of them shew signs of having been recently drinking—in eyes bleary and bloodshot. Of strife, too, by other eyes that are blackened, with scars upon their cheeks not yet cicatrised. Some are still in a state of inebriety, and stagger as they stray about the decks.

Under any other circumstances, such sailors would stand no chance of getting shipped. As it is, they are accepted—not one refused. Captain Lantanas has no choice, and knows it. Without them he is helpless, and it would be hopeless for him to think of putting to sea. If he do not take them, the *Condor* may swing idly at her anchor for weeks, it might be months. Quick as they come aboard, he enters their names on the ship's books, while Harry Blew assigns them their separate bunks in the fore-peak. One, a Spaniard, by name Padilla, shews credentials from some former ship that procure for him the berth of *piloto segundo* (second-mate).

After the ten have been taken, no more present themselves. Even the big bounty offered does not tempt another tar from the saloons of San Francisco. In any other seaport, it would empty every sailors' boarding-house to its last lodger. Still ten hands are not enough to work the good ship *Condor*. Her captain knows it, and waits another day, hoping he may get a few more to complete her complement. He hopes in vain; the supply seems exhausted. Becoming convinced of this, he determines to set sail with such crew as he has secured. But little more remains to be done; some stores to be shipped, provisions for the voyage, the best and freshest San Francisco can afford. For he who authorises their inlay cares not for the cost—only that things may be made comfortable. Don Gregorio gives *carte-blanche* for providing the vessel; and it is done according to his directions. At length everything is ready, and the *Condor* only awaits her passengers. Her cabin has been handsomely furnished; its best state-room decorated to receive two ladies, fair as ever set foot on board a ship.

#### CHAPTER XXXIV.—'ADIOS, CALIFORNIA!'

Another sunrise over San Francisco, in all likelihood the last Don Gregorio Montijo will ever witness in California. For just as the orb of day shews its disc above the dome-shaped *silhouette* of Monté Diablo, flinging its golden shimmer across the bay, a boat leaves the town-pier, bearing him and his towards the Chilian vessel, whose signals for sailing are out. Others are in the boat; a large party of ladies and gentlemen, who accompany them to do a last hand-shaking on board the ship. For, in quitting California, the ex-haciendado leaves many friends behind; among them, some who will pass sleepless hours thinking of Carmen Montijo; and others whose hearts will be sore as their thoughts turn to Inez Alvarez. It may be that none of these is in the boat, and better for them if they are not; since the most painful of all partings is that where the lover sees his sweetheart sail away, with the knowledge she cares neither to stay, nor come back.

The two young girls going off shew but little sign of regret at leaving. They are hindered by remembrance of the last words spoken at another parting, now painfully recalled: 'Hasta Cadiz!' The thought of that takes the sting out of this.

The boat reaches the ship, and swinging around, lies alongside. Captain Lantanas stands by the gangway to receive his passengers, with their friends; while his first-officer helps them up the man-rope.

Among the ladies, Harry Blew distinguishes the two he is to have charge of, and with them is specially careful. As their soft gloved fingers rest in his rough horny hand, he mentally registers a vow, that it shall never fail them in the hour of need—if such there ever be.

On the cabin-table is spread a refection of the best; and around it the leave-takers assemble, the Chilian skipper doing the honours of his ship. And gracefully, for he is in truth a gentleman.

Half-an-hour of merry-making, light chatter, enlivened by the popping of corks and clinking of glasses; then ten minutes of converse more serious; after which, hurried graspings of the hand, and a general scattering towards the shore-boat;

which soon after moves off amid exclamations of 'Adios!' and 'Bueno viaje!' accompanied by the waving of hands, and white slender fingers saluting, with tremulous motion, like the quiver of a kestrel's wing—the fashion of the Spanish-American fair.

While the boat is being rowed back to the shore, the *Condor* spreads sail, and stands away towards the Golden Gate.

She is soon out of sight of the port, having entered the strait which gives access to the great landlocked estuary. But a wind blowing in from the west hinders her; and she is all the day tacking through the eight miles of narrow water which connect San Francisco Bay with the Pacific.

The sun is high set as she passes the old Spanish fort, and opens view of the outside ocean. But the heavenly orb that rose over Monté Diablo like a globe of gold, goes down beyond 'Los Farallones' more resembling a ball of fire about to be quenched in the sea.

It is still only half-immersed in the blue liquid expanse, when, gliding out from the portals of the Golden Gate, the *Condor* rounds Seal Rock, and stands on her course W.S.W.

The wind has shifted, the evening breeze beginning to blow steadily from the land. This is favourable; and after tacks have been set, and sails sheeted home, there is but little work to be done.

As it is the hour of the second dog-watch, the sailors are all on deck, grouped about the fore hatch, and gleefully conversing. Here and there an odd individual stands by the side, with eyes turned shoreward, taking a last look at the land. Not as if he regretted leaving it, but is rather glad to get away. More than one of the *Condor's* crew have reason to feel thankful that the Chilian craft is carrying them from a country, where, had they stayed much longer, it would have been to find lodgment in a jail. Out at sea, their faces seem no better favoured than when they first stepped aboard. Scarce recovered from their shore carousing, they shew swollen cheeks, and eyes inflamed with alcohol; countenances from which the breeze of the Pacific, however pure, cannot remove that sinister expression.

At sight of them, and the two fair creatures sailing in the same ship, a thought about the incongruity—as also the insecurity of such companionship—cannot help coming uppermost. It is like two beautiful birds of paradise shut up in the same cage with half a score of wolves, tigers, and hyenas.

But the birds of paradise are not troubling themselves about this, or anything else in the ship. Lingered abaft the binnacle, with their hands resting on the taffrail, they look back at the land, their eyes fixed upon the summit of a hill, ere long to become lost to their view by the setting of the sun. They have been standing so for some time in silence, when Inez says: 'I can tell what you're thinking of, *tia*.'

'Indeed! can you? Well; let me hear it.'

'You're saying to yourself: "What a beautiful hill that is yonder; and how I should like to be once more upon its top—not alone, but with somebody beside me." Now, tell the truth, isn't that it?'

'Those are your own thoughts, *sobrina*.'

'I admit it, and also that they are pleasant. They are yours also; are they not?'

'Only in part. I have others, which I suppose you can share with me.'

'What others?'

'Reflections not at all agreeable, but quite the contrary.'

'Again distressing yourself about that! It does not give me any concern; and didn't from the first.'

'No?'

'No!'

'Well; I must say you take things easily—which I don't. A lover—engaged too—to go away in that *sans façon* manner! Not so much as a note, nor even a verbal message. *Santissima!* it was something more than rude—it was cruel; and I can't help thinking so.'

'But there was a message in the letter to grandpapa, for both of us. What more would you wish?'

'Pff! who cares for parting compliments? A *lepero* would send better to his sweetheart in sleeveless *camisa*. That's not the message for me.'

'How can you tell there wasn't some other which has miscarried? I'm almost sure there has been; else why should somebody have knocked at the door, and said so. The Americano left in charge of the house has told grandpa something about four men having come there the night after we left it. One may have been the messenger, the others going with him for company; and through his neglect, we've not got letters intended for us. Or, if they haven't written, it's because they were pressed for time. However, we shall know when we meet them at Cadiz.'

'Ah! when we meet them there, I'll demand an explanation from Eduardo. That shall I, and get it—or know the reason why.'

'He will give a good one, I warrant. There's been a miscarriage somehow. For hasn't there been mystery all round. Luckily, no fighting, as we feared, and have reason to rejoice. Neither anything seen or heard of your Californian chivalry! That's the strangest thing of all.'

'It is indeed strange,' rejoins Carmen, shewing emotion; 'I wonder what became of them. Nobody that we know has met either after that day, nor yet heard word of them.'

'Carmen, I believe one *has* heard of them.'

'Who?'

'Your father.'

'What makes you think so, *Iñez*?'

'Some words I overheard while he was conversing with the English sailor who's now in the ship with us. I'm almost certain there was something in Mr Crozier's letter that related to De Lara and Calderon. What it was, grandpapa seems desirous of keeping to himself, else he would have told us. We must endeavour to find it out from the sailor.'

'You're a cunning schemer, *sobrina*. I should never have thought of that. We shall try. Now I remember, Eduardo once saved this man's life. Wasn't it a noble daring deed? For all, I'm mad angry with him leaving me as he did; and shan't be pacified till he get upon his knees, and apologise for it. That he shall do at Cadiz.'

'To confess the truth, *tia*, I was a little spited myself at first. On reflection, I feel sure there's been some mischance, and we've been wronging them both. I shan't blame my darling till I see

him again. Then if he can't clear himself, oh, won't I?'

'You forgive too easily. I can't.'

'Yes, you can. Look at yonder hill. Recall the pleasant hour passed upon it, and you'll be lenient, as I am.'

Carmen obeys, and again turns her glance toward the spot sacred to sweet memories.

As she continues to gaze at it, the cloud lifts from her brow, replaced by a smile, that promises easy parlon to him who has offended her.

In silence the two stand, straining their eyes upon the far summit, till shore and sea become one—both blending into the purple of twilight.

'Adios, California!'

Land no longer in sight. The ship is *au large* on the ocean.

## CHEAP RAILWAY TRAVELLING.

PRODIGIOUS as were the advantages secured by railway travelling, cheapness was not at first a matter of serious consideration. Accommodation for what are called the masses did not enter into the calculations of the railway companies; perhaps because the masses had never yet shewn any disposition or ability to travel. In short, third-class travelling by rail came laggingly into use. Some companies refused to adopt it in any form; while others bent to it only when temporary or local competition appeared. When parliament insisted that, once a day at anyrate, passengers should be afforded the means of travelling at a penny a mile, in closed carriages, the companies obeyed the law grudgingly; they started their 'parliamentary trains' (as they were called) at inconvenient hours, adopted a tediously slow rate of speed, and shunted the train repeatedly, to allow the passage of faster trains. All this was most unbusiness-like, and proved disadvantageous to everybody, the shareholders of railway companies included. The error consisted in a real belief that third-class fares, and low fares generally, involved a grievous diminution of the companies' net profits, and should, if possible, be discouraged. Competition was the agency which taught railway directors better; not reckless competition at ridiculously low fares, to be followed by a return to high fares when the cabals and quarrels between the companies had subsided; but a reduction to be steadily maintained on two lines which accommodated two or more stations by different routes. It was a truth only gradually recognised by directors, that cheap fares *create* traffic, by tempting those to travel by rail who before did not travel at all; by tempting those to travel frequently who, previously, had made but few trips in the course of a year; and (in regard to merchandise) to encourage swift transit by rail, instead of slow transit by road or canal.

How the system has advanced in these characteristics, is known in a general way to most persons. Railway directors are not one whit more benevolent now than they were twenty or thirty years ago; but they are more experienced, and give a practical turn to the experience they have acquired. They have discovered that penny-a-milers are a very important set of customers, who are by no means to be pooh-poohed. This fact was recognised in a striking way by the Midland directors, two or three years ago, when they commenced the system of carrying third-class passengers by every

train, fast as well as slow, and over every part of their widely stretching network of railways. The other companies were much troubled by this innovation, which placed them on the horns of a dilemma: if they followed the example set to them, they apprehended a loss of receipts, by carrying the bulk of their passengers at third-class instead of second-class fares; if they did not follow the example, a probability arose that the daring innovator would take the leading place in the estimation of the public. This twofold perplexity has led to curious results in the diversity of plans adopted, as will be seen at the end of this paper.

The latest Report on these matters, presented by Captain Tyler to the Board of Trade, is full of interest, in relation to the proceedings down to the end of 1873. We pass over his marvellous details concerning our railway system, now extending over upwards of 16,082 miles, and costing, all things included, the stupendous sum of very nearly six hundred millions of pounds sterling. The point we direct attention to is the expansion of third-class accommodation on the lines generally, but, in particular, as regards the Midland Railway—so called because it lies midway from north to south between the Great Northern and the London and North-western. 'During a portion of 1872 and during 1873, the experiment of conveying third-class passengers in fast trains, initiated by the Midland Railway Company, and carried out in a great measure by the other principal companies, who felt compelled more or less to adopt a similar course, has now been more fully tried. The results of that experiment, not only upon the third-class traffic, but also upon the traffic of the other classes, are apparent. Different companies have no doubt been affected by it in different degrees; and it is a question how far the increase in the numbers and receipts from third-class passengers is altogether due to the greater facilities for fast travelling thus conferred upon them. Other causes which may be considered to have been in operation, with reference to the agricultural, manufacturing, and commercial prosperity of the country during the periods referred to, must also be borne in mind; but the general results of the experiment must be considered to be the desertion to a considerable extent of second-class for third-class carriages. The continued increase of first-class traffic tends to the conviction, that passengers desiring or requiring first-class accommodation do not object to the existing first-class fares. The decrease of second-class traffic indicates that the fares are too high for the advantages or accommodation afforded, relatively to the other classes; and, consequently, that the second-class fares might advantageously be reduced. The increase in the third-class traffic is encouraging, as shewing still further than in former years the elasticity and importance of that traffic. On the other hand, the experiment of conveying third-class passengers by fast non-stopping trains, as partially adopted, does not seem to have been entirely satisfactory, either to the railway companies generally, or to the passengers of higher classes travelling by express trains; as leading, where duplicate trains have not been run, to overcrowding, unpunctuality, and other inconveniences.'

Two passages in Captain Tyler's remarks have a bearing on the Midland Company's next bold venture, which was put in force on New-year's

Day 1875. The general result of the change made in 1872, that of greatly increasing, the third-class accommodation, has been 'the desertion to a considerable extent of second-class for third-class carriages.' This is precisely what the Midland directors say; the second-class carriages certainly are very much deserted, and a great weight of wood and iron has to be dragged along, with very few passengers to pay for the haulage. The companies carried 81,000,000 second-class passengers in 1871, but only 70,000,000 in 1873, notwithstanding the great increase in railway travelling generally in the two years; there were nearly as many second-class carriages employed, but eleven million fewer passengers in them. This is the reason assigned by the Midland for abolishing second-class altogether. A second remark is: 'The continued increase of first-class traffic tends to the conviction, that passengers desiring or requiring first-class accommodation do not object to the existing first-class fares.' This goes against the Midland scheme, and so far supports the protest made by the other companies; they all assert that first-class passengers do not object to twopence per mile for well-appointed carriages in fast trains; and that it is a gratuitous throwing away of money to carry well-to-do passengers at three-halfpence per mile. A further comment by Captain Tyler relates to the overcrowding and unpunctuality which result (or may result) from a great predominance of third-class travelling, and which would be distasteful to those who have paid first-class fares. This evil, we presume, could be obviated by providing a sufficiency of carriages, and a sufficient staff of active servants at the principal stations.

Matters will probably turn out thus: Those who have hitherto travelled first-class will continue so to do, and will benefit by any reduction of fare. Those who have hitherto travelled third-class will in like manner continue so to do, but with no material reduction of fare. Those who have hitherto travelled second-class will divide off into two parties, the minority going up to the first, the majority going down to the third. How the first-class folk will like to see the middle class come among them, remains to be seen; a curious subject is this of caste or social class, concerning which the companies can do no more than feel their way by degrees. For those who desire to be particularly exclusive, it would not be difficult to have a few *coupés* set apart at a higher charge per mile. The great object to be achieved is to lessen the number of empty or half-empty carriages that are dragged along uselessly with many of the trains.

The total effect of the new system cannot yet be estimated. The several companies have followed the lead of the Midland still more unwillingly and incompletely than in the former movement. The reduction of first-class fares from twopence to three-halfpence per mile is greatly disliked by them, as a gratuitous sacrifice of revenue; and it certainly is the case that very few first-class passengers have been in the habit of complaining of the rate hitherto adopted. Uniformity of system is quite destroyed just at present; 'chaos' may become 'cosmos' by degrees; but chaos assuredly reigns in the meantime. Very few of the companies adopt the Midland new system in full—namely, first-class at three-halfpence, *plus* third-class at a penny. Some adopt the two classes only, but make the first-class a little over three-halfpence, or the third-class

(except a few parliamentary trains) a little over a penny. Some have three classes, but charge only five farthings per mile for the second. Some adopt the Midland tariff between such stations only as are subject to competition, but charge the old fares on all other parts of their line. Lastly, some resolutely set their face against the whole innovation, and retain the three classes and the former rates of fare.

Since the above was written, the principal railway companies have reported on the traffic for the first half of the year 1875. The results, so far as they relate to recent changes, we now proceed to give.

The *Midland*, abandoning second-class traffic, carried fewer first-class passengers in the first half of 1875, than first and second class in the corresponding half of 1874; but this deficiency was more than made up by the increase in third-class. As a total, 840,000 more passengers were carried, and £50,000 more money taken in fares—an increase due in great part, however, to the opening of new portions of line. The average receipts per mile have remained nearly unchanged; the directors claim to have greatly benefited the public, without loss to the company.

The *London and North-western* 'have had to modify the first-class fares, in consequence of the Midland competition; but they have continued to run three classes of carriages, and experience convinces them that they are justified in this policy.' They have carried 100,000 more first-class passengers, and 254,000 more second-class; but as the fares have been lessened, the total money receipts have undergone no increase. The third-class remains nearly stationary, attributed to the migration of third-class into (cheap) second. The directors, without loudly complaining, are dissatisfied with the Midland policy.

The *Great Northern* carried 1,200,000 more third-class, and 180,000 more first-class passengers; but as there was a decline in the second, and as both first and second class fares have been lowered, the gross passenger receipts are only augmented by £12,000—barely equivalent to the length of new line opened. What the directors most regret is, having to lessen the first-class fare in order to keep on equal terms with the Midland.

The *Great Eastern* have adopted the strange course of charging three-halfpence per mile for third class (except by parliamentary trains), thus nullifying the value of the boon of 'third-class by every train;' and as the first and second class fares are also high (except where they compete with their neighbours), the public have little cause to be grateful to this company.

The *Great Western* have not lowered their fares, except to a few competing stations, nor put on third-class by every train. Third-class trains are, however, increased in number, with the result of inducing many second-class folk to travel by third—a tendency against which the directors complain strongly. They are 'quite satisfied that the Midland did wrong in abolishing second-class, and feel convinced that time will shew this to be the case.'

The *Manchester, Sheffield, and Lincolnshire* are perplexed and in doubt how far to imitate their bold neighbour, the Midland. The abolition of second-class, and the lessening of first-class fares to competing stations, have been followed by a dimi-

nution of receipts from passenger traffic, notwithstanding the opening of new portions of line.

The *Lancashire and Yorkshire*, 'after much consideration, have resolved not to imitate the Midland in abolishing second-class.' The directors note an increase in the number of passengers by that class, greater than in the number by first or by third, consequent probably on a slight lowering of fares; and third-class tickets are extensively issued throughout the day, though not by every train.

The *North-eastern, North British, Caledonian, Glasgow and South-western*, and other companies in the north, have made but little change in these matters, except at points where competition arises, or where through-tickets necessitate an equality of system with other companies. In other words, they have not been so immediately pressed upon by the Midland. When this last-named company opens for passenger traffic the new line from Settle to Carlisle next spring, we shall probably see considerable modifications in the details of Scotch traffic, to the advantage of the public.

The four principal companies south of the Thames, like the Scotch companies, have made fewer changes than those in the central parts of England. The *London and South-western* refuse to lower the first-class fares, and equally refuse to abandon second-class; they slightly increase the third-class accommodation, and report an augmentation of traffic. Nearly the same thing has occurred on the *Brighton, the Chatham and Dover*, and the *South-eastern*; the companies appear to gain rather than lose by moderately cultivating third-class traffic, but do not relish any lowering of fares by the other two classes. It is not certain how much of the additional traffic is due to the opening of new portions of line.

To sum up. It is evident from the above reports and comments, that the time has not yet come for estimating the full effects of the three great changes introduced by the Midland—the lowering of first-class fares, the abolition of second-class, and the carrying of third-class passengers by every train. The other companies speak reproachfully of the innovator; but it is left to the future to shew which are in the right. Meanwhile we may add a comment of our own. The advantages of *return tickets* have been curtailed by these changes; such tickets are still issued, but the Midland charge almost exactly double fares for them, and some of the other companies do the like. This is a withdrawal of advantages which lessens the interest of the public in the recent changes.

One word more. It appears to us that railway companies could do much for their own benefit, as well as for the encouragement of travellers, by issuing bundles of tickets to be used at convenience. In some parts of the United States, as we know by experience, railway tickets are sold in shops like any article of merchandise, and may be used at any time, by which arrangement people are not obliged to wait at crowded stations for the opening of wickets. Might not some plan of this kind be tried in England? We are aware that the North British Railway Company issues what are called 'Family or Guest Tickets.' Such tickets, however, are only issued to the holders of season-tickets. According to the official announcement, 'Holders of season-tickets to any station on the company's line to which the ordinary



first-class single-journey fare is three shillings or upwards, can purchase at one time six or more first-class return-tickets at a single fare and a quarter of the ordinary first-class fare, to be used by members of their families, or by guests visiting at their houses. These tickets are not transferable, and they must be used during the currency of the season-tickets in respect of which they have been issued.' Application for such tickets is made by filling up a printed form. The same company have the further arrangement of issuing lots of not fewer than twenty first-class return-tickets, or a number equivalent, to the value of not less than L.5. But there is this restriction, that these tickets shall be used exclusively for the family and friends of the person whose name they bear. They must likewise be used consecutively, according to number, beginning at the lowest. There may be other companies which offer to sell tickets on a similarly wholesale plan, and possibly free from the foregoing restrictions, some of which seem to be only calculated to defeat the object aimed at. A broad intelligible method of issuing return-tickets in bundles to be used at any time by anybody, is the boon specially required.

### S A L V A G E.

#### IN TWO CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER I.

IMAGINE London at three o'clock in the afternoon of a roasting day, the month August, and the aspect of Londoners savage.

Can a man be reasonably expected to feel amiable and benevolent who is obliged to remain in Town after the season is over? Every cab he sees bearing its happy freight to the stations, to be presently transferred to the seaside, seems, by some mocking and relentless fate, to bring to his parched and fevered senses a whiff of the salt sea-breeze, and to make him long the more for the unattainable; and it would appear as if the intense blinding heat, the pitiless scorching rays, had shrivelled up the heart of man, and dried the well-springs of his kindness and compassion. Wherefore at this hour stood the Honourable Denis Delmar, a youth of some twenty summers, on the steps of his father's mansion in Portland Place, and his face wore a sorrowful look and a gloomy. His father, Lord Delmar, had just refused the earnest suit of his only child, and, probably under the influence of the irritating weather, used strong language, and altogether conducted himself in a strictly parental, though decidedly annoying manner. Calling a hansom, the youth drove eastward, and stopping at the door of a used-up-looking house in Queen Square, Bloomsbury—that purlicu of decayed gentility and faded grandeur—discharged the cab, and entered the house. He made his way quickly up the staircase, and went into a drawing-room, where sat a young and beautiful girl; we say beautiful, for, though a heartless, critical old maid might have found fault with the irregularity of her features, yet the deep swimming brown eyes, and the bright ever-changeable expression of a happy face—a kaleidoscope of shifting humours, settling always into some new form of beauty—formed a picture, which, set as it was in a framework of wavy golden-brown hair, must have charmed every one else who saw her. No one could gaze on that fair fresh countenance and not admire; few could look on Alice Went-

wood, and not feel better for that look, and in her presence the moody brow of our hero that-is-to-be, relaxed.

'My little queen!' he said; and clasping her fairy form in his arms, he kissed her ardently, tenderly, and so long kept his lips pressed to hers, that she at last withdrew quickly, blushing from his glowing embrace; and the maid-servant, who, during its continuance, had been unable to withdraw her eye from the key-hole, caught a sad cold in that organ. Alice gazed for some time at the noble expressive countenance of her lover before speaking.

'Dear Denis, in the presence of their Queen, all the courtiers at least *look* amiable. You shall not frown so, dearest, but tell me what said and did Lord Delmar. Is he still inexorably deaf to your wishes. Speak to me, Den, and relieve my anxiety—there's a dear boy' (coaxingly).

'He said he would never consent to my marriage with—with—you. I said I would wed none but my darling; and he replied, that I might live a wealthy bachelor, or exist a wedded beggar.'

Alice Wentwood, *atut* nineteen, rose like a queen. 'Sir, it is as I feared, but your father's wishes shall be respected. *I will never marry you, without Lord Delmar's consent.* Heaven forbid that the one who loves you most truly, should be the one to cause your ruin! Leave me, Denis Delmar—leave me now! Return to your father; acknowledge that you have acted wrongly and hastily in loving your social inferior. Marry; forget me; and—God—send—you—may—be—happier—and—more—fortunate—in—your—next choice.' Her voice quavered and died away at the last words.

Amazed, and somewhat indignant, at this unexpected tirade, Denis gave her one mute look of reproach, turned, and laid his hand on the door-handle.

'Good-bye, Alice' (sternly). Pause. 'Good-bye, Alice' (softly). Pause. 'Good-bye, Alice' (huskily). No reply. He could not see her face now; it was turned from him, but the head lower than before. Once more he spoke: 'Alice, love, will you send me from you thus?'

A moment's hush, then she answered: 'Denis Delmar, your father's curse would rest upon me if I separated you from him. My darling, I have loved you too well, to bring shame to your family in my own person; so, fare-thee-well, Denis; good-bye for ever.'

Her voice quavered very slightly, but its tone was unyielding. For his sake, she compelled herself to be outwardly calm. She knew that one look, one motion of her fair hand, even one sob, would bring him to her feet for ever for weal or woe; but her pride and love were stronger than her selfishness and affection (four things, by the way, which are often mistaken for each other). And still he stood there; it was so hard to leave his life behind him, and to go out from that room dead to love for ever.

Presently, she turned, and command was in her voice: 'For the last time, Denis Delmar—your suit unsanctioned by your father—I say to you, farewell, farewell.'

Slowly and dejectedly he turned, and threw on her one look of agony as she stood there queenly immovable; then, passing out of the death-chamber of his hopes, he bowed his head, and went from her.

Passing down the stairs hastily, as he left the house, he heard a bell ring violently, then voices calling, but, absorbed in his own grief, he took no notice of this circumstance, but pursued his way gloomily, and with a heart burning with conflicting emotions. Arrived at home, he sought his father, and requested his permission to take the yacht, and set out at once for a cruise which should extend for at least six months.

Long and earnestly the old lord gazed on his son's face. 'Denis,' said he, 'I see you have returned to your duty and a right sense of your position. Is it not so?'

Denis could not speak; he bowed his head.

The other continued: 'I am satisfied with you. Henceforward, we will treat this foolish infatuation as if it had never been. You may start at once, if you please; the yacht lies at her moorings at Dover. For six months, you shall be your own master. Come back then to me as the heir of our house should come—competent to support its dignity, and knowing what he owes to his parents.'

In three hours from that time, the Honourable Denis Delmar was seated in an express train, whirling down to the seaside; and the book resting on his knees bore the title, *Not Wisely, but too Well*.

We cannot expect our readers to feel any interest in a person to whom they have not been previously introduced; the laws and regulations of society compel us to have a voucher of the respectability of a brother or sister pilgrim, before we can socially recognise his or her existence. How often it happens that a (moral) rascal requires the good offices of another miscreant in order to make him personally known to a third and greater ruffian.

Present company always excepted.

'Let us atone for our neglect, and introduce Miss Wentwood—Mr Gentlereader. Mr Gentlereader, this is Miss Wentwood.'

After you have talked commonplaces, and exhausted the weather—that never-failing *ragoût* of conversational cooks—we buttonhole you, and, leading you into a snug corner, let you in behind the scenes.

Alice, at the time you first saw her, was living in the house of a Mr Graham, a solicitor, and the legal adviser of Lord Delmar. Here our heroine was kept in trust, for her guardian had been an old and valued friend of her father's from boyhood. Later on, in the same regiment he and Alice's father had fought as brother-officers side by side, until at last Major Wentwood, succumbing to jungle-fever, confided with his last breath the care of his idolised and only daughter to his friend, who, unable at that time to leave India, had sent her home to Mr Graham—who, he well knew, would be kind to the orphan girl—until he himself could follow her. Here it was, then, that Denis first saw her; and, charmed with her manner, sought daily her companionship, and soon found that the perfection and grace of her body were only equalled by the natural beauty of her mind.

Mr Graham lived on but a small income, and in an unostentatious manner. Alice had never known what her father's circumstances were; but she guessed that, with the exception of a small annuity left her by an aunt, she was entirely dependent upon her guardian. Her mother had been dead many years.

And now, having effected an introduction, let us resume our narrative.

When Denis, despairing, took his bitter farewell of his love, and, as he imagined, his happiness for ever, and left the house, a violent peal at the bell was heard; the servant, hastening to the room, was heard to call loudly for assistance, and Mrs Graham, who happened to be at home, rushed up the stairs, and there, to her infinite consternation, found Miss Wentworth prostrate on the floor. Nature had prevailed over pride, and she had fainted. Raising her in their arms, they bore her to the open window, and speedily restored her to consciousness, and, alas, to misery! Poor Alice; it was her first *affaire du cœur*, and there was fierce strife in her breast. Love had thrown down the gauntlet to Self, and Nature was revenging her half-brother.

Presently Mr Graham came home, and sedulously this old man set himself to console, comfort, and revive the drooping and despairing heart. 'Make haste and get strong again, and well, my darling,' he said, 'and to-morrow, or the next day, we will take you down to Dover. Do not let your heart be cast down, for a little voice has whispered to me that all will yet be well.'

For two days and nights it had blown 'great guns' on the coast; the wind came roaring and howling over the sea, and dashed the spray in cataracts over rock and land, and the unceasing roaring waves tumbled over each other in their eagerness to beat and lash the shore, in unavailing fury. The fishermen, boatmen, and other water-rats gathered in knots on the beach, and ever and anon turning their keen and anxious glance in that quarter where lay the 'Goodwins,' shook their heads, and talked of death and salvage in a breath. Much chance was there of the former, though but little of the latter, unless the gale quickly moderated; for though all the life-boats were out, yet the relentless waves would spare little of the unhappy bark that should once drift on to those awful sands—gates to the mariners' Eternity.

A small group of sailors was standing near the end of the pier, gazing out into the darkness with anxious faces, for just before nightfall a large ship had appeared in the offing, firing guns of distress, and signalling for assistance; but the gale had since then increased, and the men were anxiously discussing the chances of her weathering out the storm.

'God give the lads soft sea-beds, for they'll not rest on a dry one again, gin the wind keeps this way.'

The speaker, an old gray-headed man, bared his head; he was alone in the world, having recently lost his only son, by the capsizing of a boat in rounding the pier-head. An all-wise Providence had seen fit to take the one sheep away to the place where there are already so many; but it seemed so hard to this old man, who, nevertheless, bowed his head like a forest oak to the will of the Almighty, and went out to endeavour to avert that grief from other hearts, that he felt so keenly himself. As he finished speaking, a flash shone far out at sea; a moment's pause, and the report of a gun came booming across the waters; then swiftly a rocket ascended, and it seemed to the observers like a messenger sent up to heaven to implore aid for perishing humanity; a second, and it burst impotent, and was gone. Again all was darkness and despair.

'Volunteers to go out with me to that ship!'

The startled crowd turned; in their midst stood a young man; his frame was sturdy and well knit,

and his athletic form, albeit wearing a look of aristocratic languor, shewed great power and strength, dormant, perhaps, but still there. His teeth were set, and his brow wore a look of settled melancholy, only his eyes glittered and burned with a strange fire, as again he uttered the words: 'Who volunteers to save that ship?'

A grim smile was on the faces of those men, and one answered: 'None but madmen.'

But the old man regarded him attentively, and awaited his answer. It came.

'Madman or not, I am going out to that ship, and I call for six volunteers to accompany me. If we succeed, salvage will repay them. If we fail, their families shall not want.'

A silence fell on the group. Then the old man said: 'What boat wilt thou go in, lad?'

'The life-boat of my yacht,' came the reply; 'and I tell you, old man, that I have been with her in weather little better than this, and here I am.' Then turning to the crowd: 'Now, twenty pounds down to every man who goes to make up my crew.'

The old man ranged himself by his side: 'Life be nowt to me, now my boy is gone; mebbe I shall follow him the quicker. Sir, I thank you; I make one.'

Then two of the yacht's crew stepped out; brave young fellows were they, sturdy and strong, and their example moved the crowd; and one by one came six others, of whom three were quickly selected.

A woman's voice rose above the storm, clear and shrill: 'Who be you to command our sons and husbands?' it asked. 'Mayhap some ne'er-do-well that you throw away your life like this.'

He turned grandly to that excited crowd. 'That is true: to me, it is worth nothing; yet, if I die, a father will be childless, an earldom soon vacant, and a girl will'—He broke off suddenly, and turned away: 'Men, we must hasten!' said he.

The old man advanced, and took his hand respectfully, yet tenderly, and wringing it heartily, the volunteers and their noble skipper made short preparation, and manned the boat.

The wind whistled and roared over the deep; the manes of the 'white horses' were torn from them, and flung in the faces of the breathless crowd, drenching them with the salt spray; and through the waves and the storm, the tempest and the spray, with the driving scud above, and the sailors' grave beneath, out into the black night went that frail boat on its mission of mercy.

Fearful was the danger, and dire the peril of the yacht's brave little boat; oftentimes had they all but given up hope, but a merciful Providence watched their gallant efforts for the rescue of their fellow-creatures. All that awful night had they laboured on through the darkness, their course guided only by the signals of the unhappy ship. They had steered so as to intercept her, as she was fast dragging her anchors. The old man at the helm, and the youth in front of him, sweeping his oar through the water with mighty strokes, faced each other; and so they toiled on in that fearful tempest; old age and youth for once equal in the race for the grave, and working out, in one single grand action, a noble end. When at length they had reached the ship, weary and faint with their unequal conflict, they quitted their boat one by one as they had an opportunity, and called to him who had steered them so bravely and so well

through the raging waves; but no answer was returned. After infinite labour, the boat was hoisted to the ship's side, and there, in the stern, supported by the tiller, sat the old man, his head on his breast, his soul with his God. The brave spirit had flown to rejoin his boy, and the faithful heart had ceased to beat in the supreme moment of victory.

During the night, several of the ship's crew had been washed overboard in a tremendous squall, and the survivors were far too exhausted by their protracted struggle to work the ship. They had endeavoured, as a last resource, to anchor, but, as we have seen, the attempt was futile. It was just at the time they had resigned themselves to apparently inevitable destruction, that the encouraging shouts of the boat's crew reached their ears, and they saw, with frantic joy, a fresh chance of life. No sooner had Denis and his men boarded, than they set to work to clear away the wreck of the fallen rigging; and their example inspired the ship's crew to such an extent, that between them they managed to put the ship about and stand out to sea. They had scarcely lost the sound of the roaring breakers when the gale commenced to moderate; the wind changed; and about an hour before morning they were again enabled to make for the shore. All this is easy enough to read about, but it required no small amount of seamanship and hardihood to bring the vessel out from that fearful peril, 'a lee shore.' Truly, it is a fearful thing to fight in the darkness against raging seas and roaring winds; humanity seems so small, and God so great and near.

Throughout the night, the storm continued to rage; but about an hour before dawn, the wind lulled; the gale had blown itself out; the sea, however, still continued fearfully high, and broke in giant rollers on the beach.

With the first dawn of morning, the eyes of those on shore were strained to catch a glimpse of the ship. The morning was dull and misty, and for some time little could be seen of the sea to windward; but presently the sky became clearer, was streaked with silver; the hues deepened, the glorious sun shone out, and its first beams dispelling the mist, ushered in a cloudless day, such as is often seen after a great storm upon the coast. As the fog rose up, like the curtain from a stage, there, not half a mile from the land, lay the ship. She was partially dismantled, but steadily making her way into port with what sail she could carry. In less than an hour, she was lying under the lee of the pier.

Truly, nothing succeeds like success. The ship was saved. Denis and his plucky crew had succeeded; and mothers held up their babes to look at the hero. Had he failed, he would have been 'a murderer;' women would have cursed him who had robbed them of their supporters, and would have taught their children to execrate his memory. Arrived at the hotel, Denis called one of his crew, and directed him to pay the men the money promised, dividing the old man's share among them; moreover, he enrolled the three natives there and then on the books of the yacht, and shook hands with them, thanking them in a few brief but hearty words for their aid and bravery. Then the men cheered, and took their leave, and being seized upon by the population, with yells and acclamations, were borne in triumph to their own homes.

Denis had brought ashore an elderly companion, whom he conducted to his apartments, where he ordered breakfast and dry clothing; and then set himself modestly to refuse all thanks and praise from the other. No: his life was almost valueless to him; he had risked what was only of little worth; he deserved no praise, and would accept none. This was the way he talked. Then the other drew from him by degrees his whole story; and, by his kind and genial manner, thawed the ice in which the cold winds of adversity had inclosed his heart, and won him to relate how it came about that a young man—titled, rich, and handsome—should discover so early the nothingness of life and its earthly pleasures. He undertook to shew him the impossibility of existing without some object in the future. Youth is ever prone to confidences, and Denis felt a kindness for the man whose life he had saved, and so, to his kind and sympathising ear, he poured forth the longing utterances of his heart; and told his tale with a simple and manly dignity that won upon the heart of his attentive auditor, and when he had finished, the other spoke: 'Now that you have fulfilled my request, and proved to me that, being a gentleman yourself, you know another by intuition, I will return your confidence, my dear boy. The ship you saved by your noble action and example was bringing me from the East Indies, and had on board the proceeds of the sale of my estates there, mostly in specie and produce. You have thus, by your intrepid conduct, been the means of sparing me a great loss. And now, pray, remember, that as yet I am ignorant of the name of my preserver.'

'Men call me the Honourable Denis Delmar,' was the bitter reply.

'Denis Delmar!' exclaimed the other, as he sprang from his chair, which he grasped with a convulsed movement. Denis approached him in surprise; he feared he was about to fall. The old man regarded him steadfastly for a moment, then, with a look of unutterable love, he pressed the youth to his heart—fondly and passionately; then, tearing himself from his arms, he rushed from the room, his form agitated visibly by the emotion he strove so hard to conceal. To attempt to describe Denis's state by the word 'mystified,' is useless. He sat and stared at the door vacantly. Was there a curse in his name working always for evil? It had ruined the happiness of Alice and himself; and even now it was marring what satisfaction his own conscience felt at his late meritorious deed. Presently, an attendant entered the room, bearing a note. It ran thus:

DEAR FRIEND—Pardon the eccentricity of an old man, to whom life is yet so sweet that he sheds tears at the name of its saviour. My nerves were much shaken by the late events, and I felt overpowered by the sudden remembrance of all I owed to you. Pray, forgive me, and from this moment, I entreat you, look upon me as your friend for life, to which life I trust before long to reconcile you.

WILLIAM GIMP.

To the Honourable Denis Delmar.

Having read this through again, our hero felt very dissatisfied with the first part of it; there was a want of sincerity, he thought, about the old man's excuse for his emotion, although the explanation seemed reasonable enough. Meditating upon this, he rose from his chair, turned to the window,

and looked out listlessly into the street. Suddenly, he gave a cry of surprise. There, seated in a hired carriage passing the door, sat Alice, his Alice once, but oh! how changed in appearance. 'What suffering have I caused thee, my darling!' exclaimed, in anguish, the man who had pulled his oar silently through the night of peril. 'God forgive me!' cried, in despair, he who had faced death, himself unmoved. Then moans of pain were wrung from this strange compound of strength and weakness, and in the agony of his grief, the insulter of death sunk into a chair as he cried aloud: 'Alice, Alice! O my love, I thought I was not cared for!' He covered his face with his hands; the excitement of the past night over, reaction set in, and the hot tears trickled from between his fingers, though he hated himself for the weakness. Suddenly, he started up. 'I will see her again,' he urged passionately, 'be the consequences what they may. She is ill, and I am the cause; perhaps she will die. That shall not be. I go to save, at the expense of my word, two deaths from resting on my father's conscience. I will track her home. I will see her, and if she *does* love me, my father *shall* consent to our union.' The latter part of this grandiose speech was uttered to the winds, as Denis sped along after the carriage, which was still in sight; he followed it closely, saw it stop, and his darling assisted to alight; she entered a house, and the door closed. Allowing a reasonable time to elapse, he walked up to it, and knocking, told the servant who replied to his imperative summons, that a gentleman desired a few minutes' speech with Miss Wentwood on important business. He was shewn up to the drawing-room; the door opened to admit him, closed again, and once more he stood in the presence of Alice. One glance of recognition she gave, and then the room grew dark, the floor rose up, and she would have fallen, had he not sprung forward and supported her in his arms. As she felt his embrace, and his warm breath on her cheek, she slightly revived, and gently gliding from his arms, sank upon a couch.

## THE PENITENT'S LIGHTHOUSE.

A LEGEND FROM THE FRENCH.

AT about three miles and a half to the west of Rochelle is situated a dirty and miserable village called Lalen. There are only a few fishermen there. The coast is barren and inhospitable. The sea shuts in its white belt of shingles, divided from place to place by immense rocks; and when it is stormy, you can hear the distant rumbling of the 'Mou de Monnusson,' an immense funnel, which sucks up the fishing-boats that approach too near it. At low-tide, the women go and pick up shells among the sea-wrack, whilst the men are busy in the fields. The fishermen are some of them stationed at St Martin de Ré; others at La Rochelle, that old Huguenot port, fortified by towers and ramparts. Along the coast are vast marshes, overgrown with mushrooms, and bordered by thyme. I started one morning in the month of September, before sunrise, with Captain Tailhades. We had spent the night at Portneuf, where Rear-admiral Bourdè had entertained us, and at dawn we had left his hospitable house, with our guns on our shoulders, our game-bags, and our pipes. The first rays of the sun dissipated the fog, and we saw the sparkling ocean. The islands of Ré and

Oléron were visible on the horizon like two black spots, and some sloops were tacking about, their sails spread to enter La Rochelle. After five hours of a painful march, we found ourselves on the coast of La Repentie, which is the most barren part of that arid shore.

'Now,' said Tailhades, 'let us try to find out where we are. Here is the Saut du Bouc; the coast-guard's hut ought to be over there; and since we are the strongest, we will make a raid on that solitary official's breakfast. Did I not say so? Do you not see the curling smoke? Let us hear to the right; we shall get a breakfast in that direction.'

The coast-guard received us with open arms, and having given our dogs an immense basin of soup, we did honour to the promiscuous breakfast. If I spend so much time in bringing before my readers the legend of the 'Repentie,' it is that I thought it indispensable to transport them to the place where it was related to me; so that they may forgive its simplicity on account of its truth, for I did not invent it.

I will now let the coast-guard speak.

'Before they had built the two lighthouses which shine at night like two stars between Oléron and Ré, you might have seen, on the top of the Roche du Bouc, a post strengthened with iron clamps, and surmounted by an enormous lantern. Every evening the coast-guard lighted it, and the boats that came up to the rock turned away when they perceived the light. Worthy Rébard, whose age no one knows, has often told me about the coast-guard Kernan, who spent the greater part of his life contemplating the lantern, and people said he was in love with it. The lantern, at all events, was always bright and in good condition. In stormy weather, when the sky was black and thundery, when the broken shingles rolled like thunder, it was visible at the end of the post; and the sailors, who thanked Heaven when they had escaped the reefs, blessed Kernan a little in their hearts. He was the only one who loved and protected the lantern, for it had many enemies. All the wreckers on the coast hated it. Formerly, a storm was a good thing for them, and after a night of misery to those at sea, they snatched up all the riches that were thrown up on the coast. It was a devilish trade; but amidst the wails there were often rich finds, and the lantern had ruined them. They had attempted to break the lantern and to throw down the post; but Kernan declared he would shoot any one he found attempting such a thing again. Amongst those the lantern had beggared was an old woman called La Mouette (the sea-gull), but nevertheless, she ought to have had pity upon others, for her son, a brave sailor, was at sea. He was twenty years old, and called Jack, whom every one in Lalen loved, because of his good heart.

'The season had been fine that year, and a number of the wreckers had gone inland to seek work. La Mouette blasphemed from morning till night, and one day, threatening the lantern, she said: "Infernal lantern, they have placed you there to ruin people; but that must be put an end to."

"You are very wicked, La Mouette," Kernan answered; "and God will punish you."

'It was at the time of the equinoctial gales. The sea found its bed too narrow. One night, the waves, like giants escaped from prison, rose up towards the sky; the wind howled like a guilty spirit; and

signals of distress were heard at sea. Kernan filled his lantern with the best oil he had, he put in a fresh wick, and when he saw the beneficent light shedding its rays round the rock, he went to bed, praying God for those who were in danger.

'La Mouette had watched his proceedings, and when he was gone, she climbed the rock in her turn. By dint of throwing stones, she had succeeded in breaking one of the sides of the lantern, so that the wind and rain rushed in and put out the light. At sea the signals of distress were redoubled, but at daybreak, Kernan, to his dismay, found his lantern broken.

'La Mouette on her side ran to the shore. It was covered with fragments of all kinds; but there were also some dead bodies. She ran from one to the other, pulling off the rings, turning out the pockets. But suddenly she grew pale; she stumbled, and then fell on her knees on the white stones. Her eyes were blood-shot; she turned one body over and over; she put her hand to the heart; she kissed it, crying like a mad woman, for she had recognised her son—her son Jack! She carried the body away, and brought it to her hut. There she wrapped it in warm linen, and called her boy by name, imploring him to answer her. After that day, she never left her cottage. She remained like a statue of Grief, seated night and day on a stone.

'Some kind neighbours gave her some food. The curé of Lalen came to see her; and she prayed and cried so much, that people came from miles round to see her. One morning—so they say—she was found dead on her stone. They wished to carry her away, but nobody could succeed. The water that dropped from the rock had petrified the old woman. She was there, sad and pale, like a statue of Grief. And as people had often bestowed money upon her, the curé of Lalen, according to La Mouette's wish, had another beacon put instead of Kernan's lantern. It is to this day called "The Penitent's Lighthouse."

#### LOVE'S WHISPER.

Go, heart of mine, and hasten to my Love;  
Tell her I mourn throughout the slow, sad hours,  
And that I wander through forsaken bowers  
Like some disconsolate and widowed dove,  
Who, being once forsaken of her mate,  
Doth wander ever after desolate.

Go, heart of mine, and tremble in her breast;  
Tell her that I am like the winds that scour  
O'er hill and dale, that leafy woods deflower,  
And meadows many-hued, yet find no rest,  
But making moan which never doth abate,  
Do wander up and down disconsolate.

Go, heart of mine, and whisper in her ear  
That I am like a tree no longer green,  
Where Winter's barrenness may be foreseen  
In branch and bough, by Autumn's touch made sere;  
And like the leaves which rough winds violate,  
The days from off my life drop desolate.

And if that move her not, go, kiss each lip,  
And tell her that I can no longer live,  
Unless she come again to me, and give  
Her sweet and ever-constant fellowship.  
And from her lips thou shalt not separate  
Until she swear to be compassionate.

Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, 47 Paternoster Row, LONDON, and 339 High Street, EDINBURGH.  
Also sold by all Booksellers.

# CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

OF  
POPULAR

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

*Fourth Series*

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS.

No. 618.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 30, 1875.

PRICE 1½d.

## PILCHARD-DRIVING.

THE summer and autumn months are a busy time among Cornish fishermen, who have the three separate harvests of mackerel, herring, and pilchards to garner in quick succession. Of these fish, the pilchard is the least well known, as it is the least general in its distribution, being confined almost solely to the waters of Cornwall. The pilchard is, indeed, to be found in abundance off the coasts of Ireland, but there the fishery is almost entirely neglected. In Cornwall, on the other hand, the pilchard season is depended on by the fishermen for a large portion of their yearly earnings; and hundreds of boats and hundreds of miles of nets are nightly employed, during the latter part of the year, in pursuit of these fish.

A very pretty sight it is to watch the fishing fleet disperse itself over the broad expanse of St Ives' Bay or Mount's Bay at the close of the day. The setting sun lights up the bold rocky coast with a glory which only its rays can impart; and the vessels, with their two brown sails set, stand out in sharp relief against the shining surface of the water, in which the rosy glow of the sky is reflected and repeated with fresh intensity.

But a prettier sight still is that obtained from on board one of these boats. Slowly, as the evening breeze carries us away from port, and the hills recede in the distance, the sun dips towards the horizon, leaving a long bright streak across the surface of the sea. We watch his waning glory with mingled feelings of pleasure and regret—of regret, that so bright a scene so soon should pass away, that such gorgeous effects of colour should be so transient; but of pleasure in the knowledge that the gray clouds which succeed the rosy, purple mass are better suited for the work we have in hand; for it is not until the after-glow of the beautiful sunset has toned down into sober tints, that we can set our nets to any advantage.

There are few pleasanter ways of spending a summer's night than in 'driving' for pilchards, as it is called. There are two methods of catching

this fish, for which different kinds of nets are employed—namely, 'seine-nets' and 'drift-nets.' The former can be used only in shallow water, when they are 'shot' in a circle round the shoal of fish, which are thereby inclosed, and can be kept alive till the seine is emptied of its contents by means of smaller nets. These nets are used both by day and night, whenever a shoal of fish is seen sufficiently near the shore; but drift-nets can only be employed at night. They have a mesh of about half an inch from knot to knot, or 'six score to the yard,' and often measure as much as 'eighteen score deep,' or three yards wide. It is no uncommon thing for a pilchard-boat to shoot more than a mile of this netting at once. Fancy, over seventy-six million meshes, each capable of holding one pilchard, forming one continuous trap for the unwary fish!

A peculiarity of the pilchard is, that it swims close to the surface; and, as a shoal is 'heading' towards the shore, it can be plainly seen a long distance off, causing the surface of the water to darken with the compact mass. Gradually approaching the shoal, one can distinguish the glittering sides of the fish, as they jump and flutter about on the top of the water, causing quite a commotion, and a perceptible sound with their quick movements. Stamp with the foot at the bottom of the boat, and they disappear in a moment, striking downward, to rise again a few minutes after.

After sunset, when the boat finds itself in the midst of shoals of fish like this, it is time to shoot the nets. Two men, one at the head-rope, the other at the foot, pay them out, hand over hand. Every few seconds a splash in the water betokens the casting overboard of one of the larger buoys, which, alternating with the smaller floats, are attached to the nets. By the time the paying-out is accomplished, darkness has come on, and we wait awhile for the fish to strike the wall of netting placed in their path. A dark, moonless night is best suited for fishing; but if the water is in that curious phosphorescent state known among fishermen as 'burning,' which is often the case on

the darkest nights, the scene is one of extraordinary beauty. Every break in the surface of the water, whether caused by a wave, by the motion of the boat, or by the splashing of the net-floats, is illumined by a lovely glow of phosphorescent light, which gives the sea the appearance of being a mass of liquid fire. The net, hanging deep below the surface in a perfectly upright position, can be distinctly seen, and the boat itself seems set in molten silver.

At our mast-head a light is hung, to warn approaching vessels that we are made fast to our net. All around may be seen, dancing on the waters, the lights of one or two hundred more boats, with here and there the red or green lamp of some big ship bound on her way to some distant port, or returning home with the riches of foreign lands. Farther off still are the lamps burning on shore, awakening thoughts of the old times, when the false beacon of the Cornish wrecker was raised on high, to lure vessels to destruction. Happily, better days have dawned, and none are more eager to man the rescuing life-boat in aid of the shipwrecked sailor than the Cornish fishermen. The wrecker's beacon has given place to the danger signal of the lighthouse, keeping watch and guard day and night over the hidden dangers of the deep. Yonder, to the right, is the warning light of the Wolf Rock Light, alternately flashing red and yellow; while on the opposite side is the bright fixed double light of the celebrated Lizard Lighthouse, generally the last point of English land seen by the outward-bound crew, and the first spot recognised on their return.

Amid such a scene do we wait for the 'school' to strike the net. Overhead, the gulls are screaming and flapping their long wings, darting down every now and then into the water, as the unwary fish appear within their reach. The light attracts them to the boat, and they flit suddenly by, with a shrill cry, and off into the darkness like some ghost or spirit called by a second Ariel from the 'vasty deep.' And yet their presence is a good omen, denoting the existence of plenty of fish in the immediate neighbourhood; and, encouraged by this, the master soon gives the signal to haul in the net. It may not be amiss to remark that the sea-gull is the fisherman's friend everywhere; the presence of these birds in flocks over any particular spot on the sea denoting, with all but unvarying accuracy, the presence of fish. In many places indeed, the fisherman's movements mainly depend upon those of the gulls, which, hovering above or diving swiftly down, point to the welcome shoal.

Now our boat is a scene of busy activity. Slowly at first, but more quickly presently, the fish fall out of the net as it is hauled in, hand over hand, by the strong arms of the excited but steady fishermen. They fall on the deck with a flap and a rattle, which denotes that though they have been hung by the gills in the fine meshes of the net, they are still alive and ready to struggle for liberty. Soon, however, they lie motionless and dead. Hardly any fish dies more quickly than the pilchard, when taken out of the water.

As the catch comes pouring into the boat, the fish, reflecting the light from our lamp, present an appearance which no one can conceive by merely observing a fish in the fishmonger's shop, and which no painter, not even Mr Rolfe, the 'Land-

seer of Fishes,' could hope to imitate. Their scales are of lovely opalescent tints, barred with stripes of green, blue, and violet, which shine with a brilliancy and yet a softness which no gems, no pearls, could produce. To compare them to the most exquisite work of the jeweller's art is to give but a faint idea of the splendour of the colouring.

In an hour's time our mile or more of netting, with its living, struggling load of fishes, is hauled in and emptied. On a suitable night such a net will capture from eight to twelve or fifteen thousand fish. On such a night as we have described, when the fish can easily see the net in the water, six thousand fish is considered a good catch. They are nearly all pilchards; here and there is a stray pollock or a scad, but so closely do the pilchards swim together in the sea, that other kinds of fish are very rarely met with in a shoal. The fishermen even affirm that they actually raise the temperature of the water in the particular locality in which they are congregated together.

Night after night hundreds of boats go out in search of the pilchards, and yet every year the fish are in as countless millions as ever. They are principally used for export to Italy, after being salted and packed in barrels; and for home consumption in Cornwall, cured in vinegar, &c. Hundreds of tons are used for manure. But a new trade has recently been established in Cornwall, which will utilise vast quantities of these fish—namely, the preparation of pilchards as sardines, in oil. The Cornish Sardine Company, of Falmouth, has just been formed for the purpose of making 'Cornish sardines;' and as it is generally admitted that the pilchard and the sardine are one and the same fish, the trade will probably be a very successful one. Anybody, however, can buy the Cornish sardines, which will, no doubt, be preferred by Englishmen to the foreign production; but, as it is not everybody who can see the fish actually caught, we have given the above sketch of a night's pilchard-driving.

## THE FLAG OF DISTRESS.

CHAPTER XXXV.—A TATTOO THAT NEEDS  
RETOUCHING.

THE great Pacific current in many respects resembles the Gulf Stream of the Atlantic. Passing eastward under the Aleutian Archipelago, it impinges upon the American continent, by Vancouver's Island; thence setting southward, along the Californian coast, curves round horse-shoe shape, and strikes back for the centre of the South Sea, sweeping on past the Sandwich Isles. By this disposition, a ship bound from San Francisco for Honolulu has the flow in her favour; and if the wind be also favourable, she will make fast way. As chance has it, both are propitious to the *Crusader*; and the war-ship standing for the Sandwich Islands will likely reach them after an incredibly short voyage. There are two individuals on board of her who wish it to be so; counting every day, almost every hour, of her course. Not that they have any desire to visit the dominions of King Kamekameha, or expect pleasure there. On the contrary, if left to themselves, the *Crusader's* stay in the harbour of Honolulu would



not last longer than necessary to procure a boat-load of bananas, and replenish her hen-coops with fat Kanaka fowls.

It is scarce necessary to say that they who are thus indifferent to the delights of Owyhee are the late-made lieutenant, Crozier, and the midshipman, Cadwallader. The bronzed Hawaiian beauties will have small attraction for them. Not the slightest danger of either yielding to the blandishments oft lavishly bestowed upon sailors by these seductive damsels of the Southern Sea. For the hearts of both are yet thrilling with the remembrance of smiles vouchsafed them by other daughters of the sunny south, of a far different race—thrilling, too, with the anticipation of again basking in these smiles under the sky of Andalusia.

It needs hope—all they can command—to cheer them. Not because the time is long, and the place distant. Sailors are accustomed to long separation from those they love, and so habituated to patience. It is no particular uneasiness of this kind which shadows their brows, and makes every mile of the voyage seem a league. Nor are their spirits clouded by any reflections on that which vexed them just before leaving San Francisco. If they have any feelings about it, they are rather those of repentance for suspicions, which both believe to have been as unfounded as unworthy. What troubles them now—for they are troubled—has nought to do with that. Nor is it any doubt as to the loyalty of their *fiancées*, but fear for their safety. It is not well defined, but like some dream which haunts them; at times so slight as to cause little concern, at other times filling them with anxiety. But in whatever degree felt, it always assumes the same shape; two figures conspicuous in it, besides those of their betrothed sweethearts—two faces of evil omen, one that of Calderon, the other De Lara's. What the young officers saw of these men, and what more they learnt of them before leaving San Francisco, makes natural their misgivings, and justifies their fears. Something seems to whisper them that there is danger to be dreaded from the gamblers—desperadoes as they have shewn themselves—that through them some eventuality may arise, affecting the future of Carmen Montijo and Inez Alvarez, so as to prevent their escape from California. Escape! Yes; that is the word Messrs Crozier and Cadwallader make use of in their conversation on the subject—the form in which their fear presents itself.

Before reaching the Sandwich Islands, they receive a scrap of intelligence which in some respect cheers them. It has become known to the *Crusader's* crew that the frigate is to make but short stay there—will not even enter the harbour of Honolulu. The commission intrusted to her captain is of no very important nature. He is simply to leave an official despatch, with some commands for the British consul; after which head round again, and straight for Panama.

'Good news; isn't it, Ned?' says Cadwallader to his senior, as the two on watch together stand conversing. 'With the quick time we've made from Frisco, as the Yankees call it, and no delay to speak of in the Sandwiches, we ought to get to the Isthmus as soon as the Chilean ship.'

'True; but it will a good deal depend on the time the Chilean ship leaves San Francisco. No doubt she'd have great difficulty in getting a suffi-

cient number of hands. Blew told you there were but the captain and himself!'

'Only they; and the cook, an old darkey—a runaway slave, he said. Besides a brace of great red baboons—orange. That was the whole of her crew, by last report! Well; in one way we ought to be glad she's so short,' continues the midshipman. 'It may give us the chance of reaching Panama before her; and, as the frigate's destined to put into that port, we may meet the dear girls again sooner than we expected.'

'I hope and trust we shall. I'd give a thousand pounds to be sure of it. It would lift a load off my mind—the heaviest I ever had on it.'

'Off mine too. But even if we don't reach Panama before them, we'll hear whether they've passed through there. If they have, that'll set things right enough. We'll then know they're safe, and will be so—*Hasta Cuidéz*.'

'It seems a good omen,' says Crozier, reflectingly, 'that we are not to be delayed at the islands.'

'It does,' rejoins Cadwallader; 'though, but for the other thing, I'd liked it better if we were to stay there—only for a day or two.'

'For what reason?'

'There!' says the midshipman, pulling up his shirt-sleeve, and laying bare his arm to the elbow. 'Look at that, lieutenant!'

The lieutenant looks, and sees upon the skin, white as alabaster, a bit of tattooing. It is the figure of a young girl, somewhat scantily robed, with long streaming tresses: hair, contour, countenance, everything done in the deepest indigo.

'Some old sweetheart?' suggests Crozier.

'It is.'

'But *she* can't be a Sandwich Island belle. You've never been there?'

'No, she isn't. She's a little Chileña, whose acquaintance I made last spring, while we lay at Valparaiso. Grummet, the cutter's coxswain, did the tattoo for me, as we came up the Pacific. He hadn't quite time to finish it, as you see. There was to be a picture of the Chilean flag over her head, and underneath, the girl's name, or initials. I'm now glad they didn't go in.'

'But what the deuce has all this to do with the Sandwich Islands?'

'Only, that I intended to have the thing taken out there. Grummet tells me he can't do it, but that the Kanakas can. He says they've got some trick for extracting the stain, without scarring the skin, or only very slightly.'

'But why should you care about removing it? I acknowledge tattooing is not nice on the epidermis of a gentleman; and I've met scores, like yourself, sorry for having submitted to it. After all, what does it signify? Nobody need ever see it, unless you wish them to.'

'There's where you mistake. Somebody *might* see it, without my wishing—sure to see it, if ever I get'—

'What?'

'Spliced.'

'Ah! Inez?'

'Yes; Inez. Now you understand why I'd like to spend a day or two among the South Sea Islanders. If I can't get the thing taken out, I'll be in a dilemma. I know Inez would be indulgent in a good many ways; but when she sees that blue image on my arm, she'll look black

enough. And what am I to say about it? I told her she was the first sweetheart I ever had; as you know, Ned, a little bit of a fib. Only a white one; for the Chilena was only a mere fancy, gone out of my mind long ago, as, no doubt, I am out of hers. The question is, how's her picture to be got out of my skin? I'd give something to know.'

'If that's all your trouble, you needn't be at any expense—except what you may tip old Grummet. You say he has not completed the portrait of your Chilena. That's plain enough, looking at the shortness of her skirts. Now let him go on, and lengthen them a little. Then finish by putting a Spanish flag over her head, instead of the Chilian, as you intended, and underneath, the initials "I. A." With that on your arm, you may safely shew it at Cadiz.'

'A splendid idea! The very thing! The only difficulty is, that this picture of the Chilian girl isn't anything like as good-looking as Inez. Besides, it would never pass for her portrait.'

'Let me see. I'm not so sure about that. I think with a few more touches it will stand well enough for your Andalusian. Grummet's given her all the wealth of hair you're so constantly bragging about. The only poverty's in that petticoat; but if you get the skirt stretched a bit, that will remedy it. You want sleeves, too, to make her a lady. Then set a tall tortoise-shell comb upon her crown, with a spread of lace over it, hanging down below the shoulders—the mantilla—and you'll make as good an Andalusian of her as is Inez herself.'

'By Jove! you're right; it can be done. The bit added to the skirt will look like a flounced border. The Spanish ladies have such on their dresses. I've seen them. And a fan—they have that too. She must have one.'

'By all means, give her a fan. And as you're doubtful about the likeness, let it be done so as to cover her face—at least the lower half of it; that will be just as they carry it. You can hide that nose, which is a trifle too snub for the Andalusian. The eyes appear good enough.'

'The Chilena had splendid eyes!'

'Of course, or she wouldn't have her portrait there. But how did your artist know that? Has he ever seen the original?'

'No; I described her to him; and he's acquainted with the costume the Chilian girls wear. He's seen plenty of such. I told him to make the face a nice oval, with a small mouth, and pretty pouting lips; then to give her great big eyes. You see he's done all that.'

'He has, certainly.'

'About the feet? They'll do, won't they? They're small enough, I should say.'

'Quite small enough; and those ankles are perfection. They ought to satisfy your Andalusian—almost flatter her.'

'Flatter her! I should think not. They might your Biscayan, with her big feet; but not Inez; who's got the tiniest little understandings I ever saw on a woman—tall as she is.'

'Stuff!' scornfully retorts Crozier; 'that's a grand mistake people make about small feet. It's not the size, but the shape, that's to be admired. They should be in proportion to the rest of the body; otherwise, they're a monstrosity, as among the Chinese, for instance. And as for small feet

in men, about which the French pride and pinch themselves, why, every tailor's got that.'

'Ha, ha, ha!' laughs the young Welshman. 'A treatise on Orthopedia, or whatever it's called. Well, I shall let the Chilena's feet stand, with the ankles too, and get Grummet to add on the rest.'

'What if your Chilena should chance to set eyes on the improved portrait? Remember we're to call at Valparaiso!'

'I never thought of that.'

'If you should meet her, you'll do well to keep your shirt-sleeves down, or you may get the picture scratched—your cheeks along with it.'

'Bah! there's no danger of that. I don't expect ever to see that girl again—don't intend to. It wouldn't be fair, after giving that engagement ring to Inez. If we do put into Valparaiso, I'll stay aboard all the time the frigate's in port. That will insure against any'—

'Land, ho!'

Their dialogue is interrupted. The look-out, on the masthead, has sighted Mauna-Loa.

#### CHAPTER XXXVI.—A CREW THAT MEANS MUTINY.

A ship sailing down the Pacific, on the line of longitude 125° W. Technically speaking, not a ship, but a barque, as may be told by her mizzen-sails, set fore and aft.

Of all craft encountered on the ocean, there is none so symmetrically beautiful as the barque. Just as the name looks well on the page of poetry and romance, so is the reality itself on the surface of the sea. The sight is simply perfection. And about the vessel in question another graceful peculiarity is observable: her masts are of the special kind called *polacca*—in one piece from step to truck.

Such vessels are common enough in the Mediterranean, and not rare in Spanish-American ports. They may be seen at Monte Video, Buenos Ayres, and Valparaiso, to which last this barque belongs. For she is Chilian built; her tall tapering masts made of trees from the ancient forests of Araucania. Painted upon the stern is the name, *El Condor*; for she is the craft commanded by Captain Antonio Lantanas. This may seem strange. In the harbour of San Francisco the *Condor* was a ship. How can she now be a barque? The answer is easy, as has been the transformation; and a word will explain it. For the working of her sails, a barque requires fewer hands than a ship. Finding himself with an incomplete crew, Captain Lantanas resorted to a stratagem, common in such cases, and converted his vessel accordingly. The conversion was effected on the day before leaving San Francisco; so that the *Condor*, entering the Golden Gate a ship, stood out of it a barque. As this she is now on the ocean, sailing southward along the line of longitude 125° W.

On the usual track taken by sailing-vessels between Upper California and the Isthmus, she has westered, to get well clear of the coast, and catch the regular winds, that, centuries ago, wafted the spice-laden Spanish galleons from the Philippines to Acapulco. A steamer would hug the shore, keeping the brown barren mountains of Lower California in view. Instead, the *Condor* has sheered wide from the land; and, in

all probability, will not again sight it till she begins to bear up for the Bay of Panama.

It is the middle watch of the night—the first after leaving San Francisco. Eight bells have sounded, and the chief-mate is in charge, the second having turned in, along with the division of crew allotted to him. The sea is tranquil, the breeze light, blowing from the desired quarter, so that there is nothing to call for any unusual vigilance. True, the night is dark, but without portent of storm. It is, as Harry Blew knows, only a thick rain-cloud, such as often shadows this part of the Pacific. But the darkness need not be dreaded. They are in too low a latitude to encounter icebergs; and upon the wide waters of the South Sea there is not much danger of collision with ships. Notwithstanding these reasons for feeling secure, the chief officer of the *Condor* paces her decks with a brow clouded as the sky over his head, while the glance of his eye betrays anxiety of no ordinary kind. It cannot be from any apprehension about the weather. He does not regard the sky, nor the sea, nor the sails. On the contrary, he moves about, not with bold manlike step, as one having command of the vessel, but stealthily; now and then stopping and standing in crouched attitude, within the deeper shadow thrown upon her decks by masts, bulwarks, and boats. He seems less to occupy himself about the ropes, spars, and sails, than the behaviour of those who work them. Not while they are working them either, but more when they are straying idly along the gangways, or clustered in some corner, and conversing. In short, he appears to be playing spy on them. For this he has his reasons, and they are good ones. Before leaving San Francisco, he discovered the incapacity of the crew, so hastily got together. A bad lot, he could see at first sight—rough, ribald, and drunken. In all, there are eleven of them, the second-mate included; the last, as already stated, a Spaniard, by name Padilla. There are three others of this same race—Spaniards, or Spanish-Americans—Gil Gomez, Jose Hernandez, and Jacinto Velarde; two Englishmen, Jack Striker and Bill Davis; a Frenchman, by name La Crosse; a Dutchman; and a Dane; the remaining two being men whose nationality is difficult to determine, and scarce known to themselves—such as may be met on almost every ship that sails the sea.

The chief officer of the *Condor*, accustomed to a man-o'-war, with its rigid discipline, is already disgusted with what is going on aboard the merchantman. He has been so before leaving San Francisco, having also some anxiety about the navigation of the vessel. With a crew so incapable, he anticipated difficulty, if not danger. But now that he is out upon the open ocean, he is sure of the first, and fully apprehensive of the last. For, in less than a single day's sailing, he has discovered that the crew, besides counting short, is otherwise untrustworthy. Several of the men are not sailors at all, but 'long-shore' men; one or two of them 'land-lubbers,' who never laid hand upon a ship's rope before clutching those of the *Condor*. With such, what chance will there be for working the ship in a storm?

But there is a danger he dreads far more than the mismanagement of her ropes and sails—insubordination. Even thus early, it has shewn itself among the men, and may at any

moment break out into open mutiny. All the more likely from the character of Captain Lantanas, with which he has become well acquainted. The Chilean skipper is an easy-going man, given to reading books of natural history, and collecting curiosities, as evinced by his brace of Bornean apes, and other specimens picked up during his trading trip to the Indian Archipelago. A man in every way amiable, but just on this account the most unfitted to control a crew such as that he has shipped for the voyage to Valparaiso. Absorbed in his studies, he takes little notice of them, leaving them in the hands, and to the control of his *piloto*, Harry Blew. But Harry, though a typical British sailor, is not one of the happy-go-lucky kind. He has been intrusted with something more than the navigation of the Chilean ship—with the charge of two fair ladies in her cabin; and although these have not yet shewn themselves on deck, he knows they are safe, and well waited on by the black cook, who is also steward, and who, under his rough sable skin, has a kindly, gentle heart. It is when thinking of his cabin passengers that the *Condor's* first-officer feels apprehensive, and then not from the incapacity of her sailors, but their bold, indeed almost insolent behaviour. Their having shewn something of this at first might have been excusable, or, at all events, capable of explanation. They had not yet sobered down. Fresh from the streets of San Francisco, so lawless and licentious, it could not be expected. But most of them have been now some days aboard—no drink allowed them save the regular ration, with plenty of everything else. Kind treatment from captain and mate, and still they shew scowling and discontented, as if the slightest slur, an angry word, even a look, would make mutiny among them. What can it mean? What do the men want?

A score of times has Harry Blew thus interrogated himself, without receiving satisfactory answer. It is to obtain this he is now gliding silently about the *Condor's* decks, and here and there concealing himself in shadow, in the hope he may overhear some speech that will give him a clue to the conspiracy—if conspiracy it be. And in this hope he is not deceived or disappointed, but successful even beyond his most sanguine expectations; for he at length gets the clue not only to the insubordination of the crew, but all else that has been puzzling him. And a strange problem it is, its solution positively appalling. He gets it while standing under a piece of sail-cloth, spread from the rail to the top of the round-house—rigged up by the carpenter as a sun-screen, while doing some work during the heat of the day, and so left. The sky being now starless and pitch-black, with this additional obstruction to light, Harry Blew stands in obscurity impenetrable to the eye of man. One passing so close as almost to touch could not possibly see him.

Nor is he seen by two men, who, like himself, sauntering about, have come to a stop under the spread canvas. Unlike him, however, they are not silent, but engaged in conversation, in a low tone, still loud enough for him to hear them—every word said. And to every one he listens with interest so engrossing, that his breath is well nigh suspended.

He understands what is said; all the easier from their talk being carried on in English—his own tongue. For they who converse are Jack

Striker and Bill Davis. And long before their dialogue comes to an end, he has not only obtained intelligence of what has hitherto perplexed him, but gets a glimpse of something beyond—that which sets his hair on end, and causes the blood to curdle in his veins.

### THE ROUGH

THE rough comes into the world in a low-ceiled, stuffy bedroom, containing, besides the dirty bed, a broken chair or two, a scrap of looking-glass, a chest of drawers with one of its fore-feet missing, or a locker which serves as both seat and wardrobe. The washing apparatus is to be found at the sink down-stairs. He is wrapped up in a blanket, and dressed in the clothes which his mother somehow or another always appears able to provide, frequently from the Dorcas Society of the neighbourhood or parish. He is cradled either in a corner of his mother's bed, or in a deal box in which fish, fruit, or firewood has been hawked about. His father welcomes him with a jovial burst of the language of Billingsgate, but soon tires of him, and contents himself with recognising him as a fact, while he appears to ignore him as offspring or relative.

He receives the stamp of individuality by entry in the Registrar's book as a male child, born in such a place and at such a time, and destined to distinguish some name which his father usually selects, being careful that it is one which will bear shortening into a sharp though tender monosyllable. Possibly, by dint of perseverance on the part of clergyman or visitor, he is taken to church to be christened; although his father objects to being of the party, not only on the general ground of his disinclination to enter a place of worship, but also on the more particular one of dislike to be seen entering one 'with a lot of women and babbies.' We can recall a scene in which the father did accompany the mother, and gave the name—'Tom!' 'Thomas,' amended the clergyman. 'Tom! T, O, M!' was the abrupt reply. Whereupon the clergyman christened the child Thomas, and giving him back to the disconcerted parents, said gently: 'You can call him Tom, you know.'

Tom is next vaccinated, after some little difficulty with the authorities. Sometimes the result is unfortunate; large sores, generated by dirt and aggravated by neglect, making him a burden to himself and his friends. Soon he can crawl. He is then handed over to the preceding baby as to a guardian angel, or to Jemima Ann if there be an elder sister, and at once sets himself, as naturally as young crabs walk sideways, to practise self-will, to cultivate his appetite, and to spoil his complexion and often his features. He makes mud-pies, and builds houses with bits of broken china. He is now and then lost in the anxious pursuit of the paper-windmill seller, and taken to the station-house to be left till called for; where his mother finding him, divides her feelings into anger and joy, and their manifestation into slaps and cuddlings, shaking him till the growth of his teeth is stimulated by the repercussion, and then carrying him home in her arms with a carefulness that threatens suffocation. His tears and other facial

outcomes of grief are kissed away by the sympathetic tongue of the sturdy bull-terrier that inhabits the back-yard or the cupboard beneath the staircase.

Growing older, he receives more notice from his father, who holds him on his knee while at his meals, giving him bits and scraps, and occasionally permitting him to bury his nose in the mug of beer he fetches from the public-house. Then comes school. The present adult rough escaped that which has already become a standing nuisance to the rising generation—the action of the compulsory education principle, through the agency of the school-board officer. This new enemy is a source of greater terror to him than the policeman. The latter only says, 'Move on;' the former, 'Move in.' And in he has to move; and once in, he has to endure the two sufferings least congenial to his nature—restraint of body and application of mind. As regards out-door recreation, he can watch his seniors play at pitch and toss, or as an unobserved observer may learn the proper terms in use at rat-worries, pigeon-flying, or dog-fights. His home-training is, alike by example and treatment, brutalising and violent.

At length, with just enough literary residuum to enable him to write his name, and pick his way through a newspaper report, omitting the long words, Tom is promoted to work. Exceptions to the rule exist: some boys are naturally ready at learning, and leave school tolerably well-grounded in elementary subjects. These either raise themselves above their original condition and associates, or become their oracles. Now the animal nature predominates, with scarcely anything to check it. He is bullied by the man he works for, and is independent at home. As his wages increase he provides himself with luxuries and recreations. His first pigeon occupies all his affections and all his spare time. He carries it in the pocket of his coat out into the fields or some open space, where he throws it up, and then follows it home. Or he may turn his fancy to a puppy. In either case he will save himself before his pets grow lean from want of food.

But it is after the period of boyhood, and before that of mature manhood, say from seventeen to five-and-twenty, that the title of which we are treating is most fitly applied to those who bear it. Then the animal spirits are highest, and there is no experience to check and direct them. This, then, is the period during which society suffers most annoyance from Tom. He and his fellows supply most of the weight, and nearly all the noise and mischief, in every general disturbance or riot. They are the patriots who fling red or blue powder at elections, who smash the windows of the unpopular candidate, who hustle individuals wearing the wrong colours; and are the politicians who support the Licensed Victualler, declaim against the Permissive Bill, and teach their dogs to snarl at the words 'Good Templar!' And so grows up the juvenile rough as a nuisance to society.

Of all the disagreeables the policeman has to know, the chief, after those arising from drunken and quarrelsome women, are inflicted upon him by the youthful rough. He has nothing technical to charge him with; the pavement is free to all; in this land all may laugh as they please, and may even bite their thumbs without breach of the law. No doubt it is very aggravating to a sedate

constable, whose movements are regulated by drill, and who is debarred from the natural relief of repartee and retort, to observe that his personal presence in a street is the cause of all kinds of mocking movements and sarcastic colloquialisms. The human nature in the constable is, of course, stirred up by all this; but it has to be endured. He knows well that by the second time his face is seen on that most objectionable beat he shall have a nickname, which also must be tolerated. The truth is, the wit of the rough is usually exhibited in nomenclature. A lad from the workhouse was named, in a certain society which we were privileged to enter, 'Union Jack;' a red-headed lad was 'Ginger;' one with large eyes was 'Lights.' It would not be advisable to pursue the subject further.

When we come to watch the moral side of the rough, we discover a very saddening state of things. Whatever may be the cause or causes, the fact is patent that there is in it no nobility of character, and very little admiration for it; no moral courage and very little physical; and that honesty, truth, mercy, generosity—the qualities which soften down brute strength as ivy or honeysuckle softens down stiff outlines in buildings—are utterly wanting. We read lately, to a class of lads varying in age from fifteen years to twenty-two, the tale of *Damon and Pythias*, and then invited opinions. The first one was this: 'Well, I wouldn't have come back, not for my own father; live as long as you can, and as jolly as you can, I say.'

The absence of all training towards self-restraint in any direction in infancy and childhood is followed naturally by self-indulgence in all directions in youth and manhood. The young rough knows no self-restraint now. Beer and tobacco he has at all cost to him and his. Subordination he scorns. Regular work he hates. Bodily indulgences he procures, by proper means if he can; if not, he falls back often enough upon his brute force. From want of self-restraint, quite as much as from the various other reasons assigned by other people for him, he deserts from the army. The universal complaint against the army discipline made by his class—that there are 'too many masters'—proves the correctness of this view. There is no chivalry, no love of distinction, or hope of achieving honour, to be met with among the roughs. They only enlist to get a meal in bad times, to escape from some scrape in their own neighbourhood, or to get rid of a scolding and slovenly wife, married in the haste of boyhood, but repented of in the leisure which comes all too soon.

It was owing to this cause working out in the direction of restlessness, that several boys on one of Her Majesty's training ships, lopped off a joint from a finger of their right hands, in the hope that being thus disabled they would be discharged. We knew one at least of the culprits, and were rejoiced to find that this mortification of the flesh was so far from succeeding, that the ascetics who practised it were sent for a long service on the East India and China stations.

This want of self-restraint is seen in every situation and under every variety of pressure. The violent assaults, accompanied by lava-streams of blasphemy and abuse, that are the issues of the anger of the rough, testify to it in the province of

the emotions. The reckless gratification of the passion for drink, the plunging into marriage in boyhood without provision of money or furniture, shew that there is an utter want of it in the domain of prudence. In danger, none are so prone to panic, attended by the abandonment or thrusting aside of the weak, women, and children, as a gang of roughs—as the list of survivors from the *Northfleet* shewed. And as there is no self-command in times of physical danger, so there is no self-respect in presence of a promise. On more occasions than we care to recall, we have received a promise, with shaking of hands upon it, from young men of this class, who have not only deliberately broken it, but have shewn no signs of awkwardness on meeting us afterwards.

Envy of the rich, arising from a complete ignorance of political economy, is another unhealthy characteristic of the rough. He believes—for the public-house oracle reads it out of a paper—that all the increasing wealth of the country is gathered out of his work. His own wages he squanders as soon as they are received. Thrift, and the science of spending so as to obtain the largest return, are beyond him, as much as the faculty of laying by against a rainy day; nor can he comprehend their practice, or their natural and legitimate consequences, in others. Penny-banks in vain woo him while beer and skittles offer their charms. A Hercules in one respect, he makes a very different choice between the competing goddesses. All that he knows of such matters is, that somehow he gets no better off, while other people improve their dwellings, their clothes, their social position; that he labours for these others, and apparently is excluded from all share in their increase of prosperity. So he concludes that he is a down-trodden slave; and enjoys the sensation of envy, since he cannot enjoy that of wealth.

This class antagonism is the only principle or sentiment of cohesion pervading the rough community. Touchy, captious, and unreasonable, they can never combine for any permanent action. No clubs, bands, or other associations of them are long-lived. 'Every man for himself' is a scattering, not a rallying cry, and it is the cry of every individual among them. Still, should we ever undergo a national catastrophe—should there ever happen to be a suspension of the power of the law, there would be the risk of a terrible, however temporary, outbreak of the volcanic forces. The middle and upper classes, who would necessarily be on the side of order, would ultimately prevail, but the country would bear the marks of mischief and destruction for many a year; just as a valley, inundated by the bursting of a dam, exhibits, long after the waters have swept by, the effects of their ruinous though rapidly-ceasing visitation. No future civil war or rebellion in Great Britain would be so free from wanton destruction and plunder as those which took place in former centuries. The Bristol Riots have already taught us this.

Our remarks may have appeared somewhat severe. They are, however, the expression of opinions, based on an unbroken experience of nearly twenty years. And we venture, on the ground of the same experience, to touch upon a few points in which we believe there is hope of improving the class under consideration. For that they may be improved is certain; and to endeavour

to improve them is equally the duty and the interest of all Englishmen. Our belief is that the roughs—the labouring roughs—are not a criminal class; and we now add that they are an unfortunate and a neglected class.

Very much is to be hoped for from compulsory education and habitual discipline, the supervision of more refined persons, and the secondary intercourse, through the school, with the clergy and other persons of the cultivated classes. And it is on this account, as much, or nearly as much, as on account of the direct religious instruction imparted by them, that we should regret to see any steps taken which would exclude the clergy from their present free intercourse with the school. They form almost the sole remaining link between rich and poor in our large town districts. And it is to the modern separation in residence of these two classes, to their ignorance of each other's ways and mutual opinions, that much of the envy and bitterness to which allusion has been made is to be attributed. Tom grows to like the parson—he praises his writing, criticises his reading, gives him a new fact in his geography—and when Tom goes to make bricks or help to wheel the costermonger's barrow, he will feel that broadcloth and gloves are not necessarily the uniform of one that grinds down the poor. There will be at any rate one good influence upon him to counteract many evil ones.

But the residuum of school-learning, we may hope, will also be a great gain. We have for the last few months made a practice of observing the topics upon which working-men, especially the labourers, converse as they walk the streets or stand at corners; and we have discovered only three—work, money, and drink. The last is the topic of so low a stamp of man, that we dismiss it at once. The other two are subjects which occupy the thoughts of men of every class of society, from the millionaire peer down to the beggar at our doors; but what can be more dreary than to have these as the sole and perpetually recurring subjects? Can anything be more cramping, more stagnating, or less calculated to give elasticity to the spirits or breadth to the mind, than the continual brooding over these two material topics? Now we are sanguine enough to hope that an improved education, one which is to be not only more nearly continuous, but also more liberal and varied—for the new code deserves this commendation—will supply lighter and higher matter of conversation and reflection. Thus the rough, as he comes forth from school to work, will start better, will be less rough to begin with, than his predecessors. He will have more to fall back upon, and will be more readily receptive of better impressions. It must, however, be expected that for a generation or so the improvement will be very gradual: the present home will exercise its influence still; and we must be content to wait till the seed now being sown has its harvest, and that again its sowing and its harvest beyond.

In connection with mental education should be mentioned physical recreation. It is with respect to this that we remarked just now that the rough is unfortunate and neglected. At the time of life when the animal spirits are highest, and play of some sort a necessity for their healthy indulgence, what resources have Tom and his fellows? In no other country in Europe is there so great a

want, and so meagre a supply, of places for suitable public recreation. Corporate bodies, especially the corporations of provincial towns, are notoriously short-sighted, but in no other respect does their shortness of sight lead them into such a labyrinth of petty troubles as those arising from the withholding of places of public recreation. Men of wealth, and educated to a certain degree, with sons of their own at public schools, whose talk is mainly upon athletics and cricket, do not seem to understand that young men are alike in physical requirements, whether students or costermongers, and that recreation, sports, games, exercise, are as necessary to keep the young rough out of mischief as to entertain the young gentleman in his spare hours. If we had more harmless and wholesome sports for the roughs, we should want less of the jail. At first, of course, there would be some abuse of the opportunity, but an improvement would certainly follow and remain.

Even clear spaces with seats, a few trees, and a drinking-fountain, without offering opportunities of exercise, would have a great moral effect. The general good-humour of the poor would be increased by having a spot to which they could go for a refuge, however short, from the steam of the washing-tub or the cry of babies. Leicester Square is far more luxurious than our ideal, but affords us an instance of our meaning. There is many a waste spot in the poorer parts of our large cities where a few seats might be placed, and a general air of comfort might be introduced. They would serve as the Rotten Rows or Birdcage Walks for the big lads and youths, and so drain off the gangs from street corners and alley mouths.

Indoor comfort, too, is but poorly provided. Whose son would not lose self-respect, decency, and courage, if bred up in foul air, close quarters, and dark rooms? The home makes the rough as much as the street. The cracked wall letting in the rain in patches of damp, if not in drops of water; the smoky chimney; the confined kitchen, staircase, and sleeping-rooms; all these have their noxious influences, and those influences are of a hardening, souring, and brutalising tendency. With more room, and with better provision for decency, we may expect to find a growing appreciation of the idea of home. Few circumstances are so aggravating to the temper as want of room for freedom of movement.

There remains, however, another means of softening the rough—the intercourse with his betters in a kindly, friendly spirit. But this is an undertaking that few volunteers to join in. Nor is this surprising. Tom has nothing attractive about him. His look is against him, so are his manners, so is his language. No gentleman tries to make friends with him, unless it be in a patronising way that he suspects. So the breach between him and the wealthier and more powerful classes of society threatens to widen, and Tom's isolation to become more complete. We are experimentally sure that the only way to raise the individual is by friendly intercourse with him. Like all untutored races the roughs can feel very warm affection, and by means of the affections they can be raised. A clergyman or volunteer layman of distinct position—that is to say, of sufficiently liberal education and politeness of manner to rank as a gentleman conventionally, can achieve far more in the way of their

improvement than policeman, magistrate, and turnkey; for he will bring to bear upon them the refinement and gentleness of his own rank, and will patiently bear with their coarseness and fickleness. The 'British Workman' movement, by which coffee-rooms, with newspapers and indoor amusements, such as draughts or billiards, are opened in promising localities, affords good opportunities for cultivating this friendly intercourse; as also does the management of penny banks, temperance associations, drum-and-fife bands, and teaching in evening or Sunday classes. A feeling of respect and affection for one individual alone is capable of extension, and of introducing other elevating sentiments; self-respect and self-restraint among the first; toleration of reproach, and submission to the judgment of others, later on. And thus the soil is prepared for the reception of the gentle influences of Christianity.

There are two matters in which the action of the state is greatly needed for the improvement of the overstocked population of the class we have been reviewing: the one is emigration, the other the drink traffic.

Of the former of these subjects, the rough is equally ignorant of the facilities and prejudiced against the advantages. His *morale* in the department of industry is so undermined by the pernicious system of outdoor relief, that he shrinks from embarking on a voyage that will end in a land where he must work or starve. One sunny day we sat on a door-step in a miserable street, and conversed with Ginger, Lights, and a dozen more of our friends, all in the flower of their youth and vigour, but out of work through a strike and collateral causes. We held out the advantages of emigration to such as they, and promised to assist in every way such of them as would make trial of it. 'Look here, sir,' said one; 'see my hat' (it had been a good one once, but was shapeless and full of holes now); 'if I was to know I should have this hat'—and he banged it down on the stones—'full of gold sovereigns when I got to New Zealand, I'd stay at home and live on half a meal a day.' And the only reason we could elicit was, 'There's no back-door to come home by!' Education will enlighten on this head, as on others; and when a better understanding of the advantages shall by that means have been obtained, then it will be good policy on the part of the state to offer even greater than the present facilities for reaching them. Both the old and the new countries will be benefited by such a policy.

Meanwhile the drink traffic needs restrictions of a far more efficient character than exists at present. In a street where every man, if he chooses, can get a license to sell beer, sobriety is a plant of rare growth; and the want of recreation, to which we have before drawn attention, sends more customers than thirst or habitual drunkenness. The shortened hours of labour and the increase of wages, which we have witnessed during the past five years, have resulted, in our experience, in no real material good to any persons but the publicans. Limit this trade, not only as regards the times, but still more as regards the places of its action, and the source of most of the brutal assaults, quarrels, and brawls will be proportionately diminished. The police records of Liverpool can testify to the correctness of this opinion, from the obverse side of the case. The rough will possibly never cease

out of the land: but a reasonably restrictive law can remove much of the evil which helps to make him what he is.

## SALVAGE.

### IN TWO CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER II.

'DENIS DELMAR, you might have spared me this; my burden was already more than I knew how to bear.' She could say no more for the sobs which choked her utterance. In an instant, he was tenderly soothing her; and then this artful dog began to explain that it was not compulsory they should part.

'Alice, my darling,' he said, 'circumstances have occurred to-day which render it probable that my father may be induced to consent to our union. I am even now going to write to him, and I have every hope of my happiness depending only upon you, my dearest one, for its speedy fulfilment.'

The colour came and went, came and went, came again, and remained in her cheek. These few moments had done her more good than a six months' course of doctors, who would one and all have persisted in attacking the mind through the medium of the body, instead of the body through the medium of the mind. Already Alice looked changed for the better, and resting on the fond vision of future joy held out by that wicked Denis, she thought only of her present happiness. Denis soon found that she knew nothing of the late events; they had evidently been carefully concealed from her; so he forbore to enlighten her. Before he left that evening, he and Mr Graham had decided to keep the news of the former's peril from her, in consideration of her health. Long time they sat there, these reunited lovers, hand in hand, beauty and courage combining—what had they to fear from the world!—blissfully happy in each other's presence. Gently Denis drew her towards him, and gazed down into the depths and the summer of her brown eyes, in search of future happiness; and there he saw reflected the image of himself, which was itself an image of perfect bliss. Presently, Mr Graham came in; he asked no questions then; the scene explained itself; and so passed away the quiet gloaming, and again the night came down; the soft evening breeze blew gently in at the open window, and Denis felt the supreme power of *love*, and thought of his late wrestle with the power of *death*; and contrasting his present situation with that of the previous night, silently thanked his God for this great mercy, and was at peace.

When Denis left his hotel to follow Alice in the carriage, a man had watched his proceedings from a window with great interest, and with a face that wore a look of tenderness, tinged with a shade of sadness.

The Honourable Denis Delmar to Lord Delmar:

I trust you will believe me when I say that it is only through an *accident* that I have again seen Miss Wentwood; chance has thrown her once more in my way. Always delicate, my supposed desertion has seriously affected her, and already she is very ill. My father, if you separate us, you will have to answer for at least one death. But I feel that I cannot leave her. Once more, sir, I implore you to consent to our union, otherwise, I will



not answer for the consequences. Remember that I have always been a dutiful and obedient son, until now; weigh well your decision, I beseech you, and believe in the affection of your son,

DENIS DELMAR.

Lord Delmar to the Honourable Denis Delmar:

I need not tell you my pain and surprise on reading your letter. You well know my feelings in this matter; you have been unworthy of my confidence; but let that rest. Break off this unhappy connection, once and for ever, and retain my love; but if you can prefer the companionship of a girl sprung from no one knows where—to wealth, the society of people in your own station, and the regard of your parent—you are not worthy to be my son, and henceforward you will have to look to yourself alone for support. *I await your reply.*

The Honourable Denis Delmar to Lord Delmar:

Society is nothing to me without that of Alice Wentwood, and wealth would be a poor recompense for causing the death of one who looks to me for life and love. Pity and forgive me, sir; I cannot give her up.

Lord Delmar to the Honourable Denis Delmar:

If you persist, recollect that you choose your own path; follow it, and when you require counsel and assistance, perchance bread, remember that you have no longer a father.

P.S.—Your allowance, which will be paid in future through my bankers, will cease the moment you marry against my will.

The day following the receipt of this cruel and malicious letter, Mr Gimp and Denis were seated together at the hotel; the gloom on the face of the young man had greatly increased, and his whole aspect was careworn and haggard, speaking of utter dejection. He held his father's letter in his hand, but his eyes were bent upon the ground; he was cut to the heart. In the shock of the collision between these two obstinate natures, the outer covering of his father's love had fallen away, and left only the man's pride and selfishness exposed to view. And the lightning of his anger had, so to speak, scorched up the veneration and respect of the son for his parent. We know how bitter is the shock of the fall of a long-cherished idol. Mr Gimp, who had read the correspondence, had made no effort to console him; as yet, it was useless, and he seemed to be awaiting a fixed time to speak; it came at length.

'Denis, my poor fellow, be comforted.'

With a start, the other interrupted him; he had forgotten his presence; he was irritated, almost mad.

'Sir, I do not think my sorrow, which is caused by family affairs, can be relieved by useless talk, and I should be glad to be alone, if you will excuse me.'

The old man rose, and regarded him with a look of compassion, while the heart of Denis smote him hardly for his ingratitude.

'A few words before I leave you,' said his friend. 'Now answer me this: will you still hold to Miss Alice Wentwood?'

The answer came clear, and the tone was wrathful and deep: 'By Heaven's help, I shall!'

'And yet your happiness rests upon your reconciliation with your father?'

'It does' (huskily).

'Then listen to me, Denis Delmar: you shall have that wish, and I will adopt you as my son until that prediction is fulfilled. I command you to accept my offer, Denis Delmar; I command you, by the life and fortune you have restored to me. Denis, my boy, a childless old man asks for a son; will you not give him one for his old age?'

Denis could hold himself no longer. His heart went out to the old man—whose looks and manner had some mysterious power—and he embraced him with protestations of thankful regard only equalled by the abuse he poured down upon his own head for his recent ingratitude.

'Say no more,' said Mr Gimp; 'but obey my first request. Marry this girl as soon as you possibly can; announce your marriage to Lord Delmar; and join me in London, whither I go to-night on urgent business. I will obtain rooms for you. No thanks, dear boy; I need them not; simply do for me the greatest favour in your power, by acting as I tell you. Now, go and worry Alice until she fixes a day; and the sooner you are "turned off," the better for all parties. Bear my compliments, meanwhile, to the bride-elect; and say I regret having to defer making her acquaintance until we meet in town. Commend me to her good friend the lawyer. And now, good-bye, my dear boy: remain here till I send for you, and take great care of yourself; henceforth, you are necessary to me.' So saying, he shook hands warmly with the young man, and left the room to prepare for his journey.

The day following this scene, Lord Delmar received a letter couched in the following terms:

MY LORD—You have seen fit to injure your son by an unjust and cruel act. That injury will be revenged. You have cast a slur upon the name of Delmar by the infamous suggestion contained in your letter. That stain will be wiped out. You have cast from you the love and adherence of your son; another has taken it up. Extend your forgiveness at once to him who bears your name, or be prepared for the punishment which will surely follow your cruelty and injustice. A FRIEND.

'So,' exclaimed his lordship as he finished this epistle—'so Denis has descended to this, has he? Well, I am not surprised; but just a little uneasy in his mind, he finished his breakfast.'

Mr Graham had placed Alice with some friends, as he himself had returned to town—the day after we last saw him—on the plea of important business. Denis called on her after Mr Gimp's departure. 'Pussy, what do you think? I have received my orders to marry you at once!'

'Indeed!' was the arch reply. 'And where shall I be, while you are doing it?'

'I trust, by my side, my pet; swearing to love, honour, and o'—'

She stopped his utterance with a pouting kiss. 'Yes; but I haven't sworn yet; so I am not going to obey, you know, at present. And, besides, I have my marching orders. Listen, Denis;' and she read, slowly and methodically:

"23 QUEEN'S SQUARE, BLOOMSBURY,  
August 29, 18—."

'MY DEAR GIRL—Come to me at once at Queen Square. I have some papers which you

must sign directly; and as your presence is indispensable, come by."—

'The —,'

'No, Denis; "the next train"' (very demurely). Reading resumed. "'I am very busy, and scarcely find time for this; so please excuse me from—Yours, affectionately, JAMES GRAHAM."'

'So now, Denis, I must go and pack.'

'Eh?'

'I say I must go and pack.'

'Ah!'

'Good-bye, Denis' (preparing to go).

'Here! stop; you know I'm going with you. You can't go alone.'

'I don't intend to; old Mr Maxwell is taking me under his wing.'

'I'm going too.'

'No; you're not.'

'Well, but —'

'Your promise to Mr Gimp.'

'Oh, the —!'

'Denis, that's twice' (gravely); 'I am very angry.'

He apologised. She forgave him. He tried to reason with her. She was obdurate. He expostulated; but in vain; the wilful girl would have her own way; and so, after many a tender passage-at-arms, the lover was left at Dover, while Alice took the iron road for London.

Poor Denis, left alone in his glory (?), cruised round in the *Firefly*, after the usual erratic manner of that insect. A week passed, and no letter from either of the absentees; ten days; Denis got troubled: he had written fourteen letters, and telegraphed twice to Alice, and never had a line. Presently, a bitter despair took possession of his heart. 'She has deserted me,' he cried, 'now that I am doubtless disinherited.' (He had refused all assistance from Lord Delmar.) No sign came from his strange well-wisher, who left no address. He was now at the end of his resources. A fortnight elapsed: he sold the yacht, which was his own; paid his bills, and resolved to go to town, seek out Alice, and find the reason of her extraordinary silence. His feelings of delicacy prevented his tracing Gimp. Having settled everything, he resolved to depart one hot and sultry day; the clouds were heavy and massive, so different to the light fleecy look they had lately borne. He thought it significant of his changing fortunes, and sighed. All nature was hushed, seeming to hold its breath in anticipation of a coming storm. Shortly after breakfast, it broke; the rain came down in torrents, and Denis was compelled to remain in-doors. He took up a newspaper to beguile the time. Suddenly, a vivid flash of lightning passed across the paper, and he saw fearfully distinct the words, 'Found drowned;' and as a fearful peal of thunder reverberated through the heavens, he read the following paragraph:

'Yesterday morning, some watermen discovered the body of a man near the Waterloo Bridge; when found, he was quite dead. Deceased has the appearance of a gentleman, and it is believed by some persons who saw him the previous day in an hotel, that he had lately arrived from abroad.' Then followed a description of his appearance and dress, which coincided in a great measure with those of Gimp. Denis dropped the paper; he turned faint, and a mist swam before his eyes.

He was aroused by a waiter entering with a letter. Denis took it, and opened it mechanically. The writing was unknown to him:

3 GRAY'S INN SQUARE, LONDON, W.C.

SIR—It is with great regret that we have heard of your late estrangement with your father, Lord Delmar, which fact we obtained from Mr Graham; as also of your refusal of assistance from him. We therefore take the liberty of informing you, that a friend and client of ours is in want of a private secretary and confidential friend. Should you entertain the idea, and will favour us with a call to-morrow afternoon at three o'clock precisely, our Mr James will introduce you; and you will pardon our reminder, that your acceptance of the post for a short period will give you time to look about you, and mature your plans. You are, however, of course aware that, as you still want a month of your majority, Lord Delmar is legally responsible for you until that period.—We remain, dear sir, yours obediently, JAMES AND HURST.

*The Hon. Denis Delmar.*

Denis remembered the name of the firm as one who had transacted business for Lord Delmar some time back, but he was at a loss to account for the extraordinary interest they appeared to take in his affairs.

'Have I indeed fallen so low, that I am patronised by attorneys, and become an object of solicitude to lawyers' clerks?' he exclaimed bitterly. 'No matter; I will go; I can stand this no longer; I shall at least endeavour to seek Alice. I will take up the gage which misfortune has thrown down, and accept my destiny. Of one thing I am determined—I will never accept of one farthing from him.' That night, Denis was in London.

About the same time as he arrived, Lord Delmar read the following epistle:

3 GRAY'S INN SQUARE.

MY LORD—If you will call at my new office to-morrow at three o'clock, I believe I shall be able to give you some good news which materially concerns you, of a relative you have long believed dead. Hoping to see your lordship at the hour named, I am your lordship's obedient, humble servant, JAMES GRAHAM.

The perspiration stood on the forehead of the haughty noble in great beads, yet his head and hands were cold as ice, and the letter dropped unheeded from his nerveless grasp.

The same day that Denis was to meet these lawyers, Mr Graham informed Alice that he intended to take her to transact some business with a friend, and that her presence was indispensable. Much marvelling, the fair young girl set out with the old man. They took their way to Gray's Inn Square, and were admitted by a youthful Adonis, who gazed admiringly at Alice, and, with a killing air, informed them that he would acquaint his employer of their arrival; and, being thanked with a smile, retired, covered with ink and confusion. Mr Graham left Alice seated in a dingy room, such as can only be found in the possession of a lawyer, and went in search of the friend. Our heroine had not remained long alone, when an old gentleman was ushered in, of noble appearance, and whose face bore a resemblance to some one she knew. Endeavouring in vain to recollect, Alice took up a newspaper of ancient date; but

scarcely had her eyes rested on the page, than, with a little cry, she sank back into the chair, overcome by emotion. Lord Delmar—for it was indeed that austere individual—was at her side, and cast upon her an admiring glance. Acting on an impulse, she pointed to the paragraph which had caused her exclamation. It was headed, 'True but Rare Nobility,' and contained a full account of the fearful gale at Dover, and the peril of the *Leopard*, as well as the history of the saving of the ship and crew by the 'Honourable Denis Delmar, the son of Lord Delmar, who, at the imminent risk of his life, put out to sea in a small boat, at fearful hazard, and after a whole night's pulling, succeeded, with the assistance of his volunteer crew, in boarding the ship, and saving her entire, by bringing her into port.' The brow of the old nobleman involuntarily lightened, and his eyes beamed as he read this account of the bravery of his cast-off son. In the excitement of the moment, his anger was forgotten.

'How grand!' exclaimed he. Alice revived.

'Grand indeed,' repeated she. 'His mind is as noble as his acts are brave.'

'Phuegh!' whistled the old boy; 'this is true celebrity.' Alice buried her burning face in her hands.

'He never told me, he never told me!' she murmured.

'Hollo!' said the old one; then, noticing the distress and confusion of Alice, and taking regard of her beauty, he advanced, and endeavoured to console her. 'What may be your name, young lady, if you will excuse my curiosity?' Alice hung her head, and the tears forced themselves to her eyes in spite of all her efforts to appear composed. Then this strange man, who could without compunction discard his only relative for following the dictates of his own heart and conscience, felt uncomfortable at the sight of water oozing from a girl's eyes—we beg pardon, Beauty in tears. Going up to her, he took her hand, and, yielding to the power of her fascination, heartily wished himself young again. 'Will you not tell me your name, my sweet child?' At this moment, and before Alice could reply, the door opened, and another clerk appeared: 'Mr Graham will see Lord Delmar.' His lordship, turning to take leave of Alice, was startled at the look of horror and surprise upon her face; he had no time to ascertain the cause, as the clerk still awaited him at the door, and, turning his head once more, he saw her in the same attitude, and then left the room, much mystified. He was speedily ushered into the sanctum of Mr Graham, who rose as he entered, and requested him to take a seat. Then, as his lordship waited for him to commence the conversation, he said: 'Before entering upon the business about which I wrote to you, my lord, I will take the liberty of asking you a question. In case of a—ahem!—your son forming an attachment to a young lady of gentle but inferior birth to his own, would you consent to their union, provided she was educated, lady-like, and his happiness centred in her?'

'Sir,' replied Lord Delmar, coldly and haughtily, 'I have no son; and if I had, he should wed no one who was not his equal in rank and position at least.'

'Then, in that case, you would give your consent?'

'Sir, your cross-examination seems to me slightly impertinent; but as I have no reason to reserve my reply, I will answer you, to put an end to the useless discussion, that I would consent to his marriage with his equal, provided she was not absolutely portionless.'

'This is your decision, my lord?'

'Certainly it is.'

Mr Graham rang his bell, and the clerk instantly appeared. 'Shew in the young gentleman who waits.' A moment, and Denis appeared. 'Now the lady.' Then entered Alice, wondering what it all meant. After her, came the figure of a man, closely muffled, who shut the door, and took a seat near it, in the shadow. Denis looked at Alice in amazement; she gave a little cry of delight, and, utterly regardless of Lord Delmar or Mr Graham, who looked quite calmly on, they embraced tenderly.

'My lord,' said Denis, 'I come to claim your promise, though sooner than I expected.—Look up, dearest Alice; this is my father. You need not fear him, for Mr Graham assures me that you are my equal in rank and position. Is it not so, sir?'

'It is,' said Mr Graham quietly.

Alice raised her eyes imploringly to Lord Delmar, and disclosed to his astonished gaze the face of the lady he had previously endeavoured to console, though unsuccessfully. It was some time before he could gain sufficient control over himself to speak; when he could, the words came cold and bitter from between his sneering lips.

'So this is a conspiracy to obtain my consent to a marriage between a beggar and a penniless plebeian.'

'My lord, you have renounced and disinherited your son; therefore, he is a penniless orphan, and the lady is his equal. Thus, also, by your own words, you consent to his union with one in precisely his own position.'

'Pshaw! this is mere quibbling, and worthy of a lawyer.' Then, turning to Denis: 'As for you, wretched boy, my curse!—'

Denis advanced, and caught his uplifted arm. 'You were my mother's husband, sir. Oh, do not curse me! I do not ask of you your wealth, or even the succession to the title; only let me have your consent to our marriage, and we will go abroad, and, in quitting you for ever, endeavour, in a foreign country, to obtain the subsistence denied us here.'

'You have heard me,' said the stern old man; and he drew himself to his full height. 'Now, leave me; never let me set eyes upon you again, or that artful and designing creature by your side. *You will never have the consent of Lord Delmar.*'

Denis had calmly submitted with bowed head to the bitter invective of his father, but on hearing the words recorded above applied to his darling, his passion was fearful, and gained the complete mastery; he glared upon his lordship, with flashing eyes, and brow black as night. What his action on the dire impulse might have been, no one knows. Happily, however, he was arrested by a deep voice saying: 'Hold! Denis Delmar; I command you. Poor boy, you have been too sorely tried.' All, except Mr Graham, gazed with speechless astonishment at the door. The voice had come from the unknown, who had risen, and advanced a step. The voice continued: 'You are forsworn, Denis Moreton; I say she *shall* marry with Lord Delmar's consent.'

With a fearful start, his lordship turned towards the speaker. 'Who calls me by that name?' said he hoarsely.

'One who knew your brother, Herbert Moreton.'

All started at the change in Lord Delmar's face; he seemed to have aged ten years; his cheeks were blanched, and his eyes seemed as if they saw visions of a fearful nature. He sank into a chair, breathing heavily; he was speechless. The stranger advanced from the shadow towards the young couple, as, with a glad and joyful cry, Denis recognised his friend and adopted father. The old man, for it was indeed he, turned a look of longing affection towards the youth; then appearing to constrain himself by a mighty effort, he turned to Mr Graham, who sat looking as if he knew all about it, as perhaps he did: 'James Graham, I have come to ask of you my ward. Where is my pet, my little Alice, the daughter of my dearest friend?'

Mr Graham pointed smilingly to Alice, who was in an instant clasped in the arms of her new-found guardian. Lord Delmar moaned.

The surprise of Denis at this scene was almost amusing; he stared from one to the other with a bewildered and almost petrified look. Who was this old man to whom everybody seemed to belong? Gimp advanced and took his hand, and pressing it warmly, placed it in that of Alice, saying: 'Cherish her, my boy; she will make you a loving wife, for I see she inherits the disposition of her father.'

A passionate exclamation broke from the lips of Lord Delmar. 'Who are you, sir?' cried he, livid with passion, though he half feared the reply. 'By what right do you dispose of a son in the presence of his father, and how dare you sanction his union with that beggar?'

'By the right of the life he gave me, Denis Moreton, when he rescued me from the cruel sea, and saved me from a watery grave. You have renounced the affection and adherence of this noble boy; I have adopted him. You yourself have said he is no longer your son. I will make him mine. I sanction the union, because you have given your consent to his marriage with his equal in rank and position. At present, my ward is both; and I will tell you why, Denis Moreton. You are not his father.' As he spoke, his form seemed to expand, his eyes flamed, and as he advanced, he looked an avenging spirit about to consummate his triumph. He threw off his overcoat, white wig, and comforter, which had quite concealed his person and the lower part of his features, advanced slowly to Lord Delmar, and laid his hand on his shoulder. His lordship took one look at his features; the word 'Brother!' with a shriek of agony, burst from his lips; he sank back, glaring with speechless horror, as at a spectre of the dead. Then was heard the deep voice of the other, who looked ten years younger, in proportion as Lord Delmar had aged.

'Denis Moreton, I have come back to claim at your hands my title, and more especially my son. Where is he? Have you nourished and supported him? Have you been to him as a father, as you swore to be, before God, when I suffered for your crime? Give me my boy, my darling boy, whom I have longed for, and dreamed of, all these years of suffering caused by you! Denis Moreton, I demand of you that which you hold in trust for me—my estates, my title, and, more than all, my

son.' Sternly he gazed on the countenance of his false brother; but the horror, the agony of remorse, the piteous cry: 'O God, O God, have mercy! Henry—brother, pardon!'—as he sank unconscious in his arms, went to his heart; and bearing him up tenderly, he reproached himself for arrogating the divine right of vengeance, as he placed the insensible form of his brother on the couch. Then he turned his eyes on Denis, and cried: 'Denis; my boy, my dear son, come at last to the heart of your father in reality.' As he fondly gazed on the noble and candid features of his restored son, and as he recalled the truthful and loving expression of the dear companion and wife, long since numbered with the just, his eyes filled with tears, and he pressed the youth still closer to his breast. Then calling to Alice, he joined their hands, and with the solemn words, 'THUS LORD DELMAR GIVES HIS CONSENT,' blessed them with all the fervour of a fond parent and affectionate guardian.

'Dear boy,' said he, after a pause of silent thankfulness, 'I owe you some explanation of this scene, as I see you do not yet guess all. Be seated, and I shall relate an old man's story. You were three years old when I accompanied your uncle (my younger brother) on an expedition, the particulars of which he refused me, but said that it was indispensable that he should return the same night, and that he required my assistance. I heedlessly yielded to his solicitations, and we went down to the sea-coast. He left me standing some distance from the water, with instructions to fire a pistol if I saw any one approaching from the interior. Before I could demand an explanation, he was gone. I remained some time in my position—it seemed to me hours—when suddenly I saw the form of a man advancing quickly from the cliffs. I fired my pistol at once, and at the same moment heard other shots, and my brother's voice raised above the din. I instantly ran forward in the direction of the apparent conflict, when I was stunned with a blow on the temple, and when I recovered, was in the hands of the coast-guard, together with some four or five smugglers, all bound, like myself. My brother was nowhere to be seen. In vain I protested my innocence; I was only laughed at; but when I reiterated my plea of ignorance of the affair, oaths took the place of derisive smiles, and I was ordered to be silent. During my incarceration in A—prison, my brother visited me, and implored me not to divulge his secret, as he was deeply involved with the gang, and he feared the worst, if it was known that he was the leader of it. I consented, upon condition that he would take upon himself the care of little Denis, your mother having died while giving you birth. He swore a solemn oath to do this. How he fulfilled his oath, I leave to the judgment of his Maker. I have already exceeded my mission. To make a long story short, I escaped, and obtained a commission in India, after which, having embarked in several prosperous speculations, I sold out of the army, and rapidly amassed a large fortune. I had previously heard of the accession of Denis to the title, on the death of my father. Hearing at last from Alice—with whose father I had served, as you know, and promised to undertake the care of his child—of the conduct of my brother, and the attachment between my son and my ward, I resolved to come

over and set matters right. I started for England, and what happened afterwards, you know.' With a trembling voice, he added: 'I owe my life to my own son.' He was silent for a moment, then he resumed: 'When I left you, Denis, at Dover, I came to town, and communicated my intentions of testing your honour, your patience, and your filial obedience, to Mr Graham. How greatly I am satisfied with that trial, your conscience and my looks will tell you, dear boy. We also planned this surprise, and God in His mercy grant that it may not have been carried too far.' As he spoke, he knelt by the side of his recreant brother.

'Come, Denis; this is all forgotten now; I am happier and more prosperous than I should have been, had I remained in England. Come, brother; when we have provided for these foolish young people, we will go down into Dorset, and spend the remaining years of our life in the country-house of our fathers, and try and forget the past. Look up, Denis—look up; all is forgotten and forgiven.'

Ere dropping the curtain, we see Denis standing in the centre of the stage, his affianced wife on the one hand, his new-found father on the other, and happiness and love hover above and around them. These are what our noble hero saved with the ship. This was Denis Delmar's *salvage*.

#### THE MONTH: SCIENCE AND ARTS.

EDUCATION may now be regarded as a perennial question, and when we find the universities holding public meetings for the purpose of promoting what is called 'university extension' in our large towns, we may conclude that a solution in some sort will be arrived at. Systematic training of the mind is essential to education; but there are thousands of persons interested in the subject who look upon instruction and education—pouring in and drawing out—as one and the same thing. A man may be crammed with knowledge and yet remain uneducated; and he may have a well-stored memory, but be utterly devoid of conscientiousness. If these trite propositions be kept in mind, the sooner we have a college for learning as well as science affiliated to Oxford or Cambridge, in each of our large towns, the better. The Right Honourable W. E. Forster made some wise remarks on the subject in a speech delivered recently at Leeds, which are well worth consideration; and he wound up with a few pregnant questions. Would Leeds with university extension become richer, happier, better? 'It must be remembered,' he said, 'that though knowledge is power, it is not virtue. Knowledge is not the power over one's self, as is ever being exemplified. It is power over nature; it supplies the means to resist others, to escape from tyranny and oppression, but it does not give moral purpose or self-denial.' The education which does not make a man feel that he has a conscience, nor inspire him with a love for earnest work, falls short of its purpose, and must be regarded as a snare.

Knowledge of art is an important element in education, and is susceptible of almost infinite development. Whatever a man's condition, whether he be author or artisan, merchant or musician, he finds advantage in a knowledge of art. Instruction can now be had on very moderate terms in all our large towns, and in some places scholarships are

offered to the most capable students. Among the schools of art now open there is one—the Royal Architectural Museum, Tufton Street, Westminster—which deserves to be widely known. This excellent institution is open freely to visitors; the collection of objects of art is described as magnificent; there are classes for drawing and modelling to which the admission fee is not more than sixpence a week; and during the present session, a class for drawing from the life is to be commenced. The advantages thus liberally offered will, we trust, be appreciated, for the promoters of the Museum are earnestly desirous that its resources should be made use of to the fullest extent.

A department has been added to the Bethnal Green Museum which promises to be highly instructive. In all manufactures, and, indeed, in all dwellings, there is a great deal of waste, some of which is noxious. Art and science are continually trying to discover uses for this waste, and have had much success; and in the new department above referred to, there is a large collection of articles manufactured from waste. Waste silk, cotton, and wool are now converted into clothing or articles of domestic use. Beautiful dyes and exquisite perfumes are obtained from waste coal-tar; cork clippings are manufactured into floorcloth; and many other articles are now 'on view,' as auctioneers say, at Bethnal Green. Any one who discovers a way to utilise waste (old corks, for instance), may reckon on an ample reward.

Oyster-culture makes such good progress in France, that it deserves a word of notice. On the coast of the Channel, along the Atlantic, and in the Mediterranean, the favourable results have inspired new activity, and, as we are informed, petitions for a strip of the foreshores are constantly presented to the Minister of Marine. The extent of artificial oyster-breeding grounds is now nearly four thousand acres, and, with the demand for new concessions, may be regarded as a growing quantity. The results hitherto obtained shew clearly that 'natural oyster-beds and artificial breeding-grounds must be united for better or for worse, to succeed and to fail simultaneously, each serving as a nursery for the other, an exchange of stock, spat, and germs being effected among them.' And to secure uniformity of operation and to prevent waste, 'special instructions have been issued to all maritime authorities to ascertain at what part of their districts experiments may be successfully attempted, under government supervision, for collecting spat and raising marketable oysters.'

As is well known, around our own coasts oyster-beds have been ruined by reckless dredging. But, by the intelligent supervision and careful nursing which prevail in France, the beds have been enriched to a degree that seems wonderful. For example, certain beds in the Arcachon district, which in 1870 were reported as exhausted, yielded in a few hours' dredging, last November, more than forty million marketable oysters. 'So, also at Granville, the fortunate dredgers who had a few free tides granted to dredge over old natural beds earned seven hundred thousand francs by their catch.' With these facts before us, we feel constrained to inquire—Cannot something be done to prevent the destruction of British oyster-beds, and restore their former fecundity?

Messrs Dewar and M'Kendrick of Edinburgh

have made a series of experiments on the physiological action of ozone. Ever since Schoenbein shewed that a mouse shut up in an atmosphere of ozone died in about five minutes, a notion has prevailed that ozone acts in an energetic way on the animal body; but until these experiments were made scarcely anything was known of the subject. The conclusions, as stated by the experimentalists are: '1. That the inhalation of an atmosphere highly charged with ozone diminishes the number of respirations per minute. 2. The pulsations of the heart are reduced in strength, and the heart is found beating feebly after the death of the animal (experimented on). 3. The blood is always found in a venous condition in all parts of the body, both in cases of death in an atmosphere of ozonised air and of ozonised oxygen.' (In this particular the action resembles that of carbonic acid.) '4. Ozone exercises a destructive action on the living animal tissues if brought into immediate contact with them; but it does not affect them so readily if they are covered by a layer of fluid. 5. Ozone acts as an irritant to the mucous membrane of the nostrils and air-passages, as all observers have previously remarked.'

Surgeons in Europe and America are now using raw cotton as a dressing for wounds, and with excellent effect. A layer of cotton spread over a wound or over the surface exposed by amputation, protects the part thoroughly, filters the air, and prevents the access of floating germs, whether poisonous or not. It is important that the cotton be fresh and of good quality; and if it is to be used in a hospital, it should not be previously exposed to the air of that hospital; moreover, a dressing should never be renewed in the foul air of a ward. In time of war and on the battle-field, the cotton would prevent much suffering. 'In civil practice,' as remarked by Dr Van Buren, 'it promises to be useful principally in the large hospitals of great cities, where pyæmia and erysipelas are always liable to become endemic, in preventing the poisoning of open wounds by those diseases, and also by thus enabling surgeons to save limbs which might otherwise require amputation.' The cotton above described is that manufactured in the form of wadding.

In some American hospitals cotton-waste is used instead of sponges in the washing and dressing of wounds. It is of the same kind as that used for the cleaning of engines, and is picked by some of the patients to prepare it for use. 'The advantages which it possesses,' states a Report, 'are, that it is as satisfactory in the dressing of wounds as sponges, and that when once used it can be destroyed.'

The treatment of fevers by application of cold water is growing more into use, and, as is shewn by trustworthy statistics, with good results: where twenty per cent. have died treated in the usual way, not more than four per cent. die under the water treatment. The method may be varied according to the nature of the case, from simple sponging, to wet sheets with friction, and different kinds of baths. The reduction of temperature is speedy, the relief of distressing symptoms is highly beneficial, and by means of the friction, moisture and evaporation from the skin are produced.

In Germany, disturbances and diseases of the stomach are now treated by means of the stomach-pump. The value of this instrument, as we gather from the clinical *Wochenschrift*, published at

Berlin, has been demonstrated in almost all gastric affections, in phthisis, and in cancer. Pure tepid water is pumped into the stomach, and pumped out, whereby the interior is cleansed and soothed. In some cases, medicaments are mixed with the water. For example—bicarbonate of soda when the reaction of the gastric fluid is very acid; permanganate of potassa when the fluids shew signs of decomposition; carbolic acid when there are vegetable parasites; boracic acid as a disinfectant, and tincture of myrrh in atonic dyspepsia accompanied by abundant production of mucus.

In the United States, it has been found that the stomach can be as readily filled and emptied by means of an india-rubber syphon, as by the stomach-pump.

A remarkable instance of a sudden rise of temperature in a mine is recorded in the Proceedings of the Academy of Sciences at Philadelphia. It was in the adit level of a lead-mine in Missouri, where, all at once, the heat rose from sixty degrees to more than a hundred, so that the miners were unable to continue their work. On searching for an explanation, it was found that the earth of the adit contained seventy-five per cent. of sulphate of protoxide of iron, and that the heating had been due to the rapid absorption of oxygen by sulphuret of iron disseminated throughout the earth in a finely divided condition.

At a meeting of the Newcastle-on-Tyne Chemical Society, Mr J. Wallace described an arrangement of a Bunsen burner with which there is perfect combustion of gas. The usual arrangement is reversed, and instead of regulating the pre-admixture of air from below, it is done at the top by back-pressure, by means of an adjustable perforated metallic plate placed over the top of the burner-tube. When the gas is lit, small bright green beads form on the perforations, and above them the flame appears, not a hollow flame with a dark interior, but a flame solid to the centre.

It is a noteworthy achievement to have proved that gas may be burnt completely in large quantities and in such a manner as to render it a useful and profitable fuel under many circumstances where a measured quantity of heat has to be produced. With a furnace comprising a cast-iron gas chamber into which twelve one-inch burners were fixed, Mr Wallace demonstrated his proposition. The combustion was perfect, whatever might be the quantity of gas passing, and was not disturbed by sudden lighting, or turning low, or off. A furnace of this kind, as was explained to the meeting, when placed below a steam-boiler, may be regulated by means of a valve adjusted to move at any given steam-pressure, and thus regulate the supply of fuel (that is, gas) exactly at the rate steam is required. There will be no deposit of soot, nor any 'striking down' of the flame, and no pressure is required beyond that of the ordinary gas supply. A small steam-boiler is indispensable in many laboratories, and in many operations in science and the arts; and with Mr Wallace's furnace such a boiler may be heated and kept under proper control. It has been proved that a boiler of four horse-power may be kept at work with a consumption of gas at the rate of sixpence an hour.

In connection with this subject we may mention that a steamship is building on the Tyne for a trading firm in Russia, who, as paraffine oil is cheap and

abundant in that country, intend to use nothing besides that oil as fuel. A vessel which does not require coal will have more room for cargo than an ordinary steamer.

According to a writer in the *Revue Industrielle*, the world need not be uneasy in prospect of the consumption of all its coal, for explosives will take the place of coal, and supply all the mechanical power required by future generations. A little more than a pound of dynamite, when exploded, would lift from the ground and project a weight of one hundred and sixty thousand kilogrammes. A kilogramme of nitroglycerine exploded in a closed chamber develops a theoretical pressure of two hundred and forty-three thousand atmospheres. The heat developed is in proportion; and we are assured that 'in a single litre of nitroglycerine there is stored up five thousand five hundred horsepower working continuously for ten hours.'

We are told that Egypt was the cradle of science. Certain it is that Egypt has long been asleep, and has of late shewn signs of waking up. A further sign is the establishing of a geographical society at Cairo, under the title *Société Khédiviale de Géographie*. The first meeting was held in June last. Dr Schweinfurth, the well-known traveller, delivered the inaugural address; and the Society have now begun the study of all branches of geography, and are endeavouring to throw light on those parts of Africa of which, at present, little or nothing is known. The results are to be published in a quarterly *Bulletin*.

A zoological society started in Philadelphia three years ago now numbers nearly nine hundred members. Their Gardens extend along the bank of the Schuylkill river, are well laid out, and have handsome buildings for the housing of the birds and other animals, which, as stated in the Society's Report, are worth nearly 50,000 dollars. The Gardens were opened in July 1874, while still unfinished; and in the eight months up to March of the present year, 227,557 visitors passed through the gates.

At a meeting of the Asiatic Society of Japan, at Yokohama, an account was given of the Shinanogawa, a river which drains the three provinces of Shinano, Musashi, and Yechigo. Its length is 250 miles, and in ordinary weather it discharges 1,500,000 cubic feet per minute. The width varies from 1500 to 4000 feet. If kept clear of shoals, it would be a fine channel for commercial purposes.

It appears that Australia is likely to produce precious stones in sufficient quantity to be made available as articles of commerce. In New South Wales, diamonds, sapphires, topazes, hyacinths, and other gems have been found; in the north-west, opals 'of great fire and brilliant colours' have been met with; and we are informed by the Rev. W. B. Clarke, Vice-president of the Royal Society at Sydney, that 'Eastern Australia is what he has often stated, one vast field of mineral wealth. From north to south, and from the coast to the 141st meridian, the western boundary of New South Wales, we know that coal, gold, copper, tin, and in many places lead, and other minerals of less local importance, are found in abundance.'

From experiments made in Australia we learn that the peppermint (*Mentha piperita*) can be grown with profit in many places. One acre of the plant will yield by distillation from ten to twelve pounds of oil; and the best peppermint oil is worth forty

shillings a pound. Price depends on quality, and quality on soil and culture. The best method is said to be to set the plants six inches from each other in rows, and the rows fifteen inches apart. Thus with peppermint, as with sunflowers, an additional resource is offered to enterprising colonists.

The published list of imports into the United Kingdom in 1874 comprises three hundred and eighty-three articles, the value of which is set down at a total of more than three hundred and seventy millions sterling. Among these articles are three hundred and forty million pounds of wool (the largest importation ever known in a single year), nearly fourteen million hundred-weight of cotton, more than forty-one million hundred-weight of wheat, about eleven million hundred-weight each of oats and barley, and of maize more than seventeen million hundredweight. Tea figures at one hundred and seventy million pounds, unrefined sugar at fourteen million hundred-weight, and tobacco at nearly eighty-one million pounds. Of butter we took one million six hundred thousand hundredweight, and of eggs six hundred and eighty millions, at a cost of £2,400,000. These are but a few out of the long list of products, but they convey a very suggestive idea of our manufacturing and consuming capabilities. If to the gross amount we add our exports, the sum-total appears almost incredible.

#### THE GARDEN.

##### A BALLAD IN THE OLD STYLE.

THE face of My Ladye's a garden, I trow,  
Where many a flower in beauty doth blow;  
Forget-me-nots eke in their doublets of blue  
Are those unto which her bright eyes owe their hue;  
And Roses, Carnations, and Lilies, I ween,  
In divers sweet nooks of this garden are seen.

Here Cupid delights him to wanton and play,  
Now throned in a dimple, now starting away,  
A chasing, and kissing each innocent smile  
That fain in that garden would wander awhile.  
But alack! does My Ladye hear ever a word  
That teases or frets her—no sooner 'tis heard,  
Than straightway her lips lose the form of Love's bow;  
And the tips, 'stead of skyward, are pointed below;  
Where lip joins with lip, there is gathered a frown,  
The weight of whose gloom quickly presses adown  
The spot where it rests; and alas for the smile  
Which the sweets of those lips to rest there did beguile.

Its couch is aslant, and it slips into space,  
Unable for longer to sleep on that face—  
As lost is the smile, so the gay sunlight dies,  
The sunlight that leaps from those merry blue eyes;  
Half closed are the lids, which like clouds veil the light,  
And Day in that garden has turned into Night. . . .  
The fiercer the whirlwind, the quicker 'tis o'er;  
The darker the frown, 'tis the sooner no more;  
It passes away, and a smile takes its place,  
The smile which so lately abandoned that face.

Young Cupid soon follows, o'erflowing with fun,  
And happiness reigns, now that anger is done.  
But if that the garden were beauteous before,  
'Tis trebly so now the dark clouds have blown o'er.  
No wonder that Cupid has made it his home,  
For who, having found it, would thence seek to roam?

Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, 47 Paternoster Row, LONDON, and 339 High Street, EDINBURGH.  
Also sold by all Booksellers.



# CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

OF  
POPULAR

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

*Fourth Series*

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS.

No. 619.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 6, 1875.

PRICE 1½d.

## STORY OF THE DALRYMPLES.

THE Dalrymples are an old family in Ayrshire, where they attained local distinction as land-proprietors in the fifteenth century. The first of them, however, of any public note was James Dalrymple of Stair, who was a Covenanted captain in the reign of Charles I., and at the termination of his military career, was appointed Professor of Logic in the University of Glasgow. The rule at the time was, that if any professor who was a bachelor married, he had to vacate his chair, but was eligible for re-election. Professor Dalrymple submitted to this arrangement. He married, and was reappointed. The lady whom he chose as his wife was Margaret, eldest daughter and heiress of James Ross of Balneil in Wigtownshire, who brought him an estate of five hundred pounds sterling of yearly rent—a pretty large sum in these days—besides the old mansion of Carsecreugh near Glenluce. This might be called the first step in the family towards high rank. Margaret Ross, who was the prototype of Sir Walter Scott's Lady Ashton, in the *Bride of Lammermoor*, was a politic and high-minded woman, and possessed the ability, as well as the will, to push her family upwards in the social scale.

Possibly at the suggestion of his ambitious wife, but doubtless influenced by his own tastes, Dalrymple resigned his professorship, came to Edinburgh, and entered at the Scottish Bar. It was a hazardous step. The times were out of joint. Dalrymple, however, had a certain suppleness of character which enabled him to weather the storm. At the request of General Monk, Cromwell raised him to be a judge in the Court of Session, and taking his seat on the bench, he assumed the senatorial title of Lord Stair. His creation by Charles II. as a Baronet of Nova Scotia was another step in advance. He was like to have been worsted by being obliged to take the Declaration against Presbytery. But this he got the better of by a dexterous manoeuvre. He took the Declaration, giving at the same time explanations in writing to save his conscientious scruples. The explana-

tions were returned to him as not admissible; but he submitted to the rebuff, and kept his seat as a judge—an incident singularly characteristic of the shuffling policy at the period.

The interest attaching to Sir James Dalrymple, Lord Stair, is much deepened by the domestic tragedy of which the great novelist has made such good use. The true history of this romantic affair is fairly stated in the work of Mr Murray Graham, recently issued from the press, and was briefly as follows: Sir James and his wife, Dame Margaret Dalrymple, had a large family of sons and daughters. Janet, the eldest daughter, had, against the will of her parents, pledged her troth to a poor nobleman, Lord Rutherford. Her mother endeavoured to break off the engagement, and to bring about a marriage with Sir David Dunbar, son and heir of Sir David Dunbar of Baldoon, and who stood in the relationship of nephew to Rutherford. 'Dame Margaret Dalrymple is said to have worked upon her unfortunate child, by insisting on the Levitical law, which declares that a maiden shall be free of a vow which she has vowed, "if her father disallow it in the day that he heareth thereof." She at last prevailed over Janet Dalrymple's gentler disposition and weaker will, who agreed to marry Dunbar. The marriage took place at the Kirk of Glenluce, about two miles from her parents' house at Carsecreugh, on the 12th of August (1669), the bride riding to church behind one of her younger brothers, who long afterwards spoke of the chilly coldness of her hand as it touched his own when holding by his waist. The bridal party remained nearly a fortnight at Carsecreugh, whence the bride was taken on the 24th of August to her husband's house of Baldoon, near the town of Wigtown. A gallantly attired troop of friends accompanied the married pair, and a dramatic entertainment or masque was prepared for them at Baldoon. But, alas! the bride's health suddenly declined and gave way, and she died at Baldoon, probably of a broken heart, on 12th of September following.' The circumstances connected with the death differ materially, it will be seen, from those pictured by

the novelist. The tradition of the event, however, impressed the imagination of Scott, the result being the tale of *The Bride of Lammermoor*. Dunbar afterwards married a daughter of the seventh Earl of Eglintoun, and died in 1682, by a fall from his horse. As for his rival, Rutherford, he obtained a commission in the Household Guards, and died in 1685.

After being ten years a judge, Lord Stair was promoted to be President of the Court of Session, and appointed a member of the Scottish Privy Council. His ability was not alone demonstrated on the bench. He composed the *Institutions of the Law of Scotland*, a work which, with modern annotations, is much prized by the legal profession. The year 1681, in which this great work appeared, was noted for 'the Test,' a religious formula, that Sir James felt himself unable to subscribe. Before he could tender his resignation, he was omitted from a new list of judges, and thereupon retired into private life. Harassed by fears of persecution for being too tenderly inclined to the Covenanters, he quietly removed himself to Leyden, where he found congenial society in Sir Patrick Hume of Polwarth, the Earl of Loudon, and other distinguished refugees. Meanwhile his eldest son, Sir John Dalrymple (who had been knighted in early life), had risen at the bar, and by a strange turn of affairs was, in 1787, appointed Lord Advocate, when Sir George Mackenzie was driven from office for declining to sanction the extreme views of James II. The father and son may now be said to have been on different sides; the son, however, taking anything good that cast up, and holding himself ready for any political change that circumstances required—not a bad prototype of Sir Walter Scott's Lord Turntippet. The circumstances soon came. King James fled; William of Orange landed in England, bringing Sir James Dalrymple in his train, and under the Revolution settlement Sir John, his son, declared himself favourable to the new order of things. Nor did he disdain to occupy the onerous position of Secretary of State for Scotland, a position rendering him responsible adviser to the crown in all Scottish affairs. In 1690, his father being raised to the peerage as Viscount Stair, Sir John was now usually designated Master of Stair. On this Sir John Dalrymple, Master of Stair, and Secretary of State for Scotland, we propose to concentrate attention. Macaulay speaks of him as 'able, eloquent, and accomplished;' he might be all that, but inasmuch as he was the prime instigator of an act of barbaric cruelty, the Massacre of Glencoe, his name has been rendered historically infamous.

At the Revolution, certain Highland clans stood out in a hesitating way for King James, and gave some uneasiness to government. The Earl of Breadalbane was employed to bring about a pacification by means of bribes in money and otherwise; the negotiation being enforced by a royal proclamation in August 1791, intimating a free pardon to all who had been in arms against King

William, provided they should come in any time before the 1st of January next, and swear and sign the oath of allegiance. Those who did not accept these terms were to be treated as enemies and traitors—that is to say, they and all belonging to them would be subject to extirpation by military violence. In the present day, we can hardly understand such a threat, because all offenders against the law are liable to a fair trial, and put on their defence. At that period, however, in Scotland, the letting loose of military on a neighbourhood, in virtue of 'letters of fire and sword,' was still in certain circumstances resorted to, as a short method of doing wholesale execution. Dalrymple fiendishly wished for an opportunity of cutting off a few clans by this brief means of slaughter, as an example and warning to all who entertained hostile feelings to the new government. His letters from the court at London during the remainder of the year, shew that he grudged the merciful terms offered to the Highland Jacobites, and would have been happy to find that a refusal of them justified harsher measures. He really hoped that the Macdonalds of Glencoe, a small clan under a chieftain bearing the subordinate surname of M'Ian, would hold out beyond the proper day. He thought it better that the time of grace expired in the depth of winter, for, as he said in a letter to Colonel Hamilton, 'that is the proper season to maul them, in the cold long nights.' As the chiefs of several clans took the oath of allegiance before the sheriffs of their respective counties within the required time, it seemed probable that the only recusant to be dealt with would be the unfortunate M'Ian. In a dilatory manner the aged chief hung back till it was too late to take the oath according to the prescribed terms. But his failure amounted only to a technical mistake. In reality he had sped to Inverlochry or Fort William before the end of the year, and tendered his oath to the governor there, when, to his dismay, he found he had come to the wrong officer. It was necessary he should go to Inveraray, many miles distant, and there give in his submission to the sheriff of Argyshire. In great anxiety, the old man toiled his way through the wintry wild to Inveraray. He had to pass within a mile of his own house, yet stopped not to enter it. After all his exertions, the sheriff being absent for two days after his arrival, it was not till the 6th of January that his oath was taken and registered. The register duly went thereafter to the Privy Council at Edinburgh, but the name of Macdonald of Glencoe was not found in it. It was afterwards discovered to have been by special means obliterated, though still traceable.

Sir John Dalrymple was delighted to find that poor M'Ian was in his power. In a letter, dated 11th January, addressed to Sir Thomas Livingstone, commander-in-chief of the forces in Scotland, he says: 'Just now, my Lord Argyle tells me that Glencoe hath not taken the oaths; at which I rejoice—it's a great work of charity to be exact in rooting out that — sect, the worst in

all the Highlands; it is very good news here.' Elsewhere he says he obtained that very day a letter from the king concerning the Highland rebels, commanding the troops to cut them off, 'by all manner of hostility,' and for this end to proclaim high penalties to all who should give them assistance or protection. Particular instructions, subscribed by the king, followed on the 16th, permitting terms to be offered to Glengarry, whose house was strong enough to give trouble, but adding: 'If M'Ian of Glencoe and that tribe can well be separated from the rest, it will be a proper vindication of the public justice to extirpate that sect of thieves.' On the same day, Dalrymple himself wrote to Colonel Hill, governor of Inverlochy: 'I shall entreat you that, for a just vengeance and public example, the thieving tribe of Glencoe be rooted out to purpose. The Earls of Argyle and Breadalbane have promised they shall have no retreat in their bounds.' He felt, however, that it must be 'quietly done;' otherwise they would make shift both for their cattle and themselves. There can be no doubt what he meant. If the clan were attacked in open warfare, they might disperse with their cattle, and less or more escape; whereas, if approached quietly and deceitfully, they would be 'rooted out and cut off.'

Here, then, the tribe were to be summarily slaughtered, much in the way in which the inhabitants of back-settlements in America used to be stealthily approached and ferociously killed by bands of Indians. Everything being thus secretly prepared, the commander, Livingstone, wrote to Colonel Hamilton of Inverlochy garrison to proceed with his work against the Glencoe men. 'A detachment of the Earl of Argyle's regiment—Campbells, hereditary enemies of the Macdonalds of Glencoe—under the command of Campbell of Glenlyon, proceeded to the valley, affecting nothing but friendly intentions, and were hospitably received. Glenlyon himself, as uncle to the wife of one of the chief's sons, was hailed as a friend. Each morning, he called at the humble dwelling of the chief, and took his morning-draught of usquebaugh. On the evening of the 12th of February, he played at cards with the chief's family. The final orders for the onslaught, written on the 12th at Ballachulish by Major Robert Duncanson (a relation of the Campbells), were now in Glenlyon's hands. They bore: "You are to put all to the sword under seventy. You are to have a special care that the old fox and his son do on no account escape your hands. You're to secure all avenues, that none escape; this you are to put in execution at five o'clock precisely, and by that time, or very shortly after it, I'll strive to be at you with a stronger party. If I do not come to you at five, you are not to tarry for me, but to fall on."

'Glenlyon was but too faithful to his instructions. His soldiers had their orders the night before. John Macdonald, the chief's eldest son, observing an unusual bustle among the soldiers, took an alarm, and inquired what was meant. Glenlyon soothed his fears with a story about a movement against Glengarry, and the lad went to bed. Meanwhile, efforts were making to plant guards at all the outlets of that alpine glen; but the deep snow on the ground prevented the duty from being fully accomplished. At five, Lieutenant Lindsay came with his men to the house of the

chief, who, hearing of his arrival, got out of bed to receive him. He was shot dead as he was dressing himself. Two of his people in the house shared his fate, and his wife, shamefully treated by the soldiers, died next day. At another hamlet called Auchnaion, the tacksman and his family received a volley of shot as they were sitting by their fireside, and all but one were laid dead or dying on the floor. The survivor entreated to be killed in the open air, and there succeeded in making his escape. There were similar scenes at all the other inhabited places in the glen, and before daylight, thirty-eight persons had been murdered. The rest of the people, including the chief's eldest son, fled to the mountains, where many of them are believed to have perished. When Colonel Hamilton came at breakfast-time, he found one old man alive, mourning over the bodies of the dead; and this person, though he might have been even formally exempted as above seventy, was slain on the spot. The only remaining duty of the soldiers was to burn the houses and harry the country. This was relentlessly done, two hundred horses, nine hundred cattle, and many sheep and goats being driven away.

'A letter of Dalrymple, dated from London the 5th March, makes us aware that the Massacre of Glencoe was already making a sensation there. It was said that the people had been murdered in their beds, after the chief had made the required submission. The secretary professed to have known nothing of the last fact, but he was far from regretting the bloodshed. "All I regret is that any of the sect got away." When the particulars became fully known—when it was ascertained that the Campbells had gone into the glen as friends, and fallen upon the people when they were in a defenceless state, and when all suspicion was lulled asleep—the transaction assumed the character which it has ever since borne in the public estimation, as one of the foulest in modern history.'

Such, in brief, are the particulars of this shameful affair, for which the Master of Stair must chiefly be held responsible. The massacre, no doubt, proceeded in virtue of the king's instructions, but the Secretary Stair was the king's adviser, and, as we have seen, he entertained a rancorous hatred of the Glencoe men. Nothing can shelter him from infamy; yet the annalist of the family attempts to gloss over his conduct by inferring that he 'was unconscious of the unjustifiable severity and atrocity of the act.\* Unconscious of the cruelty of ordering a multitude of human beings to be deceitfully thrown off their guard and butchered like wild beasts! The fact is, Sir John Dalrymple became ashamed, and somewhat alarmed for what he had done. In our own times an act like that of the Massacre of Glencoe would be known all over the world in four-and-twenty hours. On its occurrence, so slowly did news travel, that the affair was only beginning to be talked of in Edinburgh and London some months afterwards, and did not become matter of public clamour until 1695. A royal commission was that year appointed to inquire into the facts of the case, the result being that Secretary Stair was blamed for having

\* *Annals and Correspondence of the Viscount, and the First and Second Earls of Stair.* By John Murray Graham. 2 vols. 8vo. Blackwood and Sons. 1875.

exceeded his instructions. He resigned office, and the king granted remission for his excess of zeal. As a further act of royal condescension, when Dalrymple became second viscount by the decease of his father in 1695, he was created Earl of Stair—a curious instance of a great wrong being rewarded by an accession of honours.

The first Earl of Stair did not long enjoy his new honours. Aware of the odium he had incurred by the Glencoe massacre, and worn down by political manœuvring and debates in favour of the Union, he died suddenly on the 8th January 1707. So here was an end of one of the cleverest, and, we may say, the cunningest and least scrupulous men of his day. There was a moral in his fate. His greatness as a statesman was tarnished by an act of profound villainy, which no apology can extenuate. Of what worth are the highest earthly honours when associated with the reputation of despicable baseness?

Sir John Dalrymple made what is called a good marriage. Early in life, he was married to Elizabeth, daughter and heiress of Sir John Dundas of Newliston, and had several sons, the eldest of whom, when a boy, was accidentally killed by his next youngest brother, then a child of eight years of age. Two loaded pistols happened to be lying in the entrance-hall at Carscrough. The boy took up one of the pistols, and unwittingly shot his brother dead. This youthful homicide lived to be his father's successor, as second Earl of Stair. Attaching himself to military pursuits, he became a distinguished officer in the army under Marlborough. He rose to the rank of field-marshal, and afterwards figured as ambassador-extraordinary to the court of Louis XIV. Latterly, he retired to his estate of Newliston, where he is reputed to have been the first in Scotland to plant cabbages and turnips in the open fields—a circumstance more honourable to his memory than all his other public services. He was likewise a great planter of trees and land-improver at his estate of Newliston, and at Castle Kennedy. There is a current tradition that the woods at Newliston were laid out by him in divisions, to resemble the relative positions of the English and French armies at the battle of Dettingen. Mr Murray Graham gives another, but not very dissimilar account of this arboricultural effort. 'The grounds,' he says, 'immediately about the house of Newliston, were laid out by Lord Stair in straight lines, with sunk fences and bastions, in the form of an encampment or fortified position; while the more distant grounds and woods were planted out also in straight lines, in the French taste of the time, with intersecting and corresponding avenues.' Newliston was latterly disposed of to another proprietor. His lordship's taste in ornamentation by trees and otherwise, was carried to still greater length at Castle Kennedy, near the shore of Loch Ryan.

Mr Graham presents numerous particulars concerning the military and diplomatic career of the second Earl of Stair; but for these we must refer to the book itself, which is a painstaking memorial of the early and more conspicuous members of the Dalrymple family. In his latter days, during his retirement from official duties, besides amusing himself as a land improver, the second earl spent much of his time in Edinburgh. Here he fell in love with a lady of local note, widow of the profligate

James Viscount Primrose, whose decease, in 1706, was a relief to her ladyship. She was still a beautiful woman, and might have procured a choice of husbands among the *élite* of the period. She, however, from her unfortunate experiences, made a resolution never again to be a wife. By an exceedingly unworthy trick, related in the *Traditions of Edinburgh*, Lady Primrose was induced to alter her resolution, and become Countess of Stair—her residence at the time imparting the name of Lady Stair's Close to one of the dingy alleys of the Old Town. Her ladyship was more happy with her second husband than with her first. Her only source of vexation was Lord Stair's proneness to excessive drinking. In one of his drunken fits he so far exceeded the bounds of reason and gentlemanly conduct as to give her so severe a blow upon the upper part of the face, as to occasion the effusion of blood. He immediately afterwards fell asleep, unconscious of what he had done. Overwhelmed by a tumult of bitter feeling, Lady Stair made no attempt to bind up her wound; but remained near her torpid husband, and wept and bled till morning. When his lordship awoke, and learned that the cause of his wife's dishevelled and bloody figure was his own conduct, he was so stung by remorse as never afterwards to take any species of drink except what was sanctioned by her ladyship. In this incident we see the type of those scenes of brutal violence which now prevail alone among the most ignorant of the community. Lord Stair died in 1747, and his venerable lady, after being long at the head of Edinburgh society, died in November 1759. Since the decease of the second earl, the title and estates have passed from one branch of the Dalrymple family to another, but concerning whom there is little general interest.

For a long time there was a superstitious belief in Scotland that the wickedness of the Glencoe massacre was visited by retribution on the descendants of its principal actors. As regards the Dalrymples, they in time ceased to be reproached with the unhappy family stain, though until this day it can hardly fail to be to them a matter of regret. The Campbells of Glenlyon appear to have felt more acutely that the sins of the fathers are visited on the children. In their case the Nemesis which follows wrongdoing of all sorts has been the subject of painful remark.

Colonel Stewart, in his account of the Highland regiments, mentions that Colonel Campbell of Glenlyon, who was grandson of the Glenlyon who commanded the military at the Massacre of Glencoe, felt as if under a blight from the conduct of his ancestor. Stewart relates the following anecdote of him. In 1771 he was, as an officer in a regiment, commanded to superintend the execution of the sentence of a court-martial on a soldier condemned to be shot. A reprieve was sent, but the ceremony of the execution was to proceed until the criminal was on his knees with a cap over his head. No person was to be told previously, not even the firing-party, who were warned that the signal to fire would be the drawing of a white handkerchief out of the officer's pocket. Campbell put his hand into his pocket to draw out the reprieve, but at the same time accidentally drew out the handkerchief. The party fired, and the soldier was shot dead. The paper dropped through Campbell's fingers, and, placing his hand to his

forehead, he exclaimed: 'The curse of God and Glencoe is here; I am an unfortunate, ruined man.' He soon after retired from the service, and the impression on his mind was never effaced. There are other legends regarding the supposed hereditary blight still resting on the Glenlyon family.

W. C.

## THE FLAG OF DISTRESS.

## CHAPTER XXXVII.—TWO 'SYDNEY DUCKS.'

JACK STRIKER and Bill Davis are two 'Sydney Ducks,' who have seen service in the chain-gangs of Australia. They have also served as sailors, this being their original calling. But since a certain voyage to the Swan River settlement—in which they were but passengers, sent out at the expense of H. B. Majesty's government—they have had aversion to the sea, and only take to it intermittently, when under the necessity of working passage from port to port for other purposes. Escaping from a colonisation forced upon them, and quite uncongenial, they had thus made their way into California; and, after a trip up the Sacramento, and a spell at gold-seeking with but indifferent success, had returned to San Francisco; in the Queen City of the Pacific, finding ways of life they liked better than the hard labour of pick, pan, and cradle. Loafing among its low sailor-haunts, they encountered a pleasant surprise, by meeting a man who offered them five thousand dollars each to ship in a merchant-vessel, for the 'short trip' to Panama! A wage so disproportioned to the service asked for, of course required some explanation; which the princely contractor gave, after having secured their confidence. It proved satisfactory to the Sydney Ducks, who, without further questioning, entered into the contract. The result was their getting conducted aboard the *Condor*—she being the vessel bound for the port of Panama.

He who had given them this handsome engagement was not the owner of the ship; no more was he her captain or supercargo; but a gentleman representing himself authorised to accept their services for a somewhat different purpose than the mere working of her sails, and who promised to pay them in a peculiar manner—under certain contingencies, even more than the sum stipulated, notwithstanding its magnificence. The strange conditions were partially made known to them before setting foot on the ship; and though an honest sailor would have scornfully rejected them—even in the face of such tempting reward—Jack Striker and Bill Davis accepted them without scruple or cavil. For they are not honest sailors, but ex-convicts, criminals still unreformed, and capable of any misdeed—piracy, or murder—if only money can be made thereby.

Since coming aboard the *Condor* and mixing with others of her crew, they have had additional insight into the character of their contract, and the services required of them. They find that several other men have been engaged in a somewhat similar way, and at a like bounteous wage; for a while wondering at it, till, after a mutual comparison of notes, and putting together their respective scraps of intelligence, with surmises added, they arrive at a pretty accurate understanding of how the land lies, and why their *entre-*

*preneur*—who is no other than the second-mate, Padilla—has been so liberal.

Striker, who has seen more of the world, and is the elder of the two Sydney Ducks, has been the first to obtain this added information; and it is for the purpose of communicating it to his old chum of the chain-gang, he has asked the latter to step aside with him. And chancing to be cast together in the middle watch, an opportunity offers, which the older convict has all that day been looking out for.

Davis, of more talkative habit, is the first to break silence; which he does on the instant of their coming under the awning.

'Well, old pal! What d'ye think of our present employ? Better than breakin' stone for them Swan River roads, with twenty pound of iron chain clinkin' at a fellow's feet. An't it?'

'Better'n that, yes; but not's good as it might be.'

'Tut, man, you're always grumblin'. Five thousand dollars for a trip that isn't like to run up to a month; not more than a fortnight or three weeks, I should say! If that don't content you, I'd like to know what would.'

'Well, mate; I'll tell 'ee what wud. Thirty thousand for the trip. An' Jack Striker an't like to be saterfied wi' anythin' short o' that sum.'

'You're joking, Jack?'

'No, I an't, Bill. As you knows, I'm not o' the jokin' sort; an' now mean what I say, sartin as I ever meant anythin' in my life. Both me an' you oughter get thirty thousand apiece o' this yellow stuff—that at the werry leest.'

'Why, there wouldn't be enough to go round the lot that's in.'

'Yes, thar wud, an' will. Old as I im, I hain't yit quite lost hearin'. My yeers are as sharp as they iver wor, an' jist as reliable. Larst night I heerd a whisper pass atween Padilla an' another o' them Spanish chaps, that's put me up to some-think.'

'What did you hear?'

'That the swag'll tot up to the total o' three hundred thousand dollars.'

'The deuce it will. Why, they said it wasn't half that much! Padilla himself told me so.'

'No matter what he's told you. I tell ye now, it's all o' the six figures I've sayed. In coorse it's their interest to make it out small as they possibly can, seein' as our share's to be a purcentage. I know better now, an' knowin' it, an't agoin' to stan' none o' theer nonsense. Neyther shud you, Bill. We both o' us are 'bout to risk the same as any o' the tothers.'

'That's true enough.'

'In coorse it is. An' hein' so, we oughter share same as them; can, an' will if we stick well the-gither. It's jist as eazy one way as tother.'

'There's something in what you say, mate.'

'Theer's everythin' in it, an' nothin' more than our rights. As I've sayed, we all risk the same, an' that's gettin' our necks stretched. For if we make a nucker o' the job, it'll be a hangin' matter, sure. For I dar say theer's got to be blood spilt afore it's finished.'

'What would you advise our doing? You know, Jack, I'll stand by you, whatever you go in for.'

'Well, I want it to be a fair divide, all round; detarmined it shall be. Why shud the

four Spanish fellas get a dollar moren us others? As I've observed, two o' them, Gomez an' Hernandez, have set their eyes on the weemen folks. It's eezy to see that's part o' their game. Beside, I heerd them talkin' o't. Gomez be arter the light girl, an' Hernandez the dark un. Well, they may do as they like, for all I care. But that are all the more reezun why they oughten be so greedy 'bout the shinin' stuff. As for Mister Gomez, it's plain he's the head man o' the lot; an' the second-mate, who engaged us, is only like the others, an' 'pears to be controlled by him. 'Twar tween them two I overheard the confab; Gomez tellin' Padilla that the dust lyin' snug in the cabin lockers was full valley for three hunderd thousan'. An' as theer's eleven o' us to share, that 'ud be nigh on thirty thousan' apiece, if my 'rithmetic an't out o' reckinin'. Bill Davis, I say, we oughter stan' up for our rights.'

'Certainly we should. But there'll be difficulty in getting them, I fear.'

'Not a bit—not a morsel, if we stick out for 'em. The four Spaniards means to go snacks 'mong themselves. But theer be seven o' us outsiders; an' when I tell the others what I've told you, they'll be all on our side—if they an't the silliest o' fools.'

'They won't be that, I take it; a difference of twenty thousand dollars or so in their favour, will make them sensible enough. But what's to be the upshot, or, as they call it in the theatre play-bills, what's the programme?'

'Well, mate; so far as I've been put up to't, we're to run on till we get down the coast, somewhere near the Isthmus o' Panyma. Theer we'll sight land, an' soon's we do, the ship's to be scuttled, we first securin' the swag, an' takin' it ashore in one o' the boats. We're to land on some part o' the coast that's known to Gomez, he says. Then we're to make for some town, when we've got things straight for puttin' in appearance in a explainable way. Otherways, we might get pulled up, an' all our trouble 'ud be for nowt. Worse, every man jack on us would have a good chance to swing for t.'

'And the young ladies?'

'They're to go along wi' Gomez an' Hernandez. How they mean to manage it, Jack Striker can't tell ya. They'll be a trouble, no doubt, as always is wi' weemen, an' it be a pity we're hampered wi' 'em; moren that, it's reglar dangerous. They may get the hul kit o' us into a scrape. Hows- ever, we'll hev to take our chances, since theer's no help for it. The two chaps 'pear to be reglar struck with 'em. Well, let 'em carry off the gurls an' welcome. As I've sayed, thet oughter make 'em less objectin' to a fair divide o' the dust.'

'What's to be done with the others—the old Spaniard and skipper, with the black cook and first-mate?'

'They're to go down wi' the ship. The intention is, to knock all o' 'em on the head soon's we come in sight o' land.'

'Well, Jack; for the first three I don't care a brass farthing. They're foreigners and blacks; therefore, nothing to us. But, as Blew chances to be a countryman of ours, I'd rather it didn't go so hard with him.'

'Baldertash! Bill Davis! What have you or me to do wi' feelins o' that sort? Countryman, indeed! A fine country, as starves ten millions

o' the like o' us two; an' if we try to take what by nateral right's our own, sends us out o' it wi' handcuffs round our wrists, an' iron jewelry on our ankles! All stuff an' psalm-singin' that 'bout one's own country, an' fella-countrymen. If we let him off, we might meet him somewhere when we an't a-wantin' to. He'll have to be served same as the tother three. There be no help for't, if we don't want to have the hemp roun' our thrapples.'

'I suppose you're right, Striker; though it does seem a pity too. But what reason have the Spaniards for keepin' the thing back? Why should they wait till we get down near Panama? As the yellow stuff's lyin' ready, sure it might be grabbed at once, an' then we'd have more time to talk of how it's to be divided? What's the difficulty about our taking it now?'

'Tan't the takin' o't. That'll be eezy work; an' when the time comes, we'll have it all our own way. We could toss the four overboard in the skippin' o' a flea. But then, how's the ship to be navvigated without the skipper an' first-mate?'

'Surely we can do without them?'

'That's jest what we can't. O' all our crew, theer's only them two as hev the knowledge o' charts an' chronometers, an' the like; for him's as is actin' second confesses he don't know nothin' 'bout sich. Tharfor, though we're in a good soun' craft, without the skipper, or Blew, we'd be most as good as helpless. We're now on the biggest o' all oceans, an' if she stood on the wrong tack, we might never set eyes on land—or only to be cast away on some dangersome shore. Or, what 'ud be bad as eyther, get overhauled by some man-o'-war, an' not able to gie account o' ourselves. Theer's the difficulty, don't 'ee see, Bill? So, the Spaniards hev agreed to let things alone till we've ran down nigh Panyma. Theer Gomez says theer be a long stretch o' uninhabited coast, where we'll be safe goin' ashore in the night.'

'Well, I suppose that'll be the best way, after all. If a man has the money, it don't make much difference where he sets foot on shore; an' no doubt we'll find sport down at Panyma good as anywhere else.'

'Theer ye be right, Bill. When a cove's flush there's pleaurin' everywhere. Gold's the only thing as gives it.'

'With the prospect of such big plunder, we can afford to be patient,' says Davis, resignedly.

'I an't agoin' to be patient for the paltry five thousand they promised. No, Bill; neyther must you. We've equal rights wi' the rest, an' we must stick out for 'em.'

'Soon as you say the word, Jack, I'm at your back. So'll all the others, who're in the same boat with ourselves.'

'They oughter, an' belike will; tho' theer's a weak-witted fool or two as may take talkin' into it. I means to go at 'em at once, soon's I've finished my trick at the wheel, the which'll soon be on. Ay! theer's the bell now; I must go aft. When I come off, Bill, be you up by the night-heads, an' have that Dutch chap as is in our watch 'long wi' ye; an' also the Dane. They're the likeliest to go in wi' us at once, an' I'll first broach it to them.'

'All right, old pal! I'll be there.'

The two plotters step out from under the awning; Striker turning aft to take his 'trick' at the

wheel, the other sauntering off in the direction of the fore-castle.

Harry Blew stands aghast—his hair on end, the blood coursing chill through his veins. No wonder, after listening to such a revelation! A plot diabolical—a scheme of atrocity unparalleled—comprising three horrible crimes: robbery, the abduction of women, and the murder of men. Among these, himself!

Now knows he the cause of the crew's insubordination; too clearly comprehends it. Three hundred thousand dollars of gold-dust stowed in the cabin-lockers! News to him; for Captain Lantanas had not made him acquainted with the fact—the treasure having been shipped before his coming aboard; in fact, on that same night when he went after Silvestre. At the very time he was knocking at the ship-agent's office-door, Don Tomas, with some trusty watermen, were engaged in getting it aboard the Chilhan ship.

An unfortunate arrangement, after all, and now too certain of ending disastrously, not only for Don Gregorio, but those dear to him, with others less interested, yet linked to his fate. Though the ex-man-of-war's-man is neither doubtful nor incredulous of what he has just heard, it is some time before his mind can grasp all the details. So filled is he with astonishment, it is natural his thoughts should be confused, and himself excited. But soon he reflects calmly; and, revolving everything over, perceives clearly enough what are the crimes to be committed, with the motives for committing them. There can be no ambiguity about the nature of the nefarious conspiracy. It has all been hatched and prearranged on shore; and the scoundrels have come aboard specially for its execution. The four Spaniards or Californians, as he believes them to be—must have had knowledge of the treasure being shipped, and, in their plan to appropriate it, have engaged the others to assist them. Striker's talk has told this; while revealing also the still more fiendish designs of abduction and murder.

The prospect is appalling; and as he reflects upon it, Harry Blew feels his heart sunk within him, strong though that heart be. For a dread fate is impending, over himself, as well as those he has promised to protect.

How is it to be averted? How is he to save them? How save himself?

These questions come crowding together, and repeat themselves over and over, but without suggesting answer. He cannot think of one that is satisfactory; he sees no chance of escape. The crew are all in the plot—every man of them—either as principals or engaged assistants. The conversation of the two convicts has shewn this. The second-mate same as the rest; which to him, Harry Blew, causes no surprise. He had already made up his mind about Padilla; observing his sympathy with those who had begun to shew insubordination. He had also noticed, that in whatever was up among them, Gil Gomez was the directing spirit; Velarde next in influence; both dominating Padilla, notwithstanding his superior authority as one of the ship's officers; while Hernandez seemed to be controlled by all three. The last, Harry Blew has discovered to be a landsman, with no sea-experience whatever; when found out, excusing himself on the plea that he wished to work his passage to Panama. The position of the

other seven is understood by what Striker said. All are in the scheme of pillage and murder—though not to be equally rewarded.

Bringing them one after another before his mind; recalling his experience of them—which, though short, has given him some knowledge of their character—the *Condor's* first officer cannot think of one likely to take sides with him. They are all men of iniquity; and in defending the innocent he would have to stand alone. For it would amount to almost that, with no other help than Captain Lantanas, Don Gregorio, and the cook; the first, a slight slender man, with just strength enough to handle a telescope; the second, aged, and something of an invalid; the third, for fighting purposes, scarce worth thinking of. His fidelity could be depended upon to the death; but he is also an oldish man, and would count for little in a conflict with such desperadoes as those who design making themselves masters of the ship.

All these points present themselves to the mind of the first-mate, clearly, impressively. A thought of telling Captain Lantanas what he has discovered, and which came naturally, he no longer entertains. The trusting Chilhan skipper would scarce give credit to such an atrocious scheme. And if he did, in all likelihood it would result in his taking some rash step, that would but quicken their action, and bring sooner on the fatal catastrophe. No; 'twill never do to make him acquainted with the danger, great as it is. Nor yet should Don Gregorio know of it. The terrible secret must be kept from both, and carefully. Either of them aware of it, and in an hour after, all might be over—the tragedy enacted, and its victims consigned to the sea—himself, Harry Blew, being one of them.

Still crouching under the sail, he trembles, as he conjures up the picture of that fearful fate that seems so certainly before him. In the midst of the open ocean, or close to land, the scene will be all the same. The girls seized; the captain, Don Gregorio, the cook, and himself, shot down, or pommaded; after that, the gold dragged out of the lockers; the vessel scuttled, and sunk; a boat alone left to carry the pirates ashore, with their spoils and captives! Contemplating such a scene

even only in imagination—it is not strange that the *Condor's* first-officer feels a shivering throughout his frame. He feels it in every fibre. And reflection fails to give relief; since it suggests to him no plan for saving himself. On the contrary, the more he dwells on it, the more he sees the danger—sees it in all its stark naked reality. Against such odds a conflict would be hopeless. It could only end in death to all who have been singled out, himself perhaps the first.

For a time he stands in silent cogitation, with despair almost paralyzing his heart. He is unable to think steadily or clearly. Doubtful, unfeasible schemes shape themselves in his mind, or idle thoughts flit across his brain—all the while wild emotions coursing through his soul.

At length, and after prolonged reflection, he makes a resolve. As his face is in shadow, its expression cannot be seen; but, judging by the words that are muttered by his lips, it is one that should be unworthy of a British sailor—in short, that of a traitor. For his soliloquy seems to shew that he has yielded to craven fear—intends surrendering up the sacred trust reposed in him, and along with it his honour!



The words are :

'There's no chance for that, nor yet for the savin' of my own life—except by castin' my lot in along wi' them. I'll do it—I'll do it!'

#### CHAPTER XXXVIII.—PLOT UPON PLOT.

The *Condor* is sailing with a light breeze some points abaft the beam. Jack Striker is at the helm; and as the sea is smooth, he finds it easy steering, having little to do but keep her steady by taking an occasional squint at the compass-card. The moon—which has just risen—shining in his face, shews it to be that of a man over fifty, with the felon in its every line and lineament. It is beardless, peck-pitted, with thick shapeless lips, broad hanging jowls, nostrils agape, and nose flattened like the snout of a bull-dog. Eyes green, both bleary, one of them blood-shot. For all, eyes that, by his own boast, can 'see into a millstone as far as the man who picks it.' He has not been many minutes at his post, when he sees some one approaching from the waist of the ship; a man, whom he makes out to be the first-mate.

'Comin' to con me,' growls the ex-convict. 'Don't want any o' his connin', not I. Jack Striker can keep a ship on her course well's him, or any other 'board o' this craft.'

He is on the starboard side of the wheel, while the mate approaches along the port gangway; who, after springing up to the poop-deck, stops opposite the steersman.

'Well, Striker,' he says; 'not much trouble with her to-night. She's goin' free too, with the wind in the right quarter. We ought to be makin' good nine knots!'

'All o' that, I darsay, sir,' rejoins Striker, mollified by the affable manner in which the first-officer has addressed him. 'The barge an't a bad un to go, though she be a queery-rigged craft as ever I war aboard on.'

'You've set foot on a goodish many, I should say, judgin' from the way ye handle a helm. I see you understan' steerin' a ship.'

'I oughter, master,' answers the helmsman, further flattered by the compliment to his professional skill. 'Jack Striker's had a fair show o' schoolin' to that bizness.'

'Been a man-o'-war's man, han't ye?'

'Ay, all o' that. Any as doubts it can see the warrant on my back, an' welcome to do so. Plenty o' the cat's claws theer, an' I don't care who knows it.'

'Neyther need ye. Many a good sailor can shew the same. For myself, I han't had the cat, but I've seed man-o'-war service, an' got rough treatment too. An' I've seed sarvice on ships man-o'-war's men have chased—likin' that sort a little better; I do.'

'Indeed!' exclaims the ex-convict, turning his eyes with increased interest on the man thus frankly confessing himself. 'Smuggler? or maybe slaver?'

'Little bit o' both. An' as you say 'bout the cat, I don't care a toss-up who knows o't. It's been a hardish world wi' me; plenty o' ups an' downs; the downs of'ener than the ups. Just now things are lookin' sort o' uppish. I've got my berth here 'count o' the scarcity o' hands in San Francisco, an' the luck o' knowin' how to take

sights, an' keep a log. Still, the pay an't much, considerin' the chances left behind. I darsay I'd 'a done a deal better by stayin' in Californy, an' goin' on to them gold-diggin's up in the mountains.'

'You han't been theer, han't ye?'

'No. Never went a cable's length ayont the town o' San Francisco.'

'Maybe, jest as well ye didn't, Master Blew. Me an' Bill Davis tried that dodge; we went all the way to the washin's on Feather River; but foun' no gold, only plenty o' hard work, wi' precious little to eat, an' less in the way o' drink. Neyther o' us likin' the life, we put back for the port.'

For all his frankness in confessing to the cat-o'-nine-tails on board a war-ship, Striker says nothing about a rope of a different kind he and his chum Davis were very near getting around their necks on the banks of that same Feather River, and from which they escaped by a timely retreat upon San Francisco.

'Well,' rejoins Blew, in a tone of resignation; 'maybe I've did the wisest thing after all, in not goin' that way. I might 'a come back empy-handed, same as yourself an' Davis. Ye say liquor was scarce up there. That would never 'a done for me. I must have my reg'lar allowance, or—— Well, no use sayin' what. As an old man-o'-war's man, you can understan' me, Striker. An' as the same, I suppose you won't object to takin' a tot now?'

'Two, for that matter,' promptly responds Striker, like all his kind, drouthy.

'Well; here's a drop o' run—the best Santa Cruz. Help yourself!'

Harry Blew presents a black-jack bottle to the helmsman, who, detaching one hand from the wheel, takes hold of the bottle, and carries it to his lips. After keeping it there for a prolonged spell, he returns it to its owner, who, for the sake of sociability, takes a drink himself. This done, the dialogue is renewed, and progresses in even a more friendly way than before, the Santa Cruz having opened the heart of the 'Sydney Duck' to a degree of familiarity; while, on his side, the mate, throwing aside all reserve, lets himself down to a level with the foremastman. It ends in their establishing a confidence, mutual and complete, of that character known as 'thickness between thieves.' Blew first strikes the chord that puts their spirits *en rapport*, by saying:

'Ye tell me, Striker, that ye've had hard times, an' some severe punishment. So's had Harry Blew. An' ye say ye don't care about that. No more says he. In that we're both o' us in the same boat. An' now we're in the same ship—you a sailor afore the mast, I first-officer. But for all the difference in our rank, we can work together. An' there's a way we can both o' us do better. Do you want me to tell it ye?'

'Ay, ay; tell it. Jack Striker's ears are allus open to hear how he can better his sittivation in life. He's a listener.'

'All right. I've observed you're a good hand at the helm. Would ye be as good to go in for a job that'll put a pile o' money in your pocket?'

'That depends. Not on what sort o' a job. I don't mean that. But what money—how much?'

'Puttin' it in gold, as much as you can carry; ay, enough to make you stagger under it.'

'An' you ask if I'm good for a job like that?'

Werry funny questyin thet be; 'specially puttin' it to ole Jack Striker. He's good for't, wi' the gallows starin' him full in the face. Darned if he an't!

'Well; I thought you wouldn't be the one to be basket-faced 'bout it. It's a big thing I have on hand, an' there'll be a fortune for all who go in wi' me.'

'Shew Jack Striker the chance o' goin' in, an' he'll shew you a man as knows no backin' out.'

'Enough, shipmate. The chance is close to hand; aboard o' this ship. Below, in her cabin lockers, there's stowed somethin' like half a ton o' glitterin' gold-dust. It belongs to the old Spaniard that's passenger. An' what's to hinder us to lay hands on it? If we can only get enough o' the crew to say yes, there needs be no difficulty. Them as won't 'll have to stan' aside. Though, from what I see o' them, it's like they'll all cut in. Divided square round, there'll be between twenty an' thirty thousand dollars apiece. Does that tempt ye, Striker?'

'Rayther. Wi' thirty thousand dollars I'd ne'er do another stroke o' work.'

'You needn't, then. You can have all o' that, by joinin' in, an' helpin' me to bring round the rest. Do you know any o' them you could sound—with safety, I mean?'

'Two or three. One surtin; my ole chum, Bill Davis. He can be trusted wi' a secret o' throat-cuttin'; let alone a trifle such as you speak o'. An' now, Master Blew, since you've seed fit to confide in me, I'm agoin' to gie ye a bit o' my confidence. It's but fair atween two men as hev got to understand one the tother. I may's well tell ye, that I knew all about the stuff in the cabin lockers. Me an' Davis war talkin' o't jist afore I come to the wheel. You an't the only one as hez set their heart on hevin' it. Them Spanish chaps hez got it all arranged aready—an' had afore they put fut 'board this heer barque. Thar's the four on 'em, as I take it, all standin' in equal; whiles the rest o' the crew war only to get so much o' a fixed sum.'

'Striker, ye 'stonish me!'

'Well, I'm only tellin' ye what be true. I'm glad you're agreeable to go in wi' us; the which 'll save trouble, an' yer own life as well. For I may tell ye, master, that they'd made up thar minds to send ye to the bottom, 'long wi' the skipper an' the ole Spaniard.'

'That's a nice bit of news to hear, by Jove! Well, mate, I'm thankful to ye for communicatin' it. Lor! it's lucky for me we've this night chanced to get talkin' thegither.'

'Thar maybe luck in't all roun'. Bill an' me 'd made up our minds to stan' out for a equal divide o' the dust—like shares to ivery man. Shud there be any dispute 'bout that bein' fair, wi' you on our side, we'll eezy settle it our way, spite o' them Spaniards. If they refuse to agree, an' it come to fightin', then Jack Striker's good for any two on 'em.'

'An' Harry Blew for any other two. No fear but we can fix that. How many do you think will be with us?'

'Most all, I shud say, 'ceptin' the Spaniards themselves. It concerns the rest same's it do us. Tall events, we're bound to ha' the majority.'

'When do you propose we shud begin broachin' it to them?'

'Straight away, if you say the word. I'll try

some o' 'em soon 's I've went off from here. Thar be several on the watch as 'll be takin' a tot together 'fore we turns in. No time better nor now.'

'True. So at them at once, Striker. But mind ye, mate; be cautious how ye talk to them, an' don't commit ayther of us too far, till you've larnt their temper. I'll meet ye on the first dog-watch to-morrow. Then you can tell me how the land's likely to lie.'

'All right. I'll see to't in the smooth way. You can trust Jack Striker for that.'

'Take an'other pull o' the Santa Cruz. If this trip prove prosperous in the way we're plannin' it, mayther you nor me 'll need to go without the best o' good liquor for the rest o' our lives.'

Again Striker clutches at the proffered bottle, and holds it to his head—this time till he has drained it dry. Returned to him empty, Harry Blew tosses it overboard. Then parting from the steersman, he commences moving forward, as with the design to look after other duties. As he steps out from under the shadow of the spanker, the moon gleaming athwart his face, shews on it an expression which neither pencil nor pen could depict. Difficult indeed to interpret it. The most skilled physiognomist would be puzzled to say, whether it is the reproach of conscious guilt, or innocence driven to desperation.

## WONDERS IN CARVED WORK.

NUMEROUS as have been the descriptions of works of art in carving, and subjects of a similar nature, which we find in books of travel or science, it is still difficult to exhaust this subject, and many art treasures still exist that are but little known, and which yet remain to be described. They consist of stone, marble, wood, ivory, and other substances; and it may prove interesting if some of the more remarkable of these objects are brought out of their obscurity, confining ourselves entirely to such as are comparatively little known, or are almost entirely unknown.

Perhaps the most singular, and certainly the most gigantic of the objects that we shall have to describe, is in stone, and has been mentioned by Colonel Welsh in his *Military Reminiscences of the East Indies* (1830). It was found at a military post called Nungydeo, in Mysore, a southern province of Hindustan. After ascending several stairs in the rock, he came upon a large building of stone, above which he discovered a finely formed image, carved out of one solid stone, and about seventy feet high, representing a young man with wreaths of laurel winding from his ankles to his shoulders, every leaf of which was so exquisitely cut as to bear the closest examination. That it was cut out of the solid rock, could not admit of a doubt, for no power on earth could move so massive a column as to place it on the top of a steep and slippery mountain; so steep, that Colonel Welsh stated that he could not see the statue until he had ascended close to it. The legs were cut out in proportion to the rest, but were attached to a large fragment of the rock behind them, and which was concealed by the buildings which formed the back wall. He says that never in his life did he behold so great a curiosity; every feature being most admirably finished; and owing to the nose inclining

to aquiline, and the under lip being very prominent and pouting, the profile is shewn to the greatest advantage. Every part from top to toe is smooth and highly polished. He could scarcely believe that the hand of man could have accomplished such a work, and that too on the summit of a sterile rock. No person on the spot appeared to know, or care, when, or how, or by whom it was made; and though Nungydeo was the usual appellation, the Brahmins called it Gometranz, or Gomethiz, and at a distance it looked like a stone pillar.

This statue is likewise mentioned by the Rev. H. Caunter, in the *Oriental Annual* for 1836, though he scarcely touches on the beauty of the carving. He states that it is thirty miles north of Seringapatam, the capital of the Mysore, near a village called Savrana Belgula. It is said by the natives to be an image of Gomuta Raya, the chief idol of the Jains, a sect differing in many particulars from the Brahminical and Buddhist forms of worship, which perhaps accounts for the Brahmins knowing but little concerning it. That part of the Mysore was formerly the principal seat of the sect of the Jains, once so prevalent in Hindustan, and this idol is a remarkable memorial of them. Mr Caunter also mentions that it stands seventy feet three inches high, from the summit of a hill of granite upwards of two hundred feet in height. Both statue and pedestal are formed of one stone, and it is supposed that the former originally formed the cone of the mountain, which the sculptor converted into an image, by hewing away the lateral substance of the rocky hill. He only slightly alludes to its being 'elaborately carved,' but mentions, as did Colonel Welsh, the grand appearance of the statue when it suddenly appears, unperceived until close to it, starting up into the sky. It was in perfect preservation in 1836; and many as are the colossal statues in India—though only near Cabul, we believe, are any of a larger size—there are none that can equal that of Gomuta Raya, as they have unfortunately been mutilated and injured to so great a degree as to be incapable of detailed description. This remarkable statue does not appear to be generally known to English residents, as a gentleman who had been twenty-five years in India has told us that he had never heard of it until Mr Caunter's account was written. Nevertheless, its colossal size and exquisite carving entitle it to be regarded as one of the most remarkable objects of the kind extant.

Some curious sculptures are to be seen in China, on some of the singular stone bridges built in that country. The most remarkable of these is a stone bridge in the province of Fo-kien, which is three hundred and sixty perches long, and one and a half broad. It is of white stone, without any arches, and is supported by three hundred pillars, with a parapet on each side. The parapets are adorned with figures of lions at certain distances, and a variety of other curious sculptures. Another stone bridge of the same description exists at Fu-choo, the capital of Fo-kien, the parapets of which are adorned in a similar manner with figures of lions and other animals. This bridge is one hundred and fifty perches long, and consists of one hundred lofty arches.

The most beautiful, and perhaps the most wonderful marble structure which we shall have

to describe, is in India, and is to be seen at Agra, on the banks of the river Jumna. This is the Taj Mahal, erected in 1632 by the Great Mogul, Shah Jehan. It is supposed to be the finest piece of Saracenic architecture in the world, and stands on a river-terrace three thousand feet long. It cost seven hundred and fifty thousand pounds sterling, and twenty thousand men were engaged twenty-two years in its erection. Shah Jehan was himself imprisoned in it, and died, and was buried there, 1666. The best account that we have seen of it is contained in the following letter, written by an officer to his friend in England:

'I was the most delighted at Agra. If you have not seen the Taj Mahal there, it is worth while your coming from London to do so. It is of the finest white marble, with three domes and four minarets, finished with all the nicety of the ivory castles in a first-rate set of Chinese chess-men. On the tombs, within the chambers, are inlaid, mosaic fashion, the most beautiful flowers, formed of the most precious gems. In one anemone I counted above one hundred. The flowers and leaves are most exquisitely shaded. There is another noble chamber below this, and quite as beautifully inlaid, in which the bodies are placed in tombs fully as magnificent as those above. The light here is dim; the descent is by a flight of marble stairs. . . . The whole is raised on a platform of white marble, in the centre of a garden with fountains and *jets-d'eau*, sparkling through trees and flowers of all kinds, such as lofty and ancient cypresses, weeping willows, myrtles twenty feet high, geraniums, roses, and trees with blossoms equally lovely and sweet; contrasted with the date, cocoa-nut, and areca trees.'

Turning to curiosities in wood, we will first notice a remarkable bridge almost entirely built of *sandal-wood*, although we cannot ascertain any particulars about the style of its carvings. This bridge is at Paredenia, in Ceylon, and consists of a single arch of two hundred and twenty-five feet span, or half as wide again as those of London Bridge. We are not informed of the date of its erection, but it was certainly built before the present century.

The pastoral-staff presented to the Bishop of Hereford by the clergy and laity of his diocese, is an elaborate piece of carving. The wood employed is a piece of oak which once formed one of the pillars of the episcopal residence, and which, again, is said to have formed a part of a tree that was in vigour long before the Norman Conquest. The staff is profusely embellished with silver and gold enamel-work and with precious stones.

Of carvings in ivory, a very beautiful set has been presented by their Royal Highnesses Prince Leopold and the Princess Beatrice to the Brighton Hospital for Sick Children. The objects are both beautiful and valuable, and have been pronounced by competent judges to be exquisite specimens of native art. They are six in number, and the most prominent of them is an elephant with a state howdah, canopy, and figures exquisitely carved from a single piece of ivory. The work of the drapery and the tracery of the canopy is something marvellous in taste and execution. Another group consists of a kind of state barge, containing

twelve rowers, with paddles, and six figures on the deck. A third group is composed of a number of Indian idols, seated in state, and intended to illustrate heathen mythology. The other groups consist of a state car, and a bullock-wagon with attendants. The whole form a series of valuable and curious works of art.

Chinese ivory balls are well known. They are carved in delicately fine open work, nine balls one within another, each distinct, and every one but the innermost one, which is a mere ivory ball, carved in a delicate open-work pattern like the outer balls. As each sphere is separate, portions of the whole nine can be seen at once. Some years ago, Chinese balls were in such demand, that British artists set to work to discover the mode of manufacturing them; and in a short time they succeeded in producing work equal to that of the Celestials. We have seen a Chinese ivory lantern, about a foot square, also carved out of one piece, and with fanciful pendent ornaments at the four upper corners, and a fanciful top. The four sides, where glass would be, were scraped so thin as to be semi-transparent.

Two curious ivory carvings have lately been sold in London for a mere trifle. The first was an ivory tankard, a fragment only of which remained, shewing some beautiful carvings of figures of saints. The second was an old English watch, carved in ivory, with an enamelled portrait of Queen Anne.

The 'Horn of Lahel,' which belonged to the famous chief Lahel, in Hungary, is a curious relic. It is curiously carved in the style of the ninth century, and is in the possession of Count Raday, a Hungarian nobleman, who wore it at the coronation of the Emperor Francis Joseph of Austria as king of Hungary, June 1867.

A very fine carving in aqua-marine, or beryl, was shewn at the Paris Exhibition. This was a bust of the late Emperor Napoleon III. standing on an ornate pedestal, wrought in silver and red jasper, enriched with precious stones, and supported by figures in crystal and silver, representing Peace and War.

In miniatures ranked prominently the famous Cherry-stone, which once formed the greatest attraction of the Carpentier Museum, and sold for two thousand pounds at the Hôtel Drouot, in Paris. Upon the surface of this tiny object was carved in bold relief a cavalry charge in the time of ancient Rome. With the aid of the microscope might be distinctly seen, not only the manoeuvres of the combatants, but even the Roman eagles and the S.P.Q.R. were clearly traced. The initials of the workman, 'F. R.', have given rise to more than one controversy as to the origin of the work. The cherry-stone had been highly prized as one of the gems of the Villardi Collection at Milan, but was unfortunately destroyed during the Franco-Prussian War.

A valuable Roman gem was some time ago shewn in the Wroxeter Museum at Shrewsbury. This marvellous gem was a small red carnelian, about three-fourths of an inch in length, and of an oval form. The design, which was deeply engraved on it, represented a goblet, on each side of which stood a bird, while from each of their bills a stream flowed into the cup. This gem had lately been found amongst the ruins of the ancient Uriconium; but was subsequently stolen. A singu-

larly carved hollow bone was found at the same time, which was supposed to be a charm.

The writer once possessed a nut in two halves, in one half of which, fashioned in spun-glass, was an elephant with a howdah, and a man seated in it; the other half, with cotton, closed it in. In a similar nut were two dogs in spun-glass, in the attitude of running, which the second half of the nut shut in.

The following specimens of miniature work were exhibited by an artist at Cologne in 1812. In half a nut: a lady's dressing-case of thirty-six articles, amongst which were a pair of scissors, and a knife with two blades which opened and shut perfectly. In a nut: a cage containing a canary-bird, which opened its beak, fluttered its wings, and perfectly imitated the song of that bird. In the kernel of an almond: a Dutch windmill for sawing wood; at each representation the mill actually sawed a bit of wood. In an egg-shell: an apartment magnificently carpeted, in which a lady opened a piano and played two airs; in the back part was a marble chimney-piece, with a clock upon it of bronze, representing Napoleon on horseback. In a walnut: an elegant coffee-house with all belonging to it. A lady is at the buffet; and two ladies playing a game of billiards. In a mussel-shell: a gastronome sat before a table, and seemed to eat with great appetite the bits for which he opened his mouth each time. And lastly, in an egg: an automaton, who answered in writing any questions asked him, traced drawings, added up any numbers proposed to him almost as quickly as asked, and presented the total.

All these things were in gold, silver, steel, and brass, and are, like many other 'curiosities,' examples of patient though misplaced ingenuity.

#### FOR LIFE OR DEATH.

'You'll not do it, and get in, young chap, with hair on your head, I tell you that; and, mark ye, Britisher, 'tis no town-bred greenhorn who says it, but old Joe Burton, that has fought Injuns and hunted bufler on the Plains afore you left your mother's side, I calculate. 'Tain't to be done.'

'But, colonel'— I put in, smiling, yet not quite so much at my ease as I desired to appear; for this tough old frontiers-man, who remembered the foundation of the settlement, was no light authority as to the practicability of such an enterprise as that which I had, perhaps, rashly, undertaken.

'A clear throwing away of life, that's all,' gruffly rejoined the veteran, as he stooped to pat the hound that jumped up, whimpering, to receive his master's caress. 'He that rides the line to the head-waters of the Gila now has only to thank his own folly if his scalp dries in some pesky wigwam on the prairie. But there; I'm wasting words. A wilful lad, like a half-broke mustang, ain't easy to hold back. Anyway, Master Harry Lyndham, I wish you well out of the ugly scrape you have got into.'

Colonel Burton was by no means the only friend who strove to dissuade me from my project, but my word was pledged, my mind made up, and it only remained to complete the preparations for my hurried and perilous journey. This was how matters stood with me. I, Harry Lyndham, one of the many young Englishmen whom the hopes

of growing rich had drawn to the Far West of America, was then a resident of Tucson City, and a clerk in the employment of Curtis Brothers. The firm consisted of two old, and somewhat eccentric men—old-bachelor brothers—self-educated, as well as, in the commercial sense of the word, self-made, and whose names were known and respected through all that wild region that comprises Arizona, Montana, and the northern counties of Texas.

Oddly enough, it was because I was an Oxford man that my then employers had given me the preference over a score of candidates, for, in truth, there was nothing that old John and James Curtis so much prized as the learning which they had never had leisure or opportunity to acquire; nor had they had occasion to repent of their choice, since I had served them zealously enough, during the past year, to have gained a high place in their esteem; while I liked them well, since their hearts were as warm as their manners were quaint. Mine were no sedentary duties, and I was more often in the saddle than at a desk; for Messrs Curtis were speculators and general jobbers, dealing in maize, and wine, and hides, in tobacco, quicksilver, gunpowder, and 'notions'; and, above all, in cattle, the great staple of the far south-west.

It was not for hire alone that I toiled as I did, earning in Tucson—where immigrants from the Old Country are seldom held of much account when compared with the bustling, pushing Yankee—the reputation of a model clerk, as clerks are understood in that out-of-the-way nook of earth. My great stimulus was that I was in love with pretty, charming Rosamond Gray, the daughter of old Mr Gray, the banker at Cristobal, a town lying to the eastward of the Mimbres, and famous as a market for the agricultural produce of the vast districts bordering on Mexico. In one sense I was happy, for my love was returned; but in another I had met with what was almost a repulse, since Mr and Mrs Gray, although entertaining no personal objection to me as a son-in-law, were unwilling to bestow their daughter on any but a wealthy suitor.

'Get rich, Mr Lyndham,' the banker had said good-naturedly, 'and I see no reason why Rosamond and you should not be happy according to your own fancy. But neither her mother nor I can sanction an unconditional engagement.'

I was in hopes that I might take Mr Gray's advice, and by growing rich, or at least by acquiring a competence, win Rosamond's hand, the prize that I valued above all earthly considerations; and such is the rapidity with which, in those argentiferous regions, fortunes are sometimes amassed, that I was not without warrant for aspirations which in Europe would perhaps have seemed futile.

And now to explain the present position of the firm, and the reasons for my undertaking a journey fraught, according to the rugged old militia colonel's dictum, with almost certain disaster. Curtis Brothers, who, by a long course of judicious operations, had raised themselves from poverty to affluence, had at that time on hand a speculation of unusual importance. They had made, chiefly in Texas, very large purchases of horned cattle, sheep, and swine, destined to feed the swarming population of the sterile mining dis-

tricts, where provisions, and meat in especial, command high prices. The investment seemed the more likely to be profitable, since the twin plagues of New Mexico, drought and locusts, had occasioned a notable mortality among the cattle of Arizona and the adjoining territories, and great pecuniary returns were anticipated.

All these calculations seemed likely to be upset by the sudden outbreak of that smouldering Indian war which never quite comes to an end in that dangerous region. The Apaches, the irreclaimable foes of all white men, were on the war-path, leagued, as was reported, with sundry other tribes, the Kiowas, the Navajoes, and the dreaded Comanches; and already hideous tales of Indian cruelty and massacre reached us from many a lonely homestead within reach of the spoiler. The troops had been hastily withdrawn; the caravans about to traverse the prairie had halted for lack of an escort; and it was thought rash to venture more than a few miles beyond the cultivated country. Yet the day was at hand when the great herds of oxen and droves of swine, already purchased, would be waiting at Cristobal for the completion of the bargain, and my employers were well aware that unless the cattle could be paid for in hard dollars, a fatal blow would be dealt to the credit of the firm. Messrs Curtis had strained every nerve to collect the ready-money necessary, and the funds were forthcoming, but the entire scheme bade fair to be frustrated by the abrupt closing of the route, consequent on the war. No man, or party of armed men, could have been bribed to attempt the conveyance of the cash across the Plains, now haunted by the savage enemy, when I astonished my employers by volunteering to be the messenger.

'You shall not have to repent it, Harry, my boy!' said the elder of the two brothers, as he wrung my hand in his own horny one; 'you've stood manfully by us at this pinch, and we'd be mean enough for niggers to trample on if we didn't shew gratitude a little more substantially than by a few fair words. We never yet did raise a clerk to be a partner, but— There, there, Lyndham; I did not intend to egg you on by an offer, as if you needed that,' hastily added the honest old fellow, fearing, as he saw the colour rise to my face, that I had taken umbrage at his rough speech. 'Come safe back to us, lad, and all will be right.'

Mr James Curtis spoke words to much the same effect, at the same time bidding me be careful, and indeed it was curious to watch the struggle in my employers' minds between their natural eagerness to escape a financial wreck that almost amounted to ruin, and the kindly apprehension lest I should lose my life in their service.

As for myself, I knew well enough how great was the risk I ran, and for how momentous a stake I was about to play, and had not the goal before my mental vision been the bright prospect of calling Rosamond my wife, even the prospective partnership would hardly have tempted me to set off on an errand so perilous. As it was, I was resolved; and as I got ready for the start, I tried quietly to weigh the chances for and against my safely reaching Cristobal. I had a fair knowledge of the country, which I had traversed on four or five occasions, and was no novice in camping out, or in the familiar incidents of prairie travel. I could ride well, too, and was better mounted than

most of the residents in that district, where horse-flesh is cheap and plentiful, having in my possession a splendid chestnut thoroughbred, originally brought from Kentucky by some United States officer, and which was celebrated for strength and speed. I was fond of Sunbeam, and he of me, for he was docile and intelligent as well as swift, and would follow me for miles as a dog follows his owner, or stand, when I bade him, with the reins hanging loose upon his glossy neck.

There was scanty time for leave-taking. It was deep in the afternoon when I started, a dozen or more of the younger citizens of Tucson riding with me for the first half-hour, and giving me a hearty cheer as we parted. More than one strong right hand trembled a little as it grasped mine in token of adieu, and there was an unwonted moisture glistening in the honest eyes of some of the kind-hearted young fellows as they wished me 'God speed and a safe return.' Well do I remember wheeling my steed on a little elevation in the rolling, flower-enamelled prairie, and waving my hat in answer to the waving of hats and handkerchiefs from the little knot of horsemen, not one of whom, I am sure, ever expected to see me again on this side of the grave. Then I rode on, and lost sight of the friendly band of well-wishers.

The heavy sultry heat seemed to enwrap the land like a mantle. There was not a breath to stir the drooping leaves of the few cotton-wood trees that I passed in the lower levels, and on the uplands the long rank grass was parched brown by the fierce sun, for it was long since rain had fallen. The shrill, sharp chirp of the prairie cricket, and the far-off barking of that curious animal, the prairie dog, alone broke a stillness that was absolutely oppressive. Some three hours after leaving Tucson I reined up beside the blue, bright waters of a creek, and slacking my horse's girths, I allowed him to drink freely, myself replenishing the metal canteen which was slung at my saddle-bow, for in that desert land another opportunity of appeasing thirst might not readily occur. And presently leaving the grassy prairie, we struck into a tract of country still more lonely and desolate, where the only sound was the thud of my horse's hoofs on the scorched and barren earth.

Far away, to the left, there glimmered against the sky something like a shining wall, imperfectly visible, but which I knew to be the serrated crests and mountain peaks of the Mimbres, the natural fastnesses where dwelt the barbarian tribes whose torch and tomahawk had laid waste many a happy home. Nor were mementoes of their hostility lacking, as I traversed the track—deeply seamed by wagon-wheels, and strewn with the bleached bones of mules and oxen—that did duty for a road. Eight or nine times there loomed before me a rude wooden cross, on which was coarsely painted, in letters of black or red, sometimes a name, more often mere initials, followed by the simple inscription, 'Killed by the Apaches.'

The sun went down, the dew glistened on the rank herbage and tufts of the wild sage, and a welcome breeze cooled the heated air, while the broad bright moon, like a silver shield, rose to shed her chastened light over the vast expanse of prairie. Onward I rode, until at length, in a sort of oasis, where water, and grass, and trees, were to be found, I selected my camping-place for the night. With dawn I was again in the

saddle, nor did any incident, during that day's journey or the next, vary the monotony of prairie travel. Water was met with, sparingly, indeed, and of poor quality, but the brackish and turbid draught at any rate sufficed to allay that tormenting thirst, which is the great terror of the solitary wayfarer on those burning plains. Wherever there was water, too, there was pasture for my horse; while, for my own sustenance, I was provided with a tiny store of wild bull beef, cut in strips and dried in the sun, in Mexican fashion, and with a bag of parched maize-cobs. These, with a flask of French brandy, a Spanish poncho, and ammunition for my carbine and revolver, made up all my equipment, save only my canteen with its tin cup, and the leathern saddle-bags wherein were stowed away the gold and greenbacks destined to redeem the credit of Curtis Brothers with their creditors at Cristobal. On the evening of the third day I halted in a well-watered dell near the head of a creek, and at a distance, as I computed, of one hundred and twenty miles from Tucson. Eighty miles more, at most, would carry me to Fort Webster; and once across the Gila, I should be safe, and could make certain of completing my journey to Cristobal. Hitherto, I had met with no living soul, friendly or hostile. More than once, I had fancied that on the verge of the dim horizon I had caught a glimpse of tall spears and feathered heads; and on one occasion I had beheld a distant cloud of dust arise from the bare brown surface of the desert; but this might as easily have been occasioned by the passage of a herd of bison or of wild horses, as of the Apaches or their allies. My spirits rose as I proceeded on my way, and I began to feel confident of success.

On that night, lying wrapped in my poncho, with my saddle for a pillow, and my weapons within reach, I dreamed I was at home again, in Old England, and a boy once more, for I saw my sisters' faces around me, and those of former friends and playmates long dispersed, when suddenly I was aroused by the shrill, eager neighing of my horse, tethered hard by, and, waking with a start, opened my eyes to encounter the fierce eyes glaring upon me from a hideous painted face, bending over mine, and so close as well-nigh to touch it. I felt an Indian's hot breath upon my cheek, as he stooped over me, while of his purpose there could be little doubt, for, as I could see by the dim light of the dying watchfire, he was freshly besmeared with war-paint, and one hand held a glittering knife. As I started up, and grasped the butt of the revolver lying beneath my head, the Indian's other hand clutched me by the wrist, while again my steed neighed shrilly, and as I propped myself on one knee I could see that Sunbeam was plunging and rearing violently, while two dark forms were gliding about the spot where the horse was fastened, apparently intent on unfastening the long lariat by which he was haltered to the ground.

There are confused recollections of which memory is never able afterwards wholly to unravel the tangled thread. I remember a brief, sharp struggle, during which I twice received a slight graze from the knife that the Apache carried, and then my right wrist was freed from the hand that grasped it, and the sharp crack of the pistol, as three shots were successively fired, broke the

stillness. Then, almost immediately, I heard the thud of galloping hoofs upon the crisp turf of the prairie, and saw two mounted men, whose fluttering blankets and plumed heads proclaimed their nationality, ride off into the darkness. At my feet lay my first assailant. His hand, when I lifted it, fell back to earth, and his grim features, bedaubed with streaks of yellow, white, and black, were stiffening fast in death. The two eagle's feathers fastened by a silver brooch to his long black hair denoted that he had been a chief or principal warrior, while the paint and tattooing proved him to belong to the great tribe of the Apaches.

My great source of anxiety now was, lest the two braves who had escaped should have comrades within reach, and I at once decided that to press on was my wisest policy. It was now the dark chill hour that precedes the dawn, but saddling Sunbeam, whom I found fretful and agitated, after his recent interview with the Red robbers, I resumed my journey. Up to this time I had spared my horse, but now, heavy as was the sickly heat, and long as were the hours to be spent in traversing the brown, desolate plain, without grass or water, I urged Sunbeam on, the shining peaks of the Mimbres becoming more and more distinctly visible as we sped upon our way. Poor Sunbeam shewed, for the first time, signs of distress when we halted beside a stream, the brackish waters of which seemed to burn the thirsty lips that craved for them; but we were now, as I computed, within three hours of the river Gila, beyond which was safety.

The sterile, stony desert which spread itself before me when, on the next morning, my jaded steed and I again set forth upon the track, was almost bare of verdure. The long drought, and the heat of the scorching sun, had withered every green blade, while pools and creeks which ought to have been full of sweet pure water, were now mere belts of shingle, or hollows paved with dried clay. I shared the last drops of the precious fluid I carried in my canteen, and the last of the bleached corn, with Sunbeam, and the good horse seemed as though he were grateful for, and understood the kindness, for he rubbed his velvet muzzle caressingly against my hand as I stroked his neck, no longer sleek and smooth as satin, for fatigue and privations had roughened his coat, and dimmed the fire of his eye. Suddenly, as I stood beside him, I looked back, and saw what made, for the moment, my very heart cease to beat, as if an icy touch had frozen the blood in my veins.

Spears, and plumed heads, and wild forms, whose shields and scarlet blankets or buffalo-ropes were distinctly to be seen, were crowded together at the top of a rising ground, coming on over the prairie at the easy, swinging gallop which a mustang can keep up for half a day. As I set my foot in the stirrup, and leaped into my saddle, the Indians, silent till then, set up their fearful war-whoop, and with yells and frantic gestures lashed on their steeds, and took up the pursuit with a fury that sufficiently indicated what would be my fate should I be overtaken. Then began a desperate contest—a race for life or death. Sunbeam answered gallantly to my call, and for the first four or five miles I saw little of the enemy; but on they came pitilessly, and soon seemed to gain

ground. Had it been on the first day of the journey, I could have laughed at my pursuers, but now the superiority of my noble horse, in stride and strength, was neutralised by the comparative freshness of the shaggy steeds on which the Apaches were mounted. I groaned as I felt Sunbeam flag beneath me, though I urged him on with voice and hand.

Miles upon miles of rolling prairie were traversed, my horse keeping the lead, and speeding on with courage unabated, but staggering as he went, and bearing heavily on the bit as we descended the frequent slopes. The Indians saw their advantage, and pressed on, making every effort to come up with me. One arrow slightly wounded my horse in the neck; a second brushed my cheek, making me feel as though a hot iron had been drawn across it. I bear the thin, blue scar to this day. But maddened with excitement I spurred Sunbeam on, shook off the pursuers for a while, and presently saw, gleaming before me, the waters of a swiftly flowing river, which could be no other than the Gila; while beyond it rose the stockaded walls of a lonely building—Fort Webster, doubtless.

'On, Sunbeam, on! One more effort, brave horse—one more, and we are safe!'

I patted my steed's reeking neck as I vociferated the words; and with a faint, friendly neigh, the gallant horse responded to my appeal, and still reeled onward. The river, bordered by tall trees and cane-brakes, was very near; I could hear its rush and ripple, when Sunbeam, dead beat, stumbled, fell on his knees, and sank slowly down. There was an arrow, unknown to me, sticking in his flank, and the noble brute had actually been bleeding to death as he carried his master, with unflinching spirit, over leagues of the weary prairie. For the moment I almost forgot my imminent peril, in grief for the loss of my brave companion; but little time was left for regrets, for already the ground shook beneath the thunder of hurrying horse-hoofs, as, with yells and outcries of barbarous triumph, the Indians came racing up behind.

Thirty yards before me lay the river, but it was too deep and rapid for a man readily to swim or wade, and though I was weary and worn, yet I could not bear to abandon life while a chance remained. My pistol was in my belt, but my carbine was strapped to the saddle of the dead horse, and so were the bags which held the money of Curtis Brothers, and these I snatched up, though I had scanty prospect of saving either property or life, so near were the ruthless foes. They were but six lances' length away from me as I plunged into the brushwood, intending to take shelter among the tall reeds of the bank, in the faint hope that the clamours of the Apaches might bring out the troops from the fort. To my great joy, however, on reaching the river-bank, I beheld, moored to the stem of a mimosa tree, a canoe, containing fishing-tackle, and probably belonging to the garrison; and leaping into it, I seized the paddles, and pushed off into the middle of the stream, just as four or five of the Indians, who had dismounted, came bursting through the bushes, knife and tomahawk in hand.

The river ran swiftly, and I was inexpert in the management of a canoe; but the Indians, fortunately, hesitated to take the river, no doubt on account of the vicinity of the fort, and although they pursued me with fierce shouts and volleys



of arrows, only one of the latter hit me, inflicting a slight wound on my left wrist; while the welcome sound of a cheer and the discharge of a rifle from the further bank told that the Indian war-whoop had attracted the notice of the soldiers, of whose weapons the Apaches stood in wholesome awe. I was soon among friendly faces, although, so exhausted was I with fatigue and emotion, that I fainted before reaching Fort Webster.

My story, thus hastily narrated, is nearly at an end. The kindness of the commanding officer at the fort enabled me to push on, so soon as rest and refreshment had somewhat restored my vigour; and I reached Cristobal without further hinderance or peril, and was in time to save the credit of the firm whose representative I was, and to allay the surly suspicions of the half-wild Mexican and Texan cattle-farmers, who were already beginning to chafe and murmur at the delay. The oxen and other live-stock, some weeks later, were sent, along with a wagon-train that travelled under a strong escort of the United States cavalry, to Tucson; and I should have availed myself of the opportunity to return, had not an attack of fever, brought on by anxiety and over-exertion, prostrated me for a time, although youth and a robust constitution enabled me to shake it off.

I was still very pale and weak, and was sitting listlessly among the magnolia bushes and coffee-shrubs in the garden of the little inn, when I saw Rosamond and Mrs Gray, whose kindness to me during my illness had been unremitting, approaching me with joyful looks.

'Can you bear good news, Harry?' asked the latter, smiling; and indeed the tidings were very good ones. My quaint, worthy old employers had been better than their word, having not merely taken me into partnership, in recompense for what I had done on their behalf, but also appointed me their resident agent at Cristobal, a far healthier and more pleasant place than Tucson, with a share in the profits of the firm that was only too liberal. I have every prospect of present competence and ultimate wealth, while my engagement to Rosamond Gray is very shortly to be brought to a happy conclusion; but in the midst of my new-found prosperity, a saddening recollection will sometimes obtrude itself, as I remember the faithful, dumb friend whose bones are whitening on the banks of the Gila.

#### OSTRICH-FARMING IN AFRICA.

WITHIN the last seven or eight years, an industry has sprung up at the Cape of Good Hope, which, on account of its novelty, and the important results it produces, is worthy of notice. It is that of keeping ostriches in a state of semi-domestication, for the sake of their feathers, which have latterly become more and more scarce, and consequently more valuable. From the Cape, the business of ostrich-farming has been introduced into South America, where, as we shewed in this *Journal* (in 1872), it is carried on with more or less success. But the best feathers are still those produced in the south of Africa.

Like many other important undertakings, ostrich-farming, if not actually the result of an accidental

discovery, at least received a great impetus from an apparently trifling circumstance. A few years ago, one of the native traders in ostrich feathers and eggs, having more eggs than he could conveniently carry, left four or five of them in a cupboard adjoining a bakehouse in some Algerian village: on his return, about two months afterwards, he was surprised to find the broken shells of his ostrich eggs and a corresponding number of young ostrich chicks. The birds were, of course, dead, from want of attention; but the fact was undeniable that the fresh eggs of two months ago had, under the influence of the high temperature, actually produced fully developed chickens. This circumstance came to the knowledge of an officer of the French army, M. Crépu, who immediately perceived the practical results that might ensue from a careful following up of the hint thus strangely given. He set to work to devise 'artificial incubators,' for the purpose of hatching ostrich eggs, while at the same time he procured some pairs of adult birds, with a view to rearing them in a state of semi-domestication.

It is needless here to enter into particulars of the difficulties M. Crépu had to encounter. Suffice it to say that, after many disappointments, he had the satisfaction of finding a live ostrich chick actually hatched in his apparatus; and thus his assiduous efforts were crowned with triumph. About fifty-three or fifty-four days is the full term of incubation, which may be slightly accelerated or retarded by a trifling change in the heat to which the eggs are subjected, although the smallest excess or want of heat beyond a certain limited range is fatal. But to such perfection have artificial incubators now been brought, that the whole 'sitting' of eggs may be hatched with more certainty than if left to the natural care of the parents.

The baby chick when it makes its *début* is about the size of a small common fowl, and begins to pick up food at once. The nature of the food suitable for both the brood and the adults was a principal difficulty in the first attempts at the artificial breeding of the ostrich; but a careful study of the habits of the birds in a wild state has resulted in the discovery of the best kind of diet suited for the welfare of their domesticated brethren. The principal food given to the young birds is lucerne and thistles, and tender herbs and grasses indigenous to the country. Old birds are fed on more matured shrubs and plants, the leaves of which they strip off with their beaks. They are also fed on Indian corn, known at the Cape as 'mealies.'

It will be interesting to note that when the full number of eggs has been laid, the old birds invariably place one or two of them *outside* the nest—the nest consisting naturally of a hollow scooped out of the sand by the action of the legs and wings of the birds. It has been found that these eggs are reserved as food for the chicks, which are often reared, in a natural state, miles away from a blade of grass or other food. As soon as

the chicks emerge from the shell, the parent ostrich breaks one of these eggs, and the yolk is eagerly eaten up by the young ones. They are, therefore, both herbivorous and carnivorous; but it is not necessary to gratify their appetite for flesh, as they thrive excellently on the herbs above mentioned. Of course, where food is supplied in abundance, this precaution on the part of the parent birds of providing meat for their offspring is not necessary, and each egg so left is therefore wasted. Considerable loss also occurs in the number of addled eggs, when they are left to be hatched by the parents. It is said that the ostrich is able to discover when an egg becomes addled, and that it immediately ejects it from the nest; thus shewing an amount of wisdom which has hardly been attributed to a bird which is popularly supposed to thrust its head into a bush, when being hunted, in the vain hope that, as it cannot see, it cannot be seen by, its pursuer.

These observations were first made in Algeria, but it is at the Cape that they have been turned to practical account, and a very perfect system of ostrich-farming has been established there. Different practices prevail at different establishments. The birds are allowed occasionally to sit; but the success which has attended the use of artificial contrivances is so great, that fewer losses occur by this means than under natural circumstances, and the use of incubators is becoming very general. The chicks produced are so healthy as to shew that they do not suffer from this mode of treatment.

The general arrangement of ostrich-farms is very similar in all cases. The *desiderata* are plenty of space, suitable soil—that is, sand and pasture with facilities for growing the proper food—conveniences for shelter, and water. A well-conducted 'farm' would require perhaps £3000 capital to begin in a small way. The industry at the Cape is barely eight years old, and much has to be learned by a beginner; loss and disappointment are frequently experienced at first; but the occupation is considered a very profitable one, and is certainly healthy and agreeable; yet nowhere are patience, sagacity, and perseverance more necessary than in the conduct of a good ostrich-farm.

A healthy bird of a week old is worth £10; at three months it will be worth £15; and at six months, £30 and more. Feathers may be plucked from the ostrich when a year old, and each year's crop will be worth about £7 per bird. At five years, the breeder begins to pair his birds, and each pair will yield from eighteen to twenty-four eggs in a season. It is necessary to keep the adult birds in separate paddocks, which are generally surrounded by wire-fencing. The ostrich is liable to sudden fits of jealousy. In such a case, frequent quarrels would ensue if the birds were all together in one inclosure, with the result, if not of black eyes, at least of damaged feathers, and perhaps broken legs, and even death to one of the combatants. The blow from the leg of the ostrich has been computed to be fully equal to the force developed by the kick of a colt seven months old.

But whatever be the exact force produced, it is very severe, sufficiently so to break a man's leg.

The ostrich, however, both male and female, is quite an exemplary parent, notwithstanding the popular rumour that, like the crocodile, it leaves its eggs in the sand, to be hatched simply by the action of solar heat. Father and mother take it in turn to sit on the eggs, and when the ostrich takes his female companions out for their evening promenade in the desert, one of them always remains by the nest. This fact is sufficient to induce many breeders to leave the eggs to be hatched in the natural way, and merely to devote their energies to the rearing of the young birds and the collection of the feathers.

These are operations which require very great care. Regular supplies of food—about two pounds a day to each adult—are necessary; shelter must be provided for the night, and to shield the birds from the violent storms which frequently burst over the southern part of Africa; and there must be supplies of sand or pebbles, which the birds swallow, as aids to digestion. Pepsine is unknown among those birds of the desert, and they introduce a quantity of hard substances into their gizzard, to assist them in grinding up their food; just as the dyspeptic featherless biped takes his morning bitters to help the secretion of the gastric juices. It is very amusing to watch the flock of young birds as the attendant enters to scatter their breakfast. The moment he appears with his load of 'green-meat,' the youngsters of the ostrich family trot up to the entrance, and caper and dance about in the most grotesque manner, and devour their food with evident relish. They are generally tame, and to a certain extent tractable; but as they grow old they sometimes evince a sourness of temper which is anything but encouraging to the formation of a near acquaintance with them.

As the feathers are picked they are sorted according to their quality and purity of colour. The pure whites from the wings are called 'bloods,' the next quality, 'prime whites'; 'firsts'; 'seconds'; and so on. The tail feathers are not so valuable, and the more irregular the markings of the coloured varieties, the less valuable are they. 'Bloods' will fetch from forty to fifty pounds sterling per pound-weight in the wholesale market; and from this price they range as low as five shillings per pound.

The quality of the feathers produced by tame ostriches is fully equal to the best collected from 'wild' birds, while the general average is much higher. Notwithstanding the increasing yield, prices are rising instead of falling; indeed, good ostrich feathers are now thrice as dear as they were fifteen years ago. But it is more than probable that as the production increases the price will eventually fall. Even with reduced prices, the profits would be sufficiently large to render ostrich-farming a very profitable undertaking, and, as each year will increase the experience of breeders, the difficulties will be gradually diminished, and losses more easily avoided. As it is, this strange industry—the domestication of the wild birds of the desert, once regarded as types of liberty and intractability—is at the same time one of the most interesting and most profitable of the African trader.

Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, 47 Paternoster Row, LONDON, and 339 High Street, EDINBURGH. Also sold by all Booksellers.

# CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

OF  
POPULAR

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

*Fourth Series*

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS.

No. 620.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 13, 1875.

PRICE 1½d.

## GLENCAIRN,

A DRAMATIC STORY IN THREE ACTS.

### FIRST ACT.

ONE day in September 1869, two gentlemen came to the shop of Messrs Marshall and Sons, an old and much respected firm of goldsmiths and jewellers, Edinburgh. One of the two was a clergyman in Forfarshire, who was known to a member of the establishment. He introduced the person who was with him as Lord Glencairn. His lordship, he said to one of the partners, 'had a shooting near him in Forfarshire, and being desirous to make some purchases in their line, he thought he could not do better than recommend him.' The person so flatteringly introduced was an Englishman of gentlemanly appearance and deportment, and seemed to be under thirty years of age. He was of medium height, with small well-formed hands and feet, brown hair, slight whiskers, a well-developed forehead, with that kind of placidity of countenance and dreamy indifference which are considered to be marks of high breeding.

Here was altogether a promising customer for the splendid bijouterie which crowded the counters and shelves. His lordship, as was learnt, lived in good style at the country-house he had rented with the shootings; he was kind and charitable to the poor people in the neighbourhood; and as a sort of guarantee for his respectability, he had made a deposit of several thousands of pounds in a bank in Dundee, on which he could draw for ordinary expenditure. In the absence of other recommendations, to rent a country-house with shootings, and keep an account with a banker in the nearest town, are usually accepted as an unchallengeable passport to good society in Scotland. It is a cheap way of making character, not very nicely scrutinised. The jewellers referred to felt the force of so high a recommendation; but professionally aware that all is not gold that glitters, they sagaciously consulted a book of the Scottish peerage as to his lordship's pretensions. There they discovered,

what is generally known, that the title of the Earl of Glencairn had become dormant upon the decease, in 1796, of John, fifteenth earl, brother and successor of the Earl of Glencairn who was so pathetically eulogised and lamented by Burns—

The bridegroom may forget the bride  
Was made his wedded wife yestreen;  
The monarch may forget the crown  
That on his head an hour has been;  
The mother may forget the child  
That smiles so sweetly on her knee;  
But I'll remember thee, Glencairn,  
And a' that thou hast done for me!

But although the earldom was dormant, there were two claimants, and probably this gentleman was one of them—perhaps a trifle too eager in taking up the title before it was regularly assigned to him. Then, the highly respectable character of the clergyman who had introduced him forbade any idea that he could be an impostor. Other things justified a good opinion of his lordship. He had taken up his quarters at the Royal Hotel, the notes he wrote bore an earl's coronet prettily printed in red ink, over a monogram H. G. of the same colour. The monogram purported to signify Hamilton, Earl of Glencairn. And the signature of his lordship was simply H. Glencairn. More than all this; he was attended by a 'tiger,' a little footboy with top-boots, buckskin breeches, and wearing a cockade, indicative that his master bore a military commission under the Queen.

Who could stand out against all this proof of high life? From the time of the introduction until the latter part of January 1870, Glencairn was a frequent visitor and purchaser, all he bought being put down to account. He was by no means one of your eager purchasers. He declared himself a *connoisseur* in the jewellery laid before him, and was particular in giving directions regarding the articles manufactured for him. He even went the length of sketching the articles he desired, and such was his elegant plausibility and fastidiousness that no one could have imagined him to be aught but a gentleman of refined

tastes and habits. Evidently, he had received a first-rate education, while his language, manners, and general accomplishments were proof of his having moved in the highest society. His harangues were spotless, almost saintly. On one occasion, seeing a lad in the shop, son of one of the partners, he benevolently gave him some good advices regarding his conduct through life, especially recommending him to be diligent, truthful, and always to keep in mind that 'honesty is the best policy.'

As if to lull all suspicion to sleep, this accomplished simulator incidentally told a member of the firm that he had large estates in Northamptonshire, and also in Scotland and Ireland; that he had been left a ward in Chancery, with an immense property, which would soon be at his disposal, upon the termination of the proceedings, which were nearly concluded. He likewise spoke of being a cousin to the late Marquis of Hastings, that he was a relative of the Duke of Hamilton, and was quite an intimate friend of the Prince of Wales. Piling up his connection with great people, he on one occasion produced a package, addressed, 'Rt. Hon. II. Glencairn,' containing a Dresden dish, having on it a very fine miniature of a beautiful woman. This miniature, his lordship mentioned, was a picture of the mother of the Great Napoleon, and that the Emperor Napoleon III., hearing of it, had sent to him to be allowed to see it; a special messenger had accordingly been sent with it to Paris, to shew it to the Emperor, who was so much pleased with it that he offered for it the sum of ten thousand pounds, which was refused. If the jewellers pleased, they might put it, for a short time, in their show-window; which they did as an act of courtesy. One way and another, his lordship purchased articles to the amount of £300, 7s. 6d., not a penny of which he paid. Several other tradesmen in Edinburgh were similarly imposed on by his lordship; one of them having furnished him with the full equipments of a Highland dress. In a note to a well-known draper, bearing the earl's coronet, and signed 'H. Glencairn,' his lordship orders 'a dozen turn-down collars,' which were sent to him. His lordship might be congratulated on the knack of keeping himself neat at other people's expense.

This easy way of getting into debt came to an end. His lordship having gone away without clearing scores, the jewellers got a little uneasy. They wrote to the clergyman who had introduced him, for explicit information, and all the comfort they got was vague and unsatisfactory. They were told that, 'so far as my information goes, your customer is perfectly good.' That he had been informed, 'Lord Glencairn's English residence was Milbury Park, Northamptonshire, and that his income was forty or fifty thousand a year. He has estates in Ireland and Scotland also. The mystery about title has arisen from his being known until lately as the Hon. Mr Hamilton. I think that was his mother's name, and he inherited

the English estates, assuming her name; but his grandfather Cunningham left him a ward in Chancery, with property and money, on the condition of his taking up the title when he was twenty-eight. The term expires this year, and he is to take up the title in March or April, and, I suppose, assumes the name now, possession being nine points of the law.' In these and some other plausibilities, there was little assurance. It was disheartening to know that his lordship had exhausted his credit with the banker at Dundee. Scotch bank agents are not easily imposed on; being usually jealous of strangers of whom they are not thoroughly assured. The banker in question was not slow in noticing that the deposit made with him by his lordship had gradually sunk to nothing, and he politely but firmly declined to let the account be overdrawn. The drying up of resources in this quarter had doubtless sent his lordship adrift to exercise his wonderful accomplishments elsewhere. Shortly after his disappearance, 'tiger' and all, from Edinburgh, and when Marshall and Sons were gloomily meditating on their misadventure, they received a letter from a well-known diamond merchant in London, making confidential inquiries concerning 'Lord Glencairn of Auchenleish, Perthshire, who, it has been stated, is entitled to the earldom and estates, and takes possession of his title of Earl, &c. next March.' His lordship had contemplated a swoop upon diamonds, rough or polished, it was all one; and we learn that he actually succeeded in carrying off a quantity of brilliants.

When the diamond merchant's letter sounded the note of alarm, Mr Thomas Smith, one of the firm, went off to London, to see after matters. Immediately it was visible that his firm had been lured; but, like a resolute Scotsman, he did not give up the game. He learned that the so-called Lord Glencairn could possibly be seen at the office of a Mr P——, his solicitor. Thither he proceeded, his account of three hundred pounds odds in his pocket, determined to get a settlement somehow, if at all practicable. Curiously enough, P——, a shrewd man of business, had yielded to the blandishments of his lordship, and averred that he was a wealthy man, who was to enter upon his estates on the 25th of March. Smith, however, had grown sceptical on the point, although he observed, on looking round the room, that it contained several japanned tin boxes inscribed with the name in gold letters, 'Right Honourable Lord Glencairn.' The tin boxes might be full of deeds concerning heritable property; but Smith, as we say, having learned to be doubtful of appearances, insisted on seeing his lordship, with a view to a settlement of his account. He felt certain that his lordship was up-stairs, for he saw his hat, which was of a peculiar cut, on the table, and caught a glimpse of his lordship's 'tiger' hovering about the door. It was no use denying the fact, and Mr Smith was taken up-stairs by Mr P——, and ushered into a room very elegantly

furnished, and provided with a handsome book-case, while on the walls were maps of his lordship's extensive estates. Glencairn was sitting at a writing-table. What ensued at this memorable interview had better be told in Mr Smith's own words :

'He rose and received me very courteously, and expressed his pleasure at seeing me. He said that his solicitor had informed him of my visit, and that I was perfectly right to come and make inquiries, but that he left his matters entirely in the hands of his solicitor, who would make everything right with me. After some general conversation, I left the room, and went down to Mr P——'s room again, and I said to him : "His lordship has thrown me in contact with you to settle matters. What do you propose to do ?" He said that in the conversation which he had with his lordship up-stairs, his lordship had instructed him, if I pressed the matter, to give me back several things that were still lying in the office there, and to give me a cheque for the residue, which I could get cashed. At the same time, he said that, if we did that, it would be a very foolish thing for our own interests, as his lordship intended to make very extensive purchases in jewellery, to give away to various parties ; and that he had been very much satisfied with the way we had conducted ourselves. Mr P—— added, that if I thought it better not to offend his lordship, he was inclined to give me a guarantee that the debt would be paid to us on the 25th of March.' Mr Smith was contented with this latter proposal. He accepted Mr P——'s written guarantee, the terms of which he dictated.

With this promise to pay, Smith returned to Scotland ; but when the 25th of March came, no payment arrived. Now ensues a tremendous splutter. His lordship had strungly disappeared from London. P—— was frantic, for he had been imposed on to the extent of five thousand pounds ; and in his helplessness, despatched a clerk to Edinburgh to see if anything could be heard of his missing lordship. Not a vestige of him could be discovered. Glencairn had evaporated into empty space. Bad news this for Smith ; but he held the guarantee, and instantly he proceeded to London to bring it to a bearing. On presenting himself to the luckless P——, he found that gentleman in despair ; for, besides being 'taken in' to the extent of five thousand pounds by this specious personage, he had given him in cash down the sum of eight hundred pounds. How he, a skilled and respectable London solicitor, should have allowed himself to be so egregiously duped by an adventurer, passes our comprehension.

Let us picture this defrauded solicitor and his unwelcome visitor, Smith, sitting together dolefully in that business-room. There is a considerable dramatic interest in the scene. Mr Smith, as member of a venerable firm more than a hundred years old, does not want to be harsh, but he would like to get his money. In his hand he holds the guarantee, and hints as to

what should be done. P—— acknowledges he is liable, but he cannot pay. He humiliatingly mentions that Lord Glencairn had made presents to himself and his clerks of many of the articles fraudulently purchased from the firm represented by Mr Smith, and he will be glad if these articles are taken back, and the guarantee discharged. The articles produced might amount to nearly a half of the bill. To make the best of a bad bargain, Mr Smith agreed to the terms. He was partly moved to do so by the father of the solicitor, an aged man wearing a pair of gold spectacles, who implored him to act in a merciful spirit. 'Why,' was the response, 'these very spectacles you wear are part of the goods taken from us.' 'Take them, oh, take them,' replied the old gentleman, with tears in his eyes ; and so saying, he removed the gold spectacles from his nose, and handed them over to Smith, in assuagement of his demand. We do not remember anything more touching than this in Molière. There was a further diminution of the claim, by the manager of the bank in Dundee returning a gold chain and locket which Glencairn had presented to one of his clerks, and which, like many other articles, had been stolen from the shop of Marshall and Sons ; his lordship in the course of his visits having done a little stealing as well as swindling. On the whole, Smith thought he had got pretty well out of the untoward affair. The net loss to the firm was L.131, 12s. 2d. Before quitting London, Mr Smith paid a farewell visit to the solicitor's office, to discover if his lordship, at his unceremonious departure, had left the Highland dress which he had procured from a shopkeeping firm in Edinburgh. He fortunately found the dress in a tin box, which he brought away, and the dress was returned to the parties concerned. So much for dealing on credit with a pretentiously high-class customer. The clergyman, the original cause of the disaster, owned he had been mistaken in his recommendations. We should think he will be more cautious in future.

We now drop the curtain at the conclusion of the first act of this strange drama in real life.

W. C.

## THE FLAG OF DISTRESS.

### CHAPTER XXXIX.—SHARE AND SHARE ALIKE.

IN the *Condor's* fore-castle. It is her second night since leaving San Francisco, and the second watch is on duty ; the men of the first having come down from the deck. That on duty is Padilla's ; in it Gomez, Hernandez, Velarde, and the two sailors of nationality unknown. The off-watch consists of Striker, Davis, the Frenchman who is called La Crosse, with the Dutchman and Dane. All five are in the fore-peak, the chief-mate, as they suppose, having retired to his cabin.

They are waiting till those on the watch, not required for deck-duty, come below. All of these have had intimation they will be wanted in the

forecastle; a summons that to most of the second-watch seems mysterious. They obey it, notwithstanding; and after a time the two sailors come down—the nondescripts without name, one passing under the sobriquet of 'Old Tarry,' the other having had bestowed upon him the equally distinctive, but less honourable appellation of 'Slush.' Shortly after, the second-mate, Padilla, makes his appearance, along with him Velarde.

'Theer be two not yit among us,' says Striker. 'In coorse, one's at the wheel.'

'Yes; Gomez is there,' responds Padilla.

'Where be Hernandez?'

'I don't know. Likely, along with him.'

'Don't much matter,' puts in Davis. 'I darsay we can settle the thing without either. You begin, Jack, and tell Mr Padilla and the rest what we've been talking about.'

'Twon't take a very long time to tell it,' responds Striker. 'Theer be no great need for wastin' words. All I've got to say are, that the *swag* in this ship shud be eekilly divided.'

Padilla starts, Velarde doing the same. 'What do you mean?' asks the former, putting on an air of surprised innocence.

'I means what I've sayed—that the swag shud be eekilly divided.'

'And yet I don't understand you.'

'Yis, ye do. Come, master mate, 'taint no use shammin' ignorance—not wi' Jack Striker, 't all events. He be too old a bird to get cheated wi' chaff. If ye want to throw dust into my eyes, it must be o' the sort that's stowed aft in the cabin. Now, d' ye understan' me?'

Padilla looks grave, so does Velarde. Old Tarry and Slush shew no sign of feeling; both being already apprised of the demand Striker intended to make, and having given their promise to back it.

'Well,' says the second-mate, 'you appear to be talking of some gold-dust. And, I suppose, you know all about it?'

'That we do,' responds Striker.

'Well, what then?' asks Padilla.

'Only what I've sayed,' rejoins the Sydney Duck. 'If you weesh, I can say it over 'gain. That theer yellow grit shud be measured out to the crew o' this craft share an' share alike, even hands all roun' without respectin' o' persons. An', it shall be so devided—shell, an' must.'

'Yes!' endorses Davis, with like emphatic affirmation. 'It shall, and it must!'

'Pe gar, must it!' adds the Frenchman; followed in the same strain by Stronsen the Dane, and Van Houten the Dutchman, chorused by Tarry and Slush.

'It an't no use your stannin' out, masters,' continues Striker, addressing himself to Padilla and Velarde. 'Ye see the majority's again ye; an' in all cases o' the kind wheresomever I've seed 'em, the majority means the right.'

'Certainly it means that,' echo the others, all save Padilla and Velarde, who remain silent and scowling.

'Yis,' continues Striker, 'an theer be one who an't present among us, as oughter have his share too.'

'Whom are you speaking of?' demands Padilla.

'I needn't tell ye,' responds Striker. 'If I an't mistook, that's him comin' down, an' he can speak for hisself.'

At the words, a footstep is heard upon the fore-

castle stair. A pair of legs is seen descending; after them a body—the body of Harry Blew!

Padilla looks scared, Velarde the same. Both fancy their conspiracy discovered, their scheme blown; and that Striker with all that talk has been only misleading them. They are undeceived, on hearing what the mate has to say. Striker elicits it, by repeating the conversation that has passed.

Thus Harry Blew gives rejoinder: 'I'm with ye, shipmates, to the end, be that sweet or bitter. Striker talks straight, an' his seems the only fair way of settlin' the question. The majority must decide. There's two not here, an' they've got to be consulted. They're both at the wheel. Therefore, let's all go aft, an' talk the thing there. There's no fear for our bein' interrupted. The skipper's asleep, an' we've got the ship to ourselves.'

So saying, Blew leads up the ladder, the rest starting from their seats, and crowding after.

Once on deck, they cluster around the fore-hatch, and there stop; the first-mate having something to say before going aft. The second does not take part in this conference; but stealing past unseen, glides on towards the after-part of the ship. Soon the others proceed in the same direction in a straggled string, which again contracts into a knot as they reach the open quarter-deck, by the capstan, there again stopping. And there, the moonlight, falling full upon their faces, betrays the expression of men in mutiny; but mutiny unopposed. On the quarter-deck no one questions them. For the traitorous first-officer has spoken truly: the captain is asleep; they have the ship to themselves!

It is Gomez who is at the wheel, his 'trick' having commenced at the changing of watches. He is not alone, but with Hernandez beside him. Neither is yet aware of the strike that has taken place; though during the day they have heard some whisperings, and are half expecting trouble with their subordinates.

The theme which engages them is altogether different—beauty, not booty, being the subject of their discourse, which is carried on in a low tone. It is Hernandez who first introduces it, asking:

'About the girls? What are we to do with them after gettin' ashore?'

'Marry them, of course,' promptly answers the other. 'That's what I mean doing with the beautiful Doña Carmen. Don't you intend the same with Inez?'

'Of course; if I can.'

'Can! There need be no difficulty about it, *camarado*.'

'I hope not; though I think there will, and a good deal. There's certain to be some.'

'In what way?'

'Suppose they don't give their consent?'

'A fig for their consent! They must consent! Don't be lettin' that scare you. Whether they're agreeable or not, we'll have a marriage ceremony, or the form of one—all the same. I can fix that, or I'm much mistaken about the place we're going to, and the sort of men we shall meet. If the Padre Padierna be yet alive, he'll marry me to Carmen Montijo without asking *her* any questions, or, if he did, caring what her answers might be. And if he's under ground, I've got another string to my bow, in the young *cura*, Gonzaga,

who, in my time, had charge of souls in a *pueblito*, nearer the place where I hope we shall be able to make shore. And should neither of these my old acquaintances turn up, there are no end of others who will be willing to tie the knot that's to make you happy for life. I tell you, *hombre*, you're steering straight towards an earthly paradise; you'll find that in Santiago.'

'I hope it may be as you say.'

'You may rest sure of it. Once in the old Veraguana town, with these girls as our wives, and they no longer able to question our calling them so—we can enter society without fear of shewing our faces. And with this big *bonanza* at our backs, we may lead a luxurious life there, or go anywhere else it pleases us. As for returning to your dear California, as you call it, you won't care for that when you've become Benedict.'

'You've made up your mind, then, that we marry them?'

'Of course, I have, and for certain reasons; otherwise I shouldn't so much care, now that they're in our power, and we can dictate terms to them. You can do as you please respecting marriage, though you have the same motive as myself for changing your *señorita* into a *señora*.'

'What do you allude to?'

'You forget that both these damsels have large properties in Spain, as worthy friend Martinez made me aware not long since. The Doña Carmen will inherit handsomely at her father's death, which is much the same as saying now. I don't refer to his gold, but the landed property he has elsewhere—in Biscay, which, please the Fates, I shall some day look up and take possession of. While the Doña Inez has no end of acres in Andalusia, besides whole streets of fine houses in Cadiz. To get all that, these girls must be our wives; otherwise, we should have no claim to it, nor be able to shew our faces in the Peninsula.'

'I've known all along about the Andalusian estates. The old usurer told me too—said he'd advance money on them, if he were sure of my marrying the lady. But, if you believe me, it's not altogether the money that's moving me in this whole affair. I'm madly fond of the girl—so fond, that if she hadn't a *chico* in the world I would become her husband.'

'Say, rather, her master; as I intend to be of Carmen Montijo. Once we get ashore, I'll teach her submission. The haughty dame will learn what it is to be a wife. And if not an obedient one, then, por Dios! she shall have a divorce, after I've squeezed out of her that Biscayan estate. Then she can go free, if it so please her. *Mira!* what's up yonder?'

The interrogatory comes from his observing a group of men assembled on the fore-deck, alongside the hatch. The sky cloudless, with a full moon overhead, shews it to be composed of nearly, if not all the crew. The light also displays them in earnest gesticulation; while their voices, borne aft, tell of some subject seriously debated.

What can it be? The men of the first watch, long since relieved, should be asleep in their bunks. Why are they now on deck? This, of itself, surprises the two at the wheel. And while engaged in mutual interrogation, they perceive the second-mate coming aft—as also, that he makes approach in a hurried, yet stealthy manner.

'What's up?' asks Gomez.

'Trouble,' answers Padilla. 'A mutiny among the men we engaged to assist us.'

'On what grounds?'

'They've got to know all about the gold-dust—even the exact quantity there is of it.'

'Indeed! And what's their demand?'

'That we shall share it with them. They say they'll have it so.'

'The dence they do!'

'The old *ladron*, Striker, began it. But what will astonish you still more; the first-mate knows all our plans, and's agreed to go in along with us. He's at the head of the mutineers, and insisting on the same thing. They swear if we don't divide equally, the strongest will take what they can. I've stolen aft, to ask you what we'd best do.'

'They're determined, are they?'

'To the death—they say so.'

'In that case,' mutters Gomez, after a moment or two spent in reflection, 'I suppose we'll have to yield to their demands. I see no help for it. Go back, Padilla, and say something to pacify them. *Maldita!* this is an unexpected difficulty—ugly as sin.'

Padilla is about to return to his discontented shipmates on the forward deck; but is saved the journey, seeing them come aft. Nor do they hesitate to invade the sacred precincts of the quarter; for they have no fear of being forbidden. Soon they mount up to the poop-deck, and cluster around the wheel; the whole *Condor's* crew now present—mates as men—all save the captain and cook. And all take part in the colloquy that succeeds, either by speech or gestures.

The debate is short, and the question in dispute soon decided. Harry Blew, backed by the ex-convicts, talks with determination—confirming it by emphatic exclamations. The others, with interests identical, stand by the two chief speakers, backing them up with words and cries of encouragement.

'Shipmates!' says the first-officer, 'this gold we're all after should be equally partitioned between us.'

'Must be,' adds Striker, with an oath. 'Share an' share alike. It's the only fair way. An' the only one we'll gie in to.'

'Stick to that, Striker!' cries Davis; 'we'll stand by ye.'

'Pe gar! certainement,' endorses the Frenchman. 'Vat for no? Sacré bleu! ve vill. I am for les droits de matelot—le vrai démocratique. Vive le fair play!'

Dane and Dutchman, with Tarry and Slush, speak in the same strain. The scene is short, as violent. The Spaniards perceiving themselves in a minority, and a position that threatens unpleasant consequences, give way, and consent to an equal distribution of the anticipated spoil. After which, the men belonging to the off-watch retire to the fore-castle, and there betake themselves to their bunks; while the others scatter about the ship.

Gil Gomez remains at the wheel, his 'trick' not yet being over; Hernandez beside him. For a time, the two are silent, their brows shadowed with gloom. It is not pleasant to lose some fifty thousand dollars apiece; and this they have as good as lost within the last ten minutes. Still there is a reflection to soothe them—they can think of other bright skies ahead.



Gomez first returning to speak of them, says :  
 'Never mind, *amigo*. There will be money enough to serve our present purposes all the same. And for the future, we can both build on a good sure foundation.'

'On what?'

'On our "Castles in Spain!"'

#### CHAPTER XL.—'LAND HO!'

The voyage Carmen Montijo and Inez Alvarez are now making is not their first. Both have been at sea before—in the passage out from Spain. But in Carmen's case, that was long years ago; while Inez's absence from it has been too short to exempt her from the *mal-de-mer*, and both of them alike suffer from it. Stricken down by it, they are for several days confined to the cabin, most of the time to their state-room.

In their affliction, they have not been so badly attended. The old negro cook, acting also as steward, comes up to the occasion; for he has a tender heart under his rough sable skin, and waits upon them with delicate assiduity. And Captain Lantanas is equally assiduous in his attentions, placing most of his time at their disposal. In due course they recover; and after a day or two waiting for fine weather, venture upon deck.

During their sojourn below, they have had no communication with any one, save Don Gregorio—who has been like themselves, invalided—of course also the captain and cook. But not any of the officers or sailors of the ship. Indeed, on these they have never set eyes, excepting on that day when they sailed out through the Golden Gate.

And now they wish to see Harry Blew and speak with him, but cannot. Whatever the reason, they have been a long time upon deck without finding an opportunity to communicate with him; and they wait for it with irksome impatience. At length, however, it seems to have arrived. He is in the waist with several of the sailors around him, occupied about one of the boats there slung upon its davits. While regarding him and his movements they cannot avoid observing those beside him, nor help being struck by them. Not so much their movements, as their features, and the expression there exhibited. On no one of them is it pleasant, but on the contrary scowling and savage.

Just then, Harry, separating from the sailors, is seen coming aft. It is in obedience to a message which the black cook has brought up out of the cabin—an order from Captain Lantanas for his first-officer to meet him on the quarter-deck and assist him in 'taking the sun.' But the skipper himself has not yet come up, and on reaching the quarter, the ex-mau-o'-war's man, for the first time since he shipped on the Chilean craft, finds himself alone in the presence of the ladies. They salute him with an *empressment* which, to their surprise, is but coldly returned; only a slight bow, after which he appears to busy himself with the log-slate lying on the capstan-head. One closely scrutinising him, however, would see that this is pretence; for his eyes are not on the slate, but furtively turned towards the ship's waist, watching the men, from whom he has just parted, and who seem to have their eyes upon him.

The young ladies thus repulsed, almost rudely,

as they take it, make no further attempt to bring on a conversation; but forsaking their seats, retire down the companion-stairs, keeping on to their own state-room, there to talk over a disappointment that has given chagrin to both, but which neither can satisfactorily explain. The more they canvass the conduct of the Englishman, the stranger it seems to them; and the greater grows their chagrin. For now they feel almost sure that something must have happened; that same thing—whatever it be—which dictated those parting compliments so cold and unfeeling. They seem doubly so now, for now they have evidence that such was the sentiment—almost proof of it in the behaviour of Harry Blew. He must know the feelings of his patron—the preserver of his life—how they stood at their last parting, and from this he has taken his cue to act as he is doing. Only in such sense can the ladies account for his reticence—if not rudeness.

They are hurt by it, stung to the quick, and never again during that voyage do they attempt entering into conversation with the first-officer of the *Condor*; only on rare occasions shewing themselves on deck; as if they disliked looking upon him who too vividly reminds them of the treason of their lovers.

Can it be treason? And if so, why? They ask these questions with eyes bent upon their fingers—on rings encircling them—placed there by those they are thinking about. That of itself should be sufficient proof of their loyalty. Yet it is not, for love is above all things suspicious—however dotting, ever doubting. Even on this evidence of its reliability they no longer lean, and can scarce console themselves with the hope hitherto sustaining them. Further off than ever seems the realising of that sweet expectation founded upon two words still ringing in their ears: '*Hasta Cadiz!*'

And thus the time somewhat tediously passes, till they hear two other words of cheerful import: '*Land Ho!*'

The cry comes from one of the sailors stationed on the fore-topmast cross-trees of the *Condor*. Since sunrise a look-out has been kept as the hands could be spared. It is now near noon, and land has just been sighted.

Captain Lantanas is not quite certain of what land it is. He knows it as the Veraguan coast, but does not recognise the particular place. Noon coming on with an unclouded sky, enables him to catch the sun in its meridian altitude, and so make him sure of a good sight. And as the Chilean skipper is a skilled observer, having confidence in the observations he has made, the land sighted should be the island of Coiba, or an islet that covers it, called Hicaron. Both are off the coast of Veragua, westward from Panama Bay, and about a hundred miles from its mouth. Into this the *Condor* is seeking to make entrance.

Having ciphered out his noon reckoning, the skipper enters it in his log: 'Lat. 7° 20' N. Long. 82° 12' W. Wind W.S.W. Light breeze.' While penning these slight memoranda, little does he dream of what significance they may one day become. The night before, while taking an observation of the stars, could he have read them astrologically, he might have discovered many a chance against his ever making another entry in that log-book.

A wind west-sou'-west is favourable for entering the Bay of Panama. A ship steering around Cabo Mala, once she has weathered this much dreaded headland, will have it on her starboard quarter. But the *Condor*, coming down from north, gets it nearly abeam; and her captain perceiving he has run a little too much coastwise, cries out to the man at the wheel: 'Hard a-starboard! Put the helm down! Keep well off the land!' Saying this, he lights a cigarrito, for a minute or two amuses himself with his monkeys, always playful at meeting him; then, ascending to the poop-deck, he enters into conversation with company more refined—his lady-passengers.

The sight of *terra firma*, with the thought of soon setting foot on it, makes all joyous; and Captain Lantanas adds to their exhilaration by assuring them, that in less than twenty-four hours he will enter the Bay of Panama; and in twenty-four after, bring his barque alongside the wharf of that ancient port, so oft pillaged by *filibusters*.

After staying an hour or so on deck, indulging in cheerful conversation and pleasant anticipations, the tropic sun becoming too sultry for comfort, one and all retire to the cabin for shade, and to take *siesta*—the last being a habit of all Spanish-Americans. The Chilean skipper is also accustomed to have his afternoon nap. There is no need for his remaining longer on deck. He has determined his latitude, figured up his dead reckoning, and set the *Condor* on her course. Sailing on a sea without icebergs, or other dangerous obstructions, he can go to sleep without any anxiety on his mind. But before lying down, he summons the cook, and gives orders for a dinner, to be dressed in the very best style the ship's stores can furnish; this in celebration of the event of their having sighted land.

For a time, the *Condor's* decks appear deserted. No one seen, save the helmsman, at the wheel, and the second-mate standing by his side. The sailors not on duty have betaken themselves to the fore-castle, or are lolling in their bunks; while those of the working-watch—with no work to do—have sought shady quarters, to escape from the sun's heat, now excessive. For the wind has been gradually dying away, and is now so light that the vessel scarce makes steerage-way.

Odd, though, the direction in which the breeze is now striking her. It is upon the starboard quarter, instead of the beam, as it should be; and as Captain Lantanas left it on going below. Since then the wind has not shifted, even a single point. Therefore, the *Condor* must have changed her course! Beyond doubt has she done this, the man at the wheel having put the helm *up*, instead of *down*, causing her to draw closer to the land, in direct contradiction to the orders of her captain!

Is it ignorance on the steersman's part? No; it cannot be. Gil Gomez is at the helm, and, being a tolerable seaman, should know how to handle it. Besides, Padilla is standing by; and the second-mate, whatever his moral qualities, is quite equal to the 'conning' of a ship. He cannot fail to observe that the barque is running too much inshore. Why has he not obeyed the orders left by the captain?

The words passing between the two tell why.

'You know all about the coast in there?'

queries Padilla, pointing to land looming up on the port-side.

'Every inch of it; at least, sufficient to make sure of a place where we can put in. That headland rising the port-bow is Punta Marieta. We must stand well in, taking care not to round it before evening. If we did, and the breeze should blow off shore, which it will, we'd have trouble to make back. Therefore, we must hug close, and keep under shelter of the land. With this light wind, we won't make much way before nightfall. Then, in the darkness, when they're below at dinner, we can put about, and run along till we sight a likely landing-place.'

'So far as being looked after by Lantanas, we need have no fear. To-day the cabin-dinner is to be a grand spread. I overheard his orders to that effect. He intends making things pleasant for his passengers before parting with them. As a matter of course, he'll keep all night below—and get fuddled to boot, which may spare us some trouble. It looks like luck, doesn't it?'

'Not much matter about that,' rejoins Gomez; 'it'll have to end all the same. Only, as you say, the skipper below will make it a little easier, and save some unpleasantness in the way of blood-spilling. After dinner, the señoritas are sure to come on deck. They've done so every night, and I hope they won't make this one an exception. If Don Gregorio and the skipper stay below!—'

The dialogue is interrupted by the striking of bells, to summon the second dog-watch on duty. Soon as the change is effected, Harry Blew takes charge, Striker relieving Gomez at the wheel. Just at this instant, the head of Captain Lantanas shews above the coaming of the companion stair. Gomez, seeing him, darts back to the wheel, gives a strong pull at the spokes, Striker assisting him, so as to bring the barque's head up, and the wind upon her beam.

'Good heavens!' exclaims the skipper angrily, rushing up the companion stair, and out to the rail.

What sees he there to evoke such an exclamation? A high promontory, almost abutting against the bows of his ship! At a glance he identifies it as Punta Marieta, for he knows the headland well; but also knows it should not be on the bow, had his instructions to the steersman been attended to.

'*Que cosa?*' he cries in a bewildered way, rubbing his eyes, to make sure they are not deceiving him, then interrogating: 'What does this mean, sir? You've been keeping too close inshore—the very contrary to what I commanded. Helm down—hard!'

He at the wheel obeys, bringing the barque as close to the wind as she can bear. Then the skipper, turning angrily upon him, demands to know why his first instructions have not been carried out.

The ex-convict excuses himself, saying, that he has just commenced his 'trick,' and knows nothing of what has been done before. He is keeping the *Condor* on the same course she was in when he took her from the last steersman.

The puzzled skipper again rubs his eyes, and takes a fresh look at the coast-line. He is as much mystified as ever. Still the mistake may have been his own; and as he can perceive there will be no difficulty in yet clearing the point, his anger cools down.

Soon the *Condor*, hauled close to the wind, regains her lost weatherway, sufficient for the doubling of Punta Marieta; and before the last bells of the second dog-watch are sounded, she is in a fair course for rounding the cape. The difficulty has been removed by the wind veering suddenly round to the opposite point of the compass. For it is now near night, and the land-breeze has commenced blowing off shore. Well acquainted with the coast, and noticing the change of wind, Captain Lantanas knows all danger is past; and with the tranquillity of his temper restored, he goes back into his cabin to join his passengers at dinner, which is just in the act of being served.

### THE ROYAL BENGAL TIGER.

Most sportsmen, and all who are fond of adventurous recitals, are tolerably familiar with the larger members of the Indian wild animals. Dr Fayrer, therefore, appeals to many readers when he puts forth a little book on the Royal Tiger,\* a ferocious creature likely to come under the notice of the Prince of Wales in the course of his expedition; hence a dissertation on the subject appears at a favourable time. As Dr Fayrer's book contains a concise life-history of the animal, and many interesting facts are collected together in it, we shall make no further apology for introducing our readers to the tiger of Bengal, so fitly termed, from his size, strength, beauty, and ferocity, 'Royal' (*Tigris regalis*), a very 'king of cats.'

Most people possess a good general idea of the tiger, which has often been strengthened by seeing the animal in zoological gardens and the like. Were it not that the lion acquires a certain majestic dignity from the presence of a mane, the tiger would at once be acknowledged as the head of the feline family. As it is, in India at least, in strength, size, activity, and beauty, he is far superior to the lion, which is only found at present in the north-west, in Gujerat and Cutch, and is regarded by Dr Fayrer as the outlying and degenerate representative of his African kinsman. The peculiarly striped skin of the tiger, and the intensity of its bright rufous ground-hue, so exquisitely set off with white about the head, serve well enough as a superficial distinction; but its tremendous canine teeth, the immense development of muscles about its chin and head, and its massive fore-paws, as compared with the hind-feet, scientifically mark it off from other cats. In much of its anatomy, and especially in its habits, it is simply a huge cat, a monstrous and ferocious development of the sleek tabby that purs by the hearth in every English cottage. The sharp retractile claws, the stealthy tread, the vision adapted for activity either by day or by night, the acute senses of hearing and seeing which it possesses, while that of smelling is comparatively feeble—these points at once show the kinship; while its cruel nature, and the loud anatory growls which the traveller encamped in the jungles frequently hears during the night, as the tiger calls its mate, irresistibly remind him of the cat tormenting the wretched mouse that has fallen into its clutches, and afterwards serenading its brethren on the tiles in the darkness.

Being a shy, morose animal, the tiger is usually found roaming about by himself; but at certain seasons his mate is sure to be not far from him. His favourite food consists of the ordinary domestic cattle, which are mostly, in the plains of India, weak and undersized creatures. When he cannot find these, he contents himself with the different deer of India and wild hogs; occasionally preying on monkeys, pea-fowl, and even smaller animals. These are suddenly struck down, mostly during the night, seized by the throat, and dragged off into some secure spot in the neighbouring jungle, which is known as his 'kill.' Here he eats what his appetite requires at once, and then leaving the carcass, retires to a smooth, trampled-down lair hard by (just as a hare lies in its 'form'), returning after a period of sluggish repose to take another meal at the kill. This he repeats, says Dr Fayrer, for several days; until the odour arising from decomposition, and the flocks of kites, vultures, crows, and adjutant birds, wheeling over it, or sitting hard by in a gorged state, proclaim his position to all. Then he shifts his hunting-ground, especially if it be the rainy season; but if it be the summer heats, he does not move far from the patches of long grass which adjoin some pool or swamp, where he may bask in the shade during the day, and prow by night round some neighbouring village, in hopes of securing an ox. One who is well acquainted with the tiger's habits, however, informs us that except in the very hottest weather, when water is very scarce, a tiger will not remain by its kill for more than twelve hours. In North and Central India, his wont is to drag the victim to the nearest stream, remain all night devouring it, sleep through the next day, and in the following night betake himself to fresh quarters. He rarely travels less than fifteen miles, and often twice that distance during a night. The tiger will easily consume a full-sized three-year-old buffalo in the course of a night, leaving nothing beyond his horns and hoofs, for his powerful teeth grind up the bones. Dr Fayrer quotes a recent instance of the animal's power and ferocity: 'A tiger at a bound sprang from an elevation right among a herd of cattle, and in his spring struck down simultaneously a cow with each fore-foot. Both were disabled—one, he immediately killed, and began to devour, whilst the other wretched creature lay with its back broken by the tiger's terrible blow within a few feet, watching the fate of its companion.'

If hard pressed for food, the tigress will desert her young, and even eat them. As for the young tigers, they are far more destructive than the old, killing three or four cows at a time, for the mere pleasure of killing, when they first set up in life for themselves; whereas, an older tiger rarely kills more than one victim at a time, and this will last him for a period of two or three days, or even for a week. Buffaloes have an instinctive knowledge of the approach of a tiger, and exhibit rooted aversion to him, snorting and trampling up and down, and forming into circle to receive his attack on their horns. Their herdsman often takes refuge in the centre of this circle, and the tiger must content itself with a weak outlying animal, or retire altogether from such formidable antagonists.

Much difference of statement exists as to the size attained by tigers, partly owing to the fact, that

\* *The Royal Tiger of Bengal*. By J. Fayrer, M.D., F.Z.S. London: Churchill. 1875.

the skin when removed is apt to stretch. Thus, instances of tigers twelve feet, and even a few inches more, are on record. Dr Fayer estimates the length of tigers from the nose to the tip of the tail as ranging from nine to twelve feet, though he deems one of ten feet by this measurement a large specimen. In height at the shoulder, the animal usually stands three and a half to four feet. Jerdon, in his *Mammals of India*, says 'the average size of a full-grown male tiger is from nine to nine and a half feet in length; occasionally tigers are killed ten feet in length, and perhaps a few inches over; but the stories of tigers eleven or twelve feet in length, which are so often heard, certainly require confirmation.' A good sportsman told him the largest he had killed in the Dinagore district measured nine feet eight inches.

Most people have noticed the fondness of stags for rubbing their antlers against trees, and scholars will recall Virgil's account of the bull practising with his horns upon a tree before venturing on a combat with his rival; the tiger is similarly fond of scratching the bark of trees, perhaps in order to keep his terrible claws in serviceable condition. Favourite trees in the jungles are deeply scored by these weapons. The Indian fig is especially chosen for this purpose, and may often be found deeply and vertically scratched from the height of ten or twelve feet above the ground. We remember a favourite cat thus utterly defacing the nicely bound back of a quarto in a library shelf next the floor, so remarkably does this whetting habit run through the feline family.

In his magnificent work on the *Deadly Serpents (Thanatophidia) of India*, Dr Fayer caused some sensation by shewing that during the one year 1869, 6219 deaths from snake-bite occurred in the Bengal Presidency alone, amongst a population of something more than forty-eight millions of souls. He now horrifies us with accounts of the devastation caused by man-eating tigers, which occasionally cause villages, and even whole districts, to be deserted. In one instance in the Central Provinces a single tigress caused the desertion of thirteen villages, while two hundred and fifty square miles of country were thrown out of cultivation before the creature was shot. Another tigress in 1869 killed one hundred and twenty-seven people, and stopped a public road for many weeks, before it too succumbed to an English sportsman. In 1868 the magistrate of Godavery reported that part of the country overrun with tigers, no road safe, and that a tiger had recently charged a large body of villagers within a few hundred yards of the civil station. It is impossible to give accurate statistics for the whole of so vast a country as Hindustan, but Jerdon corroborates these statements by asserting that in the district east of Jubbulpore, in 1856 and previous years, on an average between two and three hundred villagers were killed annually. Tigers apparently develop into man-eaters when they are old and sluggish, and the teeth are somewhat decayed. Preferring human flesh, they find, when once the awe natural to wild animals at the presence of man is shaken off, that he offers an easy and tempting prey. In some districts they abound; while in others, as in Oude and Rohilkund, one is only heard of about every six years. The natives are extremely superstitious respecting tigers, and in many parts dread the wrath of the slain tiger's spirit almost more

than they feared the creature when alive. The small clavicles or shoulder-bones, which are deeply imbedded in muscle, are esteemed valuable charms; while every sportsman, or, indeed, every one who is familiar with tiger-skins, knows how difficult it is to save the tiger's claws. The whiskers too are immediately plucked out by the sportsman's servants, on the tiger being shot, before their master can come up, as they are deemed a valuable love-philter. Those who are most rigorously honest in all other respects cannot refrain from thus mutilating a skin. On the spot where a tiger has slain a human being, in the district round Mirzapore, the natives erect a curious conical mound of earth, which is ornamented with some coloured wash for a coating, a few flowers, and one or more singularly shaped pieces of pottery. It is considered sacrilege to touch these, and once a year the inhabitants of the neighbouring villages visit the memorials, and worship there.

The loss of life and property caused by tigers has aroused government to appoint an officer in the Madras presidency specially for the purpose of destroying them. In other parts, a reward of five rupees (ten shillings) is paid for a tiger's head, which stimulates the native shikarries to shoot them with spring-guns and arrows, or to trap and poison them. In Bengal Proper about twelve hundred tigers, of which about four per cent. are cubs, are killed annually; but by far the larger number of these fall to the rifles of European sportsmen. As tiger-hunting in our Indian dominions forms great part of the picturesqueness and attractiveness of life in that country to Englishmen, we will conclude by giving a few details of this exciting but dangerous sport.

When it is remembered that besides the loss of life of which we have spoken, Captain Rogers assesses the loss of property which the ravages of the Indian carnivora entail at ten million pounds annually, it must be considered fortunate that tiger-shooting presents so many charms to its votaries. The animal is reported also to be increasing throughout India, doubtless owing to the general disarming of the natives after the Mutiny; so that there is no fear lest its chase should soon die out. There are several modes of tiger-hunting popular in India. In Bengal, Central India, and the North-western Provinces, he is pursued into his native jungles by sportsmen mounted on elephants; or he is driven by the native beaters along defiles and woodland ways, where he is shot from platforms constructed in the trees which overhang the path he must take. In Madras, Bombay, and South India generally, where but few elephants are kept, the tiger is often hunted on foot; but it is in this kind of sport that the most serious and fatal accidents occur, no foresight or readiness with fire-arms being always able to stop a wounded tiger's rush.

In shooting tigers from elephants, it is important to be well mounted. A good elephant, well trained to the sport, will stand the tiger's charge, and even rush to meet him; then comes the rider's chance to shoot him in a fatal spot; else he often springs on the elephant and endeavours to reach its mahout (driver) or the sportsmen in the howdah. Accidents not unfrequently happen in the confusion which ensues, the elephant trumpeting and rushing about in pain and fear; while the occupants of the howdah are being lacerated by the tiger's claws, or

endangered by their friends' fire. Dr Fayrer gives an instance of a major, whose elephant, on being thus attacked and severely clawed, ran away, and dashed its howdah off under the boughs of the trees in its way. Both the major and the mahout, however, contrived to grasp and hang to an overhanging branch, on to which the native soon pulled himself, and was in safety. The major, not being so active, hung for a minute, and then dropped, as it unfortunately happened, on to the wounded tiger, which, though paralysed by a shot in the spine, and unable to move its hind-quarters, seized the major with its fore-paws, and wreaked its rage upon him by deeply lacerating one leg and biting the other still more severely. After spending some dreadful moments in the creature's clutches, the major was released by his companion coming up and killing the animal. Spite of his injuries and the amputation of one leg, the major was able to return to England, and still, we hope, lives to tell of his unpleasant experiences.

The more usual way of despatching tigers, however, in the North-western Provinces is to place a bait for the creature, and then, on discovering its position, to have it driven past platforms erected in trees, from which it can be shot. There is much excitement and not a little spice of danger in the sport, as a tiger has been known to leap into such a machán, or platform, though it was luckily untended at the time. A friend, learned in this mode of shooting, informs us that when a tiger is suspected to be in a district, a three-year-old buffalo is purchased and tethered securely in a path of the jungle. Any smaller bat would be taken by a leopard, while the tiger would decline a bigger buffalo. His lair is found by the natives next morning, where he reposes by his kill, having satiated his appetite. A council is held, and the sportsmen are placed in their macháns, which are constructed in the defile where it is intended to drive the tiger. Then a large assemblage of beaters surround him, and noisily drive him onwards. Occasionally he manages to slip through the line; but almost anything will turn him, unless he be old and cunning. A leaf, for instance, dropped from a tree into his path, will at once cause him to turn back. So he reaches the open ground before the macháns, and is at once fired upon from them. Often he fights, and dies there; but sometimes he escapes into the jungle; and it is a dangerous task to follow him. He is left till next day, when a herd of buffaloes is driven in. As they detest a tiger, they enter fully into the sport; and finding him wounded, speedily kill him with their horns; or if he be dead, prance round him and toss about their horns. But the vitality of a tiger is great, and we know of one which, after having thus been shot at from a machán, and having its fore-arm broken, yet escaped, travelled thirteen miles, and was killed the same evening.

We possess a tiger's skull which was shot in this manner. He had killed and devoured a buffalo which had been fastened up for him over-night, and had been detected next day by the kites hovering round the remains of the feast. Two macháns were erected near, in one of which the commissioner of the district was placed; into the other and larger one ascended a friend and his wife. A gun was soon fired from the commissioner's station;

but after much excitement it was found to have been the result of accident while he was arranging his rifles. Then commenced the beating, the shooting, playing of tom-toms, &c., which shewed that the hunters were driving the game. At this moment our friend made the unpleasant discovery, that a hillock hard by completely commanded his platform; should the tiger take it into his head to come that way, he might with ease spring into it. Fortunately, he soon appeared in the opposite direction, coming leisurely down the path, and was at once 'dropped dead in his tracks' by an explosive bullet hitting him full on his chest.

#### RECENT HISTORY OF THE PITCAIRN ISLANDERS.

A BRIEF notice of the Pitcairn Islanders in Dilke's *Greater Britain* reminds us that there are still in existence two remnants of the once famous mutineers of the *Bounty*—one in Pitcairn Island, in the vast South Seas; the other in Norfolk Island, in the Australian Seas. The readers of this *Journal* may perhaps remember the main incidents of this singularly interesting history, down to about the year 1850.\* We then recounted how Captain Bligh, in H.M.S. *Bounty*, set out on a voyage of discovery to the South Seas in 1787; that in 1789 many of his crew, headed by Lieutenant Christian, mutinied, forced him and eighteen of the crew into an open boat, and cast them adrift; that after much suffering he and some of his companions reached England in 1790; and that in 1791 the government sent off Captain Edwards in the *Pandora* to seek out the mutineers and bring them home for trial. There came to light facts, one by one, shewing how Lieutenant Christian and his companions, after much quarrelling and fighting, settled down, some at Otaheite (Tahiti), and some at Toobonai, with Otaheitan women as wives. Captain Edwards captured the party at Otaheite, but did not know that the others were at Toobonai. Christian navigated the *Bounty* to Pitcairn Island, burnt the ship, and settled down finally at that island. Happily, there was a steady religious man, John Adams, among them, and he, after Christian's death, trained up a rising generation of mixed breeds, in habits of peaceful industry. How these Pitcairners increased and multiplied to a community of a hundred and fifty souls—simple, well principled, and loyal to the English sovereign—and how they came to have interviews occasionally with visitors from the outer world, our two former articles shewed. Let us now briefly touch on the incidents of the last quarter of a century.

The year 1851 marked the beginning of a series of proceedings destined to make an important change in the condition of the islanders—more than sixty years after the mutiny. A plan was formed to remove them to another spot, under the dignified title of a colony, although small in dimensions. The Colonial Secretary in England, Sir John Pakington, wrote despatches on the subject; and so did his successor; but these ministers differed one from another concerning what it was best to do. Norfolk Island, near Australia, had for some time been

\* *Chambers's Journal*, January 5, 1850, 'The Pitcairn Islanders in 1849'—*ibid.*, April 13, 1850, 'Letters from the Pitcairn Islanders.'

used as a sort of prison or penal settlement for the more desperate among the convicts; it had not turned out satisfactorily; and the government conceived the idea of transferring the Pitcairners to that place as their future home. Accordingly, Sir William Denison, governor of New South Wales, took the subject into consideration, and decided that the removal might possibly be effected in 1854. The Pitcairners, now increased by the addition of grandchildren and great-grandchildren to a total of a hundred and seventy persons, expressed pleasure and thankfulness when they heard of the plan. The end was not yet, however; governments moved more slowly than the simple Pitcairners expected.

A pleasant picture of this deeply interesting people was presented in 1855, when Captain Fremantle, in H.M.S. *Junco*, touched at the island, to ascertain how far unity of opinion and wish prevailed among the islanders. The Rev. Mr Nobbs, their pastor and schoolmaster (a few 'outsiders' had reached them by this time), assembled them together, and read to them a description of Norfolk Island, and the terms of the Queen's offer. A large majority at once assented to the proposal; but some could not find heart to quit the only home they had ever known, albeit barely a mile in length. George Adams, a son of John Adams the mutineer, was among these. They were sensible of the Queen's kindness; they well knew that any further subdivision of the land of their tiny island would reduce the portion for each household or family to a mere patch scarcely worth cultivating; but still they were loath to leave 'home,' and make a perilous voyage over thousands of miles of ocean. At length, one hundred and fifty-three, out of a total of a hundred and eighty-seven souls, decided on Norfolk Island. Captain Fremantle found them to be so affectionately attached one to another, that he believed they would all join when the time of departure arrived. He described them as a pious, unsophisticated, single-minded, cheerful, docile people; his crew were never tired of rendering them little kindnesses, which the islanders returned in their own artless way. Whether at Pitcairn Island or Norfolk Island, they were delighted at the idea of being recognised subjects of Queen Victoria.

In 1856 Sir William Denison chartered the ship *Morayshire*, to convey the descendants of the mutineers to Norfolk Island. Lieutenant Gregorie, R.N., managed the enterprise. He arrived at Pitcairn on 22d April, and found that the islanders had provided themselves with good store of sheets and packing-cases, in readiness for the grand flitting. All, though some of them unwillingly, had decided to go. They packed up everything likely to be useful, with a stock of swine, fowls, and fresh vegetables; leaving a few head of live-stock to multiply as they might.

It was a scene without parallel when, on 3d May, the islanders departed from Pitcairn; without parallel, for though the number was small, no community had ever before been reared under such remarkable circumstances. Sixty-six years after the mutineers of the *Bounty* first landed on the island, their descendants quitted it. The simple-hearted people were troubled with some of the miseries of a long ocean-voyage; but they kept up cheerfully, the men and boys helping the

sailors in any way that might be useful, the women and girls engaging in needle-work and domestic duties. An infant was born during this remarkable voyage; and the little stranger received the names of Reuben Denison Christian. (The little community had only a dim knowledge of the fact, that Lieutenant Christian, grandfather or great-grandfather of this child, had been a lawless mutineer.) They only sighted one island during the voyage; it caused great excitement among the Pitcairners, being the first strange land the greater part of them had ever beheld. With the crew they were on excellent terms throughout, and harmony was never once disturbed.

After a voyage extending over sixty-three degrees of longitude, the *Morayshire* arrived at its place of destination. What the Pitcairners felt at such an exciting time, we can hardly conceive in our present English mode of life: hopes, fears, wonderment, regrets followed in rapid succession, as the shores of Norfolk Island came into view; and the people speculated whether Queen Victoria thought of them as anxiously as they thought of her. One hundred and ninety-four (including the 'little stranger') landed on the 8th of June. The government had set aside such buildings and store-sheds as might be immediately needed, leaving the people to provide better at leisure. Dr Selwyn, bishop of New Zealand, paid them three or four friendly visits, taking such seeds and plants as might be useful to them; and Mrs Selwyn stopped with them many weeks, ingratiating herself with them by kindnesses which easily won their hearts. Norfolk Island, small as it is, was raised to the dignity of a distinct colony, but under the charge of the Governor-general of New South Wales. In October of the same year, Captain Fremantle paid them a visit in the *Junco*, and was pleased to find them progressing favourably. There were, however, many perplexities in the thoughts of the islanders. The long voyage and the change of scene had somewhat unsettled their habits. They marvelled at the contrast between the past and the present; at the vast size, as they deemed it, of the really small Norfolk Island; at the largeness of the buildings; and at the amount of property made over to them. They were like children, almost bewildered with a sense of magnitude in all around them; and displayed a kind of timid distrust of their own powers of appreciating what they saw.

In the following year, Sir William Denison went over to see how the little colony prospered. He found their simple code of laws inapplicable to their present position, and substituted a new code—a constitution, in fact. It almost excites a smile to hear of so formal an instrument as a constitution for a colony of only two hundred persons, with provisions relating to magistrates, councillors, doctors, chaplain, commissioners, a great seal, oaths of allegiance, public meetings, public works, public receipt and expenditure, judges, juries, legislation, punishments, fines, schools, and schoolmasters. There was a little dark spot, however; the people had become somewhat indolent and improvident. The government had provided them amply with live-stock, seeds, plants, tools, agricultural implements, boats, and fishing apparatus; and as their wants were simple and easily satisfied, the islanders felt no need for doing much work, nor 'saving for a rainy day.' He saw evidence that they would be benefited by the instructions

of a millwright and smith, a shoemaker, a mason and plasterer, and a gardener or farmer; and he planned the means for supplying these aids after a time. One great advantage was, that the moral conduct of the people remained as exemplary as ever; the lessons taught by old John Adams had sunk deep and taken firm root. The whole adult population assembled to meet Sir William; and he was struck with their general good looks. 'There were none who could be called strikingly handsome, but all had good features, well-developed foreheads, and an intelligent expression of countenance.' Mr Lower could have added a new chapter to his *History of Surnames*, by a study of those which prevailed among the islanders. A census of the population revealed the names of the original mutineers of the *Bounty* over and over again: Christian, Adams, Young, Quintal, and McCoy, were one or other of them in almost every house. There were two hundred and twelve souls altogether, forming thirty-four families. Only one bachelor, Samuel McCoy, lived by himself; and there was an old spinster of sixty-four, Mary Christian. One family comprised Charles and Charlotte Christian and eleven sons and daughters. Matrimony was evidently in high favour, for there were only seven spinsters of marriageable age.

By the year 1859, some of the older people began to have a yearning to return to their first home, Pitcairn Island; and two families, numbering seventeen persons, made the voyage in that year. The women generally shewed more of the qualities of their original Otaheitan mothers than of their English fathers, especially a passionate fondness for music and dancing; and were with some difficulty imbued with English notions of thrift, application, and mental exercise.

Another official visit, in 1862, led to the following report: 'On the whole, I am clearly of opinion that as large a measure of success has attended the removal of the Pitcairn Islanders to Norfolk Island as could well have been expected. The people are not much given to steady and continuous labour; but, on the other hand, it must be recollected that the climate indisposes to exertion, and they have not the stimulus of want to prompt them to toil. The people live in security and abundance, attend divine worship regularly, and are free from all those foul practices and baneful superstitions which render the occupants of too many of the lovely islands of the Pacific licentious.'

Occasional notices in later years shew that there is a little interfusion of new blood among them, by marriage with English persons from Australia and New Zealand. Some, moreover, have gone back to their own tiny island. When Sir C. W. Dilke was collecting materials for his *Greater Britain*, he made a brief stay at Pitcairn Island. The Union-jack was espied on shore; canoes pulled off to the ship, laden with oranges and bananas; three men nimbly came on board; and one of them, without any embarrassment in manner or speech, grasped the captain's hand, and said: 'How do you do, captain?'—'How's Victoria?' The Queen of the British Empire lived in their hearts, although they had never seen her. It appeared that fifty-two of the Pitcairners had found their way back from Norfolk Island, but that some difficulty had arisen about ownership of bits of land, the late comers interfering somewhat with the early comers. The handful of people traded occasionally with

passing ships, exchanging fruit and poultry for cloth and tobacco. Wine and spirits they knew nothing about. The old familiar names of Adams and Young were prevalent. Some lady-passengers in the ship sent a blue silk dress to a Mrs Adams, and a red-and-brown tartan to a Mrs Young. Young was also the name of the magistrate, a sort of small viceroy to represent the Queen. One of the most interesting points connected with the brief interview (none of the crew or passengers appear to have landed on the island) was, that the three islanders inquired earnestly for any recent English periodicals! Here was the old Saxon voice speaking out again, on a speck of land amid the vast ocean.

Thus it is, then. The mutineers of the *Bounty*, or such of them as escaped violent deaths, intermarried with Otaheitan women; and their descendants, morally pure to a most unusual extent, now inhabit two widely distant bits of land—Norfolk Island in the Australian Seas, and Pitcairn Island in the South Seas—both alike rejoicing to call themselves subjects of Queen Victoria.

#### SPREAD OF INFECTION.

OUR recent article on the 'Curiosities of Infection,' has been the means of bringing us a paper on the same subject, by a gentleman who has given much attention to the subject, and whose observations seem worthy of general perusal. His remarks are as follows:

The mysterious outbreak of scarlatina among the distinguished guests who attended a recent fashionable dinner-party in London, may produce some beneficial results, should it draw more general attention to the laws pertaining to the communication of this and kindred preventable diseases, and induce the medical profession to bestow more observation on one important matter, perhaps too much overlooked at present—namely, the discovery of the various periods of time that all convalescents from infectious and contagious diseases continue to carry about with them the seeds of these diseases, to sow them broadcast among their healthy but susceptible brothers and sisters.

Properly considered, the warnings of disease are beneficent in character, and if disregarded, we have only ourselves to blame. It is an important duty to trace out the laws that govern the transmission of infectious and contagious diseases, these being, perhaps, the most obscure and mysterious of any laws with which we are surrounded. If a solitary weed gets into a garden, it may reproduce a hundred that will replant themselves and grow in the surrounding soil, after the original plant has withered away; and, similarly, a disease may strike root in the human system, mature itself there, and leave the system to resume its normal condition. But, during this process, the original seed has multiplied itself considerably, and the system in which it has flourished resumes its pristine health, only after it has thrown off all these products. And if, while it is throwing them off, the convalescent is permitted to associate with his fellows, these seeds are certain to reproduce the same disease in those who may be



so unfortunate as to come into contact with them. This may be one of the laws regulating the propagation of scarlatina, typhus, and other 'pestilences that walk in darkness;' and the rational precaution of 'Outside the camp with them!' at once suggests itself.

A too common impression prevails that the danger of contagion from a scarlatina convalescent is ended in two or three weeks; and, consequently, children are sent back to school, or young women to milk cows or attend to dairies, after an isolation of about this length of time, though this is just when they are likely to be throwing off the seeds of the disease in their most dangerous and virulent form. Some have found, to their sorrow, that six and nine weeks are not too long to isolate scarlatina convalescents; and perhaps we would not do wrong to isolate all convalescents from scarlatina, typhus, &c. for three months; as it is much better, in such cases, where the health and lives of thousands are at stake, to err on the safe than on the unsafe side; and the cost of keeping a minimum of convalescents for three months would be a bagatelle, when compared with the happy immunity from contagion that would be secured to the public at large. It is the want of this simple precaution that is causing so many serious outbreaks of scarlatina in our public and national schools, resulting, in many cases, in the closing of the schools to stamp it out. How much easier would it be to isolate the original patient as soon as the disease appears, and continue this quarantine, when convalescence ensues, for three months, and by this means prevent the disease from ever assuming any alarming dimensions.

With these considerations before us, we may return to the outbreak of scarlatina at the dinner-party in London, and endeavour to ascertain what might be the most likely channel of communication. Suspicion was directed at first to the table-linen, cases being known or suspected where the germs of this disease have been transmitted through laundries from one family to another. But in this remarkable case, the table-linen, though first suspected, was exonerated from all blame, when it was noticed that one of those who had taken the disease had not been in the dining-room at all, but had taken tea with the company in the drawing-room. This at once brought the cream under suspicion; and upon investigation it was discovered that one of the maids engaged in the dairy from which the cream had been obtained, had recently had the disease. Now, milk or cream, as has been frequently proved, is a very common vehicle for the conveyance of contagious germs; it has so many opportunities, and such a capability, of absorbing them. Here, then, perhaps, may be the first link in the chain that carried scarlatina to nearly a score of guests at a dinner-table, all unconscious that the seeds of a serious disease were lurking in the cream-jug, waiting to be taken into their systems to lay them prostrate.

Cases are known where the germs of this disease have got into milk through the cows being milked by scarlatina convalescents, when the fine particles of the peeled skin are supposed to have fallen into the milk, thus polluting it with the contagious germs. In other cases, the wells from which the water had been taken to wash the bowls, &c. have been blamed; the theory being, that the discharges from patients had found their way into the wells, and in this roundabout way the dangerous germs had at length got into the milk.

There are still other ways in which these mysterious germs may find a lurking-place in milk. Dr Squire, Secretary of the Epidemiological Society of London, in a paper read before that Society, and published in *Public Health*, March 25, 1875, draws special attention to the imperceptible emanations that are given off by the lungs and pores of scarlatina convalescents; and, according to his opinion, these are more seriously contagious than the decomposed cuticle, that comes away during the process of desquamation. Taking this opinion into account, we can understand how liable milk and cream are to be the recipients of these contagious emanations. Any milk exposed, as already described, in open bowls, in the vicinity of a scarlatina convalescent, will be continually absorbing these emanations; and where it is the belief that all contagion has left convalescents in two to three weeks, and these are permitted to assist in, or look after, a dairy, the danger must be very seriously increased.

In many dairies, it is the practice to blow the cream off the surface of the milk with the mouth, and when we connect this filthy practice with Dr Squire's opinion that the lungs give off the most virulent of the contagious matter, it becomes clear that cream may absorb this in greater quantity, and in a concentrated state, and that, consequently, all scarlatina convalescents should be rigorously excluded from dairies, as well as from the milking of cows, for three months at the very least. We know a case where the attendant on some cows took scarlatina, and their owner forbade him from going near either the cows or the milk for nearly four months.

We have had to refer to wells. These are ascertained vehicles of contagion for several diseases—cholera, diarrhoea, scarlatina, typhoid fever, &c.; and though they have, in consequence, been generally condemned, and many shut up, it does not follow that this old means of obtaining a pure supply of water at small cost is past redemption. It is perhaps too much the practice to condemn a system because thoughtless or ignorant people have carried it out carelessly or improperly, and if recently constructed pumps and wells were all examined, it might be found that it is only since the introduction of the 'cheap and nasty' element into their construction, that they have become dangerous. As modern pump-wells are built, the joints of the stone or brick shaft are not cemented at all, though they ought to be, to make the whole perfectly bottle-tight, and insure that all surface

or polluted water, before finding its way into the well, has undergone the purifying process of percolation through the soil and gravel to the very bottom. Instead of this, the brick or stone work is built without mortar or cement; and, consequently, every joint becomes a drain to convey the surface-water, sewage, &c. into the well; and what was intended to be, and might be, a well of life-giving water, has, to save a few pounds, been transformed into a death-giving cesspool.

We had an opportunity of seeing one of these wells opened recently that had several cases of typhoid fever laid to its charge; and the verdict that had been given was, to take out the pump and close the well. This well was some twenty to thirty feet deep, built of stone, and every joint was gaping open. Through these openings the sewage from some neighbouring gutters, ash-pits, &c. was trickling and falling to the bottom, leaving a slimy discoloured track on the stones as it descended. When a drop of Condyl's Fluid was put into a glass of the water, it sank to the bottom, coloured like an emerald.

While inspecting this well, the idea occurred to us that this shaft might be utilised at a very small outlay, and a pump put into it qualified to give perfectly pure water, were a cast-iron pipe, perfectly water-tight, to be placed in it, and all the space between the pipe and the stone-work filled up with gravel, earth, and any good filtering material. The surface-water would all get freed from its organic impurities before it could reach the bottom of the pipe, and the water drawn up by the action of the pump would be quite safe for domestic and drinking purposes.

All that appears to be requisite for obtaining water free from surface pollution is to carry down an iron pipe (like the Abyssinian or American pump) to such a depth as will allow of proper filtration for the surface-water. Every pump of this description would have nature's own filter-bed in the soil and gravel surrounding it; and this system, enlarged, might be successfully employed for the water-supply of all our cities and towns situated upon, or near suitable rivers. One or several large iron pipes (according to the supply required) could be sunk in the soil and gravel near the margin of the river, care being taken to select a spot where the gravel was deep, and had an underground, uninterrupted, and deep layer of gravel, connecting it with the bed of the river. In this place the pipes could be screwed down as far as might be found necessary to obtain a plentiful supply of water. This will usually be found after a certain depth below the river-bed has been attained. When a depth sufficient to obtain the supply has been reached, all that remains is to apply pumping apparatus to the top of the pipe, and a constant stream of pure water, filtered by the river's own bed of gravel, &c. is the result. To save cost, a small pump, say one or two inches in the bore—on the American or Abyssinian system—might be used as a 'prospector' of the ground, and when the best site had been discovered, the work could proceed on the larger scale.

If a pure and plentiful supply of water, on the large or small scale, could be procured in this way, all surface drainage and sewage pollutions would be avoided, and our population protected from much of the unnecessary disease, suffering, and

death that now afflict them. The practice of drawing supplies of water from pump-wells, in villages, has over and over again been proved to be all wrong. No such practice should exist. Usually, however, it is not the fault of the local medical practitioners, or of the magisterial authorities, that pump-wells continue in daily use; but of the inhabitants generally, who dread the imposition of rates to secure not only a proper system of drainage, but of water-supply from pure sources. Evidently, there are people who would prefer exposing themselves and their families to deadly contagion and premature death, rather than pay a tax of so small a sum as a shilling a year. In such cases, there ought to be a peremptory application of the law by public officers of health.

## FOOTBALL.

BY AN OBSERVANT FOREIGNER.

THERE was a time when I regarded Poland as a land of patriotic heroes; but after living for a few months among the Hebrews of Warsaw, I began to see reasons for altering my opinion. At another period of my life I looked upon Italy, from a distance, as the abode of sunshine, art, and pleasure; but after living among brigands for nearly three weeks, I returned to my native France a wiser although a poorer man. I had discovered that hearsay, unless softened down by the admixture of a large grain of salt, should not be taken as truth, and that what is ordinarily called Romance, resolves itself, upon actual acquaintance, into the least attractive forms of villainy, immorality, extortion, and dirt. Although my eyes had thus been on two occasions opened by a process of painful experience, I could not altogether rid myself of an idea that Utopia existed somewhere or other for me; and where should it await me, I asked, if not in merry England. So I determined to explore the mysteries of England. We steamed up the Thames in a fog, thickened by the melancholy gloom of ubiquitous smoke, and broken in one place by a dull red spot, which, I was informed, denoted the place where the island sun ought to be. It was three o'clock in the afternoon, but it was nearly dark; and along the river-side the gas-lamps were already lighted, when I went ashore and waited until my baggage was hurled pell-mell upon the quay. After certain formalities had been gone through, I drove to the house of an English friend in Kensington, and soon had the pleasure of finding myself in one of the much-vaunted 'sweet homes' of England. Ah! there are carpets everywhere, and gas and water upon every floor. And there are great, guillotine-like windows opening on to balconies covered with pots of smoky flowers. Inside, everything has its covering or ornament. The pianoforte is surmounted by a mat, on which rests a bust of some German composer; and the chairs and lounges are clothed with lace. In the fire-place is a fire hot enough to roast a cow; and at its side are three steel utensils, which remind me of instruments of torture; and a coal-scuttle of the size of a bath.

But these things must not delay me, for my host, knowing that I have come to explore, has suggested that we go to see a football match on the afternoon of the next day, which is Saturday.

Saturday afternoon is, it appears, the great holiday of the English nation. Most of the shops are closed, many of the theatres are open, and amusement becomes the sole aim of the people whom the First Napoleon called 'a nation of shopkeepers.'

At one o'clock my friend and I set out for Clapham, where the football match is to be played. We go by train. My friend, by the way, tells me that football is a national pastime, and that it is universal throughout the country. It is, he says, as popular, or more so than cricket. Although it is damp and cold, I feel myself elated at the prospect of seeing the sport, especially as in the compartment with us are two fair-haired young men, who, I am informed, are going to take part in the game. They wear thick scarlet stockings of woollen, and knickerbockers of white flannel. Above, they are enveloped in a short, heavy coat. They have no cravats, and on their heads they have small caps of scarlet velvet with tassels of silver. One of them carries a large ball of leather, not just quite round, and which seems very hard, but is wonderfully light. They are good enough to allow me to examine it. I discover that it is tightly laced up with leather thongs over an inner case of india-rubber, which, I am told, is inflated by the breath until it becomes very hard.

At Clapham Junction we alight, and proceed to the common, a large open space covered with turf, on which are a few trees. The situation is picturesque, and there is a pleasant breeze; but the air is damp, and there is much fog.

A certain space having been marked out by small flags, two tall poles are erected at both ends of the course, and between them is stretched a piece of tape at a height from the ground of four or five metres. The length of the course is about one hundred and twenty metres, and its breadth about eighty. The object of the game is to send the ball between the two posts at the end of the ground possessed by the enemy.

There are many people on the common, and it appears that more than one match is about to be played. All the players have not yet arrived; so I walk about with my friend to keep myself warm. At a stall is a man who sells hot coffee and ices. The mixture is curious, but the man is not alarmed, and beats his chest with his hands, in order to warm himself, for the wind is brisk in the centre of the common.

Suddenly there is a shout, and the players, who have all arrived while I have been drinking my cup of execrable coffee, divest themselves of their coats, and allow me to see that their bodies are covered by thick, close-fitting 'jerseys.' I also notice that all the young men wear heavy boots. The game is about to commence.

On each side the players arrange themselves in front of the two tall poles, which my friend tells me are called the 'goals.' The members of one party wear scarlet jerseys, caps, and stockings; those of the other, blue. The effect is enchanting, for each one is strong, and has his biceps well developed. The leader of the 'blues' advances to the centre of the course with the ball, and with his heel makes an indentation in the ground, in which he places the inflated leather. Then he looks back, to see that his followers are prepared, and gives some directions, which the force of the breeze prevents me hearing. In the meantime,

we, the spectators, retire a short distance, and wait.

When his men are all satisfactorily arranged, the leader of the 'blues' steps back a few paces, and then, quickly running forward, deals the ball a blow with his foot, which sends it high in the air in the direction of the 'reds.' At the same moment the 'reds' run toward him with a shout, and one of them catches the ball in his arms. I am growing interested! Football is a noble sport! The 'red' who has seized the ball places it under his right arm, and charges towards the 'blues' with great precipitation, followed by nearly the whole of his comrades, who upset all the 'blues' with whom they meet. But, alas! my champion has been caught by a 'blue,' who with great dexterity has seized him by the jersey, and caused him to perform a pirouette, which ends in his fall on the ground. Horror! the jersey is torn, and the courageous player lies on his bare back under a mountain of friends and foes, struggling to retain possession of the ball. There are young ladies watching the sport, but they are not perturbed at the spectacle of the torn jersey. They only laugh, and clap their hands with the excitement. And this is English modesty! But the struggle on the ground continues; I can no longer distinguish the forms of the players; they are covered with mud; and of the 'red' who held the ball, only his stockings and boots are visible. He will be crushed! But no! I heard him cry plaintively from the midst of the mass, and his comrades disentangle themselves, and aid him to rise. He still holds the ball; and as he rises, he places it between his feet, and with his hands attempts to re-arrange his torn jersey. His comrades on both sides assist him. They are friendly and amiable. Surely they must be very good-tempered. But what is this? The players crowd round the unfortunate 'red' once more, supporting each other, while the possessor of the ball places it carefully within the circle formed by their muddy feet. Alas! they will kill each other. What terrible kicks! I can hear them; but I cannot see, for all the players are again, for some moments, mixed in inextricable confusion. I ask my friend if any one is hurt. He tells me coolly that this is only a 'hack through,' and that no one is very much hurt. Truly these English can suffer.

But now the ball has escaped from the crowd of feet, and is rolling across the course towards the goal of the 'reds.' A 'red' seizes it once more in his arms; but he is immediately kicked by a 'blue' until he falls and drops it. He is hurt, for there is blood on his lips, and he does not rise. It is horrible! There is a crowd at once, and a comrade goes for water to the coffee-stall. Ah! he is very pale, as he lies there on the grass. I ask my friend if he will die. He says that the 'red' has only broken a rib. I think that the 'blue' did it, but I am silent, for I am sick. Now the victim is carried away, and the game proceeds as before; but I tell my friend that I have seen sufficient of his national pastime, and that I am ready to return with him to home.

In the train he informs me that in England there are several kinds of football, each played in a different manner. What we have witnessed is the 'Rugby game.' It is the favourite mode of playing at many places. I am silent, for have not my ideas of the chivalrous nature of sympathetic

Englishmen received a rude shock? I had heard that the national pastimes were healthy and invigorating. I am convinced that one of them at least is brutal.

### THE STORAGE OF EXPLOSIVES.

SOME time ago, we noticed various inventions for the safe storage of gunpowder, and alluded incidentally to a device of W. H. Chambers, Deputy-commissary of Her Majesty's Control Department, that promised to secure perfect safety against explosion—in effect, a plan, so to speak, of rendering gunpowder fireproof. Since then, the invention has been thoroughly tested, and become the subject of a patent. The following account of experiments to test the magazine or vessel containing the explosive material has just appeared in the *Times* newspaper. It will be read with interest by those who require to keep gunpowder on their premises, and also by public bodies who have to adopt means for guarding against explosion.

The magazine is cylindrical or drum-shaped in form, and can be made of any required size, so as to conform to the exigencies of transport, and at the same time to be useful in storage. It consists of an outer casing of galvanised sheet-iron, pierced with several small holes, through which any moisture or steam may escape from the body of the magazine when subjected to great heat, the holes being plugged with red-lead. Next comes a lining of plaster of Paris in a concrete state one inch thick, and coated on its interior surface with a thin layer of Portland cement. Inside this again is a  $1\frac{1}{2}$ -inch thickness of plaster of Paris in powder and well pressed down. An intermediate casing of thin sheet-iron, galvanised, comes next, within which is a one-inch thickness of ground cork; and, finally, an inner lining of sheet-zinc. This forms the sides and bottom of the magazine, the lid being similarly constructed, and either screwed bodily into the mouth of the drum, so as to be easily removable, or hinged to it. In either case the lid is provided with proper fastenings, and the meeting edges of the lid and body are hermetically sealed. The portable magazines measure about thirty-two inches in height, with a diameter of twenty-eight inches, outside measurement; being but little larger than the portable magazines at present in use. The effect of this method of construction is to obtain a very low conducting power—so low that, on exposing a magazine to the heat of a fire sufficiently fierce to bring the outer casing to a welding heat, the temperature in the interior is raised to from  $214^{\circ}$  to  $219^{\circ}$  Fahrenheit only. Another result is that, while practically fire-proof, the magazine is also damp-proof. On exposing the magazine to heat, the contained powder remains uninjured, instead of being spoilt, as in some cases it is, by the vaporisation of chemicals, with the object of rendering the contents inexplosive. Before patenting his invention, Mr Chambers took the precaution to test his system. The tests were made by Messrs Miller and Herbert, engineers, of Heriotfield Works, Edinburgh. In test No. 1 a model drum-shaped magazine was made use of, which was composed of an outer iron skin, then plaster of Paris in powder,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  inch thick, then an intermediate iron skin lined with concrete plaster of Paris one inch thick. Inside this drum some gunpowder was placed, and the drum was then

immersed for twenty-four hours in a tank of water. Upon examination the powder was found to be perfectly dry, and no moisture whatever was indicated inside the magazine. Test No. 2 consisted in placing the same cylinder with the same powder in it in a plumber's fire for four and a half hours, a fierce fire being maintained meanwhile by the fan-blast. It was then removed from the fire, and left to cool; and when opened, the gunpowder was found perfectly good. In test No. 3 the same cylinder was placed in a smith's forge, a registering thermometer being placed inside. The cylinder remained in the forge until every part of the outer casing had become red-hot, a portion of it being at a welding heat, a strong fan-blast having been maintained the whole time. Upon examination the thermometer was found to have registered  $219^{\circ}$  Fahrenheit. The gunpowder was placed in the cylinder the moment the thermometer was withdrawn, but was not ignited. Upon dropping a lighted paper into the magazine, however, the gunpowder exploded, shewing that it had not suffered deterioration from the previous experiments. In test No. 4 a closed cylinder three inches thick, and composed of the non-conducting material only, without the iron casing, was kept in a reverberatory furnace for one hour and fifty minutes, a thermometer being placed inside. The exterior was exposed to a white-heat, which cracked the surface for about half an inch deep. The thermometer, however, registered an interior temperature of only  $215^{\circ}$ . In the final trial a cylinder was used composed of two inches of plaster of Paris, half an inch of cork, one inch of plaster of Paris, and again half an inch of cork, the lid being made in the same way, no metal being used. This cylinder was kept in a reverberatory furnace for two hours, at the end of which time the outer wall was cracked, as before, but the cork remained intact, the thermometer registering  $214^{\circ}$ .

### THE STRANGER'S GRAVE.

He sleeps within a nameless grave,  
Where Spring's luxuriant blossoms wave,  
For Summer's reign is nigh.  
The solitude around his tomb  
Is beautiful as Eden's bloom  
Ere beauty learned to die.

Her fairest and most fragrant flowers  
Kind May in bright profusion showers  
Upon that lovely spot;  
Where the sick heart and weary head  
Rest in their last dark, narrow bed,  
Forgetting and forgot.

No drooping mourners kneel beside  
That lonely grave at even-tide,  
And smother it with their tears;  
But oft the balmy dews of night  
Lave it in pity, when the light  
Of kindling stars appears.

No loved ones breathe the holy prayer,  
But Nature's incense fills the air,  
And seeks the distant sky.  
Her artless hymn the song-bird sings,  
The dreamy hum of insect wings,  
Are prayers that never die.

Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, 47 Paternoster Row, LONDON, and 339 High Street, EDINBURGH.  
Also sold by all Booksellers.

# CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

OF  
POPULAR

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

*Fourth Series*

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS.

No. 621.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 20, 1875.

PRICE 1½d.

## THE KETTLE-DRUM.

THE gradual advance of dinner from six to seven o'clock, seven to eight o'clock, and even later, has thrown the system of daily meals, to speak mechanically, out of gear. One result is pretty observable. Luncheon, which used to be a trifling affair about or a little after mid-day, has expanded into a kind of dinner at two to three o'clock. Many, indeed, actually dine at that time, and make the late and ceremonious dinner little better than a bit of parade or sham. That is to say, in so-called fashionable society, there are two dinners in the day, at one of which people appear in ordinary morning attire, and at the other in evening dress. The protraction of the hour for the final meal of the day has, however, had another result. It has led to the interpolation of what is known as the kettle-drum or afternoon tea about five o'clock; and it is of this intermediate and uncereemonious refectation that we wish to say a few words.

The origin of the term 'kettle-drum' has never been clearly explained. A 'drum' used to be the name given to evening-parties a hundred years ago, and possibly 'kettle' has been prefixed to the word to impart the idea of a tea-kettle. Anyway, a kettle-drum happens to be a pleasant sort of meal—scarcely a meal at all, but only an excuse for meeting together in an easy manner at an interval when one has nothing else to do; while some will accept it as a welcome prelude to the onerous task of 'dressing for dinner.' The afternoon tea or kettle-drum has other uses. Men have now no leisure for breakfast-parties, even if they were inclined to talk before facing the day's work; and the ponderous formality of the dinner which fashion prescribes, to say nothing of its often finding men tired and jaded, forbids that free interchange of sentiments which renders Johnson's tavern dinners or the sociable feasts of Holland House so pleasant a retrospect in these days and nights of hurry. Much of the friendly talk of a country-house, or the liveliness of a London mansion, crystallises round the kettle-

drum. Mrs Jones and Mr Thompson have sat for five minutes in their hostess's drawing-room, looking prim and starched, and very frigidly abusing the hot weather. Suddenly, the lady of the house, with a bright thought, rings the bell; tea appears, and at once they thaw, while the conversation runs on again, sparkling through its ordinary channels. Or it has been a cold snowy afternoon in November; the women did not care to leave the house; *ennui* has reigned triumphant, and the painted ancestors on the walls have been frowning with gloomy brows on the modern fine ladies beneath; when suddenly tea is brought into that most charming room of a country-house, the inner hall or first drawing-room. Smiles forthwith brighten out, and a ripple of murmured chit-chat ensues. Then in walk Charlie and the captain in knickerbockers and shooting-jackets, while young Fitz and Major Stooks ride up to the door on their nags, all glad of civilised society after severe outdoor exercise, and thankful for the cup of tea, which at any other time they would despise. How pleasant, then, is the low easy-chair, the blazing braids on the 'dogs,' their flicker on the china and *bric-à-brac* around, the *petits-soins* of the ladies, only too glad to turn handmaids for the nonce, the heightened colour of Alice, the last new song warbled by Kate; until the bell warns the cosy party that it is time to dress for dinner.

But if that most agreeable refreshment, afternoon tea, has to answer for much of the scandal and uncharitable surmises of society, perhaps people do not settle down to this sorry employment with the same deliberation as the ladies, when they enter the drawing-room after dinner; still the light shafts which are sped are none the less dangerous from being unpremeditated. Tea has long had to suffer under the imputation of gossip, and afternoon tea quite keeps up its character. Little did that arch-gossip Pepys reflect, when he wrote in his Diary, on Sept. 25, 1660, 'I did send for a cup of tea, a China drink of which I had never drunk before,' that he was talking of a power which should hereafter fill so many diaries with gossiping trivialities.

Though afternoon tea is a product of advanced civilisation, its analogues may be found in the past. Thus Isidore, a grammarian of the seventh century, explains the Roman meal called *merenda*, concerning which antiquaries have always been puzzled, as having been 'food taken in the afternoon, to be eaten after mid-day, and just before dinner; whence,' he adds, 'certain call it *antecena*,' or dinner prelude. This exactly corresponds to our cup of tea taken in the afternoon just before dinner. So that in this case, as in so many others, there is nothing new under the sun. Lucullus gathered his guests around him in the shady arbour at his country-house for *merenda* on oppressive afternoons, just as cups of tea now solace our young people under the croquet tent, before the dressing-bell rings.

Leaving out of sight total agitation, the teacup has thus become to a certain extent a power in the state; nor is there much fear, at least in our own time, of its becoming a corrupt one. And yet it is from the natural process of development that a change may pass over its fortunes; its goodness die of a plethora. As soon as parliament abandons late sittings, dinner may perhaps return to a more sensible hour, lunch modestly put in its claims again, and the gunpowder of afternoon tea explode into empty space. A generation will grieve over it, and the philosophers of the future set themselves to speculate on its exact value amongst the fashionable agents of the nineteenth century. Finally, to be relegated in their opinion to that limbo of vanities whither ascend the cast-off delights of society.

Some thought it mounted to the lunar sphere,  
Since all things lost on earth are treasured there,  
There broken vows and death-bed alms are found,  
And lovers' hearts with ends of ribbon bound:  
Cages for gnats, and chains to yoke a flea,  
Dried butterflies, and tomes of casuistry.

Or, if we may venture to alter Pope—'afternoon bohea.'

## GLENCAIRN,

A DRAMATIC STORY IN THREE ACTS.

### SECOND ACT.

As much as two years elapse; the Edinburgh tradesmen have almost forgot that funny, though losing piece of business with Lord Glencairn, and his lordship has to all appearance vanished from the face of the earth. Glencairn, however, had only changed the scene of operations to the United States of America, and at the same time changed his designation. He was no longer a claimant for the Glencairn peerage, but a scion of the noble House of Gordon, if not actually Earl of Aberdeen. We have thought over what could be his lordship's reasons for honouring the Aberdeen family by the adoption of their surname, and have arrived at the belief that his choice of name was chiefly due to the possession of note-papers with the earl's coronet, and the monogram H. G., or G. H., just as you chose to read it. Possessing a quantity of these note-papers, his lordship needed to make no change. He was Hamilton, Lord

Gordon, or, if you like, George Hamilton Gordon, Earl of Aberdeen.

Whatever governed his lordship's choice of title, he cast up at St Paul, Minnesota, one of the western states of America, in the summer of 1870, shortly after having abruptly disappeared from London. At first he said little about himself, was modest in his bearing, and, with the money he had carried off, he was able to settle his bills regularly. While efforts were making to discover who he was, he placed himself in correspondence with the officers of the Northern Pacific Railroad, with the intention, as he said, of purchasing fifty thousand or sixty thousand acres of land on which to plant a Scotch colony. To purchase land in such a wholesale manner raised a high opinion of his wealth, while his note-papers, with the coronet, let it be understood that he was a man of rank. He was accordingly treated as a lord, and becoming the lion of the hour, he expressed himself as being grateful for all the kindness shewn him; in token of which he made some handsome presents of jewellery. What ensued, as described in a Minneapolis newspaper, reads like a novel.

'Being interviewed by the officers of the Pacific Railway regarding his proposed purchase of lands—"Yes," he said; "I do covet a few acres of your beautiful lands; not for myself—I have more than enough for my poor life—but for my dear sister, for the gratification of her benevolence. She would like to present to some of my old tenants lands in your free republic, where they may rear their families in peace and plenty; and to gratify my beautiful sister I would like to buy a few thousand acres—not many thousand, certainly say about fifty thousand acres or so—just a little for my poor people." Then there was a buzz! The office of the Northern Pacific was agitated. Here was a lord, who cared nothing for money, and who wanted a little bit of land—fifty thousand acres, for benevolent purposes. He would like to inspect it, of course, before purchasing. So they equipped a caravan, and led him promptly forth. It was the last of August when the princely retinue started from St Paul to the Northern Pacific, under command of Colonel Loomis, the deviser and commander of the excursion. Can the glories of that caravan be told? It was equipped for a lord. There were half-a-dozen teams with a carriage for Milord, besides the omnibuses, ambulances, &c. There were twelve men to do the manual labour; with a French cook and negro waiters in linen aprons and white gloves, and the royal table was unloaded from the baggage-wagons at every meal, and set out with fresh napkins, silver-plate, and china. It was truly gorgeous! Every luxury that the markets of Chicago, St Paul, and Minneapolis could produce was there; and all the game of the boundless prairie, from woodcock to buffalo. Champagne three times a day. When the caravan had skirted Oak Lake, Milord wanted to see Fergus Falls; and when he had done Fergus Falls, he longed for Morehead; and when he had digested

Morehead, he yearned to extend his excursion beyond the Red River. So on and on the deluded Loomis pressed, ever roweling the sable waiters, ever cajoling and reproaching the French cook, ever excited between anticipation and apprehension, and ever sending relays of messengers for more potted grouse, more cranberry jelly, and more champagne. In November the party came back half-frozen. Milord had selected his fifty thousand acres in Otter Tail and Beaver counties. The Northern Pacific Railroad Company footed the bills—fifteen thousand dollars for two months. The absurd farce was at an end. Milord Gordon did not buy the land for his poor tenants, and he never again mentioned his beautiful and benevolent sister to anybody.

Having travelled about for a few months, making himself acquainted with the various railway schemes of the country, Gordon in 1871 lighted down on New York, there, as we shall see, to commence business by appearing as a grand millionaire. He was the Right Honourable Lord Gordon, an English nobleman in the House of Lords, where he was always listened to with marked attention. He owned vast estates in Scotland, with a numerous tenantry, who were desirous to emigrate. He had come to America to seek out a locality where they might settle as a community; already he had made inquiries, and he designed to go westwards for the purpose. In two ways, this was a clever idea of his lordship. The Americans, with all their republicanism, are the most arrant tuft-hunters. They run after persons with a title, and, as has just been observed, a number of them are eager to get hold of any one who will buy large lots of land in the western part of the States. Lord Gordon was in request, almost treated like a prince. No doubt, great skill was required for the performance of his new rôle. But his lordship was fit for it all. With the easy composure of an English nobleman, his anecdotes of high life in London, his talk of lords and ladies at court, the off-hand narratives of his landed property and connections, his anxiety to be useful in promoting the emigration of his poor tenants, and his willingness to bear all the expense, brought him into notice. Horace Greeley believed in him, and took him up. More strange still, his lordship had the address to impose on Jay Gould, one of the acutest men of the age. This we consider to have been a really marvellous feat, and we must tell how it happened, drawing the more salient particulars from a volume of printed law-papers connected with the process of Gould *versus* Gordon in the supreme court, county of New York.

In his first affidavit before the court, Gould says: 'In the month of February last [1872], I was informed by Mr William Belden, that the Right Honourable Lord Gordon, otherwise known as the Earl of Aberdeen, a Scottish nobleman, was temporarily in the city; that he claimed to be largely interested in the stock of the Erie Railway Company, of which I was then President; and at

Mr Belden's request I sent him a complimentary pass over the Erie Railway.' For the compliment so handsomely paid, his lordship promptly despatched an acknowledgment by a note, which now lies before us; it is written in a scrawling aristocratic hand, surmounted by the earl's coronet and monogram, and is as follows: 'Lord Gordon presents compliments, and begs to acknowledge receipt of Complimentary Pass over the Erie Ry, of which he will be happy to avail himself in the event of his passing over the Line.' As it was subsequently represented that Lord Gordon, from his connection with English shareholders, had a controlling interest in the stock of the Erie Railway, Gould called on him at his rooms in the Metropolitan Hotel. At this juncture, it is to be understood, there was an approaching crisis in the management of the Erie Railway, and Gould was hopeful of being supported through his lordship's influence. All very well, one would say; but surely the first thing he ought to have done was to assure himself that Gordon had any influence at all. Mr Gould appears by a sort of infatuation to have been lulled into confidence by the wild pretensions and assumed title of the impostor, who led him to believe that he was possessed of large landed estates in Great Britain; that for many years he had been in receipt of an annual income of about three millions of dollars; and that he had already invested large sums in American securities. As for the Erie Railway Company he owned thirty million of dollars in the capital stock, and had the control of twenty more millions, owned by his friends in England; in short, that he and his friends possessed a majority in the concern, which was substantially in his power. It fills one with amazement to know that Gould in his credulity, and in the hope, as it were, of buying over Gordon, believed all this nonsense, and engaged to deposit with him in security, as a mark of his good faith in his lordship, property to the value of five hundred thousand dollars, to be returned on the election of the Board of Directors in the way reckoned on. Stocks as specified to the value of three hundred thousand dollars, with two hundred thousand dollars (forty thousand pounds) in money, were accordingly handed over. Did ever adventurer without a shilling he could call his own, and by dint of mere audacity, make such a tremendous haul?

Gordon, of course, failed to do what was expected of him, and Gould was furious on finding that he had been imposed on by a wretched interloper. Sending to London (when a little too late) to inquire as to the true character of his lordship, he ascertained that this magnificent personage could be nothing else than an impostor. Shocking revelation! The great Gould outwitted by an English adventurer! In the annals of villainy there was hardly anything more grotesque. Roused to a sense of his wrongs, Gould set the law to work, for which we are greatly obliged to him, as it lets us into a knowledge of a monstrously



nefarious affair. Gould, we can see, from his local knowledge and leanings, was too much for Gordon, who stood on the defensive. Yet, he had his solicitors, and shewed fight. He had a good deal to say for himself in the way of ingenious bamboozlement. He actually raised a counter-action, Gordon *versus* Gould, in which he endeavoured to maintain his claim to the property that had been indiscreetly put in his possession. In time, however, and by a little manœuvring, in which a judge was concerned, he, under pressure, gave back part of his plunder.

Abridging from an affidavit, we shall let Gould explain how he achieved this remarkable success through the friendly assistance of Mr William Belden, to whom he mentioned the circumstances. 'Mr Belden said that as Gordon had been a guest of his, and he knew him very well, he believed that if he could see him, he would return the moneys and securities which I had given him, without legal proceedings, or satisfy me they were not necessary. Belden and I then started to go to the Metropolitan Hotel for the purpose of seeing Gordon; on my way, having occasion to see Mr Tweed, who said he knew nothing of Gordon, but if I thought he was a swindler, I had better see Judge Shandley about him, who was then in the next room waiting to see him on business; he accordingly called Judge Shandley into the room where we were, and said to him that we wished to talk to him. We told the judge very briefly that a man stopping at the Metropolitan Hotel had obtained a large amount of moneys and securities from me, and that I had been led to think that he was probably an impostor, and meant to swindle me, and that we were going up to the hotel to see the man. I asked him what course I could pursue in case Gordon refused to give up the money and securities, and he said I could have him arrested, of course, on applying to any magistrate; he said he should be at the hotel that afternoon, and would be there very soon, and if I desired to do so, I could apply to him there for my man's arrest. Mr Belden and I went directly to the Metropolitan Hotel. I went immediately to room No. 112. I did not go into the billiard-room, or to the bar-room, but went directly to room No. 112, to which I have always had free access. There Mr Belden and I sat down, and I proceeded to give him a list of the securities which Gordon had belonging to me. While we were so occupied, Judge Shandley came in. It was suggested that we should need an officer, and a police-officer was procured. Mr Belden left the room to go to Gordon, and in a few minutes he returned, stating that Gordon [under a hint as to a police-officer and a warrant being at hand a few rooms off] was perfectly willing to hand back my money and securities; and thereupon I gave Mr Belden a note to the effect that he should represent me. Mr Belden went back to Gordon's room, and shortly after he returned, and handed me packages containing two hundred

thousand dollars, and also some of the securities which I had given to Gordon. Mr Belden told me that Gordon had promised to hand the balance of the securities to him that evening. I then left the hotel.' We gather from this that Gould recovered the money he had given to Gordon, but that a portion of the stock connected with certain undertakings remained to be surrendered. This stock, over which Gordon had no valid claim, and which he engaged to return that evening, was not returned. The promise to give it back to the rightful owner was illusory. Gordon had either disposed of it for his own advantage, or placed it for sale in the hands of stock-brokers at Philadelphia, where a process of restitution was instituted.

It is observable throughout this extraordinary litigation that much ignorance prevails in the United States regarding the British peerage and their titles. To clear up matters, it was found necessary to appeal to an expert, who made a business of giving advice respecting claims to coats of arms, and titular heritages in Great Britain. The knowledge of there being such a professional adviser does not quite surprise us, for we remember seeing an office in the Broadway, New York, where English coats of arms were adjudged and distributed as articles of merchandise. In the present instance, the expert was Robert Shelton Mackenzie, Doctor of Laws, at Philadelphia, who had made a special study of British peerage history, the rules of heraldry, and titles of honour. By this learned authority it was shewn that 'if there was a Lord Gordon, he would use the coronet of a baron, and not of the higher degree of an earl; and if there existed the son of a duke or marquis with the courtesy title of Lord George Gordon, he would not use his father's coronet, but simply the family crest, inasmuch as the law, not recognising titles of courtesy, would regard him as a commoner only; and any official statement would describe him as George Gordon, Esquire, commonly called Lord Gordon.' Then, as for the monogram, G. H., employed under the coronet in his note-papers, if meant to indicate George Hamilton Gordon, Earl of Aberdeen, it could not be correct, for the young Earl of Aberdeen was now travelling in Italy. In fact, the monogram with an earl's coronet was an unwarrantable assumption.

In the course of his judicial examinations, Gordon spoke of having transactions with one Count Charles Henry de Crano, residing in 'Cambridge Square, Notting Hill, London,' and whom he represented to be his step-father. It was deemed important to discover if there was any such mighty personage, or if he was only a flight of fancy. Communications were forthwith opened with the London authorities; and we have some diverting evidence of detectives and letter-carriers, regarding their efforts to discover a man who never existed; they might just as well have been sent travelling through London to find

out any of the heroes of Dickens's novels. George Greenham, of the Detective Department of the Metropolitan Police, being able to speak French, Italian, and German, declares before a magistrate at the Mansion House, that he had visited every house in Pembridge Square, Notting Hill, and every house in Cambridge Square, Paddington, but no De Crano was to be found. Besides this, he says, he visited not only all the private dwellings about Notting Hill, but all the provision-shops, butchers', bakers', grocers', chemists', and other shops, and that he could not find a single person who ever so much as heard of any one called De Crano. The legations of Austria, France, Spain, and Italy were equally ignorant on the subject. It was clear that De Crano was an invention. Next, we have a number of declarations, before magistrates, of noblemen—the Marquis of Huntly, the Earl of Aberdeen, and others—to the effect that they had no connection with, and knew nothing of the person styling himself Lord Gordon. Also, the affidavit of J. R. Planché, Somerset Herald, declaring that the bearing an earl's coronet over a monogram was an irregularity unknown to the laws of arms. In justice to Jay Gould, we must say he spared neither trouble nor expense to discover the character of the adventurer by whom he had been victimised.

Meanwhile, during these proceedings, Gordon felt that the net was closing around him. At the instance of Gould, on a charge of obtaining property on false pretences, he had been brought before a judge, and was only liberated on finding bail to a large amount. Had the case come to a regular trial, his lordship might possibly, by underhand means, not unknown in American law practice, have been acquitted. The case, however, never got the length of a trial. Gordon, to his dismay, heard that Jay Gould, in his indefatigable endeavours to procure a conviction, had taken steps to secure the attendance of Mr Smith of Marshall and Sons, and that, in fact, that gentleman was already on his way to New York. All, he now knew, would be lost unless Smith went to the bottom of the sea, or was somehow made away with on his arrival. Leaving Gordon in an unenviable state of suspense as to the possibly disagreeable upshot of his frauds, we drop the curtain on the second act, and leave the wind-up of the drama to a concluding paper. W. C.

#### ABOUT ICELAND.

CAPTAIN BURTON's visit to Iceland, of which the two volumes we are about to notice are a record, was made rather more than two years ago; but the delay in publication has distinct advantages. There may possibly be some loss of freshness in the narrative, though that is in general spirited enough, but there is a counterbalancing gain. The due amount of reflection which the interval between the date of Captain Burton's sojourn in Iceland and that of the publication of his book has enabled him to bestow upon his subject, has prevented anything like hasty or inartistic work; and the

perspective, proportion, and disposition of light and shade which the author has observed in the arrangement of his material, and which is very desirable in a book of this sort, would have been impossible, had it been more hurriedly done. Books upon Iceland have not been few, and it is probable that a good deal of exaggeration has been written concerning the country, especially in regard to its natural features. A perusal of Captain Burton's volumes leaves the impression of their being a candid, impartial, and trustworthy estimate of the subject. The author has not relied entirely upon the conceptions which he himself formed of the country and its people, but has carefully compared them with those of other travellers, making himself acquainted with almost everything that has been written that would be likely to assist him in his work. The result is an exhaustive book, wherein no aspect of the subject seems to be left untouched.\*

Captain Burton landed in Iceland, as was most natural, at the capital, Reykjavik. Reykjavik is a place which has made a fair amount of progress, considering the remoteness of its position, during the last half-century. Seventy years ago it was nothing more than a fishing village, containing some seven hundred inhabitants. It may now be considered a 'fair north-of-Europe port,' its population in 1870, when the census was last taken, being 2021, which is increased by about five hundred during the annual fair. The town is built on each side of a small and gradually sloping river-valley, which drains the Tjorn, a lakelet to the south, in extent about eight hundred yards long, by four hundred broad. The streets are for the most part well planned—straight, broad, and macadamised, but little can be said for their cleanliness. The drains are allowed to remain foul for long periods, and Reykjavik is pervaded throughout with 'an ancient fish-like smell,' against which, custom seems to have rendered the inhabitants proof. The houses are built with little regularity, chiefly of wooden frameworks of joists, filled 'with basaltic slabs, and mortar blue with dark sand,' and the walls are boarded over. Most of the houses have gardens, which are neatly kept, planted with vegetables and the hardier sorts of flowers and fruit-trees. In this direction great advance has been made by the Icelanders. In 1810, in Reykjavik, there was 'not a single garden or vegetable of any kind.' The most characteristic part of Reykjavik is that inhabited by the class of people called Tomthúsamen, or 'empty-house men,' the majority of whom are engaged solely in fishing. They form by far the largest portion of the community, and their dwelling-places are, in point of architecture, a composite of the Irish shanty, the cabin of the Far West, and the earth-covered hut of the Esquimaux. Their shape is an oblong parallelogram; the material of which they are built, basaltic blocks. Peats supply the place of mortar; the walls are sunk two or three feet below the ground; they possess generally two single-paned windows, and the steeply sloped turfed roofs 'yield a superior crop of grass.' A peculiarity of these houses is, that they appear as if gathering themselves together

\* *Ultima Thule: a Summer in Iceland.* By Captain Richard F. Burton. William P. Nimmo, London and Edinburgh.

and pushing forward against the wind, the rain, and the snow, as though compelled by an aggressive climate always to maintain the most defensive attitude possible.

Reykjavik was the centre from which Captain Burton made his several expeditions and explorations throughout the country. During the five months of his stay in Iceland, he became thoroughly acquainted with its physical characteristics, and with the past history as well as the present life and condition of its people. It is of this last point we would chiefly treat.

The estimates which different travellers have formed of the national character of the Icelanders vary greatly. One represents them as gloomy, ungenial, stubborn, suspicious, slothful, greedy, and unscrupulous; another writer, denying all this, calls them dignified, law-abiding, cheerful, frank, pious, contented, intellectual, hospitable, and not markedly addicted to any vice except that of drunkenness. As might be expected, the truth probably lies somewhere between these two extremes. Captain Burton has studied the Icelandic character closely, and describes it as nearly resembling that of other northern peoples, though, at the same time, isolation has preserved for it certain distinct national traits. The Icelanders are distinguished by truthfulness, mingling this truthfulness of their own, however, with a strong suspicion and distrust of others; in this resembling the Laplanders and other northernmen. As compared with the natives of Southern Europe, they are stolid and slow-witted. Having little at home to stimulate in them invention or enterprise, they are strongly conservative; but abroad they are without difficulty stirred to ambition and emulation. The Icelandic is a 'large-brained and strong-brained man,' naturally of a slow and solid mental habit, but capable of a high degree of education and culture. All the influences which surround him at home tend to make him indolent and phlegmatic; but abroad he becomes energetic, self-reliant, and courageous. What the Icelandic was a century ago, he is still. The manner of his life has altered very little during the past hundred years. While the rest of the civilised world has been advancing with such rapid strides, he has remained, perforce, almost stationary.

Education in Iceland is pretty generally diffused, but does not reach a high standard. All can, more or less, read and write; but, owing in a great measure to the thinness of the population, the pursuit of knowledge seems evidently to be carried on under difficulties. 'Learning among the Icelanders,' our author says, using a well-known quotation, 'is like bread in a besieged town; every man gets a mouthful, but no man a meal.' There are other places besides Iceland of which this could be said.

The wealth of Iceland consists chiefly in its grass-lands. Flocks and herds provide the most important means of livelihood to the people, and the chief source of industry and commerce. The fields are naturally grassed, not seeded, the plough and harrow being in little use. The grass is soft and thick, growing to a height of about six inches; and the hay made from it is of excellent quality and sweetness. White clover grows readily in the island, as do also potatoes and various other of the hardier sorts of garden produce. Attempts have at different times been made to introduce several

kinds of grain, but as yet without success; and it is still doubtful whether the warm season in Iceland is sufficiently long to ripen it. Moreover, the preliminary expense, which would have to be incurred before the experiment of grain cultivation could be properly made, such as the levelling of the soil, is greater than the farmers could afford. The best farms are on the north side of the island, the south-western coasts being inhabited chiefly by a fishing population. The homes of the agricultural and pastoral class nowhere form even the smallest village. Nothing that can be called a township is found except on the seaboard.

Three thousand five hundred boats, and about five thousand men, are employed in working the Iceland fisheries. The proportion of the population whose regular occupation is fishing is only one-tenth of that engaged upon the farms; but during the busy season of the year, large numbers of the peasants betake themselves to the coasts, and the whole activity and interest of the people are for the time centred upon fishing. It is this industry, Captain Burton affirms, which has 'determined more than anything else the modes and inspiration of the national life.' The three most important kinds of fishing are the cod, the shark, and the whale fishery. The western coasts, the most desolate in appearance beyond almost all other parts of the island, are especially rich in cod, and possess excellent spawning grounds. Amateurs of the rod find good sport in Iceland, but, generally speaking, of a pretty rough kind. 'The fish either rush at the bait, swallowing the food before it touches the water, or lie sulking, and will not be persuaded to rise.' All the lakes and rivers, except those which have their sources immediately in snow-mountains, are plentifully stocked with fish.

The female part of the population of Iceland is employed during winter chiefly in weaving and knitting, and during summer in spinning yarn. The loom—a primitive construction, not much superior seemingly, to that used among the ancient Egyptians and the inhabitants of Central Africa at the present day—is found in every farm-house. With it a clever hand will weave three yards a day. A favourite employment in Iceland is gathering eider-down, which occupies both men and women, and is carried on during the autumn and winter. In 1870 as much as 7909 pounds of down was exported from the island; but the profits of the industry are small. Other productions of the island are the well-known Iceland spar and Iceland moss, the former being crystallised carbonate of lime.

During his stay in Reykjavik, Captain Burton was hospitably entertained at the houses of several of the chief families, and found the society kindly and pleasant. Those whom he visited spoke English and French. The custom of drinking healths, which has almost entirely disappeared among us, is still kept up at Icelandic dinner-tables. The drinker bows, tilts his glass slightly forward towards the person whose health he is drinking, and bows again. A curious practice is observed when a fresh bottle of wine is drawn. Before helping your neighbour, you first spill a few drops into your own glass. The same custom prevails, Captain Burton tells us, in Brazil. At the conclusion of a dinner in Iceland, all rise, and whether previously introduced or not, bow or

shake hands with each other, and, with the host and hostess, exclaiming 'Velkomme.' The gentlemen do not continue sitting at the table after the ladies have left—a practice which some may think might be adopted with advantage in England, and which is indeed being already followed to a considerable extent among us.

Of course, Captain Burton visited Hekla and the Geysirs. He calls it 'indeed a Cockney trip;' but 'a visit to Iceland without it, would be much like Dante's *Commedia* with the Inferno omitted.' But Captain Burton's account of Hekla and the Geysirs differs markedly from the descriptions of former travellers, in that it is very much less enthusiastic and wonder-moving. Most of us have been accustomed from our school-days to regard these two natural phenomena as among the 'wonders of the world;' but Captain Burton's matter-of-fact narrative goes some way to dispel this idea in his reader's mind. But the reason that Hekla and the Geysirs failed to present to our author the same aspects of 'thrilling horror,' 'majestic grandeur,' and 'heavenly beauty,' as they apparently did to the majority of his predecessors, may probably to a great extent be explained by the fact, that he has seen so very much more of the marvellous in creation than most men. What might strike with wonder the traveller of average experience might easily stir no great amount of astonishment in one who has pretty nearly traversed the wide world over. He assures us, however, that 'the dozen intelligent English tourists' who were in Iceland at the same time as himself, all agreed in forming an estimate of what they saw corresponding with his own. We would not like to say that the opinion of any of these gentlemen was at all influenced by that of Captain Burton, and we cannot attempt to suggest how this statement may be reconciled with the description which we have of Hekla and the Geysirs by other travellers. Captain Burton would settle the matter by at once affirming that all previous accounts have been vast, though doubtless not wilful, exaggerations. 'The Hekla in reality,' he says, 'is a commonplace heap, half the height of Hermon, and a mere pigmy compared with the Andine peaks, rising detached from the plains; about three and a half miles in circumference, backed by the snows of the Tindafjall and Torfarjokull, and supporting a sky-line that varies greatly with the angle under which it is seen. A pair of white patches represent the "eternal snows." On the right of the picture is the steep but utterly unimportant Thrihyrngr, crowned with its benchmark; to the left the Skarösfjall, variegated green and black; and in the centre the Bjölfur, a western buttress of the main building, which becomes alternately a saddle-back, a dorsum, and an elephant's head, trunk, and shoulders.'

Captain Burton found the ascent of Hekla slow but comparatively easy work, two young English ladies accompanying his party. He had read of 'concealed abysses,' 'crevasses to be crossed,' places where 'a slip would be to roll to destruction;' but none of these were encountered by him. Our author went to Iceland with a strong conviction that much of exaggeration had been written about that country; so that we may consider that the estimate which he gives us of its natural phenomena has not received its tinge from any great feeling of disappointment, at any rate. The Geysirs

moved him to no stronger emotion of wonder than did Hekla. 'Nothing,' he writes, 'can be meaner than their appearance, especially to the tourist who travels as usual from Reykjavik; nothing more ridiculous than the contrast of this pin's point, this atom of pyritic formation, with the gigantic theory which it was held to prove, earth's central fire, the now obsolete dream of classical philosophers and "celebrated academicians;" nothing more curious than the contrast between Nature and Art, between what we see in life, and what we find in travellers' illustrations.'

Our author deals as fairly as he can both by his readers and those writers on Iceland from whose verdicts he feels bound to differ, in that he gives us liberal quotations from several of the latter, as a set-off to his own generally unenthusiastic narrative. It is as well that we, on our part, should supply our readers with at least a sentence from a traveller who has described the beauty of the Geysirs with a vivid pen: 'The charm of the Geysirs at Reykir could not be exceeded; the shafts, as they rose, curved outwards all round in perfect symmetry, a tree of live water, throwing off steam, but not sufficient to obscure its marvellous beauty, as the sun sparkled among its branches.' It is difficult to believe that the writer of the above did not actually behold something like the beauty which he here describes; and we must again bear in view that Captain Burton contemplated Hekla and the Geysirs with the memory still vivid in his mind of sights which he declares, and which we are ready to believe on his testimony, to be of infinitely greater beauty and grandeur, such as 'the jetting boiling water near the beautiful Lake Rote-ma in New Zealand,' and the Yellowstone region in North America, where, as in the New World generally, 'every feature, lakes and cataracts, forest and cañon, is on a scale unknown to the Old.' But while Captain Burton writes thus of Hekla and the Geysirs, it must not be supposed that he met with no scenery in Iceland that awakened his admiration. In proof of this, and in justice to the country, since our quotations have been rather in the direction of disparaging its natural wonders, we would like, had space permitted, to have been able to give our author's description of a sunset view which he obtained of the Vatnajökull—a very glowing, yet not overdone picture.

Captain Burton set before him a definite object in writing these volumes—namely, to encourage, if possible, the further development of Iceland. He considers that the principal means by which this may be done are three: the working of the sulphur-mines; a thorough reform and improvement of the appliances at present in use among the fishing population of the island; and the extension of emigration. That a well-organised system of emigration would do much for Iceland, there seems to be little doubt. Thinly peopled as the country is, the population has in certain parts become too dense for the capabilities of the soil, and the conditions of life are at best hard. The emigration movement has not as yet been fairly tested, but the disposition of the people themselves is favourable to it, though the official authorities at Reykjavik at present discountenance it. The prejudices of the latter will probably, ere long, give way; and we find the Norwegian papers, which circulate widely throughout the island, and

the learned Dr Hjaltalin—an authority on most matters connected with Iceland—strongly recommending a systematised emigration. The Icelanders, strong of body and brain, would make such a settler as the Canadian government, or that of any of our Australian colonies, might be glad to welcome; while at home he is frequently little better than an idler, from sheer lack of an adequate stimulus to labour and enterprise. The terse epigrammatic way in which our author sums up the whole *rationale*, as we may call it, of emigration is worth quoting. For many years he has wondered 'how or why a poor man ever lives in England, or a rich man in America.' Possibly Captain Burton would say the same in regard to emigration to all our various colonies; but is it not lucky for these that every one is not of the same opinion? It would be rather hard on America and our colonies if all successful settlers were to desert their shores as soon as they had become rich and serviceable to the state.

The other two means by which Captain Burton believes the temporal well-being of the Icelanders is capable of great improvement—namely, the further development of the fisheries and the sulphur mines—are treated in detail with great care and completeness.

## THE FLAG OF DISTRESS.

### CHAPTER XLI.—PANAMA! OR SANTIAGO!

It is the hour for setting the first night-watch, and the bells have been struck; not to summon any sailor, but only intended for the ears of Captain Lantanas in the cabin below, lest the absence of the usual sound should awake suspicion. The men of both watches are on deck; assembled by the manger-board, to take measures for carrying out their scheme of piracy and plunder, now on the eve of execution. The general plan is already understood by all; it but remains to settle some final details.

Considering the atrocity of their design, it is painful to see the first-mate, Harry Blew, in their midst. O man! O British sailor! where is your gratitude? What has become of your honour—your oath? The first gone, the second disregarded, the last broken!

Soon as together, the pirates enter upon discussion. The first question which comes before them is about the place where they shall land. Upon this point there is difference of opinion. Some are for going ashore at once, on that part of the coast in sight. Others counsel running on till they enter Panama Bay. At the head of those in favour of the latter course is the chief-mate, while the majority, controlled by Gomez and Padilla, take an opposite view. Gomez, who is their spokesman, argues in favour of landing, soon as they can find a suitable place, and making direct for Santiago, the chief town of Veragua. He gives his reasons, saying:

'It isn't over a good day's journey from the coast. And we can reach it by an easy road. But that's not the thing of greatest importance. What most concerns us is the safety of the place when we get to it—and I can answer for Santiago. Unless customs have changed since I used to trifle away some time there, and people too, we'll find those who'll shew us hospitality. With the

money at our disposal—ay, a tenth part of it—I could buy up the *alcalde* of the town, and every judge in the province.'

'That's the sort of town for us—and country too!' exclaim several in a breath.

'We'll first have to put about,' explains Gomez, 'and run along the coast, till we find an opening in the reef.'

'Yes,' rejoins Harry Blew, speaking satirically, and as if annoyed by the majority going against him. 'An' if we put about just now, we'll stand a good chance of goin' slap on them rocks on the port beam. Thar's a line o' white caps along shore, far's I can see. How's a boat to be got through them? She'd be bilged to a sartinty.'

'There are breakers,' admits Gomez; 'but not continuous; I remember there are several openings where a boat, or a ship for that matter, may be safely got through.'

'*Vaya, camaradas!*' exclaims Padilla, with a gesture of impatience. 'We're wasting time, which just now is valuable. Let's have the barque about, and stand along the coast, as Gil Gomez proposes; I second his proposal; but if you like, let it go to a vote.'

'No need; we all agree to it.'

'Yes; all of us.'

'Well, shipmates,' says Harry Blew, seeing himself obliged to give way, and conceding the point with apparent reluctance; 'if ye're all in favour o' steerin' up coast, I an't goin' to stand out against it. It be the same to me one way or t'other. So to Santiago let's go. But if the barque's to be put about, I tell ye there's no time to be lost. Otherways, we'll go into them white caps, sure, the which wud send this craft to Davy Jones sooner than we intended.'

'Plenty of sea-room,' says the second-mate, 'if we about with her at once!'

'You see to it, Padilla!' directs Gomez, who, from his success in having his plan adopted in opposition to that of the first-officer, thinks he may now take command.

The second-mate starts aft, and going up to the helmsman, whispers a word or two in his ear. Instantly the helm is put hard up, and the barque paying off, wears round from east to west-nor-west. The sailors at the same time brace about her yards, and trim her sails for the changed course; executing the manœuvre, not, as is usual, with a chorused chant, but silently, as if the ship were a spectre, and her crew but shadows!

The barque is now about a league's distance from land; and half-way between are the breakers, their roar sounding ominously through the calm quiet of the night. The vessel making but little way—only two or three knots an hour—one proposes that the boat be lowered at once, and such traps as they intend taking put into her. In such a tranquil sea it will tow alongside in safety. As this will be so much work in advance, the plan is approved of; and they proceed to its execution; the pinnace being selected, as the most suitable boat for beaching. Clustering around it, they commence operations. Two leap lightly into it, ship the rudder, secure the oars and boat-hooks, clear the life-lines, and cast off the lanyards of the gripes; the others holding the full-tackle in hand, to see that they are clear for running. Then taking a proper turn, they lower away.

Other movements succeed; the pirates passing to

and from the fore-castle, carrying canvas bags, and bundles of clothing, with such other of their belongings as they deem necessary for a debarkation like that intended. A barrel of pork, another of biscuit, and a beaker of water, are also turned out, and handed down into the boat; not forgetting a keg containing rum, and several bottles of wine they have purloined from the ship's stores.

In silence, but with no great show of caution or stealth, are all these movements made. They have but little fear of being detected, some scarce caring if they be. Indeed, there is no one to observe them, who is not taking part. For the negro cook, after dressing the dinner, and serving it, has gone out of the galley for good, and now acting as steward, keeps below in the cabin waiting on the guests at table.

Soon everything is stowed away in the pinnace, except that which is to form its most precious freight; and again the piratical crew bring their heads together, to arrange about the final step; the time to take which is fast drawing nigh. A thing so serious calls for calm deliberation, or, at all events, there must be a thorough understanding among them. For it is the disposal of those they have destined as the victims of their villainy. All quite understand how this is to be done, though nothing definite has yet been said of it. Even the most hardened among them shrinks from putting it in plain words. Still is it tacitly understood; the ladies are to be taken along, the others to be dealt with in a different way.

For a time they stand silent, waiting for one who has the hardihood to speak. There is one who has all this, a ruffian of unmitigated type, whose breast is not moved by the slightest throb of humanity. It is the second-mate, Padilla. Breaking silence, he says: 'Let's get the women into the boat, and heave the others overboard, and have done with it!'

The horrible proposition, despite the auditory to whom it is addressed, does not find favourable response. Several speak in opposition to it; Harry Blew first and loudest. Though broken his word, and forfeited his faith, the British sailor is not so abandoned as to contemplate murder in such a cool deliberate manner. Some of those around him have no doubt committed it; but he does not yet feel up to it. Opposing Padilla's counsel, he says: 'What need for our killin' them at all? For my part, I don't see any.'

'And for your part, what would you do?' sneeringly retorts the second-mate.

'Give them a chance for their lives.'

'How?' promptly asks Padilla.

'Why; if we set the barque's head out to sea and trim her sails right, as the wind's off-shore, she'd soon carry them beyont sight o' land, and we'd niver hear another word about 'em.'

'Curra!' exclaims Padilla scornfully; 'that would be a wise way. Just the one to get our throats in the *garrota*. You forget that Don Gregorio Montijo is a man of the big grandee kind. And should he ever set foot ashore after what we'd done to him, he'd have influence enough to make most places, if not the whole of the earth, too hot for us. There's an old saw, about dead men telling no tales. No doubt most of you have heard it, and some know it to be a true one. Take my advice, *camarados*, and let

us act up to it. What's your opinion, Señor Gomez?'

'Since you ask for it,' responds Gomez, speaking for the first time on this special matter, 'my opinion is that there's no need for any difference among us. Mr Blew's against killing them, and so would I, if it could be avoided. But it can't with safety to ourselves; at least not in the way he has suggested. To do as he says would be madness on our part—more, it might be suicide. I think I know a way that will save us from actually murdering them, and secure our own safety all the same.'

'What way?' demand several voices.

'One simple enough; so simple, I wonder you haven't all thought of it, as well as I. Of course, we intend sending this pretty craft to the bottom of the sea. But she is not likely to go down till we're a good way off altogether out of sight. We can leave them aboard, and let them slip quietly down along with her!'

'Why, that's just what Blew proposes,' say several.

'True,' returns Gomez; 'but not exactly as I mean it. He'd leave them free to go about the ship—perhaps get off her when she sinks, on a sofa, or spar, or something.'

'Then how would you do with them?' asks one impatiently.

'Bind the gentlemen before bidding them adieu.'

'Bah!' exclaims Padilla, a monster to whom cold blood seems congenial. 'What's the use of being at all that bother! It's sure to bring trouble. The skipper will resist, and so'll the old Don. What then? We'll be compelled to knock them on the head all the same, or toss them overboard. So let's put a stopper on them at once!'

'Why, man!' cries Striker, hitherto only a listener, but a backer of Harry Blew; 'you 'pear to 'a been practisin' a queery plan in jobs o' this sort. That o' Gomez be far the best way, same as I've seed in the Australian bush, where they an't so blood-thirsty. When they stick up a chap theer, so long's he don't cut up nasty, they settle things by splicin' him to a tree, an' leavin' him to his meditations. Why can't we do the same wi' the skipper an' the Don—supposin' 'em to shew refractory!'

'That's it!' exclaims Davis, strengthening the proposal thus endorsed by his chum Striker. 'My old pal's got the correct idea of sich things.'

'Besides,' continues the older of the ex-convicts, 'this job seem to me simple enuf. We want the swag, an' some seems to be wantin' the gals. Well; we can git both 'thout the needcessity o' doin' murder!'

'I tell you what,' interposes Harry Blew, 'for myself, as I've said, I object to killing or the sight o' blood, where it an't a absolute needcessity. True, by leavin' them aboard an' tied, as Mr Gomez advises, they'll get drowned, for sartin; but it'll keep our hands clear o' red murder!'

'That's true!' cry several in assent. 'Let's take the Australian way of it, and tie them up!'

The assenting voices are in the majority; and the compromise suggested by Gomez is carried. So far everything is fixed. It but remains to arrange about the action, and apportion to every one his part. This soon settled; the first-officer, assisted by Davis, who has some knowledge of ship-

carpentry, is to see to the scuttling of the vessel; Velarde and Hernandez to take charge of the girls, and get them into the boat; Gomez to see to the steering of the vessel; the second-mate to head the party intrusted with the seizure of the gold; while Striker and the Frenchman are to tie up the unfortunate men whose lives are to be sacrificed. The atrocious plan is complete in all its revolting details—the hour of its execution at hand.

#### CHAPTER XLII.—THE DREADED TINTORERAS.

With all sail set, the barque glides silently on—to her doom! Gomez has taken charge of the steering, he alone having any knowledge of the coast. They are less than a league from land, shaving close along the outer edge of the breakers. The breeze now blowing off-shore makes it easy to keep clear of them.

There is high land on the starboard-bow, gradually drawing more distinct. Gomez fancies he remembers it. And soon is sure; for in the clear moonlight is disclosed the outline of a hill, which, once seen, could not easily be forgotten; a *cerro* with two summits, and a *col* or saddle-like depression between.

Yes; he is certain he has seen that double-headed hill before. Still, though a conspicuous landmark, it does not point out any landing-place, only that they are entering the great gulf which here indents the Veraguan coast.

As the barque moves on, bringing the hill abeam, he sees a reach of clear water opening inland. To all appearance a bay, with mouth miles in width.

He would run into it, but is forbidden by the breakers, whose froth-crested belt extends across its entrance from cape to cape. Running past, he again closes on the land, now within less than a league, and soon has the two-headed hill abeam, its singular silhouette conspicuous against the moonlit sky; all the more from the moon being beyond and low down, shewing between the twin summits like a great globe lamp there suspended. When nearly opposite, he observes an open space in the line of breakers, easily told by its dark tranquil surface, which contrasts with the white horse-tails lashing up on each side of it.

Soon as sighting it, Gomez drops the wheel, intrusting it to the Dutch sailor; as he does so, giving the latter directions how to steer. Then leaving the poop he proceeds towards the ship's waist, where he finds all the others ready for action. Striker and La Crosse with pieces of rope for making fast the ill-fated men; Padilla and his party armed with axes and crowbars—the keys with which they intend to open the locker-doors.

Near the main-mast stands the first-mate, a lighted lantern in his hand, Davis beside him, with auger, mallet, and chisel. They are by the main-hatchway, which they have opened, evidently intending descent into the hold. With the lantern concealed under the skirt of his ample dreadnought, Harry Blew stands within the shadow of the mast, as if reflecting on his faithlessness, ashamed to let his face be seen. He even seems reluctant to proceed in the black business, while affecting the opposite. As the others are now occupied in various ways, with their eyes off him, he steps out to the ship's side, and looks over the rail. The moon is now full upon his face, which, under her soft innocent beams, shews an expres-

sion difficult as ever to interpret. The most skilled physiognomist could not read it. There is sign of more than one emotion striving within his breast, mingling together, or succeeding each other, quick as the changing hues of the chameleon. Now, it seems guilty cupidity, now remorse, anon the dark shadow of despair! The last growing darker, he draws nearer to the side, and looks more earnestly over, as if about to plunge into the sea, and so rid himself of a life ever after to be a burden!

While standing thus, apparently hesitating as to whether he should drown himself, and have done with it, soft voices sound in his ears, mingling their tones with the breeze, as it sighs through the rigging of the ship. Simultaneously there is a rustling of dresses, and the moment after he sees two female forms, robed in white, with shawls over their shoulders, and kerchiefs covering their heads. Stepping out on the quarter-deck, they stand for a short while, the moon shining on their faces, both bright and cheerful as her beams. Then they stroll aft, little dreaming of the doom that awaits them.

Their unsuspecting innocence should soften his traitorous heart. Instead, it seems to steel it the more—as if their presence but recalled, and quickened within him some vow of revenge. He hesitates no longer; but gliding back to the hatch, climbs over its coaming, and lantern in hand, descends into the hold—there to do a deed which light of moon, or sun, should not shine upon.

Though within the tropics, and but a few degrees from the equatorial line, there is chillness in the air of the night, now nearing its mid-hours. Drawing their cloaks closely around them, the young ladies mount up to the poop, and stand resting their hands on the taffrail. For a time they are silent; their eyes turned astern, watching the foam in the ship's wake lit up with dancing phosphorescence. They observe other sparkling scintillations beside those in the *Condor's* wake. There are broad splashes of it all over the surface of the sea, with here and there elongated *sillons*, seemingly made by some creatures in motion, swimming parallel to the ship's course, and keeping pace with her. The two girls have not voyaged through thirty degrees of the Pacific Ocean to be now told what these are. They know them to be sharks, as also that some of larger size and brighter luminosity are those of the *tintorera*—that species so much dreaded by the pearl-divers of Panama Bay and the Gulf of California. This night, both *tiburones* and *tintoreras* are more numerous than they have before observed them—closer also to the vessel's side; for the sharks, observantly, have seen a boat lowered down, which gives anticipation of prey nearer reach of their ravenous jaws.

'*Santissima!*' exclaims Carmen, as one makes a dash at some waif drifting astern. 'What a fearful thing it would be to fall overboard in the midst of those horrid creatures! One wouldn't have the slightest chance of being saved. Only to think how little space there is between us and certain death! You see that monster just below, with its great, glaring eyes! It looks as if it wanted to leap up and lay hold of us. Ugh! I mustn't keep my eyes on it any longer. It makes



me tremble in a strange way. I do believe, if I continued gazing at it, I should grow giddy, and drop over into its jaws! Sobrina, are you not glad we're so near the end of our voyage?

'I'm not sorry, *tia*—I fancy no one ever is. I should be more pleased, however, if it *were* the end of our voyage, which unfortunately it isn't. Before we see Spain, we've another equally as long.'

'True—as long in duration and distance. But otherwise, it may be very different, and I hope more endurable. Across the Atlantic we'll have passage in a big steam-ship, with a grand dining-saloon and state sleeping-rooms, each in itself as large as the main cabin of the *Condor*. Besides, we'll have plenty of company—passengers like ourselves. Let us hope they may turn out nice people. If so, our Atlantic voyage will be more enjoyable than this on the Pacific.'

'But we've been very comfortable in the *Condor*; and I'm sure Captain Lantanas has done all he could to make things agreeable for us.'

'He has indeed, the dear good creature; and I shall ever feel grateful to him. Still you must admit, that however well meant, we've been at times a little bored by his learned dissertations. O *Inez*, it's been awfully lonely and frightfully monotonous—at least, to me.'

'Ah! I understand. What you want is a bevy of bachelors as fellow-passengers, to enliven one. Well; I suppose there will be in the big steamer. Like enough, a half-score of our mustached *militarios*, returning from Cuba and other colonies. Wouldn't that make our Atlantic voyage enjoyable?'

'Not mine—nothing of the sort, as you know, *Inez*. To speak truth, it was neither the loneliness nor monotony of our Pacific voyage that has made it so miserable. Something else.'

'I think I can guess the something else.'

'If so, you'll be clever. It's more than I can.'

'Might it have anything to do with those cold parting compliments, and the informal leave-taking? Of course it has. Come, Carmen! You promised me you'd think no more about that, till we see them in Cadiz, and have it all cleared up.'

'You're wrong again, *Inez*. It is not anything of them.'

'What then? It can't be the *mal de mer*? Of it I might complain. I'm even suffering from it now; although the sea is so calm. But you! why you stand the sea as well as one of those rough sailors themselves! You're just the woman to be a naval officer's wife; and when your *norio* gets command of a ship, I suppose you'll be for sailing all round the world with him.'

'You're merry, *mora*.'

'Well; who wouldn't be, with the prospect of so soon setting foot on land. For my part, I detest the sea; and when I marry my little *guardia-marina*, I'll make him forsake it, and take to some pleasanter profession. And if he prefer doing nothing, by good-luck the rent of my lands will keep us both comfortably, with something to spare for a town house in Cadiz. But come, Carmen! Tell me what's troubling you? Surely you must know it.'

'Surely I don't, *Inez*. I can't tell myself.'

'That's strange, a mystery. Might it be regret at leaving behind your *preux chevaliers* of California—that grand, gallant De Lara, whom, at our last interview, we saw sprawling in the road-dust?

You ought to feel relieved at getting rid of him, as I of my importunate suitor, the Señor Calderon. By the way, I wonder whatever became of them? Only to think of their never coming near us to say good-bye! And that nothing was seen or heard of them afterwards! Something must have happened. What could it have been? I've tried to think, but without succeeding.'

'So I the same. It is indeed very strange; though I fancy father heard something about them which he does not wish to make known to us. You remember what happened after we'd left the house—those men coming to it in the night. Father has an idea they intended taking his gold, believing it still there. What's more, I think he half suspects that of the four men—for there appear to have been four of them—two were no other than our old acquaintances—she had almost said suitors, but the word gives her a spasm of pain—'Francisco de Lara and Faustino Calderon.'

'*Maria de Merced*!' exclaims *Inez*. 'It's frightful to think of such a thing. And we ought to be thankful to the good saint for saving us from such villains; as glad to get away from a country where their like are allowed to live.'

'Sobrina, you've touched the point. The very thought that's been distressing me is the remembrance of those men. Even since leaving San Francisco, as before we left, I've had a strange heaviness on my heart—a sort of boding fear—that we haven't yet seen the last of them. It haunts me like a spectre. I can't tell why, unless it be from what I know of De Lara. He's not the man to submit to that great defeat of which we were witnesses; he assured he will seek to avenge it. We expected a duel, and feared it. Likely there would have been one, but for the sailing of the English ship. Still that won't hinder such a desperate man as Don Francisco from going after Señor Crozier, and trying to kill him, any way he can. I have a fear he'll follow him—is after him now.'

'What if he is? Your *fiancé* can take care of himself. As so can mine, if Calderon should get into his silly head to go after him. Let them go, so long as they don't come after us; which they're not likely—all the way to Spain.'

'I'm not so sure of that. Such as they may make their way anywhere. Professional gamblers—as we now know them to be—travel to all parts of the world. All cities give them the same opportunity to pursue their outlawed calling—why not Cadiz? But, *Inez*, there's something I haven't told you, thinking you might make mock of it. I've had a fright more than once—several times, since we came aboard the *Condor*.'

'A fright! what sort of a fright?'

'If you promise not to laugh at me, I'll tell you.'

'I promise. I won't.'

'Would be no laughing matter were it true. But, of course, it could only be fancy.'

'Fancy about what? Go on, *tia*! I'm all impatience.'

'About the sailors on board. All have bad faces; some of them like very *demonios*. But there's one has particularly impressed me. Would you believe it, *Inez*, he has eyes exactly like De Lara's! His features, too, resemble those of Don Francisco, only that the sailor has a great beard and whiskers, while he had none. Of course the

resemblance can be only accidental. Still, it caused me a start, when I first observed it, and has several times since. Never more than this very morning, when I was up here and saw that man. He was at the wheel, all by himself, steering. Several times, on turning suddenly round, I caught him looking straight at me, staring in the most insolent manner. I had half a mind to complain to Captain Lantanas; but reflecting that we were so near the end of our voyage'—

She is not permitted to say more. For at the moment, a man springing up to the poop, as if he had risen out of it, stands before her; the sailor who resembles De Lara! Making a low bow, he says:

'Not *near* the end of your voyage, señorita—but *at it*,' adding with an ironical smile: 'Now, ladies! you are going ashore. The boat is down; and, combining business with pleasure, it's my duty to hand you into it.'

While he is speaking, another of the sailors approaches *líez*. It is Hernandez, who offers his services in a similar strain.

For a moment, the young ladies are speechless, through sheer surprise. Horror succeeds, as the truth flashes upon them. And then, instead of coherent speech, they make answer by a simultaneous shriek; at the same time attempting to retreat towards the companion-stair.

Not a step is permitted them. They are seized in strong arms; and half-dragged, half-lifted off their feet, hurried away from the taffrail. Even their cries are hindered, by huge woollen caps drawn over their heads, and down to their chins, almost stifling them. Though no longer seeing, and but indistinctly hearing, they can tell where they are being taken. They feel themselves lifted over the vessel's side, and lowered down man-ropes into a boat; along the bottom of which they are finally laid, and held fast—as if they had fallen into the jaws of those terrible *tintoreros* they saw keeping company with the ship!

#### THE WESTMINSTER AQUARIUM.

But a short while since, and no sign of the promised Westminster Aquarium met the eye of the passers-by, save a square black board with the words, 'This is the Site of the Westminster Garden and Aquarium,' and a row of palings, and some workmen engaged in excavating the ground, from which were eventually to rise the fair proportions of a vast and beautiful structure.

Now, the towering dome and noble sculptured walls of the promised palace of delight are no longer mere castles in the air; day by day adds to their beauty, and brings them nearer to completion; and on the 10th of December, it is expected that the Winter Garden and Aquarium, the warm, cosy home provided for rare trees and plants and flowers, the mighty tanks of sea-water wherein shall sport sea-creatures innumerable, will be thrown open to the public, and inaugurated by a fête. Though no one could possibly have a word to say against our old and tried friends, the Crystal and Alexandra Palaces, still it must be admitted they labour under the same disadvantages as people whom we like very much indeed, living at a great distance from us, of whom we cannot pos-

sibly see as much as we could wish, because of the time it takes to get to them.

Length of journey is a matter of no small moment to those who are desirous of amusing themselves to the utmost, and are not gifted with an unlimited income wherewith to do so. Now, the Westminster Aquarium will be within an easy journey from almost all parts of London, either by the Metropolitan Railway or omnibus; and thus the means of enjoying the best music, and of revelling in the sight of the brightest gems of art, will be within easy grasp of the great mass of the people, and that at even less than ordinary cost of travel, since the Underground Railway is to issue tickets for the Aquarium at reduced fares. That Mr Arthur Sullivan has undertaken the directorship of the musical part of the programme, is sufficient guarantee for the order of melody with which our ears will be greeted, and which we know will be at once attractive to the mass of the people, and agreeable to the most refined and fastidious connoisseur; while the name of Mr Loyd, as manager of the aquaria with which the building will abound, brings before our mind's eye a vision of tanks, crystal clear, wherein aquatic creatures of every conceivable form congregate. We know that the elegant movements of the flat-fish will delight our eyes with their wonderful undulating progression through the water; and that the horrible *Prieure*, looking like the denizen of Victor Hugo's cave, seen through a diminishing glass, will display his dreadful eyes and parrot-like beak to our present edification and subsequent nightmare.

Aquaria open to the naturalist the most admirable means of careful observation, whereby not only the habits of fishes, and still lowlier forms of life, may be closely studied, but the mind led to appreciate the varied and marvellous beauties of form, and modes of progression, of many animals which we have been in the habit of considering commonplace and valueless, beyond their usefulness as mere articles of food. Who, for instance, seeing the common flat-fish, such as sole and plaice, lying on the slab of a fishmonger's shop, could imagine that, seen in their native element, these creatures present that graceful ribbon-like appearance which no one who visits an aquarium fails to be delighted with?

In this respect—namely, combining instruction with amusement—the Westminster Aquarium will be peculiarly happy, as every possible facility is to be given for the delivery of popular lectures, and an extensive library provided.

The idea of this undertaking originated with Mr Wybrow Robertson; and a long list of influential names composes the Council of Fellows; while Mr Bruce Phillips, a son of the late Dr Samuel Phillips, has undertaken the duties of secretary. Mr Phillips appears to be a man of great energy; has already a brilliant reputation as an essayist and reviewer, and has worked at the Crystal Palace under Mr George Grove.

We may, then, safely say that the Westminster Aquarium—this new queen amidst the beauties of London—will make a début in which everything unites to secure a brilliant success; and it is no small advantage, that admission to her court will be obtainable for the small sum of one shilling, so that the working-man can enjoy all the numerous resources of that court, equally with the upper

ten-thousand. It is now time for us to say something as to the appearance and arrangement of this vast building.

It covers a ground space of nearly three acres, the land of which cost fifty thousand pounds. The structure itself is about six hundred feet long, and two hundred and forty feet in its greatest width. Constructed of red brick and Portland stone, there appear at intervals gracefully sculptured groups of double cornucopias, of flowers and fruits, alternating with other groups formed of twin-dolphins; while over the main entrance stands a fine figure of Britannia, who aspires, apparently, not only to rule the waves of the ocean, but also the ripples of the aquarium at Westminster.

Some fine granite pillars ornament the upper end of the building, and an arched roof of glass spans the whole. The interior will have two stories, and the great salt-water tank will hold no less than six hundred thousand gallons; a volume of water that is expected to be kept fresh for a period of ten years, by means of a complicated machinery, which will keep it in perpetual motion.

Doubtless, a grand collection of sea-anemones, and all those beautiful creations which stand on the border-land between the vegetable and animal world, will be gathered together, and viewed with delight. Nor will pleasant accessories be wanting. The orchestra, that is to be capable of containing a thousand performers, and the large organ, sound suggestive of an ample musical provision. Indeed, we are promised a concert twice daily, one in the afternoon, the other in the evening. On Sunday afternoon, the Winter Garden is to be open to Fellows and those friends on whom they may be graciously pleased to bestow 'orders,' so that a rival to the 'Zoo' will exist, and one that is far more easily reached. Flower-shows, fancy fêtes, &c. will throughout the season be held in the great central hall, nor will literary conversaziones and artistic gatherings be unknown. A reading and writing room is also to add to the comfort of visitors. Immediately above the aquaria, galleries, forty feet in width, extend all round the building. In these will be located the Picture and Fine-art exhibitions, and a Museum.

At present it is very difficult to judge of the appearance which the interior will ultimately present, but we are told fountains will play, flowers bloom on every side, and creeping-plants make the columns lovely. To the Picture and Fine art gallery, offers of the most generous contributions have been already received from the magnates and art-princes of the land.

Perhaps this short paper will be hardly complete without a word as to the financial aspects of the scheme. Shares are to be obtained at five pounds each—one pound to be paid on application, two pounds on allotment, and the balance in two payments of one pound each. Encouraged, no doubt, by the names of those who are at the head of the undertaking, the public have come forward with confidence and alacrity to take these shares.

A paper printed by the managers of the scheme, and to be obtained at the offices, Broadway Chambers, Westminster, gives, amongst other items, the rules for the election and privileges of Fellows or Members. We read there that 'the superficial feet of glass for the tanks will be just on two thousand feet. Perhaps the best idea of the massiveness of the work is to be gained by going underground.

Descending a ladder, you find yourself in a large tunnel, lofty enough for a wagon of hay to pass through. It is like an ancient Roman cloaca. The foundation of it is four feet of concrete; next above that, bricks; then Portland cement; then, next to the feet, asphalt. This last is used, because it has been found that salt water acts upon cement, and in time causes a leak. This cloaca is divided into three sections, one of which will contain fresh water; the others, salt; and the stream flowing from these tanks being constantly oxygenised, is kept in continual circulation. Through these means, the sea and fresh water will remain pure for years without change—indeed, the water at the Crystal Palace, Hamburg, and Paris has never been yet changed, though these aquaria have been in existence many years.'

Surely, every one must heartily wish every success to the Westminster Aquarium and Winter Garden. Truly, as was well said at the luncheon given some time ago by some of the members of the Council, if the Prince Consort had been spared to England till now, he would have entered heart and soul into an undertaking so calculated to further the amusement and intellectual improvement of the people.

#### 'RUBBISH.'

STRANGE as it may be to say so, those who pick up and utilise the rejected trifles are benefactors to society. Let this be a comfort to dustmen, scavengers, bone-grubbers, and rag-pickers; they are not mere pariahs and dirty outcasts. Dirty they must usually be, in person and in garments; but they work hard to obtain a living by means which are, generally speaking, honest. Not only do they find money's value among rubbish, but they prevent this rubbish from tainting the air by unchecked decay.

Let us instance the large dust-heaps which are to be seen in some of the outlying districts of the metropolis. The peripatetic dustmen call at the inhabited houses, and cart away the contents of the dust-bins or cellars. The medley of odds and ends is consigned to a heap in the dust-contractor's yard, where it undergoes a minute scrutiny; for no article worth a single farthing is allowed to pass unnoticed. The worst part of the affair is that this scrutiny is mainly done by women—women in unwomanly dirt doing unwomanly work. Men begin to work upon the heap by picking out and laying aside the larger kinds of miscellanies—such as old coal-scuttles and tin sauce-pans, old hats and bonnets, crinolines, &c. Then come the women, squatting down on the unsavoury heap, each with sieves and baskets around her. The old bottles and phials can be sold for use again; the glass can be remelted; the bones can be rendered productive of fat, marrow, gelatine, phosphorus, and made available for fertilising the soil; the old saucepans can have the tin and the solder removed from the sheet-iron; the old boots and shoes are sold to men who vamp them up in such a style that their former owners assuredly would not know them again; the rags

go to the paper-maker and the shoddy manufacturer; the house-cloths and dishcloths, redolent of grease, are eagerly bought by hop-growers as manure; the bits of bread are roughly cleaned, and not unfrequently eaten by the finders; the coal-dust and fine ashes are available for brick-burning; while bits of wood are useful for lighting fires. The contractor knows where to find a market for each and all of these dust-covered treasures.

The rag-bag is a special variety of dust-heap, with a more limited range of contents, and much greater value in a given weight. When a tailor has made a new coat, and a seamstress a new shirt, there are bits left too small to be useful for mending, and too valuable to be burnt or otherwise destroyed. And when that same coat and same shirt have been worn out in the fulfilment of their duty of clothing humanity, the fibres are still useful, if men can devise means of making them so. And men have devised means. As some time ago mentioned by us in treating of 'Waste Materials,' Yorkshire manufacturers have constructed shoddy machinery, by which woollen rags, new and old, can be torn up fibre from fibre, and mixed with new wool for spinning again into yarn, and weaving again into cloth. Those who laugh and sneer at shoddy are not quite justified in so doing; for it is now known that really warm and serviceable garments can be obtained from such materials, at moderate prices. The fault consists in passing off the product as if made wholly of new wool. The shoddy manufacturers of Dewsbury and Batley buy woollen rags from all parts of the world. London sends old stockings, white flannel, carpeting, serge, and cuttings of various kinds; Germany transmits its store of old knitted gray and white stockings; while the remains of old coats and gowns come in from all quarters. Very good samples are called *mungo*, those of inferior quality, *shoddy*—names that puzzle etymologists not a little. So excessively does the value vary, that the best kinds in scarce seasons have risen to as much as ten pounds per hundredweight, while the worst in plentiful seasons can scarcely command half as many shillings.

The linen contents of the rag-bag are still more eagerly appropriated than the woollen; for linen continues to be, as it has been for many centuries, the best material for making the best paper. It is from necessity rather than choice that the paper manufacturer makes large use of materials such as esparto-grass; rags are too few and too dear to supply his wants. The English rag-bag is quite insufficient for this purpose; so we import thousands of tons every year from foreign countries. It is a little curious that rags give some insight into the social habits of different nations; for wholesale buyers find that rags from Southern Europe are much more dirty, tattered, and discoloured than those from more northern countries—explain it how we may. Quite detailed is the classification which the dealer gives to his rags—

finest, seconds, blues, ducks, light fustians, light prints, thirds, black cottons, common sheeting; he appraises each and all, after grouping them. The 'finest' are the clean white linen or cotton shirts; the 'seconds' are soiled white garments, and the linings of women's dresses; the 'thirds' are corduroys, fustians, and printed cottons; 'new pieces' are the cuttings accumulated by shirt and collar makers and seamstresses, and the ends of cotton pieces; and so on.

The old-clothesman who comes to your house, and declares he will give a splendid price for any old hats, coats, boots, dresses, shawls, or other garments you may have to dispose of, would scorn to call himself a ragman; he buys garments to sell again, more or less doctored up; but still these garments come to the state of rags in the long-run, and are then consigned to the shoddy-mill and the pulp-vat; or, in the case of old boots and shoes, after being cobbled up till they will hold together no longer, they are ground to powder, pressed into a cake, and used for the inner soles of cheap boots. Another kind of itinerant is he who comes to your house with offers to buy old broken flint-glass, bottles, &c.; and he will willingly be a buyer of rags also. A third group of itinerants comprises the humblest of all, the veritable grubbers, who poke about in the gutters with a hooked stick, and hoist bones, rags, old metal, and what not into their bags.

There is one class of itinerants so interesting as to deserve special notice—the *Rag Brigade*, comprising poor boys who are trained to a humble but honest mode of earning a living. Some years ago, a Committee of the House of Commons, investigating the subject of the paper-duty, reported that 'not more than four-tenths of the rags of this country are preserved; if the remaining six-tenths could be returned to be manufactured, there would be no necessity to go to foreign markets for some twenty-five per cent. of the rags now required for the paper-manufacture of England.' This statement furnished a hint to the Ragged School Society. There had been established a *Shoe-black Brigade*: why not a *Rag-collecting Brigade*? Trucks were thereupon provided, and poor boys trained; the trucks were numbered, and the boys clothed in a serviceable uniform. A printed tariff was prepared, shewing how much money was to be offered for each kind of refuse. The *collectors* are the elder boys, who make purchases and manage the cash; the *assistants* are younger boys, to draw the trucks, and otherwise act under the collectors; while the *sorters* are employed at the warehouse or depot. Every truck has its round or beat, and returns in the evening with a collected store of odds and ends, honestly paid for in money. Paper, rags, old metal, glass, old ropes, bones—all are bought; and the boys have gone so far as to buy, and bring home to the superintendent, a cocked-hat, the trappings for a hearse, a bag with a million of cancelled postage-stamps, and other unexpected things.

The wardrobe-dealers and the marine-store dealers are not peripatetic; they keep shops. The former buy, not rags, but cast-off garments, which mostly go to clothe a humbler and still humbler grade of wearers, until reduced to veritable rags at last. The marine-store dealers buy all that the Rag Brigade buy, and more besides.

Paris exhibits all these phases as well as London,

with certain points of difference. Our Cloth Fair and Petticoat Lane are paralleled by the Parisian 'Halle aux Vieux Linges,' or Old Clothes Mart.

Whatever we may say of our own English rag-pickers and grubbers, those of Paris unquestionably take precedence, in number, organisation, and peculiarities. The *chiffonnier* of that capital is quite a character. With his *hotte* or square basket strapped to his back, his *crochet* or iron-pointed stick in one hand, and a lantern in the other, he goes forth at evenfall to grub up what Paris has thrown into the gutter; and Paris, we may observe, has the reputation of throwing much more out into the streets than is customary in the English metropolis. He pokes his *crochet* into the small heaps of rubbish, and quickly hooks up into his basket everything that by bare possibility may be worth a fraction of a farthing. Bits of paper, rags of woollen and cotton garments, bones, bits of bread, old iron and other metals—all go pell-mell into the *hotte*. He knows very well how to make a market of them. The paper is converted into *papier-mâché*; bits of scarlet cloth have the dye taken out of them, to make a stain for turnery and carvings; the other bits of woollen-ware are available to be ground up into flock for paper-hangings, and the cotton and linen rags for the paper-maker's pulp-vat; while the bones yield gelatine, bone-black, &c. The scraps of bread he may eat if he likes; but probably he sells them to M. Chapellier, who has established a singular trade—that of buying up stale bits of bread from all quarters, rebaking them, grinding them down, and selling them as bread-crumbs for use in diverse kinds of French cookery. The *chiffonnier* is a sort of gipsy, living apart from other social grades, and not dressing like them. He hates dogs, and dogs hate him, for they sometimes purloin from the rubbish-heaps titbits which he would fain appropriate to himself. Most of these men are too poor to work on their own account; they engage with master-*chiffonniers*, who provide them with squalid lodgings, and buy the contents of the baskets at stipulated rates. These masters undertake the frowzy work of separating the medley of odds and ends, parceling out the linen and woollen rags, paper, old metal, bones, &c., and finding a market for everything. The *chiffonniers* have their favourite *table-d'hôte*, where a *ragout* can be had for a few sous. They also have their club, where rules are laid down as to the round or beat for each man. A philanthropist, M. Vervier, has done much good, by inducing them to maintain a benefit society.

A rag-pickers' bull! Whoever could have imagined such a thing? And what people on earth would hold such an assembly, except the French? That Paris is not ignorant of such high jinks, has been shown so recently as the month of September. A correspondent of one of the London newspapers, strolling on a fine evening through a frowzy and poverty-stricken part of the city, espied a doorway with an illuminated inscription, *Bal*—a very Babel of tongues outside, and sounds of revelry within. Knowing he was near the low lodging-houses of the *chiffonniers*, he hazarded the safety of his person and pocket, and resolved to see what this *bal* meant. A small payment of six sous (threepence) not only obtained for him admission, but also the luxury of a *demi-litre bouteille* of Bordeaux wine—which of course he

was not obliged to drink unless he chose. Within the entrance was a long and narrow room, lined around the walls with deal tables and benches, at which *chiffonniers* of both sexes were quaffing their thin sour wine; some musicians were at the further end, while the rest of the room was kept clear for dancing. In full whirl and high enjoyment were the dancers. 'The women, miserably clad, and in many cases without shoes or stockings, moved about quietly enough; indeed, to any one unacquainted with a mode of motion peculiar to Frenchwomen, they might almost have seemed like witches exercising some spell over the movements of their victims; for men possessed of a thousand fiends could not have performed more delirious gyrations than some of their partners. One of them I noticed especially, a fierce-looking, unshaven fellow; with his cap planted at the back of his unkempt bushy head, his chin twisted sideways in the air, he put his arms and legs through a variety of the wildest movements, sometimes lifting his feet above his head, or tossing his arms about with the laxity of a disjointed acrobat, and all the while working his features into fiendish distortions, finishing with a series of elaborate pirouettes: all this is done in a moment, whilst crossing to his fair partner, and with the facility of a Grimaldi.' A belle of special attractions made her appearance after a time—tall, handsome, with lustrous brown eyes; wearing a blue bodice tied round the waist with a white cord, a red petticoat reaching to the knee, yellow stockings, pointed boots, and a white cap frilled at the edge; she was believed to have come from Savoy, but was not a *chiffonnier*. Every man wanted to dance with her.

The 'finds' in the rag-bag and the rubbish-heap are sometimes not a little curious. A mistress allows Betty the maid to keep a rag-bag; and occasionally Betty yields to the temptation of putting into that bag articles which are certainly not rags. But apart from any suspicion of dishonesty, valuables find themselves in very odd places, through inadvertency or forgetfulness. We need not say much about such small creatures as insects, spiders, or lizards, that are found by the paper-makers in bundles of esparto; they are unwelcome intrusions rather than finds. A patent lock was once found among the contents of a family rag-bag; and as it was worth five shillings, the buyer was well content. An old Latin Prayer-book, bought as waste paper, had a bundle of nails, curiously linked together, packed inside it. Half-sovereigns and other coins are found in cast-off pockets, in the heels of old stockings, and inside the linings of dresses. An old coat, purchased by a London dealer, revealed the fact—a joyful fact to the buyer—that the buttons consisted of sovereigns covered with cloth. Three pounds sterling, in German paper-money, found their way into a bundle of German rags that reached a paper-maker. The London Rag Brigade boys once found a bank cheque-book, and on another occasion six pairs of new silk stockings, in waste paper and rags which they had bought: these unexpected articles were, to the honour of the *Brigade*, at once returned. A rare find once occurred in the Houndsditch region. A dealer—of the gentle sex, we are told—gave sevenpence and a pint of beer for a pair of old breeches; while the bargain was being ratified at a public-house, the buyer began to rip up the

garment, when out rolled eleven golden guineas wrapped up in a thirty-pound bank-note. We rather think, that in strictness of law, the guineas of this treasure-trove belonged to the crown; but most likely the elated buyer and the mortified seller made merry over the windfall. Many people, in the days when banking was little understood, had a habit of concealing their spare money about their persons; thus, an old waistcoat, bought for a trifle, was found lined with bank-notes! But of all the finds, what shall we think of a *baby*? A paper-manufacturer assures us that in a bag of rags brought from Leghorn, and opened at an Edinburgh paper-mill, a tiny baby was found, pressed almost flat. Poor bantling! Was it accidentally squeezed to death in a turn-up bedstead, or was some darker tragedy associated with its brief history?

#### BRIDGING OVER GREAT INTERVALS OF TIME.

AN article on the above subject which recently appeared in this *Journal*, has excited some interest in an inhabitant of Plymouth, Massachusetts; he sends us the following:

'It may be thought wonderful that persons now living have conversed with an individual who could recollect a person born only about six years after the death of Queen Elizabeth. Yet, such is the fact, as will be immediately shewn. Mary Allerton, one of the Pilgrims who arrived by the *Mayflower* on our shores of New England in 1620, was born in 1609. She married Elder Thomas Cushman (the ancestor of the family of that name in America), and was the last survivor of that famous *Mayflower* company, dying in 1699, aged ninety. On the 22d of March 1694, one of her nearest neighbours gave birth to a son, who attained to the great age of nearly one hundred and eight years, dying December 8, 1801; living, as will be observed, in three different centuries. His name was Ebenezer Cobb; and he was in his day, and even unto the present time, known as "Grandpa' Cobb" by the people in this vicinity. Only two weeks ago, while on a visit to a venerable clergyman living two hundred miles away, and who was born here in 1786, I was entertained for a while by hearing him relate his personal recollections of this same Ebenezer Cobb, telling many stories concerning him, and describing his personal appearance just previous to his death. After he had finished, I asked him if he had ever realised that that life of over a century was the link that connected him with the founders of our nation. After I had given him the dates, he saw I was right, but added, that he "had never thought of it in that light before." Thus, should any one of the many young children who are now familiar with this aged gentleman, live to the same age as himself, they will be able to say, that it only required the lifetime of two individuals, previous to one they recollected, to "bridge over an interval" of more than three hundred and fifty years. It was rather a singular coincidence, that the very first magazine article I read after my return home was the one in your *Journal* referred to, and it prompted me to write you what I have.

'Another remarkable statement of facts can be made relating to the same subject. A person died in this vicinity in 1871, whose grandfather was

born during the reign of William and Mary (August 1694). His son, who was born December 23, 1729, was not married until he was nearly seventy years of age; and *his son*, who died in 1871, was not born until the year 1801. Probably other interesting facts could be learned of a similar nature, but these mentioned have been well known for many years.'

#### POLLY PARTAN.

A BALLAD, WRITTEN BY THE LATE DR ROBERT CHAMBERS IN 1821.

O PRETTY Polly Partan! she was a damsel gay,  
And, with a creel upon her back, she every night would stray  
To the market-cross of Edinburgh, where singing she  
would stand,  
While the gayest lords in Edinburgh ate oysters from her  
hand.

Oh! such a beauty Polly was, she dang the fish-wives a'—  
Her cheek was like the partan's back, her nose was like  
its claw!

Oh! how divinely did she look, when to her cheek there cam'  
The blushes that accompany the taking of a dram!

Her love he was a sailor, a sailor on the sea,  
And of a Greenland whaler the second-mate was he:  
But the Northern Sea now covers him beneath its icy wave,  
And the iceberg is the monument that lies upon his grave.

As pretty Polly Partan one night was going home,  
And thinking of Tam Hallibuck and happy days to come,  
Endeavouring to recollect if she was fou or not,  
And counting that night's profits in her kilted petticoat;

She had not gone a mile, a mile down the Newhaven road,  
When the spirit of Tam Hallibuck before poor Polly stood;  
The hiccup rose unheeded through her amazed throat,  
And the shilling dropt uncounted into her petticoat.

Oh, cold turned Polly Partan, but colder was the ghost,  
Who shivered in his shirt, as folks are apt to do in frost:  
And while from out his cheek he spat the phantom of a  
quid,

From the ghost of his tobacco-box he lifted off the lid.

'Oh! Polly,' cried the spirit, 'you may weep nae mair for  
me,

For my body it lies cauld and deep beneath the frozen  
sea;

Oh! will you be my bride, and go where sleeps your ain  
true lover,

The tangle-weed shall be your bed, the mighty waves its  
cover?'

'Oh, yes, I'll go!' cried Polly, 'for I can lo'e nane but  
you!'

And she turned into a spirit, and away with Tam she flew:  
And in her track, far to the north, a ghastly light there  
shone,

Her *coats* were like the comet's tail, her fish-creel like  
the moon.

And some folk about Buckhaven, that were lecturing that  
night

On th' aurora borealis and its beauties all so bright,  
Saw the spiritual lovers, with the lightning's quickest  
motion,

Shoot down among the streamers like two stars into the  
ocean.

Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, 47 Paternoster Row, LONDON, and 339 High Street, EDINBURGH.  
Also sold by all Booksellers.

# CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

OF

POPULAR

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

*Fourth Series*

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS.

No. 622.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 27, 1875.

PRICE 1½d.

## ADVENTURE AT MACAO.

It is the custom at Hong-kong, during the hot weather, to take a run to Macao, a Portuguese settlement on the coast of China. A steamer, belonging to an American firm, makes the voyage in about three hours; and what with the fine air and the suavity of the captain—a powerfully built man, known as Gentleman Connell—the voyage is particularly pleasant. Macao is almost an island, with a delightful broad drive between it and the mainland, and possesses a governor, chief-justice, and all the paraphernalia of a colony. Great Britain is, if anything, out of pocket with its colonies. It has to look after them to a certain extent, and gets nothing for doing so but the honour of the thing. The Dutch and Portuguese take a different view of these matters. They make a job of their colonies, making each not only pay its own expenses, but yield a certain revenue in cash to the mother country. To do this advantageously, all depends on the art of squeezing. The Dutch are reputedly good at that; but I am inclined to think that they scarcely come up to the Portuguese, one of whose objects is to get money out of their colonial dependencies.

The remittances from Macao to Portugal are looked upon as a legitimate revenue of the country, and as such receive notice in the annual budget. But how can Macao, a small port on the coast of China, with its trade pretty nearly gone, manage to succour the national exchequer? It does so by means of some profits out of the coolie traffic, and from its gambling-houses—neither of them very respectable, as sources to be drawn on by a European community; yet such is the fact. What we propose, is to give an idea of what is done by a manipulation of the gambling-house system.

The great game pursued by the Macanese is called *Yat, Ye, Sam, Se*—being the first four of the Chinese numerals, one, two, three, four. The counters employed are small copper coins, called *cash*, with a square hole in the centre. Near a pile of cash is a square metal plate, each side numbered—one, two, three, four. On any of these numbers the

gamblers deposit their stakes. When all is ready, the president banker takes a handful of cash from the heap, and setting it apart, draws the coins one by one towards him with an ivory stick, repeating aloud, as he does so, '*Yat, ye, sam, se*' ('One, two, three, four'), when whatever remains is the winning number. For instance, suppose that in his grasp he had picked up eighty-six; the fours divided into it would be twenty-one times and two remaining; consequently, two would be the winning number. Supposing you had staked a dollar, say on number two, an assistant of the banker would then hand the winner four dollars (the dollar staked, and three added), less seven per cent. discount upon the three dollars won, which discount he claims as his share. These houses are frequented by all classes—high and low, rich and poor, and cannot but be considered sources of demoralisation. I will not, however, discuss the moral aspect of the case, but proceed to my adventure.

It was in the heat of summer, the thermometer in-doors shewing as much as ninety-eight, that one Saturday afternoon I determined to leave Hong-kong behind me for a day or two, and take a trip to Macao. After a pleasant run, on the evening of our arrival at Macao, three of my friends and I, leaving our hotel, proceeded to one of the gambling establishments, more to satisfy our curiosity than anything else. We found the proprietor and all his staff, including the banker, shouting and gesticulating towards a not over-well-dressed Macanese. Upon inquiring the cause, we were told that the man had been playing, and had lost all his ready-money; and, moreover, had staked his watch, which he had also lost; when he then tendered his chain, and a few trinkets attached to it, at the same time naming a certain sum that he required for them. The amount was evidently too large, for the Chinaman would only give him one half of what he had asked; thereupon the Macanese became furious. One of my companions tried to reason with the man, and he at first appeared to listen with attention; but in a few minutes he turned the whole of his ire upon my friend. There are certain phrases in Chinese



denunciations which are used very freely amongst themselves, but which they are very careful not to use towards a foreigner, unless, indeed, they are mad, or drunk. On the present occasion, language was employed towards one of us that was altogether beyond endurance, and as no police-officer was at hand, the wretch paid the penalty of his rudeness by being instantly knocked down. I do not defend this violence. It might have been better to walk quietly and contemptuously away. Yet, the punishment was probably nothing more than the felloe expected, for he rose to his feet, and half apologised, and we thought no more about the matter. The house was quieted; the proprietor came and proffered us his thanks. We watched the game for a few minutes, and then left. In passing out, we noticed that our Macanese friend had left before us; but this did not surprise us. We made direct for our hotel, and passed down one or two streets, when, in turning a corner, we suddenly confronted a file of soldiers. We were called upon to halt, which we did; and then stepped forward our Macanese friend, and, before the sergeant, accused us of assaulting him.

We were ordered to fall in between the soldiers, and were then marched off to the guard-room. Arrived there, the charge was taken down, and we were politely asked our names and addresses, which we at once gave. We then asked to see some one in authority, and after waiting for about half an hour, one of the junior captains presented himself. We stated our case to him as clearly as possible; and Welby, one of the party, asked whether, provided we could find bail for our appearance on the morrow—Sunday—we could not return to our hotel. He replied in the affirmative, but added, that only one of us would be allowed to leave to try and obtain it, and that under escort, and that the bail must be a resident of, and not a visitor to the place. My friend who had actually committed the assault at once determined that he would go, and promised to be with us again in the course of half an hour.

We lit our cigars, and entered into conversation with the officer in charge of the guard, but that half-hour hung very heavily on our hands. We tried to look and appear cheerful, but were not very successful. In about three-quarters of an hour, our friend appeared with a gentleman of his acquaintance, whom he at once introduced to us as Mr Anderson, of a mercantile firm, whom he had fortunately met as he was making his way home. Welby at once explained how matters stood, and the unfortunate predicament in which he had placed us, who were then anxiously waiting his return. He laughed, and at once accompanied him back to our small prison. Having introduced himself to the captain, and explained who and what he was, he was readily admitted as our bail. We were then told that we would have to appear before the chief magistrate the next morning at eleven o'clock, which we promised to do. We left the place thankful to Mr Anderson in no

small degree for having released us from one of the dirtiest and most miserable guard-rooms it has ever been my lot to behold. Mr Anderson accompanied us a short way home, to take care of us, as he jocularly remarked, and then took leave of us for the night.

I for one felt anything but comfortable about the matter: we knew that the utmost punishment they would award us would be a simple fine: but it would not at all sound well to hear our Hong-kong friends talking about it, and indeed, might lead us into a little trouble. The next morning after breakfast our friend Mr Anderson kindly called to accompany us to the court. Upon entering the court, which was only a large room, with a long table in the centre surrounded by chairs, we found the chief of police alone, sitting at the table writing. He at once rose from his seat, shook hands with Mr Anderson, whom he evidently recognised, and with each of us. He at once entered into the case, and requested us to state exactly how the fracas occurred. Welby turned spokesman, and in rather a clever and humorous manner, detailed the whole circumstances; but particularly dwelling upon the grave insult he had received from our Macanese friend in his using the offensive expression. When he had finished, our chief of police at once addressed himself to our prosecutor, and in language not the politest in the world, told him that instead of his being the prosecutor he ought to have been the prisoner. 'How dare he,' he said, 'make use of such language to English gentlemen? Did he know who he was, and what they were? Would he attempt to insult His Excellency the governor? He might as well;' and much more to the same purpose, until the poor fellow actually trembled, and I really think that he imagined that he was the prisoner, and not we. The chief then drew us on one side, and told us that he thought the matter might be arranged between us without its going before the magistrate, and intimated that, as the prosecutor appeared to be not very well off, a present of a few dollars would be most acceptable to him. We gladly coincided with him, and thought ourselves lucky in getting off so cheaply. Welby at once went to the man, and was in the act of tendering him the money, when who should enter the room but the magistrate himself! The amicable arrangement was at once at an end, and we retired to our places round the table.

Whatever we might have thought of the chief's proceedings, and it was certainly with no small wonderment, the off-hand manner of hushing up a case was certainly placed in the shade by what followed afterwards from His Worship the magistrate. He politely requested us to be seated, and drawing from his pocket a cigar-case, took one, and then handed the case round to us. At the time it struck me as something superbly comical, that we as prisoners should be quietly sitting at the same table as the magistrate and chief of police, smoking our cigars, and that the prosecutor

should be left standing cowering, hat in hand, as if he were about to receive a sentence of penal servitude. After a hurried conversation between the two heads of departments, the magistrate, without reading out the charge, or even speaking a word to us, turned upon the prosecutor, and asked him what he had to say for himself. The man looked first at us, then at the magistrate, and back to us again in simple wonderment, that he, the prosecutor in a case of assault, should be standing cap in hand, whilst we, prisoners, should be seated at the magistrate's table, hats on, and cigar in mouth, and should be quietly called upon for an explanation. For a few moments he seemed as one that had lost the use of his tongue, and in fact he had done so; but all at once, he poured forth such a harangue in Portuguese, that it was now the magistrate's turn to look surprised at the daring impudence of the fellow. That he, a chief magistrate, and born in Portugal, should allow a fellow like this, a Macanese, half-Portuguese and half-Chinese, to address him in this manner; the thing was too much for him, and if he ever had the slightest sympathy with him, there was none now; no, not one atom. With a 'Silence, dog!' that sounded through the whole house, he whispered a few words to the chief of police, who rose, and noiselessly left the room. He then, addressing us, thanked us for our attendance, and apologised for the trouble and inconvenience to which we had been put, shook us each by the hand, and wished us good-morning. As we descended the stairs we met our friend the chief, and with him a sergeant and two rank-and-file. Pointing to the soldiers, we asked what they were for. 'Oh, to teach that dog up-stairs a lesson.' We had got off cheap ourselves, but how about the poor fellow up-stairs? I did not like the matter, and determined to see if I could not get him released. I half hinted as much to the chief, but he very promptly told me that I had far better leave matters alone; and seeing that it was no use further interfering, we took our departure.

On the way home I asked Mr Anderson for an explanation of the morning's proceedings, which he gave, if I remember right, in these words: 'You wonder, young men, at the extraordinary, polite manner in which you were treated this morning, and at that farce of a court of justice. But it is not always so. They can punish you there quite as severely as they can in Hong-kong, and very often do so. But in this case it was the only course that they could consistently pursue towards you. Money was at the bottom of it. The Portuguese home government have demanded this year a very much larger contribution from Macao than they are quite prepared to pay; and if this money is not forthcoming, His Excellency, who is so comfortably seated at Government House, will be quietly asked to resign. Now, their principal revenue is from the gambling-houses; these they farm out to one man, who again sublets them to others, who are the actual keepers of them. In the course of a month they will be put up to auction for the next year, and everything depends upon the amount the keepers make out of them, whether they will bring twenty-five per cent. under or over last year's price. If the houses get into bad repute, the Europeans will not frequent them; and if such a case as yours got wind, they would be deserted: the consequence would be that it

would be a case of twenty-five per cent. under, and not over. I have mentioned that the whole of these houses are farmed out to one man; would it surprise you to hear who that one is? I will tell you—the Chief of Police.'

## GLENCAIRN,

A DRAMATIC STORY IN THREE ACTS.

### THIRD ACT.

SITTING quietly at home in Edinburgh, and perusing the *Scotsman* newspaper, Mr Smith, member of the firm of Marshall and Sons, had his attention riveted on a paragraph descriptive of certain proceedings in New York concerning Jay Gould and a person styling himself the Right Hon. Lord Gordon. The circumstances narrated bore so close a resemblance to the transactions connected with Lord Glencairn, as to stimulate curiosity, and he resolved to procure, if possible, some details on the subject. In this there was little difficulty. Mr Smith happened to have a friend in New York, and to him he wrote for information respecting the appearance and character of Gordon; for if he were Glencairn who had fraudulently purchased a quantity of jewellery in Edinburgh, there might still be a possibility of getting payment sufficient to cover the loss.

In due time, a number of newspapers were received from New York, which left little doubt that Gordon was the missing Glencairn. To place the matter beyond dispute, it would have been satisfactory to procure a photograph of Gordon from New York; but such could not be supplied. In that city numerous attempts had been made to get Gordon photographed, without avail. His lordship was well aware that if his photograph were put in circulation, it might reach England, and bring down upon him a host of tradesmen whom he had succeeded in swindling. Keenly on the alert, he was able to baffle every effort to be photographed. New York artists in the photographic line do not stick upon trifles to accomplish their object. Denied access to his lordship, one of them planted his apparatus on the top of a house opposite his hotel, and watched an opportunity of taking a catch likeness of him when he appeared at any of the windows. All was in vain. Gordon took care never to keep his head steady for a single moment. He kept it so constantly shaking as to defeat the operator. An attempt was made to photograph him when under examination in court, but this also failed. When his lordship saw the apparatus planted within clear view of his countenance, he complained to the judge of the insult, and the persevering but disconcerted artist was forced to retire. On one occasion, a draughtsman, slyly peeping out from behind a person in the court, managed to take his likeness in pencil. The sketch, however, could not be called effective, and was of no practical service. As we write, this pencil sketch is on the table before us.

Although no photograph of Gordon could be

obtained from America, Mr Smith was fortunate in procuring a *carte de visite* of Glencairn from the office of the solicitor in London already mentioned, and this he transmitted to the attorneys employed by Gould in prosecuting Gordon, in New York. The *carte de visite* was received by the attorneys with a shout of delight. It at once shewed that Glencairn and Gordon were one and the same person. Gould could now incontestably prove that the person he had credulously intrusted with his property was a roving English impostor. To satisfy the ends of justice, all that was required was to procure the attendance of Smith in New York. Mr Smith, however, was in Scotland at the head of a large business concern, and a trip across the Atlantic, in order to be put in the witness-box, might neither be pleasant nor convenient. Still, he must be induced to come at all hazards. The expense of doing so not to be thought of. Smith, in fact, without knowing it, was now master of the situation.

Without anticipating any such summons, he received a telegram, beseeching him to come to New York on important business. All his expenses would be paid by Mr Gould. And he would be so good as intimate his departure, and the name of the steam-vessel in which he took his passage. Considering what he had endured from Glencairn's proceedings, and desirous of pursuing a quiet life, Smith naturally shrunk from the adventure; on the other hand, from the possibility of stopping the career of a man who had for years audaciously preyed on society, a strong sense of public duty overcame personal considerations. His partners in business did not quite relish the idea, but managing to overcome their scruples, he secured a berth in the mail-steamer *Batavia*, to sail from Liverpool on the 8th October 1872.

In a small book printed for private circulation, Mr Smith gives a graphic account of his voyage and subsequent excursions. He mentions that he was in a good ship, but the weather proved to be boisterous, and for several days he lay helpless in his berth, though in this respect he was not singular, 'only seven out of a hundred and fifty cabin passengers being able to appear in the state-room during the storm.' On the ninth day after leaving Liverpool, the vessel came in sight of Newfoundland; then, there was some trouble, if not danger, in sailing through the fogs, with the steam-whistle constantly sounding. No accident, however, happened, and the *Batavia* arrived safely at its destination on the morning of Sunday, October 20. The passengers were landed at New Jersey city, on the opposite side of the Hudson River from New York. A party, he says, was waiting his arrival with a carriage and pair, and he was driven—carriage, horses, and all—on to one of the ferry-boats, across to the city of New York. Now begin some experiences which he has modestly refrained from mentioning in his book.

In the brief space which had elapsed since

touching land, Mr Smith was unpleasantly made aware that his life was in danger, and that it would be necessary for him to exercise the greatest possible circumspection. A person would be constantly hovering round him to secure his personal safety. Partisans in the interest or direct employment of Gordon would not scruple to put him *hors de combat*. Not agreeable intelligence this for a peacefully disposed Scotsman, that assassins were on the watch to stab or shoot him, and that he must take care what he was about. Had he known of any such perils before leaving home, it is not the least likely that even under any sense of public duty he would have budged from the family fireside. However, here he was, and had to make the best of things.

The aspect of the lofty buildings, the crowded thoroughfares, and novelties of various kinds, helped to banish apprehensions of immediate danger. He was first driven to the Clarendon Hotel, where a splendid suite of rooms awaited him, and to which he was lifted by an elevator. The charge for the apartments was three pounds sterling a day; but no matter what it was, Mr Smith's bills were to be all paid by Gould. With the hints he had received, and while Gordon was in New York, Mr Smith, neither in this superb hotel nor in the Astor House, in which he was subsequently lodged, attended the *table-d'hôte*. He took all his meals in his own rooms, and by particular instruction did not chew himself in the passages. He usually kept the doors locked. This worthy individual, in fact, during much of the time he was in America, felt himself to be a kind of prisoner under an escort. The circumstance of having to exercise such extraordinary precautions gives one an impressive idea of the state of society in New York, where, as has been sometimes observed, life is less secure than it is in Naples or Constantinople.

Taken before the supreme court on the 30th October, Smith underwent a lengthened examination regarding Lord Glencairn and his transactions with him. His statements were clear and to the point. He verified the photograph of Glencairn, which he had furnished to the prosecution, and it was forthwith marked and bound up with the proceedings. Now lying before us, we cannot but view it as a testimony to the value of the photographic art in tracking out criminals, and bringing them to justice.\* The witness produced notes which he had received in the course of business from Glencairn, bearing the earl's coronet, the monogram H. G., and the signature H. Glencairn. These were also marked and put up along with the evidence. As an instance of his lordship's familiarity of intercourse and duplicity of character, he mentioned how cordially he spoke of Smith's eldest son, the lad of about twenty years

\* Copies of the photograph of Glencairn *alias* Gordon, bearing a *fac-simile* of his signature, may be procured from Mr John Horeburgh, photographer, 131 Princes Street, Edinburgh.

of age, to whom he had benevolently given his advices. 'I will tell you,' said his lordship, 'what transpired when I was your boy's age: at breakfast-time my father called me into his room, and said to me: "Hubert, you have now come to that time of life when you are going to enter the world; you know how bright your prospects are; deny yourself nothing; whatever your taste or inclination leads you to, gratify it; but never do anything you would not like me to know;" then his lordship addressing me: That is the advice I would give you regarding your boy.'

In these legal proceedings, Mr Smith gave some other assistance both in New York and Philadelphia, and all things concurred to shew that the person styling himself The Right Honourable Lord Gordon, was no other than the adventurer in high life who had figured in England and Scotland under the title of Lord Glencairn. Gordon foresaw that, if he abided his trial for getting securities and money on false pretences, he would be proved to be a swindler of the first magnitude, and committed to prison for probably several years; and that as Smith, the prime witness against him, could not intermediately be put out of the way, the best thing he could do would be to abscond, although in doing so a heavy loss would be suffered by those confiding individuals who had become his bail. Like a despicable and selfish coward, Gordon secretly went off, and after a long and dreary journey took refuge in Manitoba, a western province of Canada, on the shores of Lake Winnipeg, and adjoining the state of Minnesota, pertaining to the United States—the very heart of the North American continent.

Alas! poor wretch, like a hunted wild animal, he was now put to his last shifts. All his stories about his immense wealth, his vast heritable property, his titles to nobility, his lordly coronet and monogram, were at length, in the most humiliating circumstances, discovered to be a downright cheat. A terrible Nemesis was on his tracks. In the general economy of the world, it is observable, that even in momentous affairs, when some grand act of retributive justice is to be effected, matters go on in a very commonplace sort of way. We see no miraculous demonstration. All comes about under determinate and unerring Providential laws, which the evil-doer can no more evade than he can vanquish the laws of gravitation. Glencairn, *alias* Gordon, perhaps imagined himself to be safe from pursuit, within the distant Canadian border, with a great wild country beyond to fall back upon even to the fastnesses of the Rocky Mountains. If this was his notion, he was mistaken. How his remote retreat should have been discovered, is not within our knowledge, nor does it much signify. In the enormous diffusion of newspapers, letters passing through the post-office, and the electric telegraph, there were agencies sufficient to bring to light the very spot where he had taken refuge, although situated thirteen hundred miles west of New York.

Not by the vigilance of the criminal law was he traced, but by a person named Roberts, who (probably on behalf of others) had become bail for his appearance. Unfortunately, he did not go to work regularly. Gordon was within British territory, and could only be legally captured by the warrant of a British magistrate. Instead of adopting this means of securing him, he procured a warrant from a United States magistrate, under which irregular process, two officers, one of them named Hay, crossed the frontier, and seized their unhappy victim. According to international law, this was undoubtedly an error; but it appears to have been sanctioned as not illegal by Wilson, a United States lawyer, on the ground that bailsmen could anywhere, and in any way, take the person for whom they were bound. A Manitoba newspaper, dating from Fort Garry, July 7, 1873, gives an account of the affair:

'The arrest of the so-called Lord Gordon, of Erie notoriety, is likely to lead to an international complication. Two Minneapolis detectives, acting under the authority of Mr Brackett, Mayor of Minneapolis, and the advice of the principal lawyers of that city, arrived at Winnipeg on the 2d July, obtained a conveyance, and seized Gordon at a friend's house, five miles from town, and drove through Winnipeg toward Pembina on the frontier. The friends of Gordon discovered the arrest, and telegraphed to Pembina to capture the Americans as kidnappers. The parties were brought back and lodged in jail. One or two residents were also arrested as accessories.' Next day, Brackett, the Mayor of Minneapolis, arrived with a view to assist the prisoners; but as instigator of the proceedings, he was arrested also. A day or two later, Gordon was examined in court regarding his arrest. 'He testified that while overseeing some work done on his property at Fort Garry he was approached by the prisoners, who said they were Minneapolis officers, and had a warrant for his apprehension. He denied their authority to remove him, on a mere warrant issued by a Minnesota official, from the Dominion of Canada, and refused to go with them. He was then overpowered, ironed, and placed in an ambulance, and driven forcibly toward the United States' line, when he was relieved by the police of Manitoba.'

The seizure of Gordon in the irregular manner mentioned, caused a great commotion in Manitoba, and a serious judicial inquiry ensued, along with lengthened discussions and comments in the newspapers. We content ourselves by copying an explanation of the alleged outrage, issued by J. W. Taylor, United States consul in Manitoba, which throws some light on the subject: 'Gordon was arrested in New York for embezzlement. Roberts released him from prison by becoming his bail for thirty-seven thousand five hundred dollars. Gordon ran away to Manitoba. As the bond was about to become forfeited, Roberts procures proper exemplifications of the bail-piece, and executes a power of

attorney to Hay, authorising him to act. Hay, with this authority, goes with an assistant to Manitoba, and makes the arrest by common law. A bail has the right to take his principal wherever and whenever he can find him. When a prisoner is released from prison, he is considered in the continual custody of his bail. This right is not controlled by state or national boundaries, but runs wherever the common law exists, if the right has not been taken away by statute treaties, and extractions of laws have nothing to do with the question. They relate to delivery for crimes. (Gordon is not sought on account of embezzlement, but to relieve Roberts of his liability. There is no process, no international arrangement by which Roberts can obtain him. No governmental demand can be legally made or responded to for the purpose of restoring Gordon to his bail. Roberts must take him by his common law right. What Roberts can do, his duly authorised agent can do. The taking of Gordon by Hay was no violation of law. The common law right exists in Manitoba, uncontrolled by any statute. It has been frequently ruled in the United States that the bail had the right to come from one state into another to take his principal. The jurisdictions of the different states are as distinct as those of New York and Manitoba, and they are vested wholly on the common law principle, equally in force here as there. With this exposition, I submit that the gravity of the question involved, as well as the interests of both countries, required that all testimony which the defence is prepared to shew should be admitted, and as an act of international courtesy, that Mr Wilson may be heard during the present examination. I think it not inappropriate for me to add that from an examination and knowledge of all the facts, it will appear that there was no intention on the part of any one to violate the international law or to insult this government, but that every one connected with it sincerely believed that he was acting in accordance with his legal right.

A plausible explanation this; but it did not satisfy the court which had the matter under consideration. There had been an unjustifiable outrage on international rights. We cannot go into a formal history of the embroilment. The end of it was that Brackett, the mayor of Minneapolis, was released, and the two United States officers were tried and imprisoned for their offence. Gordon continued at liberty to go where he liked. He did not long remain at Fort Garry, but disappeared, no one could exactly say where. There were all sorts of rumours; one of them, that he had gone across the prairies towards the Rocky Mountains; another that he had proceeded in the direction of Toronto and Montreal. It is uncertain where he was, or how he was squandering his money. One fact is indisputable; he again cast up in Manitoba in the summer of 1874, and took up his residence at a place called Headingley. Like the moth fluttering round the candle, he might

almost be said to court destruction. It came swiftly.

Meanwhile, what of Thomas Smith of Marshall and Sons? On the disappearance of Gordon from New York, in 1872, Mr Smith made a short tour by way of Albany and the Falls of Niagara to Toronto, accompanied by two conductors or guardians, who had hopes of hearing something of the fugitive at the different places visited. Nothing, however, could be heard of him; and his two companions, in their capacity of detectives, proposed to extend the journey to Montreal. To this, Smith demurred. He had spent a fortnight in America; it was not his business to go hunting for Gordon up and down the country; he had affairs to look after at home; if the detectives pleased, they might pursue the search at Montreal, or anywhere else in Canada, but he must return to Scotland. As a compromise, he went before a police magistrate at Toronto, and procured a warrant for the apprehension of Gordon on a charge of swindling the firm he represented. Leaving the warrant behind him, he now returned home, taking his passage in the steamer *Java* from New York, and arriving at Liverpool on the 17th November.

The investigations of the detectives were not immediately successful; and only by a fresh impulse communicated by New York lawyers, was Smith's warrant made practically available in 1874. On the 1st August of that year, Gordon was arrested at Headingley in Manitoba. The story of his capture is almost too painful to be told, but the strange narrative would be incomplete without it. We gather particulars from the deposition of Alexander Munro, a Toronto police-officer who executed the arrest.

Arriving at the house in which Gordon was residing, and introduced to his presence, 'I told him,' says Munro, 'that I had come to arrest him, and that I had a warrant. He asked if it was another case of kidnapping, and I said it was not, but everything regular, and I shewed him the warrant. He said it was all right, and just glancing at it, professed himself ready to go. Only, he wished to be allowed to put on warmer clothes. He got dressed, and was all ready to go, with the exception of a Scotch cap, which he wished to get from the bedroom. I closely followed him. On entering the bedroom, he laid hold of a loaded pistol, and declaring that he would not move a step further, he put the pistol to his head. I made a rush to prevent his shooting, but it was too late. He pulled the trigger, and shot himself through the head. He sank down and died almost immediately.'

So there was the finish of one of the most extraordinary impostors of our time. A coroner's inquest was held on the body, the verdict being, that Gordon, while labouring under the excitement arising from his arrest, had shot himself with a pistol, causing death. It appeared from inquiries that he had been in the habit of giving away

jewellery, and had little left. Even his money had been spent, for on searching his pockets there was found only the sum of thirty-seven cents—eighteenpence-halfpenny! That was apparently all he possessed out of his enormous ill-gotten gains! Whether, since his decease, Gould has succeeded in recovering the securities about which he carried on a litigation against Gordon, is not known to us.

In none of the printed proceedings or elsewhere, is there a scrap of intelligence concerning the real name, or the relatives of this remarkable person. No one seems to know who or what he was, who were his parents, or where he was born. He altogether remains a mystery. It would be curious to know if any one lamented his wrecked opportunities of well-doing, or mourned his deplorable fate. At times he spoke of his mother being a gay lady, but that she and his father were dead. He likewise said he had been educated at Cambridge, which is not improbable. From occasional hints in his conversation, his Christian name was Hubert, though on that there can be placed no dependence. His assumption of nobility was proved to have no warrant in fact. By those who had the misfortune to have dealings with him, his manner is described as having been charming and faultless. Nor can it be said he was all bad. There were good points in his character. He was generous in his distribution of charity, and we are told that, while figuring as Lord Glencairn in Forfarshire, he tenderly and with assiduity nursed a gentleman, his neighbour, through a serious illness. On all hands it is admitted that he possessed talents which, if put to a good use, could scarcely have failed to raise him to honourable distinction. As an explanation of his depravity, it is alleged that he had formed intimacies with, and been demoralised by, that extensive class of gamblers, fraudulent speculators, and dishonest projectors of foreign loans, who have latterly brought discredit on the higher departments of London society into which, strangely enough, they have gained admission.

There might perhaps be another version of Gordon's depravity. We hear of no confederate in his swindling transactions. Apparently an isolated individual, he relied on his own peculiar strategy. This would almost lead to the impression that he was to a degree mad. Lunatics, it is known, do not combine. They act independently, each from his own deranged fancies. At anyrate, there was something maniacal in Gordon. He had a mania for stealing and swindling, but he had equally a mania for lavishly giving away that which he so fraudulently acquired. In short, his perversities might have been as much matter for medical as for judicial inquiry. The last fatal act of this inconprehensible being demonstrated an acute sense of what he had brought himself to by his ingeniously contrived rogueries. Unable to brook the ignominy of being paraded as a convict, stripped of his ridiculous and

long sustained pretensions to rank, he forthwith unpreparedly rushed to his last account, and while still a young man sunk into an unhonoured grave. We leave every one to apply the moral that may be readily drawn from such an extraordinary career, and the melancholy catastrophe by which it was so abruptly terminated.

In concluding our tragi-comic drama of real life, it would be improper not to say that Mr Smith, who had unwillingly been brought so prominently forward, looks back on the affair with anything but agreeable emotions. Considering the trouble and vexation he experienced, he might well say with BURNS, though in a very different spirit—

But I'll remember thee, GLENCAIRN,  
And a' that thou hast done for me.

W. C.

## THE FLAG OF DISTRESS.

### CHAPTER XLIII.—THE BARQUE ABANDONED.

SIMULTANEOUS with the abduction on deck, there is a scene in the *Coudor's* cabin that might be likened to a saturnalia of demons.

The skipper and Don Gregorio, sitting over their walnuts and wine, are startled by the sound of footsteps descending the stair; these heavy and hurried, bearing no resemblance to the gentle tread of women. It cannot be the ladies coming down again. Nor yet the negro cook, since his voice is heard above in angry expostulation; for two of the sailors have seized him in his galley, throttled him back on the bench, and are there lashing him with a piece of log-line.

They at the cabin table know nothing of this. They hear his shouts, with the shrieks of the ladies; but have no time to seek explanation, as at that instant the door is dashed open, and several sailors burst in; the second-mate at their head. Lantanas, facing the door, sees them first; Don Gregorio, turning in his seat, the instant after. Neither thinks of demanding a reason for the rude intrusion. The determined air of the intruders, with the fierce reckless expression on their faces, tells it would be idle.

In a time shorter than it takes to tell it, the two doomed men are made fast to the stanchioned chairs, where they sit bolt upright, firm as bollard heads, though not in silence. Both utter threats, oaths, angry fulminations. Not long are they allowed even freedom of speech. One of the sailors thrusts something between Captain Lantanas' teeth, gagging him. Another, ready prepared for remonstrance, does the like for Don Gregorio. Then the work of pillage proceeds. The locker lids are forced, and the boxes of gold-dust dragged out. Several comings and goings are required for its transport to the pinnace; but at length it is stowed in the boat, the plunderers taking their seats beside it. One lingers in the cabin behind the rest; that fiend in human shape who has all along counselled killing the unfortunate men.

Left alone with them—they helpless and at his mercy, he looks as if still determined to do this. It is not from any motive of compassion that he goes from one to the other, and strikes the gags from between their teeth. For at the same time he apostrophises them in horrid mockery :

'*Carramba !* I can't think of leaving two gentlemen seated at such a well-furnished table, without being able to hob-nob and converse with one another.' Specially addressing Lantanas, he continues : 'You see, captain, I'm not spiteful ; else I shouldn't think of shewing you this bit of civility, after the insults you've offered me, since I've been second-officer of your ship.' Then approaching Don Gregorio angrily, he shrieks into his ears : 'Perhaps you don't remember me, Montijo. But I do you. Can your worship recall a circumstance that occurred some six years ago, when you were *alcalde-mayor* of Yerba Buena ? You may remember having a poor fellow pilloried and whipped, for doing a bit of contraband. I was that unfortunate individual. And this is my satisfaction for the indignity you put upon me. Keep your seats, gentlemen ! Drink your wine, and eat your walnuts. Before you've cleared the table, this fine barque, with your noble selves, will be at the bottom of the sea.' The ruffian concludes with a peal of scornful laughter, continued as he ascends the cabin stair, after striding out and clanging the door behind him.

On deck, he finds himself alone ; and hurrying to the ship's waist, scrambles over the side, down into the pinnace ; where he finds everything stowed, the oarsmen seated on the thwarts, their oars in the rowlocks, ready to shove off. They are not all there yet. The first-mate and Davis are still aboard the vessel.

There are those who would gladly cast loose and leave the laggards behind. Soon as stepping into the boat Padilla proposes it, the other Spaniards abetting him. But their traitorous desire is opposed by Striker. However otherwise debased, the ex-convict is true to the men who speak his own tongue. He protests in strong determined language, and is backed by the Dutchman, Dane, and La Crosse, as also Tarry and Slush.

'Bah !' exclaims Padilla, seeing himself in the minority ; 'I was only jesting. Of course, I had no intention to abandon them. Ha, ha, ha !' he adds with a forced laugh, 'we'd be the blackest of traitors to behave that way.'

Striker pays no heed to the hypocritical speech, but calls to his fellow-convict and Harry Blew, alternately pronouncing their names. He at length gets response, and soon after sees Davis above, clambering over the rail. Blew is not far off, but still does not appear. He is by the foot of the mainmast with a haulyard in his hands, as though hoisting something aloft. The moon has become clouded, and it is too dark for any one to see what it is.

'Hillo, there, Blew !' again hails Striker ; 'what be a-keepin' ye ? Hurry down ! These Spanish chaps are threetnin' to go off without ye.'

'Hang it !' exclaims the chief-mate, now shewing at the side ; 'I hope that an't true !'

'Certainly not !' exclaims Padilla ; 'nothing of the kind. We were only afraid you might delay too long, and be in danger of going down with the vessel.'

'Not much fear o' that,' returns Blew, dropping with Davis into the boat. 'It'll be some time afore she sinks. Ye fixed the rudder for her to run out, didn't ye ?'

'Ay, ay !' responds he who was last at the wheel.

'All right ; shove off, then ! That wind 'll take the old *Condor* straight seaward ; an' long afore sunrise, she'll be out sight o' land. Give way there—way !'

The oars dip and plash. The boat separates from the side, with prow turned shoreward. The barque, with all sail still spread, is left to herself, and the breeze, which wafts her gently away towards the wide wilderness of ocean.

Proceeding cautiously, guarding against the rattle of an oar in its rowlock, the pirates run their boat through the breakers, and approach the shore. Ahead they see the two summits, with the moon just going down between them.

The shore outline is a cove of horse-shoe shape, the cliffs extending around it. With a few more strokes the boat is brought into it, and glides on to its innermost end.

As the keel grates upon its shingly strand, their ears are saluted by a chorus of cries.—the alarm signal of sea-birds, startled by the intrusion. Some fly up from the beach, others from ledges along the cliff's face. The scream of the sea-eagle can be distinguished like the laugh of a maniac. These sounds, notwithstanding their discordance, are sweet to those now hearing them. They tell of a shore uninhabited—literally, that the 'coast is clear'—just as desired. Beaching their boat, the pirates spring on shore, and lift the captives out ; then their spoils ; one unresisting as the other. Some go in search of a place where they may pass the night ; for it is too late to think of moving inland. Between the strand and the cliff's base, they discover a place, several feet above sea-level, having an area of over an acre, covered with coarse grass ; just the spot for camping-ground. As the sky has become clouded, and threatens a down-pour of rain, they carry thither the boat's sail, intending to rig it up as an awning. But a discovery is made which spares them the trouble. Along its base, the cliff is honeycombed with caves, one of ample dimensions, sufficient to shelter the whole crew. A ship's lamp, which they have brought with them, when lighted, throws its glare upon stalactites, that sparkle like the pendants of chandeliers. Disposing themselves in various attitudes, some reclined on their spread pilot-coats, some seated on stones or canvas bags, they enter upon a debauch with the wine abstracted from the cabin stores of the abandoned barque—drinking, talking, singing, and shouting, till the cavern rings with their rude revelry. It is well their captives are not compelled to take part in it. To them has been appropriated one of the smaller grottoes, the boat-sail fixed in front, securing them privacy. Harry Blew has done this. In the breast of the British man-o'-war's man there is still a spark of delicacy. Though his gratitude has given way to the greed of gold, he has not yet sunk to the low level of ruffianism around him.

While the carousal is thus carried on within the cave, without, the overcast sky begins to discharge itself. Lightning forks and flashes athwart the firmament ; thunder rolls reverberating along the



cliffs; a strong wind sweeps them; and rain rushes down in torrents.

It is a tropic storm—short-lived, lasting scarce an hour; but, while on, it lashes the sea into fury, driving the breakers upon the beach, where the boat has been left loosely moored. In the reflux of the ebbing tide, it is set afloat and carried away seaward. Coming upon the coral reef, it bilges, is broken to pieces, and the fragments as waifs dance about and drift far away over the foam-crested billows.

#### CHAPTER XLIV.—TWO TARQUINS.

It is an hour after midnight. A calm has succeeded the storm; and silence reigns around the cove where the pirates have put in. The sea-birds have returned to their perches on the cliff, and now sit noiselessly, save an occasional angry scream from the osprey, as a whip-poor-will, or some other plumed plunderer of the night, flits past his place of repose, near enough to wake the tyrant of the sea-shore, and excite his jealous rage. Other sounds are the dull boom of the outside breakers, and the lighter ripple of the tidal waves washing over a strand rich in shells, and coral worn by attrition into a thousand shapes. Now and then, a *manatee*, raising its bristled snout above the surf, gives out a low, prolonged wail, like the cry of some creature in mortal agony. It might be mistaken for the moan of a human being, whose spirit is sorely oppressed.

But there is no human voice now. The ruffians have ended their carousal. Their profane songs, ribald jests, and drunken cachinnations, inharmoniously mingling with the soft monotone of the sea, have ceased to be heard. They lie astretch along the cavern floor, its hollow aisles echoing back only their snores and stertorous breathing.

But they are not all asleep, nor all inside the cavern. Two are outside, seen making approach towards the grotto occupied by the captive girls. As the moon has gone down, it is too dark to distinguish their faces. Still, there is light enough reflected from the luminous surface of the sea to shew that neither is in sailor garb, but in the habiliments of landmen—this the national costume of Spanish California. On their heads are *sombreros* of ample brim; on their legs trousers, open-seamed, flapping loose around their ankles; while over their shoulders they carry cloaks, which, by their peculiar drape, are recognisable as *mangas* of Mexico.

In the obscurity, the colour cannot be determined; but one is scarlet, the other sky blue. As dressed now, it would be difficult to identify these men as Gomez and Hernandez. Yet, it is they.

They are approaching the grotto without any show of fear, or even caution; slowly, and in conversation. Gomez has commenced it, saying:

'I've been thinking, *companionero*, now we've got everything straight so far, that our best plan will be to stay where we are till it's all fixed as we want it. We can send on for the *padre*, and bring him here; or failing him, the *cura*. To tell truth, I haven't the slightest idea of where we've come ashore. We may be a goodish distance from Santiago; and to go there, embargued as we are, there's a possibility of our being robbed of our pretty baggage on the route. You understand me?'

'Si—ciertamente!'

'Against risk of that kind, it is necessary we should take some precautions. And the first—as also the best I can think of—is to stay here, till we're spliced to our sweethearts. Rafael can act as a messenger; or, for that matter, Don Manuel. Either, with six words I shall intrust to him, will be certain to bring back an ecclesiastic, having full powers to go through the form of a ceremony. Then we can march inland without fear—ay, with flying colours; both Benedicts, our blushing brides on our arms. In Santiago de Veragua we shall spend our honeymoon.'

'Delightful anticipation!'

'Just so. And for that very reason, we mustn't risk marring it; which we might, by travelling as simple bachelors. So I say, let us get married before going a step farther.'

'But the others? Are they to assist at our nuptials?'

'Certainly not.'

'In what way is it to be avoided?'

'The simplest in the world. It's understood that we divide our plunder the first thing in the morning. When that's done, and each has stowed away his share, I intend proposing that we separate; every one to go his own gait.'

'Will they agree to that, think you?'

'Of course they will. Why shouldn't they? It's the safest way for all, and they'll see it. Twelve of us trooping together through the country—to say nothing of having the women along—the story we're to tell about shipwreck might get discredited. When that's made clear to our old shipmates, they'll be considerate for their own safety. Trust me for making it clear. Of course we'll keep Padilla and Velarde to act as grooms-men; so that the only things wanted will be a brace of bridesmaids.'

'Ha, ha, ha!' laughs Hernandez.

'And now to see about our brides. We've not yet proposed to them. We went once to do that, and were disappointed. No danger now.'

'I suppose we may count upon a flat refusal.'

'Flat or sharp, little care I; and it won't signify, one way or the other. In three days, or less, I intend calling Carmen Montijo my wife. But come on! I long to lay hand and heart at her feet.'

Saying which, Gomez strides on towards the grotto, the other after, like two Tarquins about to invade the sleep of innocence.

Though the cave is in darkness, its occupants are not asleep. To them repose is impossible. They are experiencing the keenest anguish possible to human heart. They have passed through its first throes, and are for the time calmer. But it is the tranquillity of despair, of deep deadening grief. They mourn him dearest to them dead. They have no doubt that he is so. How could they? While in the boat, they heard their captors speak about the scuttling of the ship, well knowing what was meant. Long since has she gone to the bottom of the sea, with the living, or perhaps only their lifeless bodies; for they may have been murdered before being abandoned. No matter now in what way death came to them. Enough of sadness and horror to think it has come, without speculating on details—enough for the bereaved ones to know they are bereft. Nor do they need telling why it has all been done. Though hindered from seeing while in the boat, they have heard.

Cupidity: the cause of the crime, resulting in a conspiracy, a scheme to plunder the ship. Alas, it has succeeded!

But all is not yet over. Would that it were! There is something still to come; something they fear to reflect upon, much more speak of to one another. What is to be their own fate? They can neither tell nor guess. In their affliction, their thoughts are too distracted for calm or clear reasoning. But in the midst of vague visions, one assumes a shape too well defined, with darkest shadows filling up the outline. It is the same of which Carmen was speaking when seized. She again returns to it, saying: 'Inez, I'm now almost sure we are not in the hands of strangers. What has happened, and those voices we heard, tell me my suspicions have been correct.'

'Heaven help us, if it be so!'

'Yes; Heaven help us! Even from pirates we might have expected some mercy; but none from them. *Ay de mí!* what will become of us?'

The interrogatory is only answered by a sigh. The proud spirit of the Andalusian girl, habitually cheerful, is now crushed by a weight of wretchedness enough to steep it in despair. After a time they again exchange speech, seeking counsel of one another. Is there no hope, no hand to help, no one to whom they may turn in this hour of dread ordeal?

No—not one! Even the English sailor, in whom they had trusted, has proved untrue; to all appearance, from what they have seen and heard, chief of the traitorous crew! Every human being seems to have abandoned them. Has God?

'Let us pray to Him!' says Carmen.

'Yes,' answers Inez; 'He only can help us now.'

They kneel side by side on the hard, cold floor of the cavern, and send up their voices in earnest prayer. They first entreat the Holy Virgin that the life of him dear to them may yet be spared; then invoke her protection for themselves, against a danger both dread more than death itself. They pray in trembling accents, but with a fervour eloquent through fear. Solemnly pronouncing 'Amen!' they make the sign of the cross. As their hands drop down from the gesture, and while they are still in a kneeling attitude, a noise outside succeeds their appeal to Heaven, suddenly recalling them to earthly thoughts and fears.

They hear voices of men in conversation; at the same time the sail-cloth is pushed aside, and two men press past it into the cave. Soon as entering, one says: 'Señoritas! We must ask pardon for making our somewhat untimely call, which present circumstances render imperative. It's to be hoped, however, you won't stand upon such stiff ceremony with us, as when we had the honour of last paying our respects to you.'

After this singular peroration, the speaker pauses to see what may be the effect of his words. As this cannot be gathered from any reply—since none is vouchsafed—he continues: 'Doña Carmen Montijo, you and I are old acquaintances; though, it may be, you do not remember my voice. With the sound of the sea so long echoing in your ears, it's not strange you should not. Perhaps the sense of sight will prove more effectual in recalling an old friend. Let me give you something to assist it.'

Saying this, he holds out a lantern, hitherto concealed beneath his cloak. As it lights up the grotto, four figures are seen erect; for the girls have sprung to their feet in apprehension of immediate danger. Upon all, the light shines clear; and, fronting her, Carmen Montijo sees—too surely recognising it—the face of Francisco de Lara; while in her *vis-à-vis*, Inez Alvarez beholds Faustino Calderon!

Yes; before them are their scorned suitors; no longer disguised in sailor garb, but resplendent in their Californian costume—the same worn by them on that day of their degradation, when De Lara rolled in the dust of the Dolores road.

Now that he has them in his power, his triumph is complete; and in strains of exultation he continues: 'So, ladies! we have come together again. No doubt you're a little surprised at our presence, but I hope not annoyed.'

There is no reply to his taunting speech.

'Well; if you won't answer, I shall take it for granted you are annoyed; besides looking a little alarmed too. You've no need to be that.'

'No, indeed,' endorses Calderon. 'We mean you no harm—none whatever.'

'On the contrary,' goes on De Lara; 'only good. We've nothing but favours to offer you.'

'Don Francisco de Lara,' says Carmen, at length breaking silence, and speaking in a tone of piteous expostulation; 'and you, Don Faustino Calderon! why have you committed this crime? What injury have we ever done you?'

'Come! not so fast, fair Carmen. Crime's a harsh word, and we've not committed any as yet—nothing to speak of.'

'No crime! *Santissima!* My father—my poor father!'

'Don't be uneasy about him. He's safe enough.'

'Safe! Dead! Drowned!'

'No, no. That's all nonsense,' protests the fiend, adding falsehood to his sin of deeper dye. 'Don Gregorio is not where you say. Instead of being at the sea's bottom, he's sailing upon its surface; and is likely to be, for no one knows how long. But, let's drop that subject of the past, which seems unpleasant to you, and talk of the present—of ourselves. You ask what injury you've ever done us. Faustino Calderon may answer for himself to the fair Inez. To you, Doña Carmen, I shall make reply— But we may as well confer privately.'

At this, he lays hold of her wrist, and leads her aside; Calderon conducting Inez in the opposite direction.

When the whole length of the cavern is between the two pairs, De Lara resumes speech.

'Yes, Doña Carmen; you have done me an injury—a double wrong, I may call it.'

'How, sir?' she asks, releasing her hand from his, and flinging him off with a disdainful gesture.

'How?' he retorts. 'Why, in making me love you; by leading me to believe my love returned.'

'You speak falsely; I never did so.'

'You did, Doña Carmen; you did. It is you who speak false, denying it. That is the first wrong I have to reproach you with. The second is in casting me off, as soon as you supposed you'd done with me. Not so, as you see now. We're together again—never more to part till I've had satisfaction for every injury received at your hands. I once hinted, and now tell you

plainly, you've made a mistake in trifling with Francisco de Lara.'

'I never trifled with you, señor. What means this? Man—if you be a man—have mercy! Oh! what would you—what would you?'

'Nothing to call for such distracted entreaty. On the contrary, I've brought you here—for I'll not deny that it's I who have done it—to grant you favours, instead of asking them—or even satisfying resentments. What I intend towards you, I hope you'll appreciate. To shorten explanations—for which we've neither opportunity nor time—I want you for my wife—want you, and will have you.'

'Your wife!'

'Yes; my wife. You needn't look surprise, nor counterfeit feeling it. And equally idle for you to make opposition. I've determined upon it. Señorita! you must marry me.'

'Marry the murderer of my father! Sooner than do that, you shall also be mine. Wretch! I am in your power. You can kill me now.'

'I know all that, without your telling me. But I don't intend killing you. On the contrary, I shall take care to keep you alive, until I've tried what sort of a wife you'll make. Should you prove a good one, and fairly affectionate, we two may lead a happy life together; notwithstanding the little unpleasantness that's been between us. If not, and our wedded bondage prove uncongenial, why, then, I may release you in the way you wish, or any other that seems suitable. After the honeymoon, you shall have your choice. Now, Doña Carmen! those are my conditions. I hope you find them fair enough?'

She makes no reply. The proud girl is dumb, partly with indignation, partly from the knowledge that all speech would be idle. But while angry to the utmost, she is also afraid—trembling at the alternative presented—death or dishonour; the last if she marry the murderer of her father; the first if she refuse him!

The ruffian repeats his proposal, in the same cynical strain, concluding it with a threat.

She is at length stung to reply; which she does in but two words, twice repeated in wild despairing accent. 'They are, 'Kill me—kill me!'

Almost at the same time does Iñez answer her cowardly suitor, who in a corner of the grotto has alike brought her to bay.

After the dual response, there is a short interval of silence. Then De Lara, speaking for both, says:

'Señoritas! we shall leave you now; you can go to sleep without fear of further solicitation. No doubt, after a night's rest, you'll awake to a more sensible view of matters in general, and the case as it stands. Of one thing be assured: that there's no chance of your escaping from your present captivity, unless by consenting to change your names. And if you don't consent, they'll be changed all the same. Yes, Carmen Montijo, before another week passes over your head, you shall be addressed as Doña Carmen de Lara.'

'And you, Iñez Alvarez, will be called Doña Iñez Calderon. No need for you to feel dishonoured by a name among the best in California—noble as your own; ay, or any in Spain.'

'Hasta mañana, muchachas!' salutes De Lara. 'Pasan Vos buena noche!' (Till morning, ladies: good-night!)

Calderon repeating the same formulary of speech, the two step towards the entrance, lift up the piece

of suspended sail-cloth, and pass out into the night. They take the lantern along with them, again leaving the grotto in darkness.

The girls grope their way till they touch each other. Then, closing in an agonised embrace, they sink together upon the floor of the cavern!

## THE VANITIES OF NATIONS.

THERE is a bit of humorous description in Macaulay's *History* which reads almost like a page of Bunyan. In his picture of the Congress held at Ryswick in 1697 are to be found plenipotentiaries talking every language in Europe—members of the allied powers quarrelling among themselves for precedence, and fighting for the title of Excellency—preliminary consultations without end as to the number of horses and carriages, pages and lackeys, to which each member was entitled, and as to the right of serving-men to wear swords or to carry canes—the chiefs of either side principally engaged in watching each other's legs, so as to guard against a premature move of their own, as being inconsistent with their dignity. These and kindred vanities may have suggested the collecting together of the particulars relating to ceremonials, titles, forms, decorations, and the polite attentions of nation to nation, which Mr Frederic Marshall presents to us in his hand-book to the vanities of nations.\* The book is very entertaining, and in teaching might well be served up as a relish to the dry facts of history.

Although the origin of court etiquette is traceable to Philip the Good, Duke of Burgundy, it was in Spain that its fantastic growth was most luxuriant. A story is told of the wife of Charles II., who, catching her foot in the stirrup, as she fell off her horse, remained in a helpless condition in the presence of forty-three attendants. Motionless stood the attendants, and helpless hung the royal lady, because the equerry was out of the way whose duty it was to unhook the queen's ankle on such occasions. A passer-by who ventured to release Her Majesty was rewarded with gold for his services, but condemned to exile for his indiscretion. In France, the king could not visit a sick person in bed unless a second bed was prepared for His Majesty to occupy during the visit, since no subject could have been suffered to lie down while his sovereign was in a less easy position. In this way Louis XIII. visited Richelieu, and le Grand Monarque consoled with Marshal Villars after a wound received at Malplaquet. At Versailles, when Marie Leczinska was fretting because cards were interdicted on the occasion of court mourning, she was relieved by a courtier's assurance, that 'the game of piquet was deep mourning.'

In England at the present day, we have a Heralds' College to settle who shall walk first in a procession; an important point, considering that there are ninety ranks of men classed in order of precedence from the sovereign to a burgess. Pope Julius II. drew up a list of precedence among European sovereigns, twenty-six in number, of

\* *International Vanities*. By Frederic Marshall. W. Blackwood and Sons, Edinburgh and London.

whose titles it is noteworthy that four only exist in their old form—the Emperor of Germany, and the kings of England, Spain, and Portugal. It is easy to understand that ceremonial would hold especial tyranny in the strict circle of diplomacy. In 1661, the Spanish envoy, attacking the French ambassador in the streets of London, hamstringed his horses and killed his men, merely in order to get to court before his rival. In certain cases, every detail of diplomatic form was regulated by the strictest equality. Thus, we have seen the French and Imperialist envoys balancing step at the door of the Ryswick council-chamber; and when Mazarin and Don Luis de Haro met to settle the marriage of Louis XIV. with Maria Theresa, the two ministers stepped side by side into a room hung in corresponding halves with their respective colours, and sat down at the same instant on undistinguishable chairs. The First Napoleon was foolishly tenacious of precedence, and one year seized every copy of the *Almanach de Gotha*, because, in accordance with its custom of alphabetical arrangement, the list of reigning Houses therein published was headed Anhalt Duchies, and not Napoleon. Among other curiosities of court etiquette, it will not be commonly known, that an ambassador still has the privilege, though never used, of putting on his hat in the presence of the sovereign when he reads his reception speech. Maritime ceremonial was far more important than other forms, as being at one time the measure of maritime supremacy, and based on the theory that salutes should render the saluter temporarily powerless. In the time of James I., England insisted upon the disappearance of the flags and sails of all other ships as a salute to her own; and it was not until the end of last century that the resistance and disputes caused by such an overbearing requisition were finally settled, through the agreement of France and Russia to dispense with maritime salutes in any form. At this day, they are pure acts of courtesy between ships of war.

Coming to the subject of the form and wording of diplomatic documents, we learn that though the authorities could divide talk into six uses—court, diplomatic, church, judicial, school, and vulgar—yet that accident or fashion was the only guide in the choice of language for international communications, and that there never has been any generally admitted diplomatic tongue. Some of the most famous European treaties were in Latin, while French has been used in treaties drawn between two Teutonic governments. Nearly every nation now uses its own language for its despatches, and the curious words of a forgotten date, such as bulls, briefs, firmans, concordats, and a legion of such. Bull was the name of the ball-shaped leaden seal annexed to letters from the pope or the emperor, bearing on one side the image of St Peter and St Paul, and on the other the name of the reigning pope. The writing is in Gothic letters, inscribed on the rough side of the parchment. Bulls of grace are fastened with silk cords, bulls of justice with hempen strings. Briefs are less important; they are written in modern characters on the smooth side of the parchment, and sealed with the pope's own signet-ring. A concordat is a treaty with the Holy See on religious questions only. The private letters of the pope in his own handwriting are called *motus*

*proprii*, and are always headed by his own name in Latin. No mourning is ever worn by European courts for a deceased pontiff, because, according to the Roman theory, the pope does not die. We learn here, incidentally, that sixteen reigning sovereigns have abdicated during the last three hundred years, from Charles V. to Amadeus, and that 'letters of abolition, remission, or legitimization' are sealed with green wax, because that colour expresses youth, honour, beauty, and liberty. With so many diplomatic forms at hand, it is strange that there is no model for a declaration of war, though there are nineteen kinds of war which may be declared. There are wars of independence, insurrection, revolution, conquest, or intervention; they may be offensive, defensive, auxiliary, public, private, mixed, legal, illegal, religious, political, national, civil, and lastly—whatever the epithets may mean—perfect and imperfect. The practice of commencing treaties with mention of the Holy Trinity has been for a long time disused; and it is mentioned as quite exceptional that the Paris treaty of 1856 begins with the words, '*Au nom de Dieu tout Puissant*.' The signatures are in alphabetical order; but formerly, as may be believed, there was a great fight for places of honour, and various devices were adopted for the satisfaction of all parties, as at the signature of the Quadruple Alliance in 1718, when each power signed first the copy which it was to keep. At Aix-la-Chapelle, in 1748, the contracting parties each signed one copy for each of the others. By another system, each power was named first and signed first alternately. Treaties, like wars, have been divided and subdivided into numerous classes. It will be sufficient here to say that the five admitted species are, principal, lesser principal, accessory, additional, and subsidiary.

Our next vanity is that which is set in great dignity, and proceedeth from the titles of rulers. After Emperor and King ranks Grand-duke, which, originally a Russian designation bestowed by Ius V. on Cosmo de' Medici, survives only in Germany as a reigning title. The name of Elector, which for centuries was a great power in Central Europe, after gradual decay, was finally lost at Sadowa in the suppression of Hesse-Cassel by Prussia. Other titles are Czar, Margrave, Palatine, Landgrave (also blotted out in 1866 in the person of the ruler of Hesse-Homburg), Doge, Protector (borrowed by Napoleon from Cromwell on forming the Confederation of the Rhine), Stadtholder, Hospodar, Sultan, Calif (originally confined to the successors of Mohammed), Shah, Sheik, and Khedive. Emir is appropriated by the descendants of the Prophet, who are very plentiful in all classes of Turkish and Arabian society, especially among the beggars, and whose privilege and pride it is to wear green turbans. The sovereign's titles of possession were often derived from fictitious rights over places and countries with which he had no possible concern. Thus, the king of Sardinia was king of Cyprus, Sicily, and Jerusalem; the king of Naples also laid claim to Jerusalem; and our own monarchs were styled kings of France until the end of last century. Only fifty years ago the king of Portugal was officially styled 'Seigneur of Guinea, and of the navigation and commerce of Ethiopia, Arabia, Persia, and the Indies.' As it was usual to inscribe all titles of possession, real or feigned, in treaties and official documents, when

the names of two kings were found in the same parchment as ruling over the same territory, to avoid any disagreeable result, it was usual to insert a clause, called a *non-præjudicando*, stipulating that whatever titles were claimed nobody else admitted them, and that they were simply left in as ornament. Of religious titles, Holiness has belonged to the pope exclusively only since the fourteenth century, bishops and kings having used it previously. The designations bestowed on sovereigns by the Holy See are lost, save in England and Austria. The ruler of France once was Very Christian; to Portugal belonged the title of Very Faithful; to Hungary, that of Apostolic Majesty; the king of Poland was Orthodox; and our Henry VIII., it need scarcely be said, was the first Defender of the Faith. The title of Majesty was once religious only, and was adopted by the emperors, who had been previously Serenity and Grace. It was introduced by Henry VIII. into England, whose sovereign to that time had been known as His Highness and His Grace; but it was not until the year 1741 that the emperors would grant any other title than Serenity to the kings of the earth. Highness, when worn out by bishops and kings, was relegated to princes, who furnished it anew with the prefixes of Royal, Imperial, or Serene, or turned it into a curious shape, as did a certain Duke of Holstein, who became *Celsitudo Regia*, a name, as our author observes, more suited to a plant than a prince. Passing over *Monsieur*, *Excellency*, and *Eminence*, just noting that each son of the German Emperor was called 'Most Noble Purple-born'—a title derived from the purple chamber at Constantinople, in which it was necessary that the children of the Eastern emperors should first see the light—we close the curious scroll of titles with the mightiest of all, *Ten-o*, or *Heaven-Highest*, which the sovereigns of Japan have borne without a break for nearly two thousand five hundred years, the *Tycoon*, be it observed, being only a *Viceroy*, and *Mikado* a descriptive appellation exactly equivalent to *Sublime Porte*—a term which has a noteworthy explanation. A certain calif placed a fragment of the famous black stone of Mecca into the gate of his palace at Bagdad, which gate or port becoming an object of veneration, gave its name to the palace, and then to the government. So, too, the governments of Great Britain, France, and Spain have been known as the Courts of St James's, of the Tuileries, and of the Escorial.

If it be true, as Pope sang, that

A saint in crape is twice a saint in lawn,

we may rightly think that a decorated hero is doubly heroic. At all events, there is no doubt that the honour conferred by the right of tying a bit of ribbon in one's button-hole, of adorning the breast with silver and iron, or of placing a few capital letters after one's surname, carries a certain power socially and morally. The origin of all such decorations is traced by Mr Marshall to the rise of the monastic orders, for the history of which we must refer our readers to the book before us. Of the four knighthoods of Palestine—the Hospitallers of St John, who sprang from Italian merchants; the Templars, originally French; the Fraternity of St Lazarus; and the Teutonic Order, whose symbols were the well-known crosses, white, red, green, and black—but one now even

flickers, the Hospitallers. Of the eight first-class orders of the present day, our Garter and the Swedish Seraphim are the oldest; next comes the *Annunciada* of Savoy, dating from 1362; the *Golden Fleece* follows, now the joint property of Spain and Austria; then the *Elephant* of Denmark, instituted to commemorate the slaughter of an elephant by a Danish Crusader with his unaided sword. St Andrew of Russia, the *Black Eagle* of Prussia, and St Stephen of Austria, are all modern. The second category of orders includes the *Danebrog* of Denmark, the *White Eagle* of Prussia, and the *Bath of England*; together with the purely military decorations of St George of Russia, the *Iron Cross* of Germany, and our *Victoria Cross*. In the third class are found one hundred and thirty orders, divided among forty-three countries. Of these, Bavaria is credited with thirteen, while France has but one, the *Cross of the Legion of Honour*, which is in the hands of more than fifty thousand Frenchmen, and of about four thousand strangers.

In the category of Emblems our author places flags, shields of arms, badges, mottoes, crowns, national airs, and such vainglorious devices. The adoption of a public sign by states—as the owl of Athens and winged horse of Corinth—was common enough in very remote times; but though, of old, images were carried into battle, and banners were known to the Romans, the use of flags is not very old, having been introduced into Western Europe by Clovis. Wild animals for some time were a favourite design, which after Dagobert's eagle gave way to flowers, figures, crosses, flames, and saints. The oriflamme of Charlemagne was a blue banner with six red roses, probably so called from its flame-shaped ends. Its successor, the oriflamme of St-Denis, was of red silk, and though used as the official standard of France down to Agincourt, seems to have been rather a devotional than a political banner. The golden *fleurs-de-lys*, which studded the first royal standard of France, have been variously interpreted. They have been called lance-heads by some, bees by others; with others, *lys* is only a corruption of *Löys*—the signature of the first twelve Louis. By the addition of a white cross, the blue flag in process of years became white; but not until the reign of Henry IV. did the white flag definitely become royal. Two hundred years afterwards—in 1789—the union of the royal white with the rebellious red and blue—the colours of the city of Paris—formed the tricolour cockade; the first tricolour flag of red, white, and blue being unfurled a year later, and finally altered to its present combination of blue, white, and red. Our own Union-jack, with the crosses of St Andrew and St George, was constituted by a proclamation of James I., and received subsequently St Patrick's Cross for Ireland. The stripes of the American standard represented in 1777 the thirteen United States, the stars symbolising the Union. The Dutch flag, orange, white, and blue, was the earliest of the tricolours; the idea of which has been imitated not only by France, but by Belgium, Italy, and some minor states. Of devices borne on shields of arms, the double-headed eagle became the distinctive sign of the German Empire in Sigismund's time; it is now also Russian, differing in shape and colour from the older symbol. Prussia got her eagle from the Teutonic Order of Knights, when

Albert of Brandenburg, the last Grand Master, acquired the duchy of Prussia. The English shield originally bore only one lion: the three which it afterwards displayed for a time became leopards, but resumed their old form in the fifteenth century. With reference to the shapes of armorial shields, the only point we need note here is that the lozenge is assigned by all nations to women as representing a distaff.

Cockades, mottoes, war-cries, and national airs have a certain literature of their own. The tuft of grass worn by Marlborough's soldiers was the first military cockade employed on a large scale, and having blossomed into a knot of ribbons, or sometimes merely a bunch of papers, the cockade became general in European armies towards the middle of the eighteenth century. Our black cockade, which is Hanoverian, has been appropriated in France by nearly every one who keeps a carriage, the cockade of national colours being reserved for the servants of soldiers and dignitaries. Of crowns, those 'polished perturbations' of kings, we may note that the four fleurs-de-lys on the crown of England represent our old claims on France, and the four Maltese crosses symbolise our sovereign's title of Defender of the Faith. The iron crown of Lombardy, now preserved at Vienna, was so called from an iron ring made out of a nail of the true cross, which was placed inside the crown as a support. The pope's triple crown, the meaning of which has been variously explained, represents the material power of the pontiff, as the mitre is the emblem of his spiritual sovereignty. The Vatican treasury boasts of seven or eight of these tiaras, one of which, given by the queen of Spain in 1855, weighs only three pounds, and cost twelve thousand pounds sterling.

Savoy has a motto consisting of the letters F.E.R.T., which nobody can interpret; Austria's motto is A.E.I.O.U., signifying, in Latin, that she rules over the universe; 'Mit Gott für König und Vaterland' is Prussian. Neither France nor England has a national motto, our own 'Dieu et mon Droit' belonging merely to the royal arms. On the other hand, our war-cry of St George for England, and the Spanish Santiago, are purely national, while most of the other cries reputed national were peculiar to a chieftain or a party. National airs properly so called seem to be scant in number, and very modern; our own hymn, composed by Dr Carey, and first sung in 1740, being the oldest. Russia has a national hymn, but not France, such airs as the *Marseillaise* and *Partant pour la Syrie* being republican and warlike, but not national. Nor can any of the patriotic chants of Germany claim to be national in the sense of being officially recognised.

For some interesting gossip about ambassadors and aliens, we must refer the reader to Mr Marshall's book. In his last chapter, on Glory—the vanity of vanities—we are rightly reminded that more than half of the accepted glories of the world have sprung from civil sources; that the progress of sciences, and arts, and letters, has raised up a larger mass of spotless fame than all which the world has known from the power of the sword; and that, dazzled by the splendour of its array, we scarcely realise the moral blank which the curse of war creates, the suppression of all right and conscience which accompanies it. This is the glory which, like the circle in the water, by broad spreading

disperses to nought, in quest of which man plays such fantastic tricks, as 'make the angels weep.' If glory attained by the exercise of virtue be a vanity, surely the glory of war is 'the wickedness of folly, even of foolishness and madness.'

## THE MONTH:

### SCIENCE AND ARTS.

*THE Autobiography of Sir John Rennie*, just published, is a book well worth reading. It records the labours, opinions, and observations of one who, as civil engineer, stood in the first rank of his profession; in whom were combined with an ardent temperament, power of endurance, fertility of resource, and keen insight into men and things. He never lost hope even under the most adverse circumstances, and had a capacity for work which seems incredible. In some respects the book may be regarded as a history of civil engineering from the commencement of the present century, for failures are noted as well as successes; its descriptions of engineering works contain particulars and suggestions which may be read with profit; young men entering the profession may study with advantage the scheme of education which Sir John has drawn up in their behalf. Many of the descriptions are such as would interest an unprofessional reader, especially as they are relieved by interesting passages of travel and adventure.

Within the past few years we have known, here in the British Islands, what is meant by drought; and warnings against waste of water have been published. On this point Sir John Rennie remarks: 'We shall continue to suffer from these droughts until men come to understand that only a certain and known quantity of water falls upon the earth, and that at certain periods; and that it is necessary to store the surplus waters to supply the deficiency of the dry season.' The present has been a wet year: let us hope that the abundant rainfall has not been allowed to run away to waste.

Birmingham is about to realise in part the *city of health*, of which a rather fascinating sketch was given by Dr Richardson at the meeting of the Social Science Congress. In that busy town there are foul and squalid quarters, as in other of our large towns, and these are to be destroyed, to make room for new and broad streets, with dwelling-houses and other buildings in which the working population will have opportunity to live with comfort and decency, hitherto unattainable. The clearance will extend over forty-three acres, and by means of good streets the rebuilt district will be brought into easy communication with the best parts of the town. All the new buildings are to be so placed as to command light and air on at least two sides; and each house will have a water-supply and a separate retreat. Should this experiment succeed, and it can hardly fail, Birmingham intends to purify all its foul districts in a similar way. Meanwhile, the Town Council have bought the waterworks; the inhabitants will thus be independent of a



company, and will have the control of the water supply. The example, which, by the by, was previously shewn by the city of Edinburgh, is a good one for other towns to follow.

In the discussion on Fermentation which took place last year in Paris, Mons. Dumas, Secretary of the Académie des Sciences, pointed out the remarkable effect of borax on fermentation, and suggested that a study of the phenomenon would lead to highly important consequences. Professor Schnetzler has taken up the subject, and in the *Bulletin of the Vandoise Society of Natural History* at Lausanne, has published a few results which are well worthy of attention. Spores and vegetable cells plunged into a solution of borax, go through certain strange movements, and are then killed. Cells in movement in a living plant are at once arrested in their action. The *Oidium Tuckeri*—the fungus from which vines have so greatly suffered—dies in a solution of borax. Perhaps a concentrated solution would be useful in extirpating poisonous fungi from places where they grow. Rotifera and other small creatures, and the spawn of frogs, are speedily killed by introducing a small quantity of borax into the water in which they had been living.

These observations, says Professor Schnetzler, 'demonstrate that borax puts an end to the properties by which the life of vegetable and animal protoplasm is manifested. If fermentation is a chemical phenomenon brought about by the life of the leaven, then borax would necessarily set against fermentation.'

A further series of experiments followed. Grapes in a solution of borax were put into a bottle, and closely corked. There was no sign of fermentation after long keeping; but the grapes, though well preserved, were not eatable. Thirty centimetres of milk, with one gramme of borax, were bottled for some months, and did not turn sour; retained, in fact, the scent of new milk. One pound of beef was shut up (not hermetically) in a tin box in concentrated solution of borax. The liquid became red, then brown, and gave out a disagreeable scent, but the meat did not putrefy. The meat was taken out, and washed. It had a peculiar odour, but not that of putrefaction. It was kept more than a year, and through the heat of two summers (the liquid having been renewed three times), and turned yellowish in colour; but still no putrefaction appeared. The meat, we are told, was as soft and tender as fresh meat, and kept well when out of the liquid.

The experiments were carried on in different ways, with a view to bring out all the phenomena, and arrive at trustworthy results. Professor Schnetzler thinks that the peculiar odour of meat which has been kept some time in a solution of borax proceeds from the decomposition of matters produced by metamorphosis of the substances which compose the muscular fibre. And without seeking to attach too much importance to the experiments, he considers that they indicate a way for the preservation of meat, of fruits, of anatomical preparations, whether animal or vegetable. Hitherto, alcohol has been made use of for that purpose, but henceforth a solution of borax may take its place. And, further, it would be interesting if, in some hospital, the effect of the solution on certain wounds were made a subject of experiment.

The natural gas which, in certain parts of Pennsylvania, rises from the earth in prodigious quantities, has been used as fuel in the heating of furnaces and puddling of iron, with very satisfactory results. An attempt is now to be made to render it available at a long distance; and the proprietors of ironworks in Pittsburgh have planned to lay down a six-inch iron pipe, seventeen miles long, from the source of the gas in Butler County to their works in the city. Thus the fuel will of itself flow to the fire.

Mr Tichborne, F.C.S., has thought it worth while to examine the printing-inks of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, with a view to discover the kind best suited for printing books or works of art which are to be long preserved. The ink at present in use, he says, consists of carbon in a fine state of division, ground up with a mixture of oils, soaps, and a substance called printer's varnish, which in all good printing-ink is linseed-oil specially prepared. It is by means of this oil, when properly prepared, that the ink or pigment adheres firmly to the paper. Mr Tichborne has examined specimens printed in different parts of Europe, and finds 'that the older printing-inks are more easily saponified and washed off by alkalies, than those of the last century. In their general character,' he remarks, 'they agree; as carbon seems to have been the basis of printing-ink from the time of Johann Faust, and for this reason printed matter will bear the action of acid oxidisers, or bleachers, with impunity; but many, if not all the printing-inks of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries are more or less sensitive to the action of alkalies. Some are so extremely sensitive, that on introducing them to a weak solution of ammonia, the characters instantly float off the surface of the paper, although they may have previously withstood the action of a powerful acid bleaching bath. The only explanation I can offer is, that the oils used as vehicles were not formerly submitted to the boiling process which, in the modern inks, has thoroughly resinified them.'

In the *New York Medical Journal* for October last, an interesting account is given of successful removal of a tumour by means of 'galvano-puncture.' A glandular swelling of the size of a hen's egg, and a cystic tumour of smaller size, had formed just below the jaw of a young man. The practitioner 'considered the case an excellent one for electrolysis,' but first tried the direct galvanic current, which, after a number of applications, softened the glandular tumour. Galvano-puncture was then adopted: two fine sewing-needles were passed into each tumour, and were connected with the positive and negative electrodes of a thirty-two cell battery. As soon as the connection was complete, 'hydrogen gas rushed in a torrent of foam from the negative needles, the cystic tumour vanished instantaneously, and the other grew rapidly less; in two minutes it commenced to blacken, and the needles were removed.' After some further treatment, the whole mass came away, and left a large clean wound, which healed up without contraction or puckering, and without pain or inconvenience to the patient.

Remarking on this case, Dr Cohen, the practitioner above referred to, remarks: 'The operation was begun and finished in two minutes and a quarter, without the loss of one drop of blood (the puncturing of the skin excepted), and the action of



the current being, to all intents and purposes, a subcutaneous dissection. The advantages gained are, therefore, rapidity, safety, entire freedom from hemorrhage, protection from the air; while the immediate effect of the operation is to convert the tumour into a slough, which, with the assistance of a poultice, is thrown off in a few hours or days. To these we may add another advantage, namely, the avoidance of ugly scars. It is thought by competent surgeons that this same remedy may be applicable for the cure or mitigation of cancer.

There are few persons who do not know what is meant by noises in the ears; sometimes they are twittering noises, sometimes chirping, sometimes ringing, sometimes rumbling. The cause or occasion of these noises has been, during hundreds of years, a question which has never yet been answered, except in the suggestion that it originates in some form of disease. Such being the case, Dr Theobald, of the Baltimore Eye and Ear Dispensary, comes forward with his explanation of the cause of *tinnitus aurium*, which is the medical term for noise in the ears. He does not consider, as some do, that the noise originates in the brain, but rather in the external ear. 'I think,' he says, 'we may safely conclude that *tinnitus* is invariably the expression of an excitation of the terminal or percipient elements of the auditory nerve.' The doctor then proceeds to shew that the excitation in almost all cases, 'whether associated with aural affections, cerebral diseases, or constitutional disorders, is to be attributed to the existence of vibrations excited in the walls of the blood-vessels of the labyrinth by the friction attending the circulation of the blood.' Examples are given in support of this opinion. Small things produce great effects within the passage of the ear: the quick moving wings of a tiny insect there make a noise that sounds like thunder. So the friction of the blood in the small vessels produces the disturbance known as noises in the ears. Readers who desire to see the whole of the doctor's argument will find it in a pamphlet reprinted from the *Transactions* of the Medical and Chirurgical Faculty of Maryland, U. S.

A recent number of the *Journal* of the United Service Institution contains instructive papers, with maps, of the military geography and highways of Central Asia, which may be read with advantage by any one interested in the subject. There is also a paper on the Scientific Study of Naval History, by Mr Laughton of the Royal Naval College, Greenwich, full of matter for serious consideration. It is there shewn how it was that we won the so-called 'sovereignty of the sea' in days when the whole shipping of the country was the British navy. Then arose the necessity for strategical and tactical skill; and the nations who had not advanced therein became demoralised. But as Mr Laughton remarks, this is changed. 'In a new war we shall have to contend against ships well built, men carefully organised and trained, officers educated to the utmost extent of modern science, practical as well as theoretical; and to meet these altered circumstances, we must have 'not the mere rehearsal of gallant deeds and hair-breadth escapes, but the close, exact, and scientific study of the history of organisation and discipline, of defeats as well as of victories, of failures as well as of successes.' If the Royal Naval College trains its students in the way here indicated, the officer of

the future will not be insufficiently educated, and our ironclads will not be allowed to sink to the bottom by accident.

A communication made by Mr E. Cortambert to the Société de Géographie at Paris, takes up a branch of Mr Francis Galton's comprehensive subject—Heredity, for it treats of the *Densité des Forces Intellectuelles des Diverses Parties de la France*—or Geographical Distribution of celebrated persons. Mr Cortambert published a few results of his inquiry twenty years ago; he has now more facts to help him in his research of the 'mysterious link which exists between the intellectual faculties of man and the soil, temperature, and all other physical and ethnographical influences.' An illustrative map, properly coloured to shew the facts, was exhibited at the meeting of the Geographical Congress in Paris last summer.

In this map the North, and particularly the valley of the Seine, shews the greatest wealth of intellect, which may be accounted for by the convergence of the population towards Paris. Normandy shews well, and contrasts remarkably with its neighbour Eure, as also with the Pas de Calais, which appear to be deficient in brain. The provinces of Champagne and Burgundy have been fruitful of great men, particularly the Cote d'Or district; and in the same category may be placed the South properly so called.

The departments of the second rank are Vaucluse, du Var, du Gard, Basses Pyrénées, and Lot-et-Garonne; and those which shew palest on the map are, the Lozère, Pyrénées Orientales, Hautes Pyrénées, and Tarn-et-Garonne. The western part of France is also generally pale, with here and there a noteworthy exception, as at St Malo—and Brittany, so celebrated and self-asserting, is not equal in intellect to regions of the same extent in the North, South, or East. 'It seems,' says Mr Cortambert, 'that the Celtic blood, which, in those western extremities of the country has been preserved more intact than elsewhere, is less favourable to intellectual fecundity than the mixture of races found in the valleys of the Seine, the Scheldt, the Meuse, the Rhine, the Saone, the Rhone, and the Garonne.'

Going into particulars, Mr Cortambert shews that the North is not only most fruitful in savants—men of science, painters, warriors, chroniclers (of whom we have a type in Froissart), but also of poets. 'Yes!' he says, 'the langue d'oïl, the country of the Trouvères, has by far surpassed its rival the country of the Troubadours.' In Burgundy, Franche Comté, and the Lyonnais, he finds a genius for natural and medical sciences. In the East, eloquence prevails, but still more in the South; and the South by its ardour dominates at times the more powerful North. The West produces brave seamen and renowned travellers.

With a view to personify the several regions, Mr Cortambert assigns Voltaire to the North, Buffon to the East, Guizot to the South, Châteaubriand to the West, and Descartes to the Centre. He confines his illustrations to individuals no longer living; but he intends to continue his investigation, and to extend it to other countries of Europe. The result cannot fail to be interesting.

Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, 47 Paternoster Row, LONDON, and 339 High Street, EDINBURGH. Also sold by all Booksellers.

# CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

OF  
POPULAR

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

*Fourth Series*

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS.

No. 623.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 4, 1875.

PRICE 1½d.

## AMERICAN TROUBLES.

TWENTY-TWO years ago, when in Richmond, Virginia, we sauntered up a cross street to see the auctions of negro slaves, men, women, and children, that had been advertised the previous day. The spectacle, as described in these pages at the time, was startling and painful. On turning away from the scene, we felt that the terrible blunder of rearing the negro races for sale, as farmers breed cattle and sheep, would some day bring its own punishment. Vengeance has fallen on the wrong-doers, and acutely. The introduction of negro slaves into the American colonies previous to the Declaration of Independence was bad enough, and let the blame of that be borne by England; but bad as it was, the crime or error—call it what we will—was nothing in comparison to the persistent effort of the States in augmenting the numbers of African slaves in the first place by importation, and subsequently by a legally recognised process of slave-breeding for the public market. It was a market of that kind we saw in 1853. The fact is undeniable, for in evidence we have the memorandum obligingly furnished and signed by a firm of slave-merchants, specifying the prices at which they could supply men, women, and boys according to age and capacity. Historically, a curious and valuable document that!

Though shocked at seeing these unfortunate objects of sale hauled about and handled like cattle, and detesting the whole system of traffic, we never fell in with the notion that mentally there was no difference between the black and white races. On this point, as we think, there has been a considerable confusion of ideas. Sentiment obscured the actual facts of the case. Not till after the war in which the whole of the slaves throughout the States were abruptly emancipated, and put on a political level with whites, did the subject receive proper consideration. North and South are now taking a more dispassionate view of the negro character. There is a growing feeling that both sides were in error, and out of that tardy conviction good may come.

We remember being told by a gentleman who had long had opportunities of coming to a correct judgment, that do as you will, educate as you will, the intellectual capacity of the negro, as more expressly viewed in relation to calculation and foresight, does not generally get much beyond that of an English boy fourteen years of age. There, he said, the negro brain is arrested. In other words, grown negroes are mentally so many boys—lively, impetuous, fond of frivolity and finery, with little care about the future, and satisfied on being allowed to gravitate into the position of cooks, or what will yield a sufficient degree of animal comfort. The view thus taken was, perhaps, too decisive; but to a certain extent it has been justified by experience. The negroes of Hayti have been their own masters for more than eighty years, and we all know what a poor figure they have cut in the nationalities of the world. Sentiment and scientific truth might come to a common understanding on the subject. The negro races have their niche in creation, and all we have to do is to find it out—not thrust them into niches for which they are visibly unfitted. The radical error was that of ever bringing them away from their own country, which was clearly their proper sphere.

These remarks occur to us from the perusal of a work called the *White Conquest*, by W. Hepworth Dixon, just issued from the press. A few years ago, Mr Dixon wrote a book on America, of which this is a kind of sequel. The style of the new production is too dramatic and oracular for our taste, but we leave that to the critics. There is material for thought, and that is the main consideration. From investigations on the spot, the object of the writer is apparently to shew that the people of the United States have got themselves into a somewhat awkward condition, first by their constitutional principle, that all men are equal and eligible for office; and second, by the vast numbers not only of negroes but of Chinese who are in the course of being incorporated in the body politic. Here, we should say, is a nut to crack. A negro born in the States, and consequently a natural

citizen, is politically eligible as a Senator or President, and at all events he is potential as a voter. So is the son of any of the Chinese, who are now crowding into California and adjoining parts on the Pacific slope. Heathens with an artistic aptitude rivalling that of Europe, who can live munificently on twopence a day, and whose religion consists in burning bits of perfumed paper before an idol in a joss-house, are pushing from their stools the descendants of Anglo-Saxons. That, according to our author, is what things are coming to. Rather hard, this, on our American friends!

The pinch, as we see, is colour. Across the Atlantic from the coast of Africa have been idiotically imported blacks, now numbered by millions. Across the Pacific from Canton and Hong-kong are pouring yellow Chinese in thousands, tens of thousands. No one can tell when or how this yellow deluge is to be stopped. In one sense, 'White Conquest' is a misnomer. Colour Conquest would seem to present a more correct aspect of affairs. We are not without a hope that the whites will get out of the scrape somehow. Yet, undeniably, Mr Dixon's book offers matter for very grave consideration.

It may not be generally known that certain native Indian tribes who had made some advance towards settled habits, Creeks, Choctaws, Seminoles, Chickasaws, and Cherokees, possessed negro slaves like their white neighbours. The condition of these poor blacks, held in bondage by almost unmitigated barbarians, is described as having been frightful. 'To be a white man's thrall was bad enough; but on the worst plantation in Georgia and Alabama there were elements of tenderness and justice never to be found in the best of Cherokee camps. . . . In every Indian camp the squaws behaved in a harsher manner towards the negro than their brutal spouses; and instead of an Indian child acting as a check on cruelty, his presence often led to the slave being pinched and kicked, so that the young brave might learn to gloat over the sight of men in pain.' Emancipation put an end to these atrocities. The negroes held in bondage by the Indians were freed, but where to go or how to support themselves formed a difficult problem. Turned out of the Indian camps, ten thousand human beings were houseless and friendless. 'Where could they find shelter from the snow and rain? Without guns and ponies, how were they to follow deer and elk? They had no nets for taking fish, no snares for catching birds. . . . Brought up with squaws, they had the ways of squaws.' Some made their way to the white settlements. Others squatted at Caddo, an abandoned piece of ground, and there they formed a rude kind of community. They were not all black. The younger members of the community were a mixed breed, known as Zambos, descended from a negro father and an Indian mother. Living here in a miserable way on sufferance, they may be turned adrift at a day's notice, and they certainly merit compassion.

From an account of these poor people, Mr Dixon diverges into the theory of colour. 'While sauntering in and out, among the stores and yards at Caddo, we chance to kick an ant-hill, and disturb the small red warriors in their nest. Like all the South and West, this dry and sunny spot is rich in ants—red, black, and yellow ants—among them the variety known as Amazon ants. All ants appear to live in tribes and nations, under rules which never change. Like Indians they have their ranks and orders—patriarchal, military, servile; and, like Indians, they hold their property in a common lot. The patriarchs, set apart as fathers and mothers, live an easy life, and pass away when they have done their part. These chiefs among the ants are winged. They soar and pair, eat up the choicest food, and die with mandibles unstained by vulgar toil. Next in rank come the soldiers; ants with strong mandibles, but no wings. Lowest in order stand the serfs or bondmen. Food must be sought, and chambers bored; wherefore a majority of ants are serfs, and all these servile ants are squaws. No male ant ever earns his bread. Scorning to delve and spin, he asks his female architects to build his cell, and sends his female foragers to seek his food. These servile squaws, arrested in their growth, and having neither wings nor ovaries, are content to drudge and slave. But Amazon ants have souls above these ordinary squaws. The Amazons would rather fight than drudge, and, like all fighting creatures, they become the owners of such poor species as would rather drudge than die. A colony of black ants usually settles near a colony of red. Does Nature mean her duskier children to be seized and made to labour for the fairer kinds? The red ants hunt them down. A red ant is no bigger in body, no stronger in mandible, than a black ant; yet the Amazons always beat their duskier sisters and enslave their brood. Is this result a consequence of their coats being red? Who knows the mystery of colour?'

The inference to be drawn from these remarks cannot bear any weight in a question which is purely of practical concern. How are the hordes of blacks to be got rid of? That is the point at issue. According to most authorities, perfect liberty is said to be not only unfavourable to their increase, but a cause of diminishing numbers. Our author speaks of infanticide, but there are other vices incidental to negro freedom which have a tendency towards extinction of race. Want of energetic foresight would in itself put the blacks at a serious disadvantage. For these and other reasons, it does not seem that the whites should be apprehensive of being ultimately submerged by their negro fellow-citizens. There is more to fear from the recent and quietly conducted yellow invasion. China, with its teeming population of four hundred millions, and situated next door to the attractions of California, could with ease stock the American continent from side to side with inhabitants, and leave plenty over for Great Britain,

where ship-loads of them may by-and-by—as a beginning—be expected. The probable consequences, in 'the graver aspects of the case,' says Mr Dixon, 'though seen by men of science, have never yet been faced by politicians. A thinker here and there has asked himself—How this invasion of barbarians will affect the European races in America? But he has shrunk appalled from his own query as the Yellow Spectre rose before his mind.'

We have not space to follow the author of *White Conquest* into his numerous details regarding the deluge of yellow heathens now fairly set in. It is enough to say that, under the fostering care of Chinese associations, the process of immigration appears to be efficiently managed. Settling down, the yellow intruders make excellent cooks, and out-shine in the work of housemaids and laundresses. They are civil, do not drink, and are anxious to make themselves useful. By their saving habits and modest wants, they shew a degree of foresight far beyond that of Indian or negro races. We are told that John Chinaman 'will live and save where Pat must shrink and fall.' Those who came first 'were labourers, and their first rivals were navvies and hodmen. John drove these rivals off the field, doing more work at less cost, and pleasing his employers by his steady doings and silent ways. John builds the chapels, banks, hotels, and schools. No room is left for the unskilled Irish peasant, and the movement of Irish labourers towards this Slope has ceased.' The most surprising feature in the character of these Chinese is the quickness with which they pick up any trade. They have only to see a thing done to be able to do it. With this aptitude, and their willingness to work for wages greatly below what are demanded by white artificers, they have soon the field to themselves.

In illustration, Mr Dixon gives some amusing particulars concerning Yin Yung, a Chinaman, reckoned to be the best bootmaker in California. He came to the country wholly ignorant of the 'gentle craft,' but anxious to learn that or anything. One Aaron Isaacs, a Jew bootmaker, with no objections to cheap labour, gave him work, with directions what to do. Seeing how others worked, he soon was as clever at his trade as they were. Being able to instruct his countrymen, Yin Yung set up for himself, and now has a large business in the boot and shoe line. Of course, those whom he teaches swarm off to do the like, and so the trade is absorbed by Chinese. Isaacs, the original instructor, does not like to see this, but he cannot suppress a fair rivalry. The account given of a similar outcome in the watch-trade is quite as interesting. Paul Cornell, at the head of a watch-making company, engaged seventy hands from Chicago to help him in his business, money being advanced to pay the railway fares for themselves and their families. They were employed very much as a staff to instruct Chinese, but that they were not aware of. They remonstrated on seeing Chinese in the workrooms; they appealed to their trade-union. Cornell, sustained by Ralston, a banker, stood firm. A deputation waits on the great banker to try and move him. Ralston's reply was Napoleonic. He and other members of the company would hire Chinese or any other race of men if they saw it expedient. They would, if they liked, send for watchmakers from Switzer-

land. The company would not be dictated to. The Chicago artisans might leave if they felt inclined. The result of the interview was that the company employed the Chinese, into whose hands the watchmaking trade will finally drift. 'Here,' adds our author, 'as elsewhere in California, Oregon, and Nevada, the rice-eater is pushing the beef-eater to the wall.' And he will do the same thing in England, when he once gets a footing. There is no law to stop him. Trade guilds and unions can no more shut out Chinese workers than the husbandman on the prairies can avert the approach of destructive swarms of locusts which cover his lands six inches deep.

The worst thing about these yellow rice-eaters is that when left to themselves they are usually dirty in their habits, and live in dens little better than pigsties. In San Francisco, a wealthy Chinese, Lee Si Tut, has leased an old hotel with sixty rooms, and lets it out to eight hundred tenants. The rooms are divided by mats, and each division is fitted up with shelves, on which the inmates lie. Each man has his own shelf, but the landlord complains that his tenants cheat him by taking in lodgers, some of them subletting their shelves for ten or twelve hours. 'In some rooms, three sets of lodgers occupy the shelves each twenty-four hours—eight hours apiece.' So that in point of fact about fifteen hundred Chinese are accommodated in a single building. In England, we should know how to deal with this nuisance by a smart application of the Police and Public Health Acts.

In his very suggestive work, which it would be superfluous to recommend, Mr Dixon calls attention to one or two topics of quite as serious concern to Americans as the embarrassing number of negroes, and the ever-increasing hosts of yellow intruders. First, he notices the unhappily increasing disproportion of the sexes among the whites. In most parts of the country there is a comparative scarcity of women. According to the census of 1870, the excess of males over females in the United States and Territories was four hundred and sixty-nine thousand. The phenomenon is accounted for by the copious immigration of single men, or married men without their wives. The disproportion works mischievously. It is always a bad business when every man cannot be provided with a wife, and the right thing is to have a variety to choose from. Where there happens to be a scarcity of women, matters are not greatly mended when those who are so fortunate as to get wives find that they are not worth much. There is a prodigious deal done in the States to educate girls in the higher branches of knowledge—foreign languages, mathematics, and so on—what, however, signifies school learning for women, if they are physically incapable of fulfilling the proper destiny of their sex? We must quote the telling words of Mr Dixon: 'Catherine E. Beecher, an advocate for woman's freedom, has made inquiries into the physical health of American females, and the result is, that among her "immense circle of friends and acquaintance all over the Union, she is unable to recall so many as ten married ladies, in this century and country, who are perfectly sound, healthy, and vigorous." Passing beyond her own large circle, Catherine Beecher goes into twenty-six towns, and takes ten average cases in each town. Of two hundred and sixty ladies, only thirty-eight are found in a fair state of health.

Sixty other towns are tested, with a similar result. If these returns are good for anything (and they are quoted with approval by government officials), they prove that only one American woman in ten is physically fit for the sacred duties of wife and mother!

Pampering, a desiccating atmosphere, rooms overheated with stoves, and want of that healthy outdoor exercise in which English women rejoice irrespective of the weather, may partly account for this lamentable state of things. Anyway, there is something wrong, which school culture has not reached. 'Three years ago,' continues this observant writer, 'the Bureau of Education printed a paper on the *Vital Statistics of America*, which passed like an ice-bolt through the hearts of patriotic Americans. This paper showed that the birth-rate is declining in America from year to year; not in one State only, but in every State. The decline is constant and universal; the same in Arkansas and Alabama as in Massachusetts and Connecticut, in Michigan and Indiana as in Pennsylvania and New York. . . The birth-rate is admitted to be larger among the immigrants than among the natives; yet the average, thus increased by strangers, is lower than that of any country in Europe, not excepting the birth-rate of France in the worst days of Louis Napoleon.' What will be the end of this can easily be foreseen. If the States cease to be recruited by fresh European immigrants—and that seems likely—they must inevitably languish as a white community. 'Some of the ablest statisticians and physicians of Boston have come to the conclusion that the White race cannot live on the American soil.' Mr Dixon fixes on disproportion in the sexes for this result; but we venture to think that several other causes are equally, if not more concerned. There is an observable want of robustness in the physique in most of the native whites; and unfortunately, intellectual acuteness will not, in a national point of view, compensate for muscular deficiency. This fact has been well put by Captain Burton in his remarks on the degeneracy of certain races: 'The true tests of the physical prosperity of a race, and of its position in the world, are bodily strength, and the excess of births over deaths.' In these respects there would appear to be a shortcoming in the United States, but the subject is too delicate and difficult for our handling, and we resign it to physiological inquirers.

If it be really the case that the native white race is getting into a moribund condition, and that the blacks are also likely to perish, we can see no other probable consequence than that the yellow colour is destined to carry the day. May that day be long in coming. It would be worse for Europe, worse for everybody, if the whites in the United States, with their immense ingenuity and enterprise, sunk under a deluge of rice-eating Mongols.

Meanwhile, we prefer to take a cheerful view of the future. Things may not be so bad as they look. The world is, at anyrate, beneficently full of compensations. Our American friends no doubt derive some comfort from knowing that the plague of Mormonism seems likely to disappear. When Mr Dixon formerly visited the colony of Saints in Utah Valley, he found Polygamy in full swing. It is now, he tells us, getting out of repute, not from any absolute change of doctrine, but from an improved taste in female

attire. The railway is said to have done it all. So long as wives were content to be dressed in cheap calicos, like charwomen, their number in a household was financially a matter of indifference. The railway has revolutionised the female costume, by bringing ladies dressed in the height of fashion. Now, there is a furor of imitation, and husbands shrink from the expense of decorating several 'fine ladies.' A curious instance this of a moral reform being effected by an unwillingness to pay for millinery. Brigham Young with his large resources may bear the strain, but bills coming in of a thousand dollars apiece for lady after lady is what no ordinary Mormon can put up with. In short, Polygamy is discovered to be wrong, and such being a growing opinion at headquarters, we do not expect to hear much more of this American monstrosity. W. C.

## THE FLAG OF DISTRESS.

### CHAPTER XLV.—OCEANWARDS.

ANOTHER day dawns over the great South Sea. As the golden orb shews above the crest of the central American Cordillera, its beams scatter wide over the Pacific, as a lamp raised aloft, flashing its light afar. Many degrees of longitude receive instant illumination, at once turning night into day. An observer looking west over that vast watery expanse, would see on its shining surface objects that gladdened not the eyes of Balboa. In his day, only the rude Indian *balsa*, or frail *periagua*, afraid to venture out, stole timidly along the shore; but now huge ships, with broad white sails, and at rare intervals the long black hull of a steamer, thick smoke vomited forth from her funnel, may be descried in an offing that extends to the horizon itself. Not always can these be seen; for the commerce of the Pacific is slight compared with that of the Atlantic, and large ships passing along the coast of Veragua are few and far between.

On this morning, however, one is observed, and only one; she not sailing coastwise, but standing out towards mid-ocean, as though she had just left the land.

As the ascending sun dispels the night darkness around her, she can be descried as a white fleck on the blue water, her spread sails seeming no bigger than the wings of a sea-gull. Still, through a telescope—supposing it in the hands of a seaman—she may be told to be a craft with polacca masts; moreover, that the sails on her mizzen are not square-set, but fore-and-aft, proclaiming her a barque. For she is one; and could the observer through his glass make out the lettering upon her stern, he would there read the name, *El Condor*. Were he transported aboard of her, unaware of what has happened, it would surprise him to find her decks deserted, not even a man at the wheel, though she is sailing with full canvas spread, even to studding-sails—no living thing seen anywhere, save two monstrous creatures covered with rust-coloured hair—mocking counterfeits of humanity! Equally astonished would he

be at finding her fore-castle abandoned; sailors' chests with the lids thrown open, and togs lying loose around them. Nor would it lessen his astonishment to glance into her galley, and there behold a black man sitting upon its bench, who does not so much as rise to receive him. Nor yet, descending her cabin stair, to see a table profusely spread, at either end a guest, alike uncourteous in keeping their seats, on the faces of both an expression of agonised despair. And all this might be seen on board the Chilian vessel, on the morning after abandonment by her traitorous and piratical crew.

A fearful night has it been for the three unfortunate men left in her, more especially the two constrained to sit at her cabin-table. For both have other thoughts, more bitter than confinement; enough to fill the cup of their anguish to the very brim. They did not yield unresistingly. Even the gentle skipper struggled, stormed, and threatened, till overpowered by brute force, and firmly bound. In like manner had Don Gregorio behaved, till resistance was of no avail; then, making appeal to the humanity only of his assailants, to find this alike idle. A dread hour that for the ex-haciendado. Not because of his treasure, the bulk of his fortune, borne off before his eyes; but from the double shriek which, at the instant, reached him from the deck, announcing the seizure of that more dear. Carmen and Inez were evidently made captive; and, from their cries suddenly ceasing, he dreaded something worse. Had they been stifled by death? Being reminded of an event in Yerba Buena, as also the recognition of the ruffian who taunted him, but made it the more probable that death had been their fate. He almost wished it; he would rather that, than a doom too horrible to think of.

The first-mate? He must have been killed too; butchered while endeavouring to defend them? The unsuspecting captain could not think of his chief-officer having gone against him; and how could Don Gregorio believe the man so recommended, turning traitor? While they are thus charitably judging him, they receive a crushing response. Just then, to their astonishment, they hear his voice among the mutineers; not in exhortation or opposed, but as if taking part with them! One, Striker, is calling out his name, to which he answers; and, soon after, other speeches from his lips sound clear through the cabin windows, open on that mild moonlit night. Still listening, as they gaze in one another's face with mute, painful surprise, they hear a dull thud against the ship's side—the stroke of a boat-hook as the pinnace is shoved off—then a rattle, as the oars commence working in the tholes, succeeded by the splash of the oar-blades in the water. After that, the regular 'dip-dip,' at length dying away, as the boat recedes, leaving the abandoned vessel silent as a graveyard in the mid-hour of night.

Seated with face towards the cuddy windows, Don Gregorio can see through them, and as the barque's bow rises on the swell, depressing her aft, he commands a view of the sea far astern.

There, upon the surface, he makes out a dark object moving away. It is a boat filled with forms, the oar-blades rising and falling in measured stroke,

flashing the phosphorescence on both sides. No wonder at his earnest look as he bends his eyes on that boat—a gaze of concentrated anguish! It contains all that is dear to him—bearing that all away, he knows not whither, to a fate which chills his very blood to reflect upon. He can trace the outlines of land beyond, and can perceive that the boat is being rowed for it, the barque at the same time sailing seaward, each instant widening the distance between them. But for a long while he can distinguish the black speck with luminous jets on either side, as the oar-blades intermittently rise and fall in the clear moonlight, till at length entering within the shadow of the land—a line of high cliffs—he loses sight of it.

'Gone! all gone!' groans the bereaved father, his beard drooping down to his breast, his countenance shewing he has surrendered up his soul to a despair hopeless as helpless! So, too, Lantanas, who has ceased struggling and shouting. Both are now alike convinced of the idleness of such demonstrations. The chief-officer a mutineer, so must all the others; and all have forsaken the ship. No; not all! There is one remains true, who is still on her—the black cook. They hear his voice, though not with any hope. It comes from a distant part in shouts and cries betokening distress. They need look for no help from him. He is either disabled, or, like themselves, securely bound. Throughout the night they hear it; the intervals between becoming longer, the voice fainter, till he also, yielding to despair, is silent.

As the morning sun shines in through the stern windows, Don Gregorio can see they are out of sight of land. Only sea and sky are visible to him; but neither to Lantanas, whose face is the other way; so fastened he cannot even turn his head. The barque is scudding before a breeze, which bears her still further into the great South Sea, on whose broad bosom she might beat for weeks, months, ay, till her timbers rot, without sighting ship, or being herself desecrated by human eye. Fearful thought—appalling prospect to those constrained to sit at her cabin table! With it in their minds, the morning light brings no joy. Instead, it but intensifies their misery. For they are now sure they have no chance of being rescued. They sit haggard in their chairs—for no sleep has visited the eyes of either—like men who have been all night long engaged in a drunken debauch. Alas! how different! The glasses of wine before them are no longer touched, the fruits untasted. Neither the bouquet of the one, nor the perfume of the other, has any attraction for them now. Either is as much beyond their reach, as if a thousand miles off, instead of on a six-foot table between them! Gazing in one another's faces, they at times fancy it a dream. They can scarcely bring themselves to realise such a situation; as who could? The rude intrusion of the ruffian crew—the rough handling they have had—the breaking open of the lockers—and the boxes of gold borne off—all seem the phantasmagoria of some fleeting but horrible vision!

#### CHAPTER XLVI.—AN AWKWARD QUESTION.

The same sun that shines upon the abandoned barque lights up the crew that abandoned her, on the same spot where they have made landing. As the first rays fall over the cliff's crest, they shew a

cove of semicircular shape, backed by a beetling precipice. A ledge or dyke, sea-washed and weed-covered, trends across its entrance, with a gate-like opening in the centre, through which, at high tide, the sea sweeps in, though never quite up to the base of the cliff. Between this and the strand lies the elevated platform already spoken of, accessible from above by a sloping ravine, the bed of a stream running only when it rains. As said, it is only an acre or so in extent, and occupying the inner concavity of the semicircle. The beach is not visible from it, this concealed by the dry reef which runs across it as a chord. Only a small portion of it can be seen through the portal which admits the tidal flow. Beyond, stretches the open sea outside the surf, with the breakers more than a mile off.

Such is the topography of the place where the mutineers have made landing and passed the night. When the day dawns, but little is seen to betray their presence there. Only a man seated upon a stone, nodding as if asleep, at intervals awakening with a start, and grasping at a gun between his legs; soon letting it go, and again giving way to slumber, the effects of that drunken debauch kept up to a late hour of the night. He would be a poor sentinel were there need for vigilance. Seemingly, there is none. No enemy is near—no human being in sight; the only animate objects some sea-birds, that, winging their way along the face of the cliff, salute him with an occasional scream, as if incensed by his presence in a spot they deem sacred to themselves.

The sun fairly up, he rises to his feet, and walks towards the entrance of the larger cavern; then stopping in front of it, cries out:

'Inside there, shipmates! Sun's up—time to be stirring!'

Seeing him in motion, and hearing his hail, the gulls gather and swoop around his head in continuous screaming. In larger numbers, and with cries more strident, as his comrades come forth out of the cave, one after another, yawning, and stretching their arms.

The first, looking seaward, proposes to refresh himself by a plunge in the surf; and for this purpose starts toward the beach. The others, taken with the idea, follow in twos and threes, till in a string all are in motion. To reach the strand, it is necessary for them to pass through the gap in the transverse ledge, which the tide, now at ebb, enables them to do. He who leads, having gone through it, on getting a view of the shore outside, suddenly stops; as he does so, sending back a shout. It is a cry of surprise, followed by the startling announcement: 'The boat's gone!'

This should cause them apprehension, and would, if they but knew the consequences. Ignorant of these, they make light of it, one saying: 'Let her go, then! We want no boats now.'

'A horse would be more to our purpose,' suggests a second; 'or, for that matter, a dozen of them.'

'A dozen donkeys would do,' adds a third, accompanying his remark with a horse-laugh. 'It'll take about that many to pack our chattels.'

'What's become of the old pinnace, anyhow?' asks one in sober strain, as, having passed through the rock-portal, they stand scanning the strand. All remember the place where they landed, and left the boat. They see it is not there.

'Has any one made away with it?'

The question is asked, and instantly answered, several saying, no. Striker, the man who first missed it, vouchsafes the explanation.

'The return tide's taken it out, an', I dar say, it's broke to bits on them sheer breakers.'

All now remember that it was not properly moored, but left with painter loose; and do not wonder it went adrift. They care little, indeed nothing, and think of it no longer; but, stripping, plunge into the surf. After bathing to their hearts' content, they return to the cavern, and array themselves in garments befitting the life they intend leading. Their tarry togs are cast off, to be altogether abandoned; for each has a suit of shore clothes, brought away from the barque.

Every one rigged out in his own peculiar style, they draw together to deliberate on a plan of future action. Breakfast has been already eaten; and now comes the matter of greatest moment—the partition of the spoils.

It is done in little time, and with no great trouble. The boxes are broken open, and the gold-dust measured out in a pannikin; a like number of measures apportioned to each, round and round.

In money value no one knows the exact amount of his share. Enough satisfaction to feel it is high as much as he can carry.

After each has appropriated his own, they commence packing up, and preparing for the inland journey. And now arises the question, what way are they to go? They have already resolved to strike for the city of Santiago; but in what order should they travel? Separate into several parties, or go all together? The former plan, proposed by Gomez, is supported by Padilla, Hernandez, and Velarde. Gomez gives his reason. Such a large number of pedestrians along roads where none save horsemen are ever seen, could not fail to excite curiosity. It might cause inconvenient questions to be asked them—perhaps lead to their being arrested, and taken before some village *alcalde*. If so, what story could they tell?

On the other hand, there will be the chance of coming across Indians; and as those on the Veraguas coast are ranked among the 'bravos'—having preserved their independence, and along with it their instinctive hostility to the whites—an encounter with them might be even more dangerous than with any *alcalde*. Struggling along in squads of two or three, they would run a risk of getting captured, or killed, and scalped—perhaps all three.

This is the suggestion of Harry Blew, Striker and Davis alone favouring his view. All the others go against it, Gomez ridiculing the idea of danger from red men; at the same time enlarging on that to be apprehended from white ones. As the majority have more reason to fear civilised man than the so-called savage, it ends in their deciding for separation. They can come together again in Santiago if they choose it; or not, should chance for good or ill so determine. They are all amply provided for playing an independent part in the drama of their future lives; and with this pleasant prospect, they may part company without a sigh of regret.

Al! something yet: still another question to be determined. The female captives: how are they to be disposed of? They are still within the grotto, unseen, as the sail-cloth curtains it. Breakfast has been taken to them, which they have scarce touched; and the time has come for



deciding what has to be done with them. No one openly asks, or says a word upon the subject, though it is uppermost in the thoughts of all. It is a delicate question, and they are shy of broaching it. There is a sort of tacit impression, there will be difficulty about the appropriation of this portion of the spoils—an electricity in the air that foretells dispute and danger. All along it had been understood that two men laid claim to them; their claim, whether just or not, hitherto unquestioned, or, at all events, uncontested. These, Gomez and Hernandez. As they had been the original designers of the foul deed, now done, their confederates, rough men of a different stamp, little given to love-making, had either not thought about the women, or deemed their possession of secondary importance. But now, at the eleventh hour, it has become known that two others intend asserting a claim to them—one being Blew, the other Davis.

The mode of making their journey having been definitively settled, there is a short interregnum, during which most of those ready for the road stand idling, one or two still occupied in equipping themselves. La Crosse has been sent up the ravine, to report how things look inland. The four Spaniards have signified their intention to remain a little longer on the ground; while the three Englishmen have not said when they will leave. They are together conferring in low voice; but with an earnestness in their eyes, especially Blew's, which makes it easy to guess the subject. Only the theme of woman could kindle these fiery glances.

At length the dreaded interrogatory is put—and Gomez answers: 'They'll, of course, go with us—with Señor Hernandez and myself.'

'I don't see any of course about it,' says Blew. 'And more'n that, I tell ye they don't go with ye—leastwise, not so cheap as you think for.'

'What do you mean, Mr Blew?' demands the Spaniard, his eyes shewing anger, at the same time a certain uneasiness.

'No use your losin' temper, Gil Gomez. You ain't goin' to scare me. So you may as well keep cool. By doin' that, and listenin', you'll larn what I mean. The which is, that you and Hernandez have no more right to them creeturs in the cave than any o' the rest of us. Just as the gold, so ought it to be wi' the girls. In coorse, we can't divide them all round; but that's no reason why any two should take 'em, so long's any other two wants 'em as well. Now, I wants one o' them.'

'And I another!' puts in Davis.

'Yes,' continues Blew; 'and though I be a bit older than you, Mr Gomez, and not quite so pretentious a gentleman, I can like a pretty wench as well as yerself. I've took a fancy to the one wi' the tortoise-shell hair, an' an't goin' to gie her up in the slack way you seem to be wishin'.'

'Glad to hear it's the red one, Blew,' says Davis. 'As I'm for the black one, there's no rivalry between us. Her I mean to be mine—unless some better man hinders me.'

'Well,' interpolates Striker, 'as 'twas me first put the questyun, I s'pose I'll be allowed to gie an opeenyun?' No one saying nay, the ex-convict proceeds: 'As to any one hev'in' a speecial claim to them weemen, nobody has, an' nobody shed have. 'Bout that, Blew's right, an' so's Bill. An' since the thing's disputed, it oughter be settled in a fair an' square'—

'You needn't waste your breath,' interrupts Gomez, in a tone of determination. 'I admit no dispute in the matter. If these gentlemen insist, there's but one way of settlin'. First, however, I'll say a word to explain. One of these ladies is my sweetheart—was, before I ever saw any of you. Señor Hernandez here can say the same of the other. Nay, I may tell you more; they are pledged to us.'

'It's a lie!' cries Blew, confronting the slanderer, and looking him straight in the face. 'A lie, Gil Gomez, from the bottom o' your black heart!'

'Enough!' exclaims Gomez, now purple with rage. 'No man can give Frank Lara the lie, and live after.'

'Frank Lara, or whatever you may call yerself, I'll live long enough to see you under ground—or what's more like, hangin' wi' your throat in a halter. Don't make any mistake about me. I can shoot straight as you.'

'Avast theer!' shouts Striker to De Lara, seeing the latter about to draw a pistol. 'Keep yer hand off o' that weapon! If theer must be a fight, let it be a fair one. But, before it begin, Jack Striker has a word to say.'

While speaking, he has stepped between the two men, staying their encounter.

'Yes; let the fight be a fair one!' demand several voices, as the pirates come clustering around.

'Look here, shipmates!' continues Striker, still standing between the two angry men, and alternately eyeing them. 'What's the use o' spillin' blood about it—maybe killin' one the other? All for the sake o' a pair o' stoopid girls, or a kuppel o' pairs, as it be. Take my advice, an' settle the thing in a pacifical way. Maybe ye will, after ye've heerd what I intend proposin'; which I darsay 'll be satisfactory to all.'

'What is it, Jack?' asks one of the outsiders.

'First, then, I'm agoin' to make the observashun, that fightin' an't the way to get them weemen, whoever's fools enough to fight for 'em. Theer's somethin' to be done besides.'

'Explain yourself, old Sydney! What's to be done besides?'

'If the gals are goin' to be fought for, they've first got to be paid for.'

'How that?'

'How? What humbuggin' stuff askin' such a questyin! Han't we all equil shares in 'em? Coorse we have. Tha'for, them as wants 'em, must pay for 'em; an' they as wants 'em so bad as to do shootin' for 'em, surely won't object to that. Theer appear to be four candydates in the field; an', kewrous enuf, they're set in pairs, two for each one o' the girls. Now, 'ithout referin' to any fightin' that's to be done—an', if they're fools enuf to fight, let 'em—I say that eyther who eeventually gits a gal, shed pay a considerashin' o' gold-dust all roun' to the rest o' us—at the least a pannikin apiece. That's what Jack Striker proposes first.'

'It's fair,' says Slush.

'Nothing more than our rights,' observes Tarry; the Dane and Dutchman also endorsing the proposal.

'I agree to it,' says Harry Blew.

'I also,' adds Davis.

De Lara—late Gomez—signifies his assent by a

disdainful nod, but without saying a word; Hernandez imitating the action. In fear of losing adherents, neither dares disapprove of it.

'What more have you to say, Jack?' asks Slush, recalling Striker's last words, which seemed to promise something else.

'Not much. Only that I think it a pity, after our livin' so long in harmony thegither, we can't part same way. Weemen's allers been a bother ever since I've knowd 'em. An', I spose, it'll continue so to the eend o' the chapter, an' the eend o' some lives heer. I repeat, that it be a pity we shed hev to wind up wi' a quarrel wheer blood's bound to be spilt. Now, why can't it be settled 'thout that? I think I know of a way.'

'What way?'

'Leave it to the ladies theirselves. Gie them the chance o' who they'd like for a protector; same time lettin' 'em know they've got to choose 'tween one or tother. Let 'em take their pick, everybody unnerstandin' afterwards, theer's to be no quarrelin' or fightin'. That's our law in the Australyin bush, when we've cases o' this kind; an' every bushranger hes to bide by it. Why shedn't it be the same heer?'

'Why shouldn't it?' asks Slush. 'It's a good law—just and fair for all.'

'I consent to it,' says Blew, with apparent reluctance, as if doubtful of the result, yet satisfied to submit to the will of the majority. 'I maynt be neyther so young nor so good-lookin' as Mr Gomez,' he adds; 'I know I an't eyther. Still I'll take my chance. If she I lay claim to, pronounces against me, I promise to stand aside, and say neer another word—much less think o' fightin' for her. She can go 'long wi' him, an' my blessin' wi' both.'

'Bravo, Blew! You talk like a good un. Don't be afraid; we'll stand by you.'

This, from several of the outsiders.

'Comrades!' says Davis, 'I place myself in your hands. If my girl's against me, I'm willin to give her up, same as Blew.'

What about the other two? What answer will they make to the proposed peaceful compromise? All eyes are turned on them, awaiting it.

De Lara speaks first, his eyes flashing fire. Hitherto, he has been holding his anger in check; but now it breaks out, poured forth like lava from a burning mountain. 'Carajo!' he cries. 'I've been listening a long time to talk—taking it too coolly. Idle talk, all of it; yours, Mr Striker, especially. What care we about your ways in the Australian bush. They won't hold good here, or with me. My style of settling disputes is this, or this.' He touches his pistol-butt; and then the hilt of a *macheté*, hanging by his side, adding: 'Mr Blew can have his choice.'

'All right!' retorts the ex-man-o'-war's-man. 'I'm good for a bout with either, and don't care a toss which. Pistols at six paces, or my cutlass against that straight blade of yours. Both if you like.'

'Both be it. That's best, and will make the end sure. Get ready, and quick; for as sure as I stand here, I intend fighting you!'

'Say you intend tryin'. I'm ready to give you the chance. You can begin soon's you feel disposed.'

Hernandez hangs back, as though he would rather decline the combat.

'No, Bill!' says Striker; 'one fight at a time. When Blew an' Gomez hev got through wi' theirs, then you can gie Hernandez his change—if so be he care to hev it.'

Hernandez appears gratified with Striker's speech, disregarding the innuendo. He had no thought it would come to this, and looks as if he would surrender up his sweetheart without striking a blow. He makes no rejoinder; but shrinks back cowed-like and craven.

'Yes; one fight at a time!' cry others, endorsing the *dictum* of Striker.

It is the demand of the majority, and the minority concedes it. All know it is to be a duel to the death. A glance at the antagonists—at their angry eyes, and determined attitudes—makes this sure. On that lonely shore one of the two will sleep his last sleep; it may be both.

#### CHAPTER XLVII.—A DUEL ADJOURNED.

The combat, now declared inevitable, its preliminaries are speedily arranged. Under the circumstances, and between such adversaries, the punctilios of ceremony to be satisfied are slight; for theirs is the rough code of honour common to robbers of all countries and climes. No seconds are chosen, nor spoken of. All on the ground are to act as such; and at once proceed to business.

Some measure off the distance, stepping it between two stones. Others examine the pistols, to see that both are loaded with ball-cartridge, and carefully capped. The fight is to be with Colt's six-shooters, navy size. Each combatant chances to have one of this particular pattern. They are to commence firing at twelve paces, and if that be ineffectual, then close up, as either chooses. If neither fall to the shots, then to finish with the steel.

The captives inside the cave are ignorant of what is going on. Little dream they of the red tragedy soon to be enacted so near, or how much they themselves may be affected by its finale. It is indeed to them the chances of a contrasting destiny.

The duellists take stand by the stones, twelve paces apart. Blew having stripped off his pilot-cloth coat, is in his shirt sleeves. These rolled up to the elbow, expose ranges of tattooing, fouled anchors, stars, crescents, and sweethearts—a perfect medley of fore-castle souvenirs. They shew also muscles, lying along his arms like cording upon a ship's stay. Should the shots fail, those arms promise well for wielding the cutlass; and if his fingers clutch his antagonist's throat, the struggle will be a short one.

Still, no weak adversary will he meet in Francisco de Lara. He too has laid aside his outer garments—thrown off his scarlet cloak, and the heavy hat. He does not need stripping to the shirt-sleeves; his light *jaqueta* of velveteen in no way encumbers him. Fitting like a glove, it displays arms of muscular strength, with a body in symmetrical correspondence.

A duel between two such gladiators might be painful, but for all, a fearfully interesting spectacle. Those about to witness it seem to think so; as they stand silent, with breath bated, and glances bent alternately on one and the other.

As it has been arranged that Striker is to give the signal, the ex-convict, standing centrally outside

the line of fire, is about to say a word that will set two men, mad as tigers, at one another—each with full resolve to fire, cut down, and kill.

There is a moment of intense stillness, like the lull which precedes a storm. Nothing heard save the tidal wash against the near strand, the boom of the distant breakers, and at intervals the shrill scream of a sea-bird.

The customary 'Ready' is forming on Striker's lips, to be followed by the 'Fire!—one—two—three!' No one of these words—not a syllable—is he permitted to speak. Before he can give utterance to the first, a cry comes down from the cliff, which arrests the attention of all; soon as understood, enchaining it.

It is La Crosse who sends it, shouting in accent of alarm: 'Monsieur Blew! Comrades! *We're on an island!*'

When the forest is on fire, or the savannah swept by flood, and their wild denizens flee to a spot uninvaded, the timid deer is safe beside the fierce wolf or treacherous cougar. In face of the common danger they will stand trembling together—the 'beasts of prey for the time gentle as their victims. So with human kind; a parallel being furnished by the pirate crew of the *Condor* and their captives.

The former, on hearing the cry of La Crosse, are at first only startled. Soon their surprise changes to apprehension; keen enough to stay the threatening fight, and indefinitely postpone it. For at the words '*We're on an island,*' they are impressed with an instinctive sense of danger; and all, combatants as spectators, rush up the ravine, to the summit of the cliff, where La Crosse is still standing.

Arrived there, and casting their eyes inland, they have evidence of the truth of his assertion. A strait, leagues in width, separates them from the mainland. Far too wide to be crossed by the strongest swimmer amongst them—too wide for them to be descried from the opposite side, even through a telescope! The island on which they have beached their boat is a mere strip of sea-washed rock, running parallel to the coast, cliff-bound, table-topped, sterile, treeless; and to all appearance, waterless!

As this last thought comes uppermost—along with the recollection that their boat is lost—what was at first only a flurry of excited apprehension, becomes a fixed fear. Still further intensified, when after scattering over the islet, and exploring it from end to end, they again come together, and each party delivers its report. No wood save some stunted bushes; no water—stream, pond, or spring; only that of the salt sea rippling around; no sign of animal life, except snakes, scorpions, and lizards, with the birds flying above—screaming as if in triumph at the intruders upon their domain being thus entrapped! For they are so, and clearly comprehend it. Most of them are men who have professionally followed the sea, and understand what it is to be 'castaways.' Some have had experience of it in their time, and need no reminding of its dangers. To a man, they feel their safety as much compromised as if the spot of earth under their feet, instead of being but three leagues from land, for such it seems, were three thousand; for that matter, in the middle of the Pacific itself! What would they not now give to be again on board the barque sent sailing thither to miserably sink?

Ah! their cruelty has come back upon them like a curse!

The interrupted duel—what of it? Nothing. It is not likely ever to be fought. Between the *ci-devant* combatants, mad anger and jealous rivalry may still remain. But neither shews it now; both subdued, in contemplation of the common peril, Blew apparently less affected than his antagonist. But all are frightened—awed by a combination of occurrences, that look as though an avenging angel had been sent to punish them for their crimes!

From that moment Carmen Montijo and Inez Alvarez are safe in their midst as if promenading the streets of Cadiz, or flirting their fans at the successful matador. Safe, as far as being molested by the ruffians around them. Yet, alas! exposed to the danger overhanging all—death from starvation.

But surely some means will be discovered to escape from the island? Or, remaining upon it, a way to sustain life? Questions asked and hopes indulged in, that, as the days pass, prove delusive. Not a stick of timber out of which to construct a raft. Nothing for food, save reptiles on the land and shell-fish in the sea—these scarce, and difficult of collection. Now and then a bird, its flesh ill-favoured and rank. But the want above all—water! For days not a drop is obtained, till their throats feel as if on fire. Plenty of it around—too much. But it is as with Tantalus. The briny deep, they may touch, but not taste. It makes them mad to gaze on it; to drink of it would but madden them the more.

A fearful fate now threatens the crew of the *Condor*, in horror equalling that to which those left aboard of her have been consigned. Well may they deem it a retribution—that God's hand is upon them, meting out a punishment apportioned to their crime! But surely He will not permit the innocent to suffer with the guilty? Let us hope, pray, He will not.

#### BARTLEY'S KNOWLEDGE PAPERS.

WHILE engaged in diffusing such information on miscellaneous subjects as might help to strengthen the good resolutions and enlarge the intelligence of the less affluent, or, we might rather say, the less educated classes in the community, it has always afforded us pleasure to see others engaged in the same cause, and to wish them all possible success. The latest effort of this kind that merits approbation is that made by an association in London, designated the *Provident Knowledge Society*, whose professed object 'is to endeavour to make regular weekly saving a national habit, and so to increase the facilities for saving, that it shall be as easy for a man to put by a small sum, as it is now for him to spend that sum in beer or spirits.' A high aim, certainly, and one cannot but feel curious to know what will be the practical result. The Society appears to work in two ways. Through its honorary secretary and treasurer, G. C. T. Bartley (112 Brompton Road), it offers every assistance by letter or personal advice as regards 'forming schemes to encourage frugality;' and the same indefatigable secretary, with a devotion which we cannot but admire, has written and issued a series of penny manuals,

called the *Provident Knowledge Papers*, of which we desire to say a few words, for the purpose of making them perhaps better known than they happen to be.

Mr Bartley takes a new method in addressing the classes of persons for whom his papers are intended. He uses no sentiment; does not dwell abstractly on the value of saving; is not the least of a rhetorician. He is neither an essayist nor a platform orator, but goes to the point at once, by giving distinct directions what to do, and what to abstain from doing. Assuming that there is a prodigious want of knowledge on many plain but important matters of fact—and in this he is quite right—he takes up subject after subject, and tells all that needs be known about it. For example, a man in humble life has a vague notion that he would like to save some of his weekly earnings in order to secure a pension in his old age. But he does not know how to set about it. There is no one to put him on the right track, unless, perhaps, it be the minister of the parish or some good-natured neighbour, who will take a little trouble in the matter; and even, after all, the required information may be incomplete or not quite satisfactory. Well, here, for a single penny, the inquirer gets every particular he wants with official precision. He is told what can be done for eightpence a week. 'For that sum, paid from the age of nineteen to sixty, any man may obtain a pension of five shillings a week for the remainder of his life, on government security. For fourpence a week, paid during the same period, he may buy a pension of half-a-crown a week, and more or less in proportion. But it will be said, and justly, that as life is uncertain, it may be that a man beginning to put by at nineteen may never live to be sixty; what then becomes of all he has paid into the post office? The answer is, it is paid to whomsoever he may direct. Thus, if he died at forty, about L.35 would be returned; if he died at fifty, about L.52 would be returned; and so on. The money may even be taken out during illness.'

So much for the first number of these papers. The second refers to Life Insurance, the various plans for effecting which are minutely explained with reference to the payment of a sum at death to survivors; in this, as in the preceding case, the forms of letters to be used in application being given. As a sort of supplement to these papers, the third paper consists of easy tables for calculating what a few pence a week will do. The fourth paper is on 'Penny Banks,' and how to start them in every village and manufactory; and the fifth refers to the setting up of Penny Banks in schools. Some good hints are casually offered as to teaching children to be thrifty. 'With this end in view, it is strongly urged upon the managers of elementary schools, and on all who really believe in the blessings which an extension of provident habits would secure, to lose no time in opening penny banks in all schools, and thus practically to help forward the cause of frugality and provi-

dence throughout the length and breadth of the land.' People need not be afraid of making children penurious; the great thing is to teach them the value of money with a view to proper ends, instead of letting them squander it on the trash in which they are apt to indulge.

Passing over several papers on Savings-banks, and Interest and Security, we come to one eminently practical and useful regarding Pawnbrokers. The whole *mécanique* of pawnbroking is given, and terrible examples mentioned of the loss incurred by persons who seek to relieve domestic difficulties by a habitual recourse to the pawnshop. We would here just say, that we cannot join in any indiscriminate onslaught on the pawnbroking system. It no doubt often saves a family from misery; in numerous instances, it may save the desperate from falling into crime or the loss of character. At the same time, it encourages improvidence, and is a fatal resource, concerning which the heedless should be thoroughly made acquainted. The tract on this subject could hardly be too widely circulated in large towns. We may give a few of the explanations.

'For all loans of forty shillings and under, a fixed scale is made as follows: For any time during which the pledge remains in pawn, not exceeding one month, for every two shillings or fraction of two shillings, one halfpenny. For every month after the first, including the current month in which the pledge is redeemed, although that month is not expired, for every two shillings or fraction of two shillings lent, one halfpenny. For the pawn-ticket a fee has to be paid of one halfpenny, for a loan of ten shillings or under; and one penny if it be over ten shillings. The pawnbroker is entitled to take half the amount above stated for interest, if the pledge is redeemed within fourteen days.' These charges do not appear very high, but though they seem trifling, they in reality amount to enormous sums, and the interest is very great. For a loan of two shillings the interest and the cost of the pawn-ticket together make the charge for the month not less than at the rate of fifty per cent. per annum. Every subsequent month the interest is at the rate of twenty-five per cent. For loans under two shillings the charge is the same as for two shillings. The interest is, therefore, proportionally more. For a loan of one shilling, the charge for the first month is at the rate of one hundred per cent., and for subsequent months fifty per cent. For a loan of sixpence—and this is not an uncommon pawn on such things as flat-irons, saucepans, &c.—the cost for the first month is at the rate of two hundred per cent.; that is, the charges will swallow up the whole loan in less than a year.'

As to the extent of the pawnbroking system—'It is estimated that about two hundred and seven millions of pledges are taken out each year. If all were redeemed within the first month, and none of them exceeded two shillings in amount, the interest which the people pledging would be called upon to pay would amount to the enormous sum of eight hundred and sixty thousand pounds per annum. As a matter of fact, however, it seems probable that the average amount paid for each pledge is nearer

sixpence, if not above that sum. If this be so, for interest on money lent to the poorest persons in the kingdom, a sum of money is paid by them as interest to the pawnbrokers annually of upwards of five millions sterling! Advice offered: 'Every sensible man should give up visiting those houses with the sign of the Three Golden Balls, and with the aid of the savings-bank, or some penny bank, become his own pawnbroker.'

Our author does not seem to be aware that there may be a worse kind of pawning than that which is regulated by statutory enactment. Has he never heard of what, in Scotland, are called 'wee pawns?' They consist of obscure resorts of the marine-store-dealing order, where petty articles are purchased on the understanding that they will be bought back in a day or two. No tickets are given, and no books kept. The person so selling or pawning will sometimes pay as much as at the rate of a thousand, even two thousand per cent. per annum. For example, a smoothing-iron will be sold for twopence (wherewith to get a dram), and purchased back next day for threepence or fourpence. And so on with other articles—bedding, spoons, petticoats, &c. In virtue of local police acts, strenuous exertions are made in Edinburgh and some other cities, to stamp out these pestilent establishments. They are spreading, however, without challenge in the smaller country towns, where they cannot well be reached at common law, and afford a sorrowful proof of that want of frugality which it is the object of the Provident Knowledge Society to remedy.

One of Mr Bartley's later papers is addressed to female domestic servants, with advices as to dressing, and what can be done by a quarterly visit to the savings-banks. Another paper gives seasonable hints to governesses and clerks with regard to what may be accomplished by good management. We have seen nothing more rational or better adapted to the end in view than these various papers. The question, however, remains, will people read them? They, at all events, put the matter so clearly and simply that there is no longer an excuse on the ground of not knowing what to do to avert the possible ills arising from misexpenditure. The trouble thus taken to instruct and promote moral elevation by individual self-restraint, contrasts pleasingly with the wild dreams of those who look too exclusively for social regeneration to legislative enactment. On this latter point we might expatiate at some length, but shall content ourselves with a single reminiscence. We remember being told by the late Lord Murray (the friend of Jeffrey, Brougham, and Sydney Smith), that 'in his young days, early in the present century, no man was considered a gentleman who entered the boxes of a theatre or a ballroom sober. To sustain his character as a gentleman, it was absolutely necessary for him, even in the estimation of ladies, to be to a certain extent tipsy. At that time the humbler were the sober classes, because they had not money to spend to any extent on drink. And now,' added his lordship, 'see what a change has taken place—among the refined, perfect sobriety; and drunkenness entirely confined to the least educated part of the community.' As this change has come about spontaneously, through the gradual improvement of manners and tastes—not by bills in parliament—we may reasonably hope that, by the like

quiet agencies, and diffusion of knowledge, the lower will in time emulate the higher classes of society. In this direction all Mr Bartley's papers significantly tend. W. C.

## FLITTERMOUSE WELL.

## IN TWO CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER I.

THE manuscript which I here transcribe came into my possession accidentally, and in a rather curious way; and as I think it may prove interesting to some readers of this *Journal*, I have copied it for publication. The manner in which I became possessed of it is simply as follows. Last autumn I hired a farm-house in an obscure part of the south coast for the shooting season. Dunmoor Manor, as it was called, was gloomy, dilapidated, and unprepossessing in appearance. It had been long untenanted; the people of the surrounding neighbourhood being, for some reason, prejudiced against the place. It suited my purpose, however. I had it comfortably furnished, and the bachelor friend who came down to share my quarters and my sport was pleased to approve of the antique aspect of the rooms, which I had left unviolated by the touch of any renovating hand. It was whilst I— and I were examining the old-fashioned wainscoting of what I had made my smoking-room, that we discovered a recess in the wall, closed in by a clumsily sliding panel, from which we drew forth the document which is now in my possession. It was much discoloured, and covered with dust and cobwebs; and we could with difficulty decipher the cramped and faded handwriting; but the following is a correct transcript of its contents.

From a child, I was always imaginative. Darkness would suggest to me the strangest phantoms. The steep hillside which frowned upon my home seemed to me a mighty giant; the dark clouds, which swept across the heavens, fierce monsters. I delighted in creating fanciful shapes out of the gloamin, when, in long winter evenings, I sat in the deep window-seat, watching the swaying of the sycamore branches, and listening to the dreary sighing of the wind among the leaves. Perhaps the tendency was increased by the lonely life I led, and by the total lack of companionship with boys of my own age.

Mine was the old story of a craving for education, where education was out of the question. Every book that remained of my grandfather's library I had read again and again, poring each time with fresh excitement over the history of adventures, probable and improbable, therein contained. I had many opportunities of gratifying my morbid tastes, for my grandfather cared little how I passed my days. His life had been a more checkered one than I in my youth suspected, and was now drawing near its end; as far as any active business was concerned, it had ended. There remained to him now but to wait in patience by his fireside until the day should come when he should be called upon to lay aside his burden. As for my Aunt Barbara (the only other inmate of the house, save Deborah the old servant), her days were passed in one long sad retrospect; her eyes seemed ever to be looking far away into the past, her voice sounded muffled and low, and her step

was like the traditional ghostly footstep that haunts a deserted corridor. With such uncongenial companions, what wonder that I fell back upon my own resources.

My chief diversion was in wandering about the country; my best friend being the dreary hillside, a moonlight ramble my keenest enjoyment. Often at midnight, I used to creep out of the ivied casement of my little room, and roam up to the dark pine-woods, and along the crest of the hill, where the tufted juniper bushes crop out of the deserted chalk-pits, and in the daytime, the daws congregate and chatter to their young. If any of the household knew of these nocturnal excursions, they, at anyrate, did not trouble themselves to put a stop to them.

This was my life from a child. In my earliest recollections my home was the gable-ended manor-house, fast falling into decay, flanked by the long lines of tall yew hedges, which darken the windows with their gloomy intensity. The sighing of the wind in the sycamore trees was the first sound that ever fell on my ears, and it is likely to fall on them on the day of my death. The seclusion of our existence may be better imagined when I mention that the nearest village was five miles distant, and that there was no proper road of communication between it and us. Fields and woods lie before the house, the hill rises behind it, and on the right the gray moors stretch out for about two miles, where they terminate abruptly in high cliffs, washed at the base by the restless waves of the sea. Strange to say, those cliffs, and the shore beneath them, though so near, were unknown ground to me. I was familiar with the hillside, and with the country for miles round, yet I never dared to venture near the sea. The reason for this circumstance it will take me some time to explain.

Years ago, in my early childhood, a race of men infested these shores who were the scourge of all the country round. They were called smugglers; but they were very different from the smugglers we hear of in these days, who now and then hide a keg or two of brandy, or a few bales of lace, in some secret nook along the coast. The smugglers of my grandfather's time much more resembled bandit robbers, only that their stronghold, instead of being the depth of the forest, was the open sea; for, not content with secreting contraband goods in the caves with which these cliffs abound, they made raids into the country, plundering the homesteads, and even pressing the farmers' sons into their service. As was natural, these aggressions stirred up the strongest and most bitter animosity in the hearts of the landmen; and many were the struggles which took place in those days upon cliff and shore, with varied result, and sometimes with loss of life on both sides.

My grandfather was a man capable of strong feelings of revenge. His farm had been plundered more than once, and all that he most valued carried away; and he vowed vengeance on the men who had despoiled him. Now it is that I come to the darkest page in his life. He had always been considered a harsh, stern man in his own household. It is reported that his wife pined away through ill-treatment, and of the three sons she had borne him, two had come to a bad end. The third lived at home for a time, and I believe my grandfather to have been, in his stern way, much attached to him. When still quite young,

however, this son offended him, by marrying otherwise than had been intended; and for about a year he and his young wife had a hard life of it. At the end of that time, the father and son came to an open rupture, and the latter fled, no one knew whither. When next he was heard of, it was as one of the smuggler gang.

My grandfather never got over the shock these tidings gave him. That his son, his only remaining son, should have joined the robbers and plunderers of his country, was more than he could bear. But if his heart was wounded, the old man's passions were roused. He would hear of no extenuating circumstances, he would not allow the possibility of his son's having been pressed into the smugglers' gang, or that his own harshness and severity had led to this end. 'Only let him land with his ill-gotten gains upon this coast,' he was heard to say, 'and he and his wretched associates shall know that there is vengeance in the land. He has chosen a smuggler's life—let him die a smuggler's death.'

Upon a certain night the smugglers came again to deposit their stores in the caves, and the landmen were there to meet them. Then ensued a combat between desperate men on both sides—men who had ceased to regard the laws of God or man on the one hand, and men rendered savage by the desecration of their homes and the loss of their property on the other. It was a wild and stormy night; but the fierce waves which dashed themselves against the shore were less turbulent than the fierce passions which raged in the hearts of the combatants. Many fell in the struggle; the precipitous cliffs found some victims; some were drowned, others wounded. My grandfather was in the thickest of the fight; and among the bodies identified was found that of his son Everard; a bullet had pierced his heart. They say that bullet was aimed by my grandfather, and that he knew at whom he was aiming! Heaven knows if this be true! I know only that Everard Roche was my father, and that my mother died in giving birth to me at the manor, after hearing the result of that night's work.

From that time, my grandfather is said to have grown more morose, more stern; and from that time also his prosperity deserted him. The farm was given up, and the farm buildings allowed to fall to ruins; one by one, the old man had to part with all the heirlooms long preserved (for our family dates back many generations). Yet he still continued to watch for the smugglers, and to plan further revenge upon them, until old age came upon him suddenly and unawares, and he became the helpless and infirm creature that I remember him.

As for me, an orphan and unloved, I grew up in that dreary household, as I have said, uncared for, yet treated with no harshness, and with only the one command laid upon me from my earliest years (and that under the threat of my grandfather's curse, if I disobeyed him)—namely, that I should never whilst he lived set my foot upon that shore where my father found his death. I was kept in ignorance of the reason for this prohibition for many years, but I obeyed it. Never once did my feet venture to the edge of Dunmoor Crags. The cliffs and the sea were alike unknown mysteries to me; I never rambled on the shore, I never bathed or waded in the waves.



Long ago, before my grandfather had ceased to pass beyond these tumble-down gateways, and when I was but a little child, I can remember going with him over the hill to Blackness Farm, where he would confabulate for hours with its tenant, Farmer Horwood; and as I stood by watching them, I used to see my grandfather point to where, in the distance, the gray rolling sea heaved angrily beyond the dark crag, whilst a fierce look, not pleasant to see, would come into his face. I did not understand the meaning of this; but from that time a growing fear and dread of the sea-shore became rooted in my heart, which perhaps I have never quite overcome.

Farmer Horwood was our nearest, almost our only neighbour. His farm lay at about two miles' distance from the manor, but as it was on the other side of the hill, the distance seemed greater than it really was. There was very little communication between the two houses, now that my grandfather was so infirm. Only occasionally the farmer, who joined with my grandfather in his hatred of the smugglers, would ride over on his way to the market-town of G—, and give the last tidings of our enemies. He would, I believe, have welcomed me to his house, had I been willing to go; but as a child I had acquired an unaccountable aversion to his daughter Janet. In the days when I went with my grandfather to Blackness, and Janet Horwood would invite me indoors, and give me cakes, or clotted cream, even these dainties failed to win me, and I shrank from her dark eyes as they rested upon me, and disliked the sound of her cold voice inviting me in. Yet the girl was respected by all who knew her, and had a reputation for piety. Twice every Sunday she rode to chapel on her father's brown cob. I have often heard her singing hymns over her work as she ordered her father's house, with her usual neatness and decorum.

Having entered into these long explanations, I may now resume my narrative.

I was about fourteen when the events which I am about to describe took place, events which had such effect upon my after-life. At this time, my mind, always imaginative, had arrived at a pitch of morbid sensibility difficult to describe. I continued to indulge my fancies in those midnight rambles which I have before alluded to, and they afforded me a strange kind of excitement and pleasure. Often on dark nights I would fancy that I saw weird, unearthly objects flitting among the pines, or groups of spectre horsemen scouring the plain. At times, I even gave chase to these imaginary phantoms, inspired with an insane desire to discover whether they were real or not. The moon gazing quietly down from the heavens often beheld me chasing these shadows. Human eye to see there was none.

Among all the haunts in which I delighted, the place with which was associated the greatest amount of excitement and interest was Flittermouse Well. Strange stories there were of a gray ghost haunting this well, and there was said to be a passage of communication between it and the caverned shore, where the smugglers had in time past taken refuge, or even found means of escape. It is an innocent-looking place enough in the daytime; at night, it is an ugly pitfall. Why it is called a well, as there is no water in it, I cannot

say, or who gave it the name it has borne ever since I remember it. A large willow tree overhangs it, and sometimes I held on to its gnarled roots, and peered down, fancying I could hear strange noises in its inmost recesses; but it was more than I dared to do to risk the descent. Flittermouse Well's depth was unknown to me, as, owing to the shadow of the tree, and the roots twining round its mouth, it was in perpetual darkness; but the pebbles I threw in sounded faintly, as, after a long pause, they reached the bottom; and by that I guessed that it was very deep. It must be nearly a mile from the shore, yet I used to think I heard the faint splash and murmur of waves, when I hung over it devising means of descent. Strange in my desire, I had pondered over ways of descending it till I was tired, and at last, in despair of ever succeeding, had discontinued my visits to it; when one night the circumstance I am about to relate attracted my attention to it again.

First, however, let me say a few words as to the position of the well. When you have climbed the hill from the manor, you turn to your right; before you, lies a pine-wood, and beyond it the large tract of waste land lying along the hill-top, and called by countrymen 'Ninety Acres.' This tract is bounded on one side by a wood, and on the edge of this wood, at the old willow, is Flittermouse Well.

I had escaped from my bedroom window as usual one night, and having clambered up the hill by the great chalk-pit, found myself over against the well. I was looking in that direction when I fancied I saw the glimmer of a light. It disappeared, however, so quickly that I almost doubted my own eyes, and to make sure, I walked straight across the moor towards the wood. I saw no more of the light, and had made up my mind that my eyes had deceived me, when, as I neared the edge of the wood, I saw distinctly a tall gray figure glide past me in the moonlight, and disappear in the shadow of the trees. This I felt assured was no fancy, so I spent some moments in the pursuit of the figure, but no further trace of it could I see. I then sprawled down at the brink of the well, and peered over its edge. All was as dark as usual, but I heard a rattling, as of displaced earth, and then a dull echoing sound, which grew fainter and fainter, and finally died away. I next groped with my hands all round the edge of the well, but found all as usual, and no signs of any disturbance. My easily excited brain now began to conjure up the wildest fancies. That I had seen the 'gray ghost,' I had not the smallest doubt, and at all hazards I determined to see the phantom again; but I was not destined to do so that night; and after anxious watching, I was obliged to return home.

Next morning, I rose early, and came once more to the well; but I saw only the willow branches waving over it as usual, and heard but the sighing of the wind as it shivered through the leaves. There were no footprints, no traces of any intruder. But that night my watching was rewarded. This time I was more cautious, and hid myself behind a juniper bush near the spot. Presently a light glimmered. Excitement nearly choked me, as, instead of disappearing as before, the well seemed illuminated, and faint rays streamed far and wide over the grass. Shadows also played over the willow



boughs—shadows thrown, as I deemed, by no earthly forms. At length I drew cautiously near; but ere I had reached the well's mouth, the light vanished, and again a gray figure passed me in the moonlight, and disappeared in the shadow of the wood.

After this, insatiable curiosity drew me each night towards this haunt. Sometimes I fancied I could descry two figures; sometimes, when I gazed down the well, rays of light shone from its inmost recesses, enabling me to see into its mysterious depths. I then saw that it was perilously deep, and that the bottom of it shelved down on one side to what appeared to be a passage. It was from this deep passage that the light seemed to shine. All these circumstances, and the absence of any trace of human interference, strengthened my belief in the supernatural tenants of Flitter-mouse Well.

I kept all my discoveries strictly to myself, and positively revelled in them. 'I will find out more yet,' I thought; 'I will brave the phantom, and compel it to disclose to me the mysteries of its existence.'

I can well recall myself to mind as I was then—a haggard wild-looking boy, pale and attenuated with keeping night-watches, when I should have been enjoying the healthy sleep of childhood, crouched down, as well as my awkwardly long limbs would allow, with my hands clasped round my knees, and my long black hair hanging over the ever vigilant eyes which kept guard over the secret of the well.

Time passed, and the monotonous life of our household at the manor went on much as usual, and my mind was ever full of the excitement of my nightly adventure. I remember noticing, however, about this time, that one or two yeomen from neighbouring homesteads came to the manor, and that on these visits my grandfather roused himself a little from his usual apathy; and after they were gone, he sat muttering half-incoherently, as he gazed into the red embers from his arm-chair by the hearth. After one of these visitors had come and gone, I was commissioned to carry a letter over the hill to Farmer Horwood. It was of importance, so my aunt informed me, and I was on no account to delay or loiter on the way.

When I arrived at Blackness, Janet Horwood was busy as usual in the kitchen; but this time she was not singing hymns, and her face, as she turned and saw me, wore a look which I had never seen on it before. It was a vindictive look, and one which sent an unpleasant chill to my heart. I explained my errand, which was to deliver the letter to the farmer himself; and instead of inviting me in, as was her custom, she left me standing at the door, and hurried away without a word. Her face was pale, and her lips compressed; and I was wondering whether she were ill, when she presently returned, and beckoned to me, still without speaking, to follow her. I followed, through the kitchen and along a dim white-washed passage, till we reached a musty room, where sat Farmer Horwood at his desk with pen and papers before him. I gave him the letter, and the message which accompanied it, and stood by whilst he read the former. When he had read it, he threw it down, and struck his fist violently on the desk. 'At last,' said he, 'those villains shall be served as they deserve! I have not forgotten the day when

this house was broken into, or when the two best horses in my stable were stolen, to furnish means of escape to the wretches, when hard pressed. Thank goodness, I am not too old or decrepit to have my share in their just punishment.'

He seemed to be speaking more to himself than to us; but I heard what he said, and so did Janet, for her face grew still paler, and she drew near her father and touched his arm.

'The smugglers! O father, there is not going to be another attack on them?' she cried in a tone of great alarm. 'Surely we have been avenged enough. They have been quiet lately.'

'Pshaw! nonsense,' said the farmer, rising hastily, on being reminded that he had spoken aloud; then, as Janet was about to speak again, he pushed her roughly to the door with a gesture of impatience. 'Peace, girl!' said he; 'what do women know of such things. You had better mind your own work.'

Thus summarily ejected, we found ourselves once more in the white-washed passage; when Janet took me by the arm, and gazing into my face with a glance full of scornful anger, she said in a low voice: 'Boy, beware how you meddle with other folks' matters! It leads to no good, and your fooleries may be the ruin of those worth more than you.' With a look that emphasised her words, she turned towards a dark staircase, leaving me to find my way out of the house as best I could.

#### MANAGEMENT OF CHILDREN.

ALTHOUGH of making medical books there is no end, we do not remember to have seen hitherto any work treating of the physical wants of children which would serve as a popular handy-book on the subject, and be easily understood by mothers of the poorer class. At length has appeared a valuable treatise, by Dr Barker of Brighton, on the *Management of Children in Health and Disease*. Dr Barker's style of writing is at once concise and minute, his language simple, and arrangement clear. In the chapters on Diseases and Ailments, we may especially commend his various tables comparing the symptoms of complaints liable to be mistaken for each other, as of scarlatina and measles, inflammation of the lungs and bronchitis, chicken-pox and modified small-pox. In these tables are set down the minute points of distinction between the disorders severally, a knowledge of which would often relieve much anxiety, and spare the sufferer the infliction of wrong treatment.

It is worth while to regard for a moment, in wonder, the fanciful treatment undergone at this day by the children of those who belong to an enlightened order. Mrs Buckton, in her interesting lectures on Health, delivered at Leeds, can tell us how babies are dosed with castor-oil, or stuffed with sugar and butter, before they are a day old; how they have the bones of the head pressed, in order to improve the shape; how their scalps are left unwashed, lest the water should run through to the brain, and smothered in wraps at night, from fear of cold; how their bodies are bandaged into wrinkles, their arms not seldom put out of joint by being dragged, and their hips

sometimes painfully diseased from their being put down on damp and cold places. At a year old, such an infant will breakfast on bacon and raspberry tea, and dine on bread and butter, or potatoes washed down by a sup of gin. Knowing these things, we need not wonder that nearly half the number of deaths in the kingdom are those of children under five years of age, or that for every rich man's child that dies, poor men lose three.

Beginning, then, at the first age of man in the nurse's arms, our author gives plain directions for handling and washing an infant; warning mothers against the use of cold bathing as a means of hardening delicate children, and telling them, what they do not commonly know, that sea-water is as powerful an agent in producing colds as fresh water. He tells them, too, that their children are often too slenderly clad, save about the head, which alone should be cool, and covered with the lightest gear unburdened by a particle of lining. Woollen socks with wash-leather pads should be substituted for the cold comfort of cotton socks and morocco shoes, and generally a little more care than is usually bestowed on children's boots and shoes would save many an ache and pain. Respecting food, the following small points are worth noting by mothers and nurses. An infant should not be thought to want food whenever it cries; it should not be allowed to suck its fingers or an empty bottle, for the saliva thereby promoted, finding its way into the stomach, causes positive ailments, besides blunting the sense of hunger for proper food; a spoon should not take the place of the bottle, the act of sucking, like mastication, being the first step in the digestion of food; meat is unnecessary, and even prejudicial to an infant before the appearance of its teeth; sugar, on which West Indian babies grow plump and sleek, ought to be given in puddings, but the currants in buns must, alas! be classed among forbidden fruit.

For children, a wine-glassful of good beer at dinner will often stimulate a flagging appetite, though Dr Barker thinks it a mistake to suppose that any kind of beer contains a single grain of true nourishment. This portion of the book is closed by a long list of children's Foods, with an account of their composition, and detailed particulars of their preparation for use. Then the young mother is advised to put her child to bed without nursing or rocking, and to lay it as much on one side as the other; as she values its life, to eschew all such abominations as composing-powders and soothing syrups, those 'charms of powerful trouble;' not to carry it on the same arm, or lead it on the same side always; to guard against its exposure to east wind; and to forbid her growing girls to lie on their backs for long periods—a practice hurtful to muscle and bone. Then follows a chapter on Exercise and Amusements, in which something new—almost startling—is boldly advanced. Toy whips should be withheld, Dr Barker thinks, as being suggestive of cruelty; and certain old favourites, such as leap-frog, giant-strides, and paper-chases, are pronounced to be decidedly dangerous amusements. Rink-skating is described as one of the most healthful and useful of all recreative activities for men, women, and children, invigorating the body, stimulating the mind, and strengthening the intellect. It wards

off consumption, improves the figure, and does good in every way. Our girls are recommended, too, to carry bags of beans, sand, or pebbles, poised on the head, in order to become upright and graceful, and not to let the tyranny of custom preclude them from their brothers' games of quoits, bowls, tennis, or cricket. Home gymnastics, or a mere hand-swing suspended from the ceiling, will prove an effectual remedy against narrow chests and crooked spines.

From recreation, our author now passes to Education, not unmindful, as Robert Burton puts it, that 'if a man escape a bad nurse he may be undone by evil bringing-up.' Cheap boarding-schools are a delusion, good nourishment being incompatible with low fees; and ladies' schools for boys if tutored by men ought to be avoided. Dr Barker has extraordinary views on the uselessness of teaching boys the dead languages, the acquisition of which, he thinks, 'not seldom leaves a man something of a savage, with many fine qualities repressed probably, and the mental powers groove-like and contracted.' But here we must express our dissent from such wholesale condemnation of classical teaching, for to withhold from young folks a knowledge of that splendid literature in its own tongue, 'from which,' says Macaulay, 'has sprung all the strength, the wisdom, the freedom, and the glory of the western world,' would often be the means of nipping in the bud a love of letters, which might blossom into much usefulness and pleasure in after-life. For a certain period, the aim of the teacher should be to enlarge and enrich the mind of the pupil, without having too much in view the particular career for which the boy may be destined, and 'since custom is the principal magistrate of man's life,' to invite him to mental exercise on works which are the storehouses of every modern creation of the intellect.

There is much sense in the doctor's remarks on the fallacious cravings after 'the professions,' whose followers too often find nothing but ignominious poverty therein; and on the unconsidered choice of occupations by parents, who, as a rule, never consider their sons' physical fitness for habits of life inseparable from certain callings. With the passages, original and quoted, on the education of girls, we can in a measure agree, 'The system as it now exists is evidently faulty, in seeming to consider only the youth of woman, and aiming at embellishing her first few years—themselves full of beauty and grace—instead of giving her resources that will endure as long as life, and render her dignified and useful; the mind is ill trained, ill regulated, and neglected, regardless of riper age, and leaving it weak, purposeless, a miserable prey to idleness and insignificance, as if, when no longer young, and her short-lived bloom of beauty is over, she should cease to exist, or expect regard. . . . Girls are trained too much with reference to present display of their acquirements in a drawing or ball room, and merely for society and marriage.' Most true, we fear, is all this, and we would ask the mothers who thus train their daughters, if marriage be the only worthy aim of woman's life, why is she not systematically taught the simple things that a mistress of a household ought to know, such as the management of servants, and the care of children, the use of common medicines, and the art of nursing, and the little ways and means that tend to comfort and

economy? Without having in view the prospect of domestic service themselves, our young ladies would surely prove all the better mistresses if they were taught the practical duties of servants: such as, for instance, how to manage a baby, make a bed, clean a room, and serve up a dinner. Great, we believe, would be the physical and moral gain to be derived from such training, which would not be devoid of interest, and even amusement. It would indeed be well that our wives should have had, when young, some teaching which would enable them to look well to the ways of their households.

The remaining half of Dr Barker's book, which is taken up with the consideration and treatment of the ills that children's flesh is heir to, is especially well done. Here are pointed out the earliest indications of disease, the right application of household remedies as a preliminary measure in the doctor's absence, and some hints on nursing sick children, which should not be slighted as trifling. There are hints upon the nurse's dress, which should neither be of rustling silk nor severely plain; the habit of keeping memoranda for the doctor's information; the dislike which sick children have to be stared at; the necessity of quiet during their meals; the worry occasioned by whispering and walking on tiptoe; the prevalent error that the sufferer must have warmth even at the sacrifice of pure air; the alarm which is inconsiderately created in children's minds by 'ambiguous giving out' about the doctor—all which points should be set down in the tablets of those to whom they are new. The list of household remedies comprises well-known compounds, refreshing drinks, poultices, and baths, for the preparation of which the author gives clear directions. We note the following: offensive medicines may easily be administered by first deadening the child's taste with a piece of cheese or alum, or by placing a powder between layers of bread and milk, in a spoon; and castor-oil may even be made a delight, if beaten up with an egg, heated, and, when cold, served with sugar, currant-jelly, or lemon-juice; the edges of a poultice should always be suffered to stick closely to the skin; a stocking-leg loosely filled with dry bran, steamed over a fire, or dipped into boiling water, forms a good poultice for neck or throat; in bathing, very young children should not be subjected to the extremes of temperature; to prevent infection spreading through a house, sheets or blankets constantly moistened with disinfecting fluid should be suspended across doorways and passages leading to the sick-room; and lastly, fresh air is the only reliable purifier of a close room, fumigants and deodorants only hiding the evil they are meant to oust. The more dangerous diseases of childhood, such as scarlatina, measles, &c., are considered at length, and their several symptoms closely indicated in tables of comparison, where mistake is possible; the precautions to be taken in battling with the complaint, on which success depends more than on medication, and the duties to be observed during convalescence, being laid down with exactness. On the subject of infection—which has been lately noticed in this *Journal*—Dr Barker lifts up his voice against the wrong-doing of all persons who neglect to stay the spread of disorder. The premature removal of patients in public conveyances, second-hand

clothes, and furniture auctions, the out-patient department of hospitals, the distribution of alms by the charitable at their own doors, the servants' washing, which, when not sent to the family laundress, is dried and got up in a little stuffy room occupied day and night by a poor woman and her numerous brood; the garments sold at large tailoring establishments, and made by seamstresses, whom sharp misery renders an easy prey to disease—all such are some of the hot-beds from which sprout a goodly crop of ills to man.

The subjects of commoner ailments, emergencies and accidents, accompanied by plainly worded prescriptions and recipes, are treated with the carefulness and liberality of thought which characterise the entire book. For Dr Barker, be it understood, is nothing if not liberal, and whilst free from any particular crotchets, with pure air for his chief specific, he often seeks to impress upon us the truth, that there is a wisdom in natural treatment beyond the rules of physic, and that no 'royal roads' have yet been made leading to the cure of diseases. To mothers in every class, to the wives of emigrants and others abroad, and to the visitors of our poor at home, to all to whom children are a care and delight, we would commend this book.

#### WINTER'S HOPE.

THE Autumn days are gone—all flown;  
The yellowing leaves from off the trees  
Are shed, with sad and doleful moan  
Of whistling wind and mournful breeze.

The cumbered earth bears far and near  
Those saddening signs of Autumn's death;  
And leafless forests, moist and drear,  
Oppress us with their chilly breath.

But let us look around once more—  
Is there no beam to cheer our sight?  
No rift in these dark clouds? Ah! sure,  
We are not left without some light!

No; 'tis not so! E'en while we gaze,  
See, from yon hill the red sun rise,  
Illuming with his cheering rays  
The earth that all so darkly lies.

And in deserted hedgerow springs  
The hawthorn berry, brave and bright;  
While perched atop the robin sings  
His clear, sweet song with all his might.

Our life will come to autumn hours,  
And all may chill and dreary seem,  
But even then we'll find some flowers,  
And even then some joyous beam.

Bepine not, therefore, that thy youth  
And manhood's prime so swiftly flee;  
Lo! with advance of years come truth,  
New light, new hope, calm joys for thee.

Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, 47 Paternoster Row, LONDON, and 339 High Street, EDINBURGH.  
Also sold by all Booksellers.

# CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

OF  
POPULAR

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

*Fourth Series*

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS.

No. 624.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 11, 1875.

PRICE 1½d.

## STORY OF LADY FORBES.

THE family of Forbes in its several leading branches is one of the oldest and most honourable in Aberdeenshire, for it was historically signalised as far back as the early part of the fifteenth century. One of its branches was raised to the peerage in the person of Sir Alexander de Forbes, in 1436, one of whose descendants is, at this day, the Premier Baron of Scotland. A brother of this Sir Alexander was ancestor of Alexander Forbes of Pitsligo, who was elevated to the peerage in 1633. As Lord Pitsligo, he had three successors in regular descent, the last of them being the unfortunate Alexander, fourth Lord Pitsligo, attainted for his accession to the Rebellion of 1745; his estates being at the same time escheated and sold by the crown. From the simplicity of his character, his scholarly tastes, and other circumstances, he has been fitly represented as a good prototype of the Baron of Bradwardine in *Waverley*. Another branch of the family was that of the Forbeses of Monymusk, raised to a baronetcy in 1628. They did not come to ruin in the same way as their cousins of Pitsligo; there was no rebellion in the case; but the ruin financially was not less complete. To appease creditors, Monymusk had to be sold. It was a sad affair to leave the old venerated home, but for it there was no help. When a landed gentleman is encumbered with debts and difficulties, the best thing he can do is to denude himself of his responsibilities, and start unembarrassed on a new and hopeful career. Sir William Forbes was quite alive to a step of this kind; but when the day came for bidding adieu to his paternal inheritance, he drove away from the old home with a pang of regret. The sacrifice was made.

It was not left for this impoverished gentleman to recoup the family fortunes. His son, who died before him, married a lady, a descendant of the third Lord Pitsligo, and those two had a son, William, who, without fortune, became an advocate at the Scottish Bar. In the family history we

do not hear much of the advocate. As a poor baronet, his title was perhaps an encumbrance. He, at any rate, made a fair effort at professional advancement, and in domestic concerns was helped by a good wife, Christian Forbes, daughter of Forbes of Roynallie, to whom he was married in 1730. Known in her time as Dame or Lady Christian Forbes, she performed a part which has been rarely equalled for dignity and self-reliance in circumstances somewhat trying for one in her social position.

Looking around in the present day, we on all hands see people with no special pretensions as to rank living in houses more superb, salubrious, and comfortable than those occupied by princes of the blood a hundred and fifty years ago. The progress made by wealth and taste within three or four generations is beyond the dreams of romance. When, in 1730, Lady Forbes arrived in Edinburgh as a newly married wife, the home to which she was introduced was such as would now be occupied by about the humblest family in the city. Edinburgh had not yet expanded north or south. There was no New Town. The population was crowded into a single ancient street, with dingy diverging closes or lanes. High and low, rich and poor, were accommodated in the same tall buildings, with no other distinction than that the poorer dwelt in the cellars and garrets, while the nobility and gentry had the run of the first and second floors. It was a curiously intermingled state of society, shockingly incongruous, but droll and amusing, and not without some good points; for proximity in residence led to general sympathy and a certain kindliness of intercourse, which cannot be said to prevail in these later times. Near the centre of the town there were lanes specially preferred as the residence of lawyers, as they could thence walk conveniently in their gowns and wigs to the courts in the Parliament House.

It was in one of these confined alleys that Lady Forbes took up house with her husband, and here she had several children, three of whom—a son and two daughters, died, leaving her, however, two sons to occupy her attention. In 1743 came a

greater calamity. That year, her husband, Sir William, died, and having no longer any reason to reside in Edinburgh, she removed to Aberdeen, in order to educate her two boys, with a frugality suitable to her means. In 1749, she lost the younger of the two; and now only one, the youthful Sir William Forbes, engaged her motherly care. At the excellent seminaries in Aberdeen, he received an education at an expense so small as to put to shame the extravagant outlay that would now be incurred in more modern establishments. At length, a time came when it was necessary for the youth to adopt a means of livelihood. The learned professions were thought of; but besides that the education for any of these was costly, they were at the best precarious. Years might be spent, with no satisfactory result. Lady Forbes took the wise resolution of putting her son to a commercial profession; and through the interest of a friend, Mr Farquharson, accountant, was fortunate in getting him appointed as an apprentice to Messrs Coutts, bankers in Edinburgh. To that city she accordingly proceeded with the youth in October 1753, when he was fifteen years of age.

In a narrative regarding his mother recently published, Sir William presents us with an account of the economy which she practised on returning to Edinburgh. It cannot fail to be read with the deepest interest. 'My mother,' he says, 'did not at first begin housekeeping by herself, but we lodged and boarded with a gentlewoman, the widow of Alexander Symmer, a respectable bookseller in the Parliament Square, with whose family my brother and mother had been well acquainted. And it is worth recording, as a proof of the difference of the expense of housekeeping at that time in Edinburgh, that the sum we paid for board and lodging was no more than at the rate of £20 a year for each of us. We drank no wine, indeed; but Mrs Symmer's table, though plainly, was plentifully supplied. At Whitsunday 1754, my apprenticeship commenced, when my mother took possession of a small house, which she hired and furnished in Forrester's Wynd.' A 'wynd,' we stop to say, is a lane somewhat wider than the ordinary closes, and considered to be more of a general thoroughfare. Forrester's Wynd, which formed a passage from the Lawnmarket to the Cowgate, is now obliterated, having been cleared away to make room for the buildings of the Advocates' Library. 'The house so rented in this dingy alley,' continues Sir William, 'consisted of a couple of rooms, a bed-chamber and kitchen, all on the same floor, as was the manner in which houses were occupied at that time in Edinburgh; the rent was only £7 a year, and our establishment comprised a single maid-servant, who sufficiently answered every purpose of our private mode of living.

'Yet in this humble manner my mother preserved a dignity and respectable independence, and properly supported the character of my father's widow. Dinners and suppers of ceremony she gave none, except one supper in the course of the year to the gentlemen to whom I was apprentice. But she was visited by persons of the first distinction, whom she received at tea in the afternoon. This was a mode of entertainment much practised at that time in Edinburgh, though now totally disused in the refinement and extravagance of modern luxury, and it was a custom productive of many advantages. Not only were persons of the highest

birth, though of slender income, enabled in this inexpensive manner to entertain those friends whom they could not afford to receive in any other manner, but the drawing-rooms of ladies of the most opulent families, where dinners and suppers were given, were generally frequented in the afternoon by the young and old of both sexes, and thus became a school where elegance of manner, and a taste for polite and sensible conversation, were acquired, which we look for in vain in the present state of society, where in general there is more of form than of real kindness, more of vanity and expensive show than of genuine hospitality. Those circles at that time in Edinburgh, the very remembrance of which is worn out, except among a few old people, were select, though not numerous, and very unlike indeed to the crowded routs and assemblies of the present day. We afterwards occupied various houses in other parts of the town, but always in the same humble and low-rented style, such as our slender income could afford, which at that time very little exceeded a hundred pounds a year.'

In this simple and very charming account of how a young baronet and his mother lived, when in depressed circumstances, about the middle of last century, we have a glimpse of the change of manners which had already taken place thirty years later. At the earlier period—say 1755 to 1765—dinner appears to have taken place in good society at from two to three o'clock; then, there was tea at five to six, being the meeting which Sir William so heartily eulogises; lastly, supper at eight o'clock. It is curious to note that under different designations the meals at the present day are but a repetition of what prevailed a hundred and twenty years ago. For dinner we have to substitute the word luncheon; for the afternoon tea we have the modern kettle-drum, or tea at five o'clock; and supper is represented by the seven or eight o'clock dinner. There must, one would think, be something inherent in natural wants and tastes, that, despite of fashion, brings society round to the usages prevalent in the days of our great-grandmothers. The only thing to be seriously regretted is, that the old-fashioned, cheerful supper, with its songs and genial intercourse, should be so poorly represented by the stiffly ceremonious and costly dinner of our own times.

Meanwhile, how was Sir William getting on as an apprentice to the Messrs Coutts, who carried on their banking concern on the third floor of a building in the Parliament Square? Previous to his being taken as an apprentice, old John Coutts, the father of the family, and who was for some time Lord Provost of Edinburgh, died (1750), and now the business was conducted chiefly by his sons. Of these, John, the second son, took the leading management, and it was to his counsels and example that the young baronet owed much of his success. John, however, died in 1761; his place being taken by his next younger brother, James, on whom devolved an additional burden, for Patrick, the eldest, and Thomas, the youngest son, had gone to conduct a branch of the business in London. These clearances, along with several changes in the copartnery, were not unfavourable to the advancement of young Forbes, who, from apprentice, rose to be a clerk and assistant manager. In 1763, his excellent abilities and

application to business induced the firm to admit him as a partner. In these various steps in his progress, we are to view Sir William as guided not less by principles of integrity and assiduity, than by a deep-seated wish to earn means for recovering the estates lost by family misfortune—Pitsligo or Monymusk, as might be most available. That, he constantly kept in view. It served as an honourable incitement, which overcame petty difficulties and privations, and silently spurred him on with a resolution which no obstacle could abate.

It was a great thing for him to feel that, small as was his share in the business of the firm, he was on the way to fortune. All he had to do was to continue to be frugal and industrious. In rising in the world, he could not of course adhere to the scrupulously economical routine with which he and his mother had begun housekeeping in Forrester's Wynd. In the narrative already referred to, he proceeds to mention how the modest ménage was expanded: 'We removed to a somewhat better house, and a little enlarged our household, by first keeping a foot-boy, and afterwards a man-servant. But we still continued to live in a very retired manner; for although we began occasionally to have a few friends with us at dinner or supper, I was careful not to oppress her with too much company, to which, for many years since the death of my father, she had not been accustomed, and the entertaining of whom was, by consequence, a greater fatigue than I was willing she should undergo. In this manner we lived during other seven years, until the period of my marriage.'

Sir William Forbes was married in 1770 to Elizabeth, eldest daughter of Dr (afterwards Sir James) Hay; a union productive of much happiness to his future life. This event obliged him to separate from his mother, the old and venerated guide of his infant years. She continued from that time to live alone; her residence being still in one of the obscurities of the Old Town. According to Peter Williamson's Street Directory for 1784, her ladyship occupied a dwelling in Gray's Close, and there, we infer, she remained till her decease. Her concluding years formed a period of unbroken tranquillity and retirement. Blessed with a serene and contented disposition, enjoying the kindness of her son, and gratified by the rising prosperity and high character which he had obtained; and fortunate in seeing the fortunes of her own and her husband's family rapidly reviving under his successful exertions, she lived happy and contented to an extreme old age, calmly awaiting the approach of death, to which she looked forward neither with desire nor apprehension. After a life of unblemished virtue, sincere piety, and ceaseless duty, she died on the 26th December 1789. It is impossible to imagine a long life brought to a happier or more enviable conclusion.

Lady Forbes's habits of exactness regarding daily expenditure were something remarkable. She ran no bills, but paid for everything with ready-money; and, says Sir William, 'it was very singular, that when she died, except her house-rent and servant's wages, the day of payment of which was not yet come, and the account of bread and beer for her family, which she was in the habit of paying regularly at the end of every month, not a single farthing was due to any tradesman whom she employed. She carried this degree of regularity so far, that wish-

ing to give half a guinea to a poor woman to whom she occasionally gave alms, as the last bounty she might have it in her power to bestow on her, she had it wrapped in a bit of paper, and pinned it to her bed-curtains, in order that it might be in readiness against the first time the poor woman might call, and where we found it after her death. It will scarcely be doubted that I was at pains to discover the woman, and gave her the money. We found, too, one of her shifts wrapped up by itself, with a person's name pinned on it, of which we were at a loss to discover the meaning, until her maid-servant informed us that a poor woman having requested that my mother would furnish a shift to wrap her body in after she should be dead, she had laid this one aside for that purpose, probably thinking that it would not be so safe in the woman's custody as her own. She had been all her life accustomed to keep a written and very minute account of her personal and family expenses. Her books and everything else in her possession were found in as exact order as if, previous to her last illness, and before her strength failed, she had actually known that her life was so near a close. A rare instance of that watchfulness which is the duty of all, but, unhappily, practised by so few.'

The brothers Coutts having died out or quitted the banking concern, and gone to London, the business in the Parliament Square at length was carried on by Sir William Forbes and his partner, Sir James Hunter Blair, with, ultimately, Sir John Hay. It was long a flourishing business, and is now merged in the Union Bank of Scotland. Eminently successful, and much esteemed for his worth, Sir William Forbes filled a number of honorary public offices in Edinburgh. Admired for his benevolence, accomplished in his manners, and tall and graceful in person, he was in his latter days one of the notabilities of his time. It is interesting to know that he realised the long-cherished object of his life. By several different purchases, he acquired the estate of Pitsligo, that had been forfeited in 1745; he forthwith proceeded to bring the lands into the best state of cultivation, and to effect a variety of other improvements. The health of this estimable person began to decline in 1791, and in 1802 Lady Forbes died, a circumstance which sensibly affected his spirits. Yet, he was able to devote a portion of his time to literature. He wrote the *Memoir of a Banking-house*, being that in which he had been long concerned, the object of the work being to impress on his eldest son and successor those correct principles of business management by which he had himself been guided. He likewise wrote the *Life of his friend Dr Beattie*, which met a favourable reception, not merely as an elegant narration of the biography of an eminent man, but as preserving a great amount of the general literary history of the country which must have otherwise perished. He did not long outlive this effort. After being some months confined to the house, he died in November 1806, surrounded by his friends, and inspired by every hope which a virtuous and useful life is capable of affording. Sir William Forbes had a large family of sons and daughters, from whom sprung numerous descendants connected with law, science, and literature.

Had Sir William Forbes lived in our own day, he would probably have been a contributor to

various periodicals, for, from the quantity of miscellaneous papers which he wrote and left to his family, he appears to have devoted much of his time to literary composition. The more notable of these papers, a *Narrative of the Last Sickness and Death of Dame Christian Forbes* has just been published after an interval of nearly ninety years. It is from this interesting posthumous work we have been able to draw some of the particulars of the foregoing sketch. Appropriately, the volume has been edited by a grandson of Sir William, namely, Alexander P. Forbes, bishop of Brechin, one of the most erudite men in Scotland, and combining in a remarkable degree the estimable qualities of his family, but on whom, amidst universal regret, the tomb has prematurely and very lately closed. As a view of past manners, of which we have presented a feeble outline, the book forms an acceptable contribution to literature. W. C.

### A LADY'S NOTES ABOUT CHINA AND JAPAN.

EVER since the assassination of the unfortunate Mr Margary, on the 21st of last February, in the mountainous wilds at the extreme south-west of the Chinese Empire, an unusual amount of public attention has been attracted to China and the Far East generally, and this will doubtless lend a greater interest to a lady's impressions of China and Japan than the book \* itself in which they are recorded would otherwise deserve for its intrinsic merits. Without attempting a critical review of the work, we propose briefly to allude to some of the salient points in the letters which deal with the manners and customs of the two peoples.

At the outset, the writer experienced, as others have often done, a great difficulty in distinguishing one Chinaman from another. She found them a very noisy race; so much so, that when labourers passed her house, which they did in large numbers all day long, she 'rushed to the window to see what terrible catastrophe had happened.' Before very long, however, she discovered that 'all these tumultuous sounds mean nothing to excite alarm. Though they quarrel and use any amount of strong language, the combat is entirely oral, and never comes to blows, but ends, generally speaking, in the antagonists running off in different directions, turning round and shrieking to each other as they go, their farewell words of abuse.' Like all foreigners, L. D. S. had no opportunity of seeing much of Chinese women, excepting those in the lower ranks of society. She is decidedly of opinion that they are not pretty; but, she adds, 'their redeeming feature is their hair, which, as well as their eyes, is invariably black, and almost as invariably neatly dressed. How the dressing is accomplished in such hard, smooth rolls, and twisted up behind into such a curious form, resembling the handle of a tea-pot, I cannot tell. A long ornamental pin is stuck through it, which protrudes a good many inches on each side of the hair; and a bright flower, either real or artificial, worn at one side, gives them, in spite of their plain looks, rather a picturesque appearance.' A noticeable peculiarity about Chinese boys is, that they have few games of their own; the only one the

writer observed them playing, was with a kind of shuttlecock, which they tossed from one to the other, hitting it in a marvellous way with their feet; so that great activity and suppleness are necessary for the performance.

One of the first difficulties that the European resident in or near a Chinese city has to overcome, is that of sleeping through the din which everywhere makes the night hideous. Our writer describes this very correctly; and, from a bitter personal experience, we can sympathise with her in her early struggles over her night's rest. First come, she says, one set of watchmen rattling bamboos vigorously, and thereby giving due notice to any who may be out on a thieving raid, that they had better hide themselves. Then there follows at stated periods a greater magnate of the same species, who goes his rounds to see that his minor brethren are awake, they being very apt to rattle their bamboos in their sleep, and he makes a still more excruciating noise by banging a gong as loudly as he can. Certainly light sleepers ought not to brave a residence in the Celestial Empire, unless it be in one of the more orderly foreign settlements, where these and similar annoyances are reduced to a minimum.

Bank holidays and Sundays not being noted in the Chinese calendar, the natives naturally set great store by their festivals, of two of which—the Festival of Dragon Boats, and the Feast of Lanterns—L. D. S. furnishes some account. In describing the former, which usually occurs early in June, she says: 'These boats are very long and narrow, and are gaily painted to imitate the national idea of a dragon, the high bow being made to represent the open mouth of the animal. They hold from twenty to thirty people, most of them armed with stout, short paddles, others with drums and gongs, on which they keep up an incessant noise while they race up and down the river.' The origin of this feast is said to be the death, some thousand years ago, of a Chinese patriot, who, having proposed some salutary measures for the good of the public, his prince not only declined to follow his advice, but banished him from court; which he took so much to heart, that he went and drowned himself. As he was very popular, his countrymen assembled and sought for his body, which they are supposed still to do at each anniversary of his death. The festival is also accompanied by various other superstitious observances, such as burning of sacred paper, placing food before the ancestral tablets, &c. Of the world-famous Feast of Lanterns, as it is celebrated in most Chinese towns, no one can find very much to say, and our writer's description of it comprises nearly all that can be said on the subject. 'For the last few evenings,' she observes, 'a number of people have been going about in processions, carrying lanterns and beating gongs—the former made in the shape of fish, cocks, and hens, and some very large ones illuminated by numerous lights, representing dragons. This amusement is called *manœuvring the dragon*, which is carried on poles by many bearers, so that the animal wriggles about like a great sea-serpent. This being the 15th day of the Chinese "No. 1 moon" [commonly about the end of February], is the day set apart for the special Feast of Lanterns; the noise of crackers, guns, &c. has therefore come to a climax, and the *manœuvring the dragon* is more energetic than ever.'

\* *Letters from China and Japan.* By L. D. S. London: Henry S. King & Co. 1875.



As many absurd notions are current in this country about the uncleanly feeding of the Chinese, we condense the following account of a dinner given by an official, at which L. D. S.'s husband was present, in proof that the Celestials are not so bad in this respect as they are sometimes thought to be. The small tables were furnished with saucers, little bowls, a china-ware spoon, and a pair of chopsticks for each person. The dinner was composed of *everything* except beef and mutton, which are seldom eaten by natives in the part of China referred to; the staple materials for their dishes are pork, fowl, and fish, all kinds of vegetables, sea-weed, fungi, &c. Everything, be it noted, is boiled, and comes to table in the form of soup, stew, or haricot. The table is served by each person having put before him a 'portion' of whatever the 'course' may be; but there is often a large dish placed in the centre, and also dishes of condiments into which all dip their chopsticks! It is impossible to attempt a description of the numberless dishes composing the feast, but the writer mentions one 'to which justice was always done. It is made from what in England are only used to pelt unpopular candidates at elections. What process they undergo before coming to table is unknown, but they appear like hard-boiled, black eggs, stewed in some very palatable sauce, and are really excellent.' A dinner of the kind alluded to often extends to thirty or forty courses, and lasts three or four hours. Rice-wine, *hot* and very tasteless, is constantly handed round in tiny cups, and the Chinese drink a good deal of it, though they very rarely become intoxicated; they merely get excited in manner and flushed in the face. Oddly enough, the crowning dish of the repast is a huge bowl of plain, boiled rice; it is said that this prevents any evil effects from excess either of eating or drinking--sobers you, in fact, and sends you away from table with a clear intellect.

As she wrote her letters professedly for the entertainment of her relatives at home, L. D. S. does not attempt to give a detailed account of the peculiarities of social life among the Chinese; and besides the points to which we have drawn attention, the most important information she gives relates to some of the ceremonies attendant upon the death of the father of a prominent Chinese official, who has since attained to a very exalted position. The subject is of too melancholy a nature to follow it out in all its details; but we hope we shall be pardoned for alluding particularly to one phase in the proceedings, which we venture to think will appear curious and worthy of special notice. On the death of a parent, it is customary in China, at any rate with persons above a certain rank in the social scale, to forward to all friends and acquaintances, however slight, a formal notification of the fact, written in mourning-ink, and on mourning-paper of portentous dimensions. On the present occasion, this document (in which, be it observed, the family name of the parties, *Shên*, is omitted), ran as follows: 'Be it known that the unfilial Pao-chên, who, on account of his manifold and grievous crimes, was worthy of sudden death, has not died, and that, instead, the calamity has fallen upon his worthy father; upon whom the reigning Emperor of the Ta-Ching [*lit.* great pure] dynasty has conferred the first order of rank in the Civil Service, and that in the Imperial

Body Guard, and the governorship of the province of Kiangse.

'In the twelfth year of the reign, styled Tao-Kuang, at the competition of the literati, he gained the rank of Chii-jên [that is, M.A.].

'The writer's father, Tan-lin, fell sick on the ninth day of this moon, and lingered in great pain until the twelfth, when he passed away. He was born about two or three in the morning of the ninth moon, of the fifty-second year of the reign, styled Chien-Lung, and was therefore somewhat over eighty-four years old. Immediately he expired, the family went into mourning, and now, alas! have sorrowfully to communicate with you.

'We have chosen the 18th, 19th, and 20th for the return presentation of this card [that is, will then receive visits of condolence]. No funeral presents can be received. The writer and his brother are kneeling with forehead in the dust, weeping tears of blood. The sons of the writer and of his brother, nine in number, are kneeling with downcast faces, weeping tears of blood. The relatives and descendants, to the number of nine, are on their knees (before the coffin), beating their heads upon the ground.

'[From] the residence of the writer, named the Ancient Grotto of the Fairies.'

The inexorable limits of space prevent our dealing more minutely with the Letters from China; and we must now follow our author in her brief visit to the Land of the Rising Sun, which of late years has attracted much notice by the rapid manner in which it has endeavoured to adapt itself to the ways of western civilisation. In one of the first Japanese towns she visited, L. D. S. was much struck at the better appearance of the streets, as compared with those of Chinese cities, which, except in very rare instances, are all narrow and dirty. There is also, she says, a marked and most pleasing contrast in the cleanliness of their houses; and so fearful are they of the floor being dirtied, that they always take off their shoes before going indoors. Such care is very necessary, for they have neither bed, chairs, nor tables; and consequently the floor, which is generally covered with nice clean matting, has to serve the purpose of all these articles of furniture. Our author came to the conclusion, from all she saw and heard, that the Japanese are 'even a more intensely conceited nation than the Chinese, and after attaining the most superficial knowledge of any subject, are quite satisfied that they know as much as those who are teaching them.' They seemed, however, to her 'to be a polite nation, and this even among the lower classes, who bow to each other in the most ceremonious and respectful manner. When one man approaches another, the two stop when some yards apart, make a sudden, jerky, very low bow, say a word or two, and then pass on with the same diving style of salutation.' Of the dress of the Japanese it would be superfluous to say much, for at present it is in a transition state, combining a curious mixture of the European and native styles, the effect of which is at times singularly ludicrous.

As we have mentioned above, L. D. S.'s visit to Japan was a brief one, and her letters from that country are consequently of a somewhat desultory nature, and do not convey much information respecting the social life of the Japanese. This,

however, was almost inevitable from the unsettled state of the domestic institutions of the land, respecting which a casual visitor like herself could not hope to obtain much definite knowledge. She moved about a good deal, however, during her short stay, and saw as much as was possible of the Treaty ports, and the country in their neighbourhood. During her expedition to Yedo, she paid a visit to the famous temple of Asakusa, which had the name of being the most handsome in the country, and which she describes as 'gorgeously decorated with gold lacquer.' In the extensive garden and grounds which surround this temple she saw 'most curious specimens of the national skill in training plants (some of them not more than from one to two feet high) to assume the appearance of ancient trees. There were also some most grotesque wooden figures clothed in garments of chrysanthemum, and placed in all sorts of ridiculous attitudes. One, for instance, represented a boy tumbling head over heels, the different parts of his dress being formed by the foliage, and flowers of different colours; the trousers brown or green, the coat yellow, and the waistcoat white. A steam-engine and railway carriage nearly as large as real ones were perfectly modelled in the same way. The body of the carriage was green; yellow flowers formed the foot-board; the wheels were brown, and the windows some other colour.' How these plants could be trained in such a marvellous manner, baffled our author's comprehension; but she formed the very natural opinion, in which our readers will agree, that 'the artists must not only possess skillful hands, but infinite patience, as well as most grotesque imaginations.'

## THE FLAG OF DISTRESS.

### CHAPTER XLVIII.—LONG SUFFERING.

SEVERAL days have elapsed since the desertion of her crew, and the *Condor* is still afloat, sailing in a south-westerly direction, with full canvas set, just as when the pirates put away from her. Why she has not gone to the bottom is known but to two men—they intrusted with the scuttling. And just as when left are the three unfortunate beings aboard: the black cook on his galley bench, the captain and his passenger *vis-à-vis* bound at the cabin table, upright in their chairs. But though their attitudes are unchanged, there is a marked change in their appearance, especially those who occupy the cabin. For the white man shews the effects of physical suffering sooner than the Ethiopian. For long days they have been enduring agony great as ever tortured Tantalus. It has made fearful inroad on their strength, on their frames. Both are reduced almost to skeletons; cheek-bones protruding, eyes sunken in their sockets. Were the cords that confine them suddenly taken off, they would sink helpless to the floor!

Not all this time have they been silent. At intervals they have conversed upon their desperate situation. For the first day, with some lingering hope of being released; but afterwards despairingly, as the hours pass, and nothing occurs to alter it.

Now and then they have heard cries on deck; knowing they are from the cook, whom they now feel sure is like themselves fast bound in the forward part of the vessel. At first they answered them, till finding it an idle effort; and now their feeble strength forbids even the exertion of their voices.

Long since have the two men given up making attempts to untie themselves—now they have also ceased to converse, or only at periods long apart. Lantanas, after his first throes of fierce rage, has sunk into a sort of stupor, and, with head drooping down to his breast, appears as if life had left him. Don Gregorio, on the contrary, holds his erect—at least during most part of the day. For, before him is something to be seen—the sea through the stern windows, still open. He keeps his eyes bent on it habitually; though not with much hope of there seeing ought to cheer him. On its blue expanse he beholds but a streak of white, the frothing water in the vessel's wake, now and then a 'school' of tumbling porpoises, or the 'spout' of a cachalot whale. Once, however, an object comes within his field of vision, which causes him to start, writhe in his ropes, and cry out to the utmost of his strength. For it is a ship in full sail, crossing the *Condor's* track, and scarce a cable's length astern! He hears a hail, and calls out in response, Lantanas joining him. And the two keep shouting for hours after, till their feeble voices fail them; and they again resign themselves to a despondency, hopeless as ever. All their shouts have brought them are the Bornean apes, that are heard scampering up and down the cabin-stair, dashing their uncouth bodies against the closed door.

The Chilian has long ago surrendered to despair; while Don Gregorio, who has also lost hope of help from man, still has faith in Heaven. With unabated fervour, he entreats for mercy from above, and as he does so, the Chilian captain gives way to a paroxysm of frenzy, raving as he bewails his unhappy fate. For long, he continues to rave. Don Gregorio makes no effort to hold converse with him. The sight is sufficiently painful, suggestive of what may be his own fate; as sweeps through his soul the thought of his accumulated calamities. He wishes that death would relieve him, and has prayed for it more than once. He prays for it again, silently, with his eyes resting on the sea. He awaits the final hour, longing for it to come, his features set in calm, Christian resignation.

Suddenly their expression changes, a ray of renewed hope shooting athwart his face. Not a ray, but a beam, which spreads over his whole countenance, while his eyes kindle into cheerfulness, and his lips seem parted in a smile! Is he about to echo the mad laugh of Lantanas?

No! In that look there is no sign of unseated reason. On the contrary, he gazes with intelligent earnestness, as at something outside demanding investigation. Soon his lips part further, not to smile, but speak words that involuntarily issue from them. Only two little words, but of large import and greatest cheer: 'A sail!'

For such he has espied. A white speck, away off on the line that separates the two blues, but distinguishable from wail of floating foam, or wing of gull. Beyond doubt, a sail—a ship! Once more, hope is in his heart, which, bounding up, beats audibly within his breast. Higher and louder,

as the white speck shews larger, assuming shape. For the tall narrow disc, rising tower-like against the sky, can only be the spread canvas of a ship. And gradually growing taller, he at length can tell she is standing towards the barque! Intently he continues to watch the distant sail. Silently, without saying aught of it to his companion, or in any way communicating with him. It would be useless now; the mind of the Chilian is closed against outward things, and it is not the time to open it.

Hopefully, Don Gregorio keeps gazing, yet not without anxiety. Once before has he had disappointment from a similar sight. It may be so again. But, no; that ship was standing across the *Condor's* track, while this is sailing in the same course—sailing after, apparently, with the intention to come up; and though slowly, surely drawing nearer, as he can tell by the canvas increasing in bulk, growing broader and looming higher.

A long time, however, elapses—nearly half-a-day—during which he has many hopes and fears, alternating as the hours pass. But the former are at length in the ascendant, and all anxiety passes as the pursuing ship shews her dark hull above the water-line, and he can distinguish her separate sails. They are all set. What joy in his heart as his eyes rest on them! They seem the wings of merciful angels, coming to relieve him from his misery. And that flag floating above—the flag of England! Were it the banner of his own Spain, he could not regard it with greater gladness or gratitude. For surely he will be saved now! Alas! while thus congratulating himself, he sees that which causes his heart again to sink within him, bringing back keenest apprehensions. The strange vessel is still a far way behind, and the breeze impelling her, light all along, has suddenly died down—not a ripple shewing on the sea's surface—while her sails now hang loose and limp. Beyond doubt is she becalmed!

But the *Condor*? Will she, too, cease sailing? Yes; she must, from the same cause. Already she moves slowly, scarce making way. And now—now she is motionless! The glass rack and lamps overhead hang steady, without the slightest oscillation. But the barque gradually swings round, and he loses sight of the ship. Through the windows he still beholds the sea, calm and blue, but vacant; no outline of hull—no expanded sails—no flouting flag to keep up his heart, which, for a while, is down, almost despondent. But only for a short time; again rising, as the barque, sheering round, brings once more stern towards the ship, and he sees the latter, and something besides—a boat! It is down in the water, and coming on toward the *Condor*, the oar-blades flashing in the sun, and flinging spray-drops that seem like silver stars! The barque eddying on, he has the boat in view but a short while. What matters it now? He is no more apprehensive, but certain of being saved. And he looks no longer—only listens. Soon to hear words spoken in a strong manly voice, to him sweeter than music. It is the hail: 'Barque ahoy!'

In feeble accents he makes answer, continuing to call out till other voices, echoing along the *Condor's* decks, become commingled with his own. Then there are footsteps on the quarter-deck, and they are soon after heard descending the cabin-stair. The handle is turned; the door pushed open; and

a swish of fresh air sweeps in, human beings along with it; as they enter, giving utterance to exclamations of astonishment.

Wrenching his neck around, he sees there are two of them, both in the uniform of naval officers, and both known to him! Their presence gives him many emotions—too many for his strength, so long and sorely tried. Overpowered by it, he becomes unconscious, as though the sight, instead of gladdening, had suddenly deprived him of life!

No need to say, that the officers who have entered the *Condor's* cabin are Crozier and Cadwallader. For she is the polacca barque we have seen chased by a frigate—that frigate the *Crusader*.

#### CHAPTER XLIX.—A CARD UNEXPECTEDLY RECOVERED.

It is the fourth day since the English officers—lieutenant, midshipman, and coxswain—boarded the Chilian barque. They are still on board of her, and she yet afloat—the one a sequence of the other. Otherwise, she would now be at the bottom of the sea. For the squall that struck, would have thrown her on her beam-ends, but that her sheets and halyards were cast loose at an opportune moment, so saving her from certain destruction. Her sails have suffered, nevertheless; scarce one that was not torn to shreds, excepting a storm-stay and trysail, which they were enabled to set during the gale. And now that it is over, they have managed to bend on a new foresail and jib, found among the barque's spare canvas. With these she is making way at the rate of some six knots an hour, her head set east-by-south. A grim terrible fight that squall gave them; only the three men to manage so large a craft in a tempest which, though short-lived, was fierce as ever swept over the Pacific. They had no aid from any of the other three, nor from two of them have they any yet. Captain Lantanas is still delirious, locked up in his state-room, lest in his madness he may do some violent act; while Don Gregorio, weak as a child, reclines on the cabin settee, unable to ascend to the deck. The negro alone, having partially recovered strength, lends some assistance at the sails.

It is twelve o'clock meridian, and Grummet, the coxswain, is at the wheel; the officers on the quarter; Crozier, sextant in hand, 'shooting the sun.' They have long ago given up hope of finding the frigate, or being found by her.

The signal-gun, heard by them repeatedly throughout that wild night, they could not answer; neither in the fog know its direction. At the time, it sounded like their death-knell; and now any chance of their coming across the *Crusader* is as one in a thousand. Aware of this, they are steering the crippled vessel towards Panama in hope of there finding the frigate. In any case, that is the port where they will be most likely to get tidings of her.

A prey to saddened thoughts are the two young officers, as they stand on the quarter-deck of the Chilian vessel taking the altitude of the sun, with instruments her own skipper is no longer able to use. Fortunately, these things had not been carried off, else there would be but little likelihood of their making Panama. At best, they will reach it with broken hearts; for they

have heard the whole story in all its dark details, so far as Don Gregorio could give them.

Having already determined their longitude by the barque's chronometer, they have kept it by log-reckoning, and their present observation is but to confirm them in the latitude.

'Starboard your helm!' shouts Crozier to Grummet. 'Give her another point to port. Keep her east-by-south. Steady!'

Then turning to Cadwallader, he says: 'If all goes well, we shall make Panama in less than four days. We might do it in two, if we could but set sail enough. Anyhow, I think old Bracebridge will wait for us at least a week. Ah! I wish that were all we had to trouble us. To think they're gone—lost to us—for ever!'

'Don't say that, Ned. There's still a hope we may find them.'

'And found, what then? You needn't answer, Will; I don't wish to speak of it: I daren't trust myself to think of it. Carmen Montijo—my betrothed—captive to a crew of pirates!'

Cadwallader is silent. He suffers the same agony, thinking of Inez.

For a time the picture remains before their minds, dark as their gloomiest fears and fancies can paint it. Then across it shoots a ray of hope, sinister, but sweet; for it is a thought of vengeance. Cadwallader first gives expression to it.

'Whatever has happened to the girls, we shall go after them anyhow. And the robbers, we must find them.'

'Find and punish them,' cries Crozier. 'That we surely shall. If it cost all my money, all the work of my life, I'll revenge the wrongs of Carmen Montijo.'

'And I those of Inez Alvarez.'

For a while they stand silently brooding upon that which has brought such black shadow over their hearts. Then Cadwallader says:

'They must have plotted it all before leaving San Francisco; and shipped aboard the Chilean vessel for the express purpose of getting this gold. That's Don Gregorio's idea of it, borne out by what he heard from that ruffian he knew there—Rocas the name, he says.'

'It seems probable—indeed certain,' rejoins Crozier. 'Though it don't much matter how, or when, they planned the wicked deed. Enough that they've done it. But to think of Harry Blew turning traitor, and taking part with them! That is to me the strangest thing of all, and painful as strange.'

'But do you believe he has done so?'

'How can I help believing it? What Don Gregorio heard leaves no alternative. He went off in the boat along with the rest; besides saying words which prove he went willingly. Only to think of such black ingratitude. Cadwallader, I'd as soon have thought of suspecting yourself!'

'His conduct, certainly, seems incredible. I believed Blew to be a thoroughly honest fellow. No doubt the gold corrupted him; as it has many a better man. But let's think no more about it; only hope we may some day lay hands on him.'

'Ah! If I ever do that! With my arms around him, I once saved his worthless life. Let me but get him into my embrace again, and he'll have a hug that'll squeeze the last breath out of his body!'

'The chance may come yet, and with the whole

scoundrelly crew. What brutes they must have been! According to Don Gregorio's account, they were of all nations, and the worst sort of each. The negro says the same. Among them four that spoke Spanish, and appeared to be Spaniards, or Spanish-Americans.' Suppose we pay a visit to the fore-castle, and see if we can find any record of their names. It might be of use hereafter.'

'By all means!' assents the lieutenant; and the two start for the fore-deck in silence, with anxiety upon their faces. For there is a thought in their hearts, which neither has yet made known to the other—black, and more bitter, than the knowledge of Harry Blew's treason. Unspoken, they carry it into the fore-castle; but they are not many minutes there, before seeing what brings it out, without either having spoken a word. A bunk—the most conspicuous of the two tiers—is explored first. Among its scattered contents are papers of various sorts: some letters, several numbers of an old newspaper, and a pack of Spanish cards. Beside these is one of a different kind—a little bit of white card, with a name printed upon it. A visiting-card—but whose? As Crozier picks it up, and reads the name, his blood curdles, the hair crisping on his head: 'MR EDWARD CROZIER; U.S.M. FRIGATE CRUSADER.'

He does not need to be told how his card came there. Intuitively he understands, remembering when, where, and to whom he gave it—to De Lara on the day of their encounter in front of Don Gregorio's house. Thrusting it into his pocket, he clutches at the letters, and looks at their superscription—'Don Francisco de Lara.' Opening them, he rapidly reads one after the other. His hands holding them shake as with a palsy; while in his eyes there is an expression of a painful nature; for he fears that, subscribed to some, he will find a name dear to him—that of Carmen Montijo. If so, farewell to all faith in human kind. Harry Blew's ingratitude has destroyed his belief in man. A letter from the daughter of Don Gregorio Montijo to the gambler Frank Lara, will alike wither his confidence in woman.

With eager eyes and lips compressed, he continues the perusal of the letters. They are from many correspondents, and relate to various matters, most about money and *monté*, signed 'Faustino Calderon.' As the last passes through his fingers, he breathes freely; though with a shrug of self-reproach, for having doubted the woman who was to have been his wife. Turning to Cadwallader—as himself, aware of all—he says in solemn emphasis:

'Now we know!'

#### CHAPTER L.—THE LAST LEAF IN THE LOG.

No common pirates then, no mere crew of mutinous sailors, have carried off Carmen Montijo and Inez Alvarez. It has been done by De Lara and Calderon. For although there is no evidence of the latter having been aboard the barque, it is deducible, and not even doubtful. With a design such as that before them, the confederates were not likely to have parted.

Several hours have elapsed since the discovery, and the young officers, again upon the quarter-deck, stand gazing in one another's faces; on both an expression of anguish, which the new knowledge has intensified. It was painful to think of their sweethearts being the sport of rough robbers;

but to picture them in the power of Francisco de Lara and Faustino Calderon—knowing what they do of these men—is agony itself.

'Yes; it's all clear,' says Crozier. 'No idea of getting gold has brought the thing about. That may have influenced the others who assisted them; but with them the motive was different, as fiendish. I see it now.'

'Do you know, Ned, I half suspected it from the first. You remember what I said as we were leaving San Francisco. After what happened between us and the gamblers, I had my fears about our girls being left in the same place with them. Still, who'd have thought of their following them aboard ship? Above all, with Blew there, and after his promise to protect them! You remember him saying he'd lay down his life for theirs?'

'Certainly, I do. If ever I find him, I shall make him suffer for that broken promise.'

'What do you propose doing after we reach Panama? If we find the frigate there, we'll be obliged to join her.'

'Obliged! there's no obligation to bind a man reckless as I—as this misery makes me. Unless Captain Bracebridge consent to assist us in the search, I'll go alone.'

'Not alone. There's one will be with you.'

'I know it, Will. Of course, I count upon you. What I mean is, if Bracebridge won't help us with the frigate, I'll throw up my commission, charter a vessel myself, engage a crew, and search every inch of the American coast, till I find where they've put in.'

'What a pity we can't tell the place! They must have been near land to take to an open boat.'

'In sight of—close to it. I've been questioning Don Gregorio. He knows that much, and but little besides. The poor gentleman is almost as crazed as the skipper. A wonder he's not more. He says they had sighted land that very morning, the first since leaving California. The captain told them they would be in Panama about two days after. As the boat was being rowed away, Don Gregorio saw it through the cabin windows. They appeared to make for some land not far off, lit up by a clear moonlight. That's all I can get out of him.'

'The old negro? Can he tell no better story?'

'I've questioned him too. He's equally sure of their having been close in to the coast. What point, he has no idea any more than the oranges. However, he states a particular fact, which is more satisfactory. A short while before they seized hold of him, he was looking over the side, and saw a strangely shaped hill—a mountain. He describes it as having two tops. The moon was between them, the reason for his taking notice of it. That double-headed hill may yet stand us in stead.'

'How unfortunate the skipper losing his senses! If he'd kept them, he could have told us where he was at the time the barque was abandoned. His getting lunny is enough to make one think the very Fates are against us. By the way, we've never thought of looking at the log-book. That ought to throw some light on the locality.'

'It ought; and doubtless would, if we only had it. You're mistaken in saying we never thought of it. I have, and been searching for it all along. But it's gone; and what's become of it I know

not. They may have thrown it overboard before leaving—though what good that would do them I can't see. The cook says it used to lie on a little shelf at the turning of the cabin-stair. I've looked there and everywhere else, but no log-book. As you say, it's enough to make one believe the Fates were against us. If so, we may never reach Panama, much less live to'—

'See!' cries Cadwallader, interrupting the despairing speech. 'Those brutes! what's that they're knocking about? By Jove! I believe it's the very thing we're speaking of!'

The 'brutes' are the Myas monkeys, that, away in the ship's waist, are tossing something between them; apparently a large book bound in rough red leather. They have mutilated the binding, and, with teeth and claws, are tearing out the leaves, as they strive to take it from one another.

'It is—it must be the log-book!' responds Crozier, as both officers rush off to rescue it from the clutch of the oranges.

They succeed; but not without difficulty, and a free handling of handspikes—almost braining the apes before these consent to relinquish it.

It is at length recovered, though in a ruinous condition; fortunately, however, with the written leaves unturned. Upon the last of these is an entry, evidently the latest made: 'Lat. 7° 20' N.; Long. 82° 12' W. Light breeze.'

'Good!' exclaims Crozier, rushing back to the quarter-deck, and bending over the chart. 'With this, and the double-headed hill, we may get upon the track of the despoilers. Just when we were despairing! Will, old boy; there's something in this. I have a presentiment that things are taking a turn, and the Fates will yet be for us.'

'God grant they may!'

'Ah!' sighs Crozier; 'if we had but ten men aboard this barque—or even six—I'd never think of going on to Panama, but steer straight for the island of Coiba. As the chart shews, that's the land they must have seen—or else Hicaron, which lies on its sou'-west side. With a light breeze, they couldn't have made much way, after the date of that entry. Oh! for ten good hands. A thousand pounds apiece for ten trusty lads! I only wish, in that squall, the cutter's crew had been left along with us.'

'Never fear, Ned. We'll get them again, or as good. Old Bracebridge won't fail us, I'm sure. He's a dear good soul, and when he hears the tale we've to tell, it'll be all right. If he can't himself come along with the frigate, he'll allow us men to man this barque; enough to make short work with her late crew, if we can once stand face to face with them. I only wish we were in Panama.'

'I'd rather we were off Coiba; or on shore wherever the ruffians have landed.'

'Not as we now are—three against twelve!'

'I don't care for that. I'd give ten thousand pounds to be in their midst—even alone.'

'Ned, you'll never be there alone; wherever you go, I go with you. We have a common cause, and shall stand or fall together.'

'That we shall. God bless you, Will Cadwallader! I feel you're worthy of the friendship—the trust I've placed in you. And now, let's talk no more about it; but bend on all the sail we can, and get to Panama. After that, we'll steer for the island of Coiba. We're so far fortunate in having

this westerly wind,' he continues, in more cheerful tones. 'If it keep in the same quarter for another twenty-four hours, we ought to sight land. And if this Chilian chart may be depended on, that should be the promontory on the west side of Panama Bay. I hope the chart is a true one; for Punta Malo, as its name imports, isn't a nice place to make mistakes about. If we should run too close to it, with this west wind'—

'Steamer to norward!' cries a rough voice, interrupting him. It is Grummet's.

The young officers, turning with a start, see the same. Crozier, laying hold of a telescope, raises it to his eye, while he holds it there saying: 'You're right, coxswain: it is a steamer; and standing this way. She'll run across our bows. Up helm, and set the barque's head on for her! I want to hail that vessel!'

Grummet obeys; and with a few turns of the wheel brings the *Condor's* head round, till she is right to meet the steamer. The officers, with the negro assisting, loose tacks and sheets, trimming her sails for the changed course.

Soon the two vessels, steered from almost opposite directions, lessen the distance between. And as they mutually make approach, each speculates on the character of the other. They on board the barque have little difficulty in determining that of the steamer. At a glance they see she is not a war-ship; but a passenger packet. And as there are no others in that part of the Pacific, she can be only one of the 'liners' lately established between San Francisco and Panama; coming down from the former port, her destination the latter.

Not so easy for those aboard the steam-ship to make out the character of the craft that has turned up in their track, and is sailing straight towards them. They see a barque, polacca-masted, with some sails set, and others hanging in shreds from her yards. This of itself would be enough to excite curiosity. But there is something besides: a flag reversed flying at her mainmast-head—the flag of Chili! It matters not what its nationality. Enough that they know it to be a signal of distress.

Responding to the appeal, the commander of the steam-packet orders her engines to slow, and then to cease action; till the huge leviathan, late running at the rate of twelve knots an hour, gradually lessens speed, and at length lies motionless upon the water.

Simultaneously the barque is 'hove to,' her sails cease propelling her; and she lies at less than a cable's length from the steamer. From the latter the hail is heard first: 'Barque ahoy! What barque is that?'

'The *Condor*—Valparaiso. In distress.'

'Send a boat aboard!'

'Not strength to man it.'

'Wait, then! We'll board you.'

In less than five minutes' time, one of the quarter-boats of the liner is lowered down, and a crew leaps into it. Pushing off from her side, it soon touches that of the vessel in distress. But not for its crew to board her. Crozier has already traced out his course of action. Slipping down into the steamer's boat, he makes request to be rowed to the ship; which is done without questioning. The uniform he wears entitles him to respect.

Stepping aboard the steam-ship, he sees that she is what he has taken her for: a line-packet from San Francisco, bound for Panama. She is

crowded with passengers, at least a thousand shewing upon her decks. They are of all qualities and kinds; all colours and nationalities; most of them Californian gold-diggers returning to their homes; some successful and cheerful; others downcast and disappointed.

He is not long in telling his tale; first to the commander of the steamer and his officers; then to the passengers. For to these he makes appeal—a call for volunteers—not alone to assist in navigating the barque, but to proceed with him in pursuit of the crew that cast her away.

He makes known his position, with his power to compensate them for the service sought; both endorsed by the commander of the steam-ship, who, in his anxiety to assist, is ready to answer for his credentials. They are not needed, nor yet the promise of a money reward. Among those stalwart men are many who are heroes—true Paladins, despite their somewhat threadbare habiliments. And amidst their soiled rags shine pistols and knives, ready to be drawn for the right.

After hearing the young officer's tale, without listening further, twenty of them spring forward in response to his appeal. Not for the reward he offers, but in the cause of humanity and justice. He could enlist twice or thrice the number, but deeming twenty enough, with these he returns to the *Condor*.

Then the two vessels part company, the steamer continuing on for Panama; while the barque, now better manned, and with more sail set, is steered for the point where the line of lat. 7° 20' N. intersects that of long. 82° 12' W.

#### HINTS FOR NILE-BOAT INVALIDS.

THE climates of Egypt and Nubia have gained well-deserved reputations of late years as winter residences, more especially for persons in delicate states of health, and requiring a milder climate than that of our islands. The tourist bent on sight-seeing, and in noways very particular as to personal comfort, requires few hints; but the invalid must needs be careful, and should guard against whatever is likely to interfere with his convalescence in a country where he will find few persons capable of advising him. Such individuals not unfrequently ask their doctor before starting: 'What are we to do when we get to Egypt?' and really, unless the medical adviser has had some personal experience or gleaned information from reliable sources, he must feel a certain amount of difficulty in furnishing a satisfactory reply. Although there are libraries of books on Egypt containing elaborate observations on the climate, it is very rare that these have been utilised for the direct benefit of the traveller in search of health. The following notes are therefore brought together with the object of pointing out in a short space what the Nile-bound invalid ought to do, and ought not to do, in a land where the habits and requirements of Europeans are not so well understood as at home.

The strong and healthy in quest of pleasure and novelties may rush up the Nile by steam-boat, or proceed at leisure by the native craft fitted out expressly for the foreign tourist. There is another description of traveller, who, although in delicate health, is not so indisposed as to require a companion. This individual often proceeds to Egypt,



in expectation of being enabled to join one of the many boat-parties at Alexandria or Cairo. This undertaking requires, however, to be carried out with a considerable amount of discretion, inasmuch as it has not unfrequently happened that weakly persons have overtaxed their strength by associating themselves with parties proceeding entirely for shooting; indeed, at best, this is a haphazard mode of securing the full benefit of the climate, and cannot be recommended unless the programme is satisfactorily arranged beforehand.

With reference to the time of arrival and departure, the Nile voyager will do well to take the swallow as his guide; that is, he should arrive in Egypt about the middle or end of October, and leave the country before the end of April.

The hotel accommodation is ample, but to the invalid there is not that amount of comfort which will induce him to remain long—at all events in Alexandria; he should therefore proceed without delay to his Nile-boat, which may be easily procured either at Alexandria or at Cairo. But as we are studying the requirements of the invalid, to whom a boat-voyage is preferable to a Cook's ticket or the steamer, the plan likely to agree best with his condition is not to engage either boat or dragoman until he arrives at Cairo, where abundance of boats are waiting to be hired.

There are different ways of striking a bargain. First, by the trip—that is, by arranging with the dragoman to take you at a fixed price to and from the First or Second Cataract, as the case may be, allowing a certain number of days to view the antiquities on the way. By this plan, it is evident that the traveller is left entirely at the mercy of the dragoman, whose interest it is, of course, to get through the journey as soon as possible. This mode of procedure may suit the strong, but at best it is not to be recommended, on the principle, that no arrangement ought to be entered into that does not make the traveller his own master on board. Another plan is to hire a boat by the month or by the trip, and provision it one's-self. This, however, is a troublesome business, and cannot be performed but by persons accustomed to travelling in that particular way, or who are disposed to take the trouble, and possess strength to make the necessary purchases in the crowded streets and bazaars. A third method is to settle with the dragoman at so much per diem; and considering the usual description of couriers and cooks, this is unquestionably the most desirable plan; at the same time, it should be distinctly noted in his contract, that he is not to require any delay for provisioning unless at the usual stated places on the river where stores are replenished. The invalid will, of course, communicate with the dragoman as to the articles he desires; and it would be well to see that they are on board before sailing. European provisions, such as wine, beer, preserved meats, sago, &c., are procurable in either city at high prices, which, of necessity, influence the charges of the dragoman.

There are few guide-books on Egypt which do not enter fully into details regarding the probable expenditure of a Nile voyage, now, unfortunately, becoming more expensive. So much is this the case, that it may be a question for consideration with the doctor how far his patient is likely to receive the benefit desirable, at the price usually

paid nowadays for the hire of Nile boats; at the same time, few who have made a tour of the river, and noted the advantages of the climate, but will hope that the time may not be distant when the Egyptian climate will be available for thousands of poor invalids who cannot now enjoy its advantages.

With reference to the dragoman, it is of essential importance that he should be of reputed good character; and it would be well if the invalid could find out the names of the best Maltese and Egyptian dragomans beforehand, for the reason that great deception is often practised, more especially with reference to testimonials of competency. The boat selected should be carefully overhauled, to see that, for instance, the *satarra* (outside curtain) covers all the windows, which ought to fit properly, as they are apt to become loosened by the heat. There is an object, also, in seeing that the furniture is complete. Boats are preferable which have a cushioned and canopied seat outside in front of the saloon, where the inmates can sit when the wind or sun prevents their going on deck. This arrangement, as we will see presently, is invaluable to the delicate, especially during the cold northerly winds in January and February.

As to the crew, who have often heavy work in towing the boat, it is imperative that on an average they should not number less than ten able-bodied men. A cook-boy is usually added; and a large boat will require as many as fourteen sailors, including the captain or *rais*. These may seem trifling points; nevertheless, much of the invalid's comfort depends on them.

In making arrangements with reference to messing, the invalid ought not to omit a daily supply of buffalo cream, or *geshteh*; it is very nourishing, and is a good substitute for the native butter, which cannot be recommended.

Many invalids suffer on arrival in Egypt from the change of food and habits, and a great blame is attributed to the Nile water; at the same time, little account is taken of other adjuncts in the way of unwholesome food and fruit. The best advice that can be given to the invalid will be, to live sparingly for the first few days after arrival, and imitate as much as possible the food and modes of cooking to which he had been previously accustomed, attending carefully to the first signs of bodily derangement. With these precautions, he may safely drink the well-filtered Nile water, which is cool and delicious.

Before starting, it will be advisable to hang about in the river for a day or two, to see that all is right, and especially that the boat is made comfortable, and that the provisions have been put on board, inasmuch as the dragoman is generally disposed to take everything for granted.

Although the river-scenery is constantly changing, there is often considerable sameness; at all events, a supply of books is a desideratum. The naturalist may converse with Nature's charms, and view her stores unrolled; the draughtsman will have ample scope for his pencil, and may feast his fancy among the noblest of Old World ruins. These can be easily visited on donkeys; a lady and gentleman's saddle being usually part of the dragoman's outfit; and here let us caution the delicate to beware of the cold and sometimes mephitic air and draughts in many of the temples and tombs. For example, the temple of Abou



Simball in Nubia, and the Tombs of the Kings at Thebes, are dangerous resorts for persons with weakened air-passages.

As to clothing, the invalid ought to carry supplies of light and warm descriptions, which he may be required to doff and don, often twice during the day. Unless well wrapped up and under an awning, it is not advisable for very delicate persons to leave the saloon after sunset. During November and the three following months, dew falls profusely at night all over the Valley of Thebes after 9 P.M. It is, however, dispersed before 9 A.M., and in the form of fleecy cirri may be seen floating at high altitudes in an otherwise clear and delightfully serene atmosphere. The dew almost vanishes in Nubia, above the First Cataract, in consequence of the close proximity of the desert to the river. Thus the climate, from being moist, as in Egypt, becomes exceedingly dry in Nubia.

Travellers sometimes sail at night when the wind is favourable; but as time ought to be no object, the preferable plan is to halt at dusk and start after breakfast. By this means the sick enjoy all the scenery, and are saved the annoyance of the creaking helm at night. The boat should be so placed that the morning sun will shine on either the star-board or port side for two hours before the patient arrives in the saloon, the latticed windows of which have been raised, and the outer curtain rolled up; the object being to dispel the sharp morning air, by no means an insignificant precaution. But it will be found that invalids with susceptible air-passages—and they constitute more than one half of the winter sojourners on the Nile—who have experienced the comfortless feeling of getting out of bed and dressing with an Egyptian north wind blowing through the boat, will fully appreciate this recommendation. Again, on the downward voyage, when Boreas blows sharply, the stern windows should be covered with the satara, and the boat allowed to drift stern foremost whilst the patient is seated in the cosy nook in front of the saloon. A comfortless boat, without a satara, and full of draughts from badly fitting doors and windows, obliges the invalid to shut himself up during windy weather, and thus the full benefit of the climate is in a measure lost.

The grand advantage of the Egyptian climate in winter, is its daily serenity and sunshine. However strongly the wind may blow, a sheltered corner after breakfast-time will always be a sunny one. To persons, therefore, with delicate lungs, it is a matter of no little importance to be aware of this circumstance, and to be enabled at the same time to utilise a few simple measures of protection against the asperities of the weather.

The climates of Upper Egypt, Nubia, and the desert are, from their superior dryness, far better suited for certain lung diseases than the damp atmosphere of the Delta and cultivated tracts of the low country; much, however, depends on the condition of the patient, who must consult with his medical adviser on this point. The climate of the Nile Valley in Nubia is much drier than that of Lower Egypt; whilst the sharp bracing air of the Nubian Desert is often trying to the very delicate. The experience of years suggests to the patient, that provided benefit is obtained by the voyage to the First Cataract, he will do well to push on to the Second Cataract,

and tarry in Nubia as long as the weather will permit. He may return to Assuan towards the end of February, and bask for a few days among the sunny creeks of the rapids, where he will enjoy the fine scenery and a delightful climate. If equal to the exertion, he can stroll among Philæ's interesting ruins, and anchor the boat in the sheltered nook just under the grand temple of Æsculapius—no unsuitable place for the invalid who feels the better for his Nubian tour. Indeed, if his gratitude for the art which has been the means of suggesting remedial measures for his good has any tendency to eccentricity, he may imitate the ancients, and there and then sacrifice a cock at the Temple of Health, where, doubtless, many an ancient Egyptian had offered up similar oblations.

Before drawing our remarks to a close, there is one bit of advice we have reserved for the physician, and that is, to find out from his patient, before deciding on the Egyptian climate, whether or not he is one of the idle, cheerless, and unhappy beings who has no resources within himself. To such a person the Nile voyage will soon become tedious and, most likely, unprofitable. Indeed, it often happens that invalids of this description find themselves worse instead of better at their journey's end; moreover, even persons in rude health who have no active pursuits, mental or bodily, get soon tired of the monotony of the boat-life and a hum-drum existence which savours little of the enjoyments of home. On the other hand, he or she who can combine instruction with amusement, need seldom know a dull moment.

In concluding these few observations on the climate of the Lower Nile, from a sanitary point of view, there comes to us this hope, constantly suggested by incidents of travel in the Land of Plenty—namely, that the day may come when we will see European dwellings among the palm-groves of Siout, Thebes, Syene, Wadec, Halfih, &c., and hundreds of enfeebled constitutions gaining new life and vigour from a winter residence in sunny Egypt.

## FLITTERMOUSE WELL.

### IN TWO CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER II.

ONCE in the open air, I was not long in hurrying away from Blackness, feeling more repugnance to Janet Horwood than ever; but all the way home her face haunted me, and her words kept ringing in my ears. What had I done to deserve her warning? She must have imagined, I at last concluded, that I had tampered with the letter I gave to her father; and it did not detract from my dislike of the girl to feel that I had merited no such suspicion. It was a few nights after my visit to Blackness, that I chanced to go earlier than usual to my rendezvous at Flittermouse Well. It was a dark and cold night, but I cared little for that, and concealed myself as usual to watch. Presently—yes! did I not see in the black darkness a gray something moving! I held my breath; and a minute after the bright rays streamed out as before round the edge of the well, and the outline of a bending figure came between me and the light. I had resolved that night, that if the apparition came again, I would rush out and challenge it. The

moment was nearing; I would wait but a few seconds longer. I waited, and the figure moved. It seemed to be twining something in its long arms. What did it mean? Surely it must be some spell, some weird incantation. I gazed fascinated, whilst the wreathing arms went on twining and winding. The eerie notes of the screech-owl fell on the stillness of the night, and the bats—from which the well derives its name—whirled closer and closer round the light. At length the movement ceased, and there followed a pause. The figure appeared to bend far over the brink, then a second figure rose slowly from the well's mouth. This was too much for my feelings. 'Be it ghost or be it man,' I muttered, 'I am determined to find out what it is;' and springing up, I rushed impetuously forward and clutched at the gray figure. The shock caused it to come in collision with the other form I had seen, and at the same moment I heard a muttered oath, and then fell back, stunned by a blow dealt heavily against my chest.

When I awoke to consciousness, I also awoke to a sensation of pain. I must have been a considerable time on the grass, for though the morning had not dawned, the moon had risen, and the first objects on which my eyes rested were the swaying willow branches. For some time I was at a loss to collect my thoughts; until, on stretching out my hands, I felt a precipice on one side of me, and on the other the dewy grass. This brought me to myself, and I found that I was lying in a perilous position close beside the well, with my feet hanging over its brink. With some difficulty, owing to the pain in my chest and the weary numbness of my limbs, I managed at length to rise; and the remembrance of the night's events returning to my mind, I peered into the well. It looked dark and fathomless as ever; but attached to the roots of the willow which hung over its mouth was a coarse rope, knotted together so as to form a rough sort of ladder. Several of the strands were broken, but it had evidently been used to assist some one to ascend or descend. Probably the second figure I had seen had just clambered up by it, when I caused so sudden and fell an interruption. So I thought; and I furthermore came to two conclusions. First, that ghosts would neither use rope-ladders nor administer such substantial blows as the one I had received; and that they must therefore have been human beings with whom I came in contact. Secondly, that I had most probably precipitated both, by my violence, to the bottom of the well. A horrible thought succeeded these reflections. They might be both lying there now, *dead*; and if so, I was their murderer!

These ideas were too dreadful for me; a motive of concealment led me to take the next step—namely, to collect all the clods and bits of broken earth which lay scattered about the grass, and throw them, together with the rope-ladder, to the bottom of the well. Then, without waiting to hear the sound of their fall, I fled, as fast as the pain in my limbs would allow me, away down the hill to my home. Arrived there, I crept in, as I had so often done before, at the casement, closed it, and scrambling into bed just as I was, drew the bed-clothes tightly round me, and remained there until the morning. What a night I passed! I shudder now

when I think of it. At last, when morning dawned, I fell into a heavy slumber; and when I awoke, it was past noon. Unable to bear the weight of my solitary thoughts, I then crept down-stairs. I found an unusual stir in the generally stagnant household. My grandfather, Deborah, and even my aunt Barbara, were all talking of some stirring events, tidings of which had just been brought them by a man riding across country from Blackness to G—. These events, as far as I could gather, were as follows.

It appeared that at daybreak that morning there had been a fray between the smugglers and the preventive men, aided by Farmer Horwood and other farmers and peasants. It had ended, after a long conflict and pursuit—as it often did end—in the escape of all the smugglers' gang. As the farmer and his men were passing along the shore on the way home, however, they had heard groans, as of some one in great pain, issuing from among the rocks hard by. On following the direction of the sounds, they found, not far from the mouth of a small cave, one of the leaders of the smuggling party, whose absence at the late conflict had been remarked. The man was lying on the ground in a helpless state, and it was supposed that he had fallen over some obstacle on his way through the hidden recesses of the cave. On finding whom his groans had summoned, the poor fellow made a desperate though vain resistance, and was at length forced to yield to his captors, who bound him, and then proceeded to search further, in the hope of finding some of his associates. Instead of this, what was the farmer's horror, on perceiving the form of his daughter Janet lying insensible upon the rocky floor, with a terrible wound across her face! The poor father, not knowing what to think or how to act, had both Janet and the prisoner conveyed to Blackness Farm, where their wounds were dressed by the surgeon, who was always at hand on the occasion of an engagement with the smugglers. On being restored to consciousness, the first thing which met the eyes of Janet Horwood was the lifeless form of the smuggler, who still lay where he had been set down in a state of insensibility. Supposing him dead, she uttered a piercing shriek, and breaking from those around her, threw herself down beside him, murmuring words of passionate grief and endearment. The father's horror at the confirmation of his worst fears can be better imagined than described. The girl was forcibly torn from her lover—for such the smuggler was—and, had it not been that the doctor positively forbade her removal until she should be sufficiently recovered to bear it with safety, the enraged parent would have cast her forth from his house at once. As it was, he denounced and disowned her with bitter words. In spite of many efforts, neither threats, entreaties, nor exhortations could force from the miserable girl one word concerning what had passed; and it was the same with the smuggler when at last he came to himself. (It was afterwards discovered that Janet had long been in the habit of meeting this man under cover of darkness, at Flittermouse Well, when he delivered into her safe keeping some of the contraband goods which fell to his share, receiving in exchange food and other necessities, which helped to support him and his comrades whilst they remained in hiding in the caves along the shore.)

Whilst Deborah was circumstantially detailing

to me all these events—with that delight in horrors characteristic of her sex and position in life—a dreadful horror and reproach had been gradually creeping over me, which caused a cold dew to gather on my forehead, and a violent fit of trembling to seize my limbs. Deborah, not being observant, noticed neither of these symptoms, though I could scarce find breath to falter out the question: 'What do you think will be done to the man?'

'He will be transported for life,' was the ready answer, 'if he is not hanged.'

'But why? He was not concerned in the fray.'

'He has been chief leader of many a one before this,' answered Deborah; 'and if he was not concerned in this one, it was because he couldn't be, having broken his leg. If ever a man deserved a sentence,' she added vindictively, 'he will.'

At these words I turned away with a sick heart, not caring to hear more. The rest of the day I passed wretchedly enough. It was clear to me that my ghosts of the preceding night were Janet Horwood and the smuggler. In my sudden mad violence, I must have caused them both to fall to the bottom of the well, from which they had crawled—wounded as they were—along the subterranean passage to the entrance of the cave. Here, probably, they were overcome with weakness, and were consequently discovered, as has been described. I was not, then, actually a murderer, as I had at first dreaded; but was not what I had brought on almost worse than death? Better death than a lifelong disgrace and banishment from home! Better, far better death than transportation for life! So I owned to myself that I should have thought in my own case.

Even now, I could not rest without having made sure that Flittermouse Well was tenantless. Towards evening, therefore, as it grew dark, I provided myself with a lanthorn and some string, and set out in that direction. All was silence and gloom at that ill-omened spot. Cautiously and fearfully I lit my lanthorn, and tying it to one end of the string, lowered it gently down the well. Down, down it went to the bottom, shewing the ground strewn with fragments of turf and the rope I had cast there, but nothing more. I returned home with my former convictions strengthened—to rest, but not to sleep.

For days and days I was haunted by the thought of Janet Horwood and the smuggler; the more so when I learned—about a month after the events I have related—that the former had been expelled from her father's house, and that the sentence of transportation had been carried out upon the latter.

It is a curious fact, that in all my wanderings, whilst my mind was thus disturbed, my feet involuntarily led me each day to Flittermouse Well, where I would stand gazing at the scene of these adventures which had ended so tragically. One day, being drawn there as usual by some irresistible impulse, a circumstance occurred which put a stop to my wanderings on the Dunmoor Hills for many years. I had been gazing into the gloomy depths of the well, as was my custom, when I became conscious of a presence near me, and looking up, I saw a face which made my heart leap with terror. It was the face of Janet Horwood, but how changed since last I saw it! It seemed as if a more than human expression of malicious hatred glared now from

those black eyes, and a livid scar, that had scarce healed, crossed one temple and cheek. I stood fascinated, taking in all these details; I even remember noticing, with an additional thrill of horror, that she wore a long cloak of duffel gray, when she drew near and stood before me, tall and erect.

'What brings you here?' she asked in a low stern voice. 'How dare you revisit the scene of your cowardly wickedness. Is it not enough that you have ruined two lives, but you must come here and gloat over the remembrance! Begone! and beware,' she added slowly and impressively, 'how you cross my path again.'

There was something so dreadful in the suppressed anger of her tone, and in the look she fixed on me, that, added to the remorse I felt for the harm I had unintentionally done her, caused me to sink on my knees before her. 'I—I thought it was the ghost,' I stammered—the gray ghost. I meant no harm.'

'The ghost, the gray ghost!' repeated Janet in a sneering voice. 'You thought it was the ghost, did you? You had better beware for the future of the ghost of Flittermouse Well!' And so saying, she turned, and left me as suddenly as she had come.

Before another month had elapsed, I had run away from my home at the manor. I felt that I could not stay any longer in the neighbourhood of Flittermouse Well. The events that had occurred had so wrought upon me, that I determined to leave my dreary home and all that could remind me of the past; and, contrary to what might have been expected, fortune befriended me. I managed to obtain money enough before another year had passed to pay my passage to Australia, whither, as it happened, many emigrants were just then bound.

My relations did not trouble themselves much about me, apparently, for years passed without my hearing either of them or of Dunmoor. I tried to banish from my memory all that had happened; and set to work to earn money. Fortune favoured me again; young as I was, I succeeded well in sheep-farming; and at the age of thirty I returned with my young wife to England, a comparatively rich man.

On my return, I would not suffer myself to revisit the scenes of my childhood; and I never mentioned the circumstances I have here related to any one.

Years passed on, and I lived happily with my young wife, whom I dearly loved; all the wild imaginations of my youth having been effectually quenched in the prosaic process of gaining a livelihood. My happiness seemed complete when a son was born to me. I had now an heir to my savings, and on this child I centred all my interest. He thrived as well as I could desire; and for the space of two years all went smoothly. At the end of that time there fell on me a blow which nearly crushed me.

One evening I had just returned from a long journey, and was walking home from the coach-office, eagerly looking forward to the meeting with my wife and child, when, as I neared my own house, I noticed a woman standing by the gate, muffled in gray. I had to pass quite near to her, and as I did so, she uncovered her face and turned it full upon me. It was old and changed, but there was no mistaking that look of deadly hatred,

once seen, never to be forgotten, and a glance sufficed me to recognise the face of Janet Horwood. Involuntarily, I hurried through the gateway, and when I cast a look behind me, the figure had disappeared. A gloomy foreboding had now come over my heart, which reasoning failed to dispel. I hastily knocked at the door of my house; it was opened, and I learned the fatal tidings that my boy was dead and buried. A sudden attack of illness had come on, the nurses said, and after a few hours of suffering he had died. They had sent an express messenger for me, but I was already on my journey home—a journey of several days, and the message failed to reach me.

The foreboding I had felt was now accounted for; but if I had my suspicions concerning the cause of my child's death, I kept them to myself. My wife and I could not bear to live where our darling had died, so we left our home, and removed to a distance.

After another year had elapsed, my wife again presented me with a son, and, freed from old associations, I held up my head once more and rejoiced. Mother and child both did well, and in my new joy I kept jealous guard over my boy, never stirring from the house till my wife was well enough to come down-stairs. Even then it was only urgent business that took me away from home for a few hours. In the evening I returned, and on my way home I was pondering on my new treasure, when I encountered a woman, who turned as I passed and looked me in the face. It was Janet Horwood again. This time rage mingled with my horror, and I sprang towards her; but she eluded me, and vanished from my sight.

My old forebodings returned tenfold, and I entered my home with a sinking heart. My footsteps echoed like sounds of doom through the silent hall. Breathing thickly, I passed up-stairs, and opened the door of my wife's chamber. She was lying on the bed with her back towards me. I approached her. Our baby lay on her arm. I bent over her, and kissed her. Her face was cold. I listened for her breathing: there was no sound. Mother and child were both dead.

Medical evidence was given that they died from the effects of a strong poison; but there was no evidence to disclose the murderer. Suspicion fell here and there, but without proof. I was myself accused of having done the deed; but I was acquitted. I believe every one thought that my mind was deranged by what I had gone through.

I do not know what has impelled me to write this history. The same influence, perhaps, that has caused me, a broken-hearted man, to return to the now deserted manor, and that leads me every day to the brink of Flittermouse Well. I write it in the old oak-panelled dining-room; and some impulse urges me to bring it to a close to-day—the wind in the sycamores moaning a dirge meanwhile.

I was at the well this morning; a heavy rain had fallen in the night, and all was silent and deserted. The willow branches were dripping, and the long grass was soaked and dank. Yet I saw traces of footsteps which must recently have been imprinted; and close to the well's mouth there lay an old, worn cloak of gray druffel—not sodden by the rain, but as though it had just fallen there. By these tokens, and by a strange presentiment in my heart, I think that Janet Horwood is not far

off, and the same presentiment warns me that we shall meet once more.

After reading the singular history I have given above, I made inquiries in the neighbourhood respecting the former tenants of Dunmoor Manor; and was told that they were respectable farmers, who had made it their home for many years. As there was nothing tragical to be told in connection with them, I concluded that the writer of the above narrative must have belonged to a family of older date. I made further inquiries, therefore, and discovered that a family of the name of Roche had possessed the manor long ago; that the proprietor had died, and the rest of the family had deserted the house, and gone no one knew whither; that after this, the house had remained untenanted for many a year, until at length a member of the family—an old man, and reported to be insane—had returned there.

'And what became of this old man?' I asked of my informant.

'Well, sir,' was the answer, 'the tale runs as how he was found lying dead at the bottom of an old pit hereabouts.'

'And the name of the pit?' I inquired eagerly.

'Flittermouse Well.'

#### FEMALE NAIL-MAKERS.

A NUMBER of years ago, when visiting Birmingham, we were not a little horrified at seeing women, said to be mothers of families, working at forges with anvil and hammers at nail-making. There they were, grimy and imperfectly clothed, toiling at an employment which we had been accustomed to think was suited only for men. It was a sickening sight. So much has been done of late to meliorate the condition of women—for one thing, they are not allowed to work in coal-pits—that we imagined female nail-making was a thing of the past. It turns out that such is not the case. In what is called the Black Country in England, nail-making by females goes on the same, if not worse than ever; for the appetite for drink and a love of idleness among certain classes of workmen aggravate the condition of their wives, and, as matters go, women are obliged by family necessities and other circumstances to take to the hammer and anvil. Surely, this is a grievous social wrong, deserving of a prompt remedy.

We glean the following sad facts on the subject from the Report of Mr Baker, Inspector of Factories. The Report embraces extracts from the testimony offered by Mr Sub-inspector Brewer, on the nail and chain making district, and refers to the half-year ending with April 1875.

'From both the nail and chain trades there are strong representations made against the labour of women, whether as to the numbers employed or the size of the articles made. The women are said to take the place of fathers as well as of husbands, while the men are idle and drunken. So difficult, too, are some of those shops to find that the same place may be passed many times, and only be discovered at last by the merest accident. . . . "I thought this was a free country," was a remark

which greeted me as I entered a nail-shop in the outskirts of a large manufacturing town. I inquired what was the matter now, and was answered: "Do you call this a free country where women are employed in such trades as these are here?" I replied I had again and again discussed this question with working-men around me, and I am now continually asked whether I cannot do something to stop women's labour, especially in and around Halesowen, where "hundreds" work (making the large nails or spikes) is the order of the day, and is far fitter for men's work than women's.

"The root of all the evil in the Black Country appears to be drunkenness, no matter whether the drinker be puddler, collier, chain or nail maker. The outcry against the colliers' and puddlers' wives working is very great; not, perhaps, so much from their influx into the trade, but from the fact that they work night and day, and toil and slave—and for what? Not for the price that straightforward masters would give, but for any price any crafty knave of a master chooses to offer. These people work and do not stand out for "tommy" and "beer" so long as they can get something to satisfy their half-starving families; while the ought-to-be bread-winner is luxuriating in some public-house at his ease in "training his whiffet" for some future running, on beef-steaks and the best of good fare. Day by day I am more and more convinced that this woman's labour is the bane of this place. Nor do I confine this remark to the nail and chain trade alone. It was only the other day that a young woman, addressing me, said: "I say, master, I wish you would make my man do a little more work, and me less. I married a swell, I did." On my inquiring what she meant by a swell, she replied: "Why, when I married him in the morning, he had a smart gold watch and chain and a smart dickey; but when we came to go to bed at night, I'm blessed if he had e'er a shirt on, and ever since I've had to keep him by working in the brick-yard, and not only keep him, but find him money to drink."

"Nor is this state of things confined to the Black Country. At Bromsgrove I heard also of the growing custom of idle, lazy young lads looking out for skilled industrious wives in order to obtain an easy life. Things go on smoothly for a time; but then come children, and perhaps sickness, and the idle hand of the legitimate bread-winner has lost its craft, or a course of drunkenness has so debilitated him that he can no longer stand the fatigue and heat. While the mother toils and slaves, the children are left uncared for, to wander shoeless and in rags, till they are old enough to blow the bellows for their father at a miserable pittance per week—to be kicked and cuffed, hear filthy, indecent, and blasphemous language, and are then sent into the shop amid men degraded by drink and gambling, in time to follow the same course. Take, again, the instance of a collier's wife in this Black Country who works at chain-making about ten hours a day, for which she is paid eight shillings, though if she had taken her work to an honest master she might have had twelve shillings. Out of this, before she can take any for herself, she has probably to pay for nursing her baby while she works, two shillings a week for her breezes,

that is, firing for her nail-making, and one shilling for the hire of her stall, leaving her half-a-crown for her subsistence. It is true, this may not be the same in every case, but in far too many it is.

"My experience is, that the chief encouragers of such labour as this are the middlemen, the foggers, and the drunkards." It is explained that 'foggers,' 'middlemen,' and 'factors' are synonymous terms for a class of men who get a living by buying nails at a somewhat cheaper rate from the working nailer, and selling them at an advance to the large masters. To these 'foggers' the improvident hasten, who live from hand to mouth. The fogger gets the advantage of all little odd quantities, as, for instance, a nailer who takes in eighteen ounces of iron would only get paid for the pound. Foggers are supposed to be greatly mixed up with truck. Mr Brewer goes on: "These 'middlemen' are a great curse to the trade, for to such the poor drunkard flies who cannot carry on from week's end to week's end, to receive the wages of a few hours' labour, and, of course, at reduced prices. The woman with a drunken husband is much in the same plight. Lots of these middlemen keep public-houses and 'tommy' shops, and carry on a system of 'truck.' Thus, if a workman would decline to spend his money at his employer's house, he gets no more work, and therefore cannot refuse; drink they must have, and drink they will have, whether they starve their families or not. It is rare to find many men at work on the first two days of the week. The sanitary condition of the shops is often bad. Women certainly work often in an advanced state of pregnancy, but then in the chain-shops most of it is hand-work, and no 'oliver' (that is, not work with a heavy instrument for welding links together).

"Not many days since, a tale was related to me by an ironmaster of what happened in a brickyard near Bilston a short time back. The manager noted a girl carrying clay looking exceedingly ill. Thinking she had been drinking over-night, he exclaimed: "Why, Clara, you don't look up to much this morning." "No more would you," was the retort, "if you had had a child during the night." Mr Baker acknowledges that this Report of Mr Brewer's is 'sensational,' adding, however: "But I have not introduced a tithe of what he and other writers have said of this Black Country. In a Report of this kind, or any kind, it is indescribable, and much must necessarily be omitted. But I believe from what I have myself seen, all that I have written is true, and I am afraid that all I should have written is true also. And the remedy? That I respectfully leave to the Royal Commissioners, before whom I have laid Mr Brewer's Report." 'Mr Baker calls attention to one possible result—namely, that as women are often obliged to use the "olivers" to weld their chain-links, &c., weakly work or occasionally bad iron may be introduced in the fabrication of cable chains, on the safe holding of which many lives may depend in rough weather at sea; and that, at all events, testing by a government official is desirable before they are trusted for such purposes.'

Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, 47 Paternoster Row, LONDON, and 339 High Street, EDINBURGH. Also sold by all Booksellers.

# CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

OF

POPULAR

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

*Fourth Series*

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS.

No. 625.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 18, 1875.

PRICE 1½d.

## FRANK BUCKLAND'S LOG-BOOK.

ALL are familiar with the name of Mr Frank Buckland in connection with matters of practical natural history, as well as with our salmon-fisheries. By his father, the late Dr Buckland, Dean of Westminster, well known for geological inquiries, he was taught to cultivate habits of observation, to take notes, and to reflect on what he saw out-of-doors or in-doors, in town or country. His tastes led him to the special study of animal life, and, with his remarkable acuteness, he has been able to accumulate an immense variety of details regarding the living creatures falling under his attention—we might say, from the tongue of a snail to the trunk of an elephant. One of the results of Mr Buckland's observations has been a work, the *Log-book of a Fisherman and Zoologist*. It is a volume full of amusing particulars concerning animals; and we confidently recommend it for general perusal. Everything is told in a light, off-hand way, with much humour and geniality of feeling.

In his preface, the author offers a hint respecting what he deems a deficiency in educational arrangements. 'The so-called education of the present day,' he says, 'is, in my opinion, too much confined to book-learning, and taking for granted the ideas and opinions of others. If I had my will, I would educate the eyes of all—adults even more than youths and girls—to observe and to photograph objects in their head. I would also teach them to use their fingers to analyse and draw, and, above all, to dissect, Beasts, Birds, and Fishes, so as to be able to understand their wonderful structure and mechanism, and the handiwork of the great Designer of all things.'

While on a visit to Herne Bay in 1871, Mr Buckland had an interview with W. Wood, a retired diver, who told some curious stories of under-water life. 'Mr Wood made his first real start in life by an extraordinary, and as it turned out, a very lucky, piece of diving. If the reader will look at the map of Ireland, he will see that outside Belfast Lough, and a little to the south-west, opposite Donaghadee, are situated the Cope-

land Islands. It so happened that a Whitstable man was a coastguardsman in this district. He heard a legend that a ship laden with a heavy cargo of silver had been wrecked off the Copeland Islands some half a century ago. He therefore communicated with some of his friends at Whitstable who were divers. Accordingly, Mr Wood and four others put their diving-dresses on board a vessel, and sailed from Whitstable to Donaghadee.

It appears that the people on board the ship had tried to escape, having first filled their shirt-sleeves with dollars; but in getting up the rocks, many of them had fallen back, and met with an untimely end, as the weight of the dollars had kept their heads under water. No one had ever disturbed the wreck since the vessel went down, so Mr Wood and his friends set to work to find out where she was.

They put on their diving-dresses, and for two or three days walked about to and fro at the bottom of the sea, in about forty feet of water, searching for the treasure. This they did by clearing away the weeds and turning over the stones with crow-bars, and feeling for the dollars with their hands, as the water was too thick to see. The wood-part of the wreck itself had entirely perished through lapse of time and the ravages of sea-worms. After a long and careful search, at last they came upon the dollars; they were mostly spread about among the stones, but many had slipped down among a heap of iron ore which had formed the ballast of the ship. Many of the dollars were worn thin by the action of the water.

When hunting among the wreck for the dollars, Mr Wood had some curious under-water adventures. One of the divers complained that he was annoyed by a lobster, and couldn't work. Mr Wood learned the whereabouts of the lobster, and went down after him. He soon discovered Mr Lobster sitting under a rock, looking as savage as a lobster can look. His feelers were pointed well forward, and he held out his two great claws wide open in a threatening attitude. Wood, knowing the habits of lobsters, offered this fellow his crow-bar, which he immediately nipped with his claws.

Then, watching his opportunity, he passed his signal-line over the lobster's tail, made it fast, and signalled to the men above to "haul away." This they did, and instantly away went Mr Lobster flying up through the water into the air above, with his claws still expanded, and as scared as a lobster could be.

'A great conger-eel also paid the divers a visit. He was an immense fellow, and kept swimming round Wood, but would not come near him. Wood was afraid of his hand being bitten, as a conger's bite is very bad. He once knew a diver whose finger was seized by a conger. The brute took all the flesh clean off the man's finger. A conger is a very dangerous animal to a man when diving in the water. However, this conger kept swimming round about Wood, so he took his clasp-knife out and tried to stab him; but the conger would not come near enough to be "knifed." It was a long while before the conger would go away; and even after he had gone away Wood could not go on working, because he was not sure that the brute was really gone for good, and he might have come out of some corner at any minute and nipped his fingers.'

Most persons would think a winter's day, with deep snow on the ground, a particularly uncomfortable time to choose for visiting such a place as the Regent's Park Menagerie. Let us see what Mr Buckland has to say on the subject. There is a science termed *Ichthyology*—the study of footprints of various animals. By the exercise of his knowledge of this subject, the Red Indian is able to track his human enemies or his four-footed prey, and the 'trapper' of North America owes much of his success in his craft to his acquaintance with the footprints left in the snow or on the soft earth by the animals that he is in search of, and whose skins are worth so much money in the London markets. So Mr Buckland tells us that one day, finding the snow thick on the ground, he determined to visit the Zoological Gardens, for the express purpose of examining footprints in the wintry carpet. How interesting those marks appear when examined with a little care!

The large webbed foot of the Arctic wolf; the broad paw of the Polar bear, with its lining of hair to prevent the animal from slipping on the ice; the padded hoof of the camel, who, with his four feet, makes only two footmarks, placing his hind-feet exactly in the spots vacated by the fore-feet—all these and many others leave their characteristic tracks in the snow, which serve to throw some light on the construction of the animals, and their adaptations to the various conditions of their existence. But how many people could have traced to their origin the following peculiarly puzzling marks? Going his round of inspection, he tells us: 'For a considerable distance along the snow, on the right-hand side, there were a series of semicircles; on the left hand, simply some gashes cut pretty deep into the body of the snow; between the marks, there was a straight

line cut somewhat deeper.' These mysterious marks were the prints left in the snow by a goose, whose left wing had been cut, while her right wing remained intact. The poor bird had been making an attempt to fly. The semicircular marks were the beatings of the wing which had not been clipped, as it swept the snow backwards like an oar. The gashes on the left hand were the markings of the wing which had been clipped. The track in the middle was made by the bird's feet.

Of that interesting species of cuttle-fish, the Octopus, the author has much to say, having made the specimen in the Brighton Aquarium his especial study. The following passages, which include some amusing observations upon crabs and rats, are characteristic of Mr Buckland's easy colloquial style: 'The octopus tank at Brighton,' he informs us, 'is in fine order, and it is interesting to see the curious and hideous creature feed. He evidently has good eyesight. The moment a crab is dropped in from above, he spies it from his lurking-place, and out he comes like an ogre from his den; he spreads his great tentacles all round in a circular form, and pounces down on the poor crab, inclosing him in the membrane which connects his eight arms together at their base. The crab has not a chance of escape from this umbrella-shaped covering thrown so suddenly over him. He is instantly seized and devoured; but we have not yet seen the process of devouring. The poor crab seems to know his danger; he has probably never before seen an octopus, yet he is afraid. If I were a crab I should certainly be afraid of an octopus. I wonder if crabs have nerves, and if some crabs have pluck, while others are cowards?'

'It is a great feature in human curiosity that, when a great novelist or great poet writes about an animal, the beast immediately becomes celebrated. It may itself be common enough, but when invested with a halo of mystery—and novelists and poets are generally not famed for a profound knowledge of natural history—it suddenly becomes a hero in the public mind. Victor Hugo wrote about the octopus or man-sucker. Of course, like the Yankee showman, he made his yarn "as good as he could." An octopus arrives for the first time at the Brighton Aquarium; the directors find to their joy that their new treasure fortunately becomes a subject of correspondence in the *Times*, and for many days we read a good deal about "sea-monsters." As the octopus sits in a squat position at the bottom of his tank, his head is amazingly like that of an elephant, a similarity which is fully carried out by the continual wave-like motions and curlings of his long prehensile arms. I am, in fact, rather surprised that this animal has not attained the name of "the water-elephant," a name certainly more appropriate than "devil-fish;" for he is not a fish, and there is nothing diabolical about him.

'When fishing for whiting at Folkestone, a great "man-sucker" (as the octopus is there called by the fishermen) came floating past the boat, and I put my hand and arm into the water in his way. In an instant the long arms were coiled round my hand, quick as the end of a driving-whip twists round a gig-shaft; the brute did not bite me; I almost wish he had given me a nip. In the centre



of the eight arms is the beak; this is in shape like a parrot's beak, but not nearly so hard or strong. The substance into which his beak is set is something like a bit of muscular tripe, therefore I do not think that the bite of an octopus would be so very bad. A discussion has taken place in the *Times* as to whether the octopus would seize a man or not. Certainly he would, if he got near him in the water, though not with the intention of swallowing him, but because he would seize anything moving. I do not think an octopus would come out of water to attack a man, nor would he, I think, "fly at" a man, for the octopus moves by going "stern foremost," his long arms being stretched out *behind* his head, looking like the legs of a heron when flying.'

In the midst of a tour of inspection of salmon-rivers in Scotland, the author had time to take copious notes of many natural history subjects peculiar to that country; and we consequently have interesting observations on Scotch red deer, wild cats, eagles, wild goats, and the far-famed white cattle of Hamilton and Chillingham. Most of the so-called 'useless' creatures both in Scotland and elsewhere are becoming extinct, under the combined attacks of the gamekeeper and the 'collector' of natural history specimens: wild cats, eagles, and even the finer specimens of deer and wild goats, are being rapidly killed off. No sooner is a large deer seen in a forest, than 'everybody is after the "muckle stag of Ben-something or other;" he is ultimately shot; and the breed is not benefited by the continuance of his kind.' There is sound logic in this remark, which owners of deer-forests would do well to profit by. Mr Buckland thinks that the finest deer should not be killed, but left to perpetuate their species, and suggests that the breed might also be improved by judicious crossing with the wapiti of North America. This has already been done in Germany, and would very probably be attended with beneficial results in Scotland.

But it is not merely what are termed 'vermin,' or 'useless' animals, that are killed off to extermination. On many estates, woodpeckers are shot by the gamekeepers, from a mistaken idea that they are in some way or other injurious. On the contrary, the landowners, by allowing their destruction, are depriving themselves of good friends. These birds are specially adapted for killing such insects as infest the bark and leaves of trees. Their curious claws enable them to maintain a safe hold on the trunk or branch of a tree, against which their tail rests, and affords additional support; with their long beak they can reach into the cracks and crevices of the bark; and, most wonderful mechanism of all, they have a long tongue—nearly four inches in length—which 'can be pushed back into a sheath which fits it, just as a penicil can be pushed back into a silver pencil-case:' the tip of this tongue is armed with small barbs; and the bird is enabled to pick up insects by this means with marvellous celerity. It especially searches for a beetle which bores into the sprouting tops of pine-trees, and which thereby does great injury to woodland property. By killing these and similar destructive pests, the woodpecker renders an immense service, unasked and unpaid, and is worthy of strict preservation, instead of destruction.

Seals, again, afford another and still more

striking example of the way in which animals, commercially valuable, are too often recklessly destroyed. In giving a description of the cruelties practised upon these animals in the northern seas, Mr Buckland takes views similar to those we expressed in a recent article in the *Journal*, entitled 'A Plea for the Seal.'

In 1869, the Commissioners of Works determined to clear out the bottom of the Serpentine, a piece of ornamental water in one of the London parks. This gave Mr Buckland an opportunity for obtaining various kinds of fish, which he and his friend Mr Lee (of Brighton Aquarium) transferred to the Round Pond in Kensington Gardens. The adventures of these two enthusiasts, first in getting the fish out of the Serpentine, and then accompanying their scaly treasures on *water-carts*, to Kensington, are exceedingly amusing. Mr Buckland sums up the result of his mud-larking by giving 'a catalogue of the relics which perhaps may one day become evidence of the former existence of London: Pickle bottles, wine bottles, soda-water bottles, blacking bottles, ink bottles, physic bottles, ginger-beer bottles, beer-cans, sardine cases, coffee-pots, tea-cups, egg-cups, shoes, boots, pipes without end, dogs' bones, cats' heads, akato straps, gallipots, a top of a lamp, india-rubber balls, cocoa-nut, curtain rings, a loaded shot cartridge, an iron weight. Here there is plenty of material for any one who wishes to argue out the existence of a big city and the customs of the inhabitants. If this had been the remains of a Roman camp, we should have been sure to find plenty of coins, but English people don't seem to throw their money away in the curious manner that appears to have been fashionable among the Romans. If we ploughed up an English camp, such as Aldershot, we should find that the English soldiers had dropped very few shillings or coppers; but the Roman soldiers, on the contrary, seem to have spread their money broadcast. I suppose they had no pockets in their armour. One human skull only was found near the bridge of the Serpentine; there are possibly more human bones in the mud near this "Bridge of Sighs."

Nowhere is the author's cheery happy style better exemplified than in the chapter on Snaking; and here we may remark that Mr Buckland has always looked upon snakes with extreme fascination. We append a few of his rambling remarks upon a snaking expedition at Aldermaston Park, Reading—the residence of his friend Mr Higford Burr. A large party having assembled on the lawn in front of the hospitable mansion—

"Where will you go to-day, Buckland?" said the Squire, as he gave out the orders of the day to his guests.

"Well," said I, "if I have my wish, I should like to go out 'Snaking' in the morning and fishing in the evening. It's a splendidly hot morning, and I am certain some of your snakes, which you preserve so humanely, will be out basking in the park; but we must lose no time, or the snakes will be in."

"Those who will go out snaking with Buckland will please hold up their hands; he wants beaters to help," said the Squire.

'I was delighted to find that a goodly number of recruits, ladies included, would join the snaking party. So we paraded at once. Sticks were, out to hunt for the snakes—not kill them, mind—and

the Squire and myself carried sticks fork-pointed at the end, in case we should come across a viper, as I wanted to try experiments with the fresh poison. We first drew the "Home Covert," a bank by the side of a garden wall, a favourite abode of snakes; but none happened to be at home; at least, if they were, they were among the stones of the wall. Forming a regular line, we then hunted carefully along a hillside.

After a long and unsuccessful scramble, charmingly diversified by joke and anecdote, and just as Mr Buckland had succeeded in 'bagging' a lizard, he heard the Squire's voice signalling him from the distance. 'He apologised for my want of sport in my snaking expedition, but at the same time he delighted me by promising to guide me at once to a dung-heap, where it was reported that some snakes had laid their eggs. This dung-heap was situated in the middle of a yard where the cows lived in the winter, and was just the very place snakes would choose to lay their eggs. The keeper got a dung-fork, and diligently turned over the straw at the top, while the Squire and I worked away at the sides of the dung-heap. We found an enormous number of wood-lice, little and big, and one diabolical-looking, jet-black, carnivorous beetle, with tremendous jaws. Upon the back of this beetle, curious to say, was a great bunch of creatures looking like white lice. I emptied a fusee-box, and put the beetle in, but somehow or other the brute escaped, and I believe he was alive for some days in one of my numerous pockets. Our next find on the dung-heap was a grand old toad, living in a beautiful palace all to himself, under a stone. He was evidently there to eat the wood-lice.

'I was dreadfully afraid we should draw the dung-hill blank, but at last I gave a view holloa, when, underneath a bit of the straw, I saw something of a milk-white colour. "Avancez," I said, "go ahead;" 'I'm certain that's a snake's nest.' Lifting up the straw most carefully, I was delighted to find first one, then two, then a dozen eggs. The Squire and I then proceeded to dissect out the nest with our pocket-knives and a dung-fork most carefully. Snakes' eggs are not quite so large as a blackbird's; they are round at both ends like a sugar-plum. They have no hard shell like a hen's egg, but the shell is composed of a soft elastic substance, like thin wash-leather. Some eggs were lying quite separate. The greater part were, however, stuck firmly together, so tightly that it was almost impossible to tear them apart without breaking the skin. The eggs were not held by a ligature, but appeared pasted together by some strong adhesive gum, end on end. Most of the eggs were quite distended: the shells of some, however, had fallen in, and they looked crumpled. The appearance of the eggs in this dung-heap, just as the parent snake or snakes had placed them, was so striking, that a gentleman, well known for his artistic talent, took a sketch of the egg and the nest.

'The Squire kindly allowed me to take all the eggs out of the snake's nest in this dung-heap, and I placed them under favourable circumstances in a glass bowl in my museum, to find out how long it would be before the young snakes hatched out. Some say they will hatch out in a few weeks, while others maintain that they will not do so till the following spring. Before placing these eggs in

the artificial nest, I made a cast of the whole of them, just as I found them on a portion of the dung-heap. The cast has come out well, and the group now forms a pretty illustration of natural history in my Fish museum.'

In December 1870, a telegraph cable was laid down in the sea between Penang and Singapore. It worked well until March 1871, when messages through it stopped. The fault, which was discovered in June, and repaired, was of an extraordinary nature. It appeared as if it had been bit by a fish, yet that could hardly be, as there was a hole or tooth-mark on one side only. The faulty piece being cut out, was sent to Mr Buckland, with a view to discover what sort of animal had inflicted the injury. Here is what he says on the subject: 'I confess I was exceedingly puzzled with this most difficult problem. The hole towards the spectator is two-thirds larger than it is on the opposite side. If it had been an ordinary fish, such as a shark, there ought to have been the marks of a bite on *both* sides of the cable, namely, of a tooth in both the lower and upper jaws. This wound, therefore, must of necessity have been made by a fish having but one tooth, and one tooth only; but what fish is there that has only one tooth? For several weeks I kept the specimen on my mantelpiece, and was constantly thinking over the puzzle. At last one day I hit it off, all in a minute. On going round my museum I observed with most intense interest a beak or saw of a sawfish (*Pristis antiquorum*), presented to me by Dr Day, Inspector of Indian Fisheries, the fish having been taken in the Andaman Islands. "That's the fellow," I said to myself, "that made the hole in the telegraph cable;" so, taking one of the teeth out of the beak of the sawfish, I placed a spare portion of the telegraph cable on the table, and struck the end of the tooth with the mallet, and immediately produced a wound almost, I may say exactly, similar to that found on the Penang telegraph cable. My theory is, therefore, very simple, and I think is correct, namely, that the perpetrator of the wound was a big sawfish. The cable lay quiescent at the bottom of the sea, when one day a sawfish came by, hunting for his dinner. The mode which the sawfish adopts to get his food is, I believe, by waving his saw horizontally right and left, and turning up the mud or sand in order to dislodge the delicate-bodied marine creatures on which he subsists. His teeth will tell us he cannot eat hard substances. When thus engaged in his submarine digging, the sawfish suddenly came across the telegraph cable. His beak getting entangled in it, he gave it an extra blow and a smash downwards, and finally getting enraged, hit it so hard that one of his teeth went between the outer wires—through the hempen rope—and then through to the gutta-percha, injuring the wires. These various substances probably then held the tooth somewhat tightly. The fish then struggled and broke his tooth short off, leaving a bit of it actually imbedded in the cable among the wires.' So much for natural shrewdness and a knowledge of natural history.

If space permitted, we would gladly wander on through this charming volume of curiosities, and especially advert to the extraordinary doings of the author's pet monkeys, but we think enough has been said to stimulate the curiosity of our readers. Besides furnishing amusement, and no little degree

of instruction, Mr Buckland's *Log-book* shews very conclusively what may be done by any one who earnestly, and with his eyes open, pursues investigations into the works of nature.

## THE FLAG OF DISTRESS.

### CHAPTER LI.—STARVATION POINT.

WHILE these scenes are passing at sea, others of equally exciting character occur upon that desert shore, where, by a sinister chance for themselves, if not for their captives, the pirate crew of the *Condor* made landing. They are still upon the isle, all their efforts to get off having proved idle. But how different are they from that hour when they brought their boat upon its beach laden with the spoils of the plundered vessel! Changed not only in their feelings but looks—scarce recognisable as the same men. Then in the full plenitude of swaggering strength, mental as bodily, with tongues given to loud talk; now subdued and silent, stalking about like spectres, with weak, tottering steps; some sitting listlessly upon stones, or lying astratch along the earth; not resting, but from sheer inability to stand erect.

Famine has made its mark upon their faces; hunger can be read in their hollow eyes and pale, sunken cheeks; while thirst shews upon their parched and shrivelled lips.

Not strange all this. For nine days they have tasted no food save shell-fish and the rank flesh of sea-fowl—both in short supply. And no drink, excepting some rain-water caught in the boat-sail during an occasional slight shower.

All the while have they kept watch with an earnestness such as their desperate circumstances evoked. A tarpauling they have rigged up by oar and boat-hook, set upon the most elevated point of the isle, has failed to attract the eye of any one on the main-land; or if seen, the signal has been disregarded; while to seaward, no ship or other vessel has been observed—nought but the blank blue of ocean recalling their crime—in its calm tranquillity mocking their remorse!

Repentant are they now; if they could, willingly would they undo their wicked deed—joyfully surrender the stolen gold—gladly give up their captives—be but too glad to restore to life those they have deprived of it.

It cannot be. Their victims left aboard the barque must have long ago gone to the bottom of the sea. In its bed they are now sleeping their last sleep, released from all earthly woes; and they who have so ruthlessly consigned them to their eternal rest, now almost envy it. In their hour of agony, as hunger gnaws at their entrails, and thirst scorches them like a consuming fire, they care little for life—some even desiring death.

All are humbled now. Even the haughty Gomez no longer affects to be their leader, and the savage Padilla is tamed to silent inaction, if not tenderness. By a sort of tacit consent, Harry Blew has become the controlling spirit—perhaps from having evinced more humanity than the rest. Now that adversity is on them, their better natures are brought out, and the less hardened of them have resumed the gentleness of childhood's days.

The change has been of singular consequence to

their captives. These are no longer restrained, but free to go and come as it pleases them. No more need they fear insult or injury; no rudeness is offered them either by speech or gesture. On the contrary, they are treated with studied respect, almost with deference. The choicest articles of food—bad at best—are apportioned to them, as also the largest share of the water; fortunately, sufficient of both to keep up their strength; and they in turn have been administering angels—tender nurses to the men who have made all their misery!

Thus have they lived up till the night of the ninth day since their landing on the isle; then a heavy rainfall, filling the concavity of the boat's sail, enables them to replenish the beaker, with other vessels they had brought ashore.

On the morning of the tenth, they are relinquishing themselves to bitter despair, and have called to the Dutchman—who has been posted on the heights above, on the outlook for a passing sail—to come down. A last solemn council of ways and means is to be held, and all hands must assist. But he neither obeys nor gives back response. He does not even look in their direction! They can see him by the signal-staff, standing erect, with face turned towards the sea, and one hand over his eyes, shading them from the sun. He appears to be regarding some object in the offing.

Presently he lowers the spread palm, and raises a telescope with which he is provided.

They stand watching him, speechless, and with bated breath, their solemn purpose for the time forgotten. In the gleaming of that glass they have a fancy there may be life, as there is light.

The silence continues till 'tis seen going down. Then they hear words which send the blood in quick current through their veins, bringing hope back into their hearts: '*Sail in sight!*'

### CHAPTER LII.—AN AVENGING NEMESIS.

'Sail in sight!' Three little words, but full of big meaning, oft carrying the question of life or death.

To the ears of the starving crew sweet as music, despite the harsh Teutonic pronunciation of him who gave them utterance.

At the shout from above, all have faced towards the sea, and stand scanning its surface. But with gaze unrewarded. The white flecks seen afar are only the wings of gulls.

'Where away?' shouts one, interrogating him on the hill.

'Sou'-westert.'

South-westward they cannot see. In this direction their view is bounded; a projection of the cliff interposing between them and the outside shore. All, who are able, start off towards its summit. The stronger ones rush up the gorge, as if their lives depended on speed. The weaker go toiling after. One or two, weaker still, stay below, to wait the report that will soon reach them.

The first up, on clearing the scarp, have their eyes upon the Dutchman. His behaviour might cause them surprise, if they could not account for it. The signal-staff is upon the higher of the two peaks, some two hundred yards beyond. He is beside it, and apparently beside himself. Dancing over the ground, he makes grotesque gesticulations, tossing his arms about, and waving his hat

overhead—all the while shouting as if to some ship close at hand, repeating the hail: 'Ahoy, ahoy!'

Looking, they can see no ship, nor craft of any kind. For a moment they think him mad, and fear after all it may be a mistake. Certainly, there is no vessel near enough to be hailed.

But sending their eyes further out, their fear gives place to joy almost delirious. There is a sail, and though long leagues off, little more than a speck, their practised eyes tell them she is steering that way—running coastwise. Keeping her course, she must come past the isle—within sight of their signal, so long spread to no purpose. Without staying to reflect further, they strain on towards the summit, where the staff is erected.

Harry Blew is the first to reach it; and clutching the telescope, jerks it from the hands of the half-crazed Dutchman. Raising it to his eye, he bends it on the distant sail, there keeping it more than a minute. The others have meanwhile come up, and, clustering around, impatiently question him.

'What is she? How's she standing?'

'A bit o' a barque,' responds Blew. 'And from what I can make out, close huggin' the shore. I'll be better able to tell, when she draws out from that clump o' cloud.'

Gomez, standing by, appears eager to get hold of the glass; but Blew seems reluctant to give it up. Still holding it at his eye, he says: 'See to that signal, mates! Spread the tarpaulin' to its full stretch. Face it square, so's to give 'em every chance o' sightin' it.'

Striker and Davis spring to the piece of tarred canvas; and grasping it, one at each corner, draw out the creases, and hold as directed.

All the while Blew stands with the telescope levelled, loath to relinquish it. But Gomez, grown importunate, insists on having his turn, and it is at length surrendered to him.

Blew, stepping aside, seems excited with some emotion he tries to conceal. Strong it must be, judging from its effects on the ex-man-o'-war's-man. On his face there is an expression difficult to describe—surprise amounting to amazement—joy, subdued by anxiety. Soon as giving up the glass, he pulls off his pilot-coat, then divesting himself of his shirt—a scarlet flannel—he suspends it from the outer end of the cross-piece which supports the tarpauling; as he does so, saying to Striker and Davis: 'That's a signal no ship ought to disregard, and won't, if manned by Christian men. She won't, if she sees it. You two stay here, and keep the things well spread. I'm going below to say a word to them poor creeturs. Stand by the staff, and don't let any o' them haul down the signal.'

'Ay, ay!' answer Striker, without comprehending, and somewhat wondering at Blew's words—under the circumstances, strange. 'All right, mate. Ye may depend on me an' Bill.'

'I know it—I do,' rejoins the ex-man-o'-war's-man, again drawing the dreadnought over his shirtless skin. 'Both o' you be true to me, and fore long I may be able to shew I an't ungrateful.'

Saying this, he separates from the Sydney Ducks, and hurries down towards the gorge.

Both, as they stand by the signal-staff, now more than ever wonder at what he has said, and interrogate one another as to his meaning.

In the midst of their mutual questioning, they

are attracted by a cry strangely intoned. It is from Gomez, who has brought down the telescope, and holds it in hands that shake as with palsy.

'What is it?' asks Padilla, stepping up to him.

'Take the glass, Rafael Rocas. See for yourself!'

The old contrabandista does as directed. He is silent for some seconds, while getting the telescope on the strange vessel. Soon as he has her within the field of view, he commences making remarks, overheard by Striker and Davis, giving both a surprise—though the latter least.

'Barque she is—polacca-masts. Queer. About the same bulk, too! If it wasn't that we're sure of the *Condor* being below, I'd be willing to swear it was she. Of course, it can be only a coincidence. A strange one, though.'

Velarde, in turn, takes the telescope; he, too, after a sight through it, expressing himself in a similar manner. Hernandez next—for the four Spaniards have all ascended to the hill.

But Striker does not wait to hear what Hernandez may have to say. Dropping the tarpauling, he strides up to him, and, *sans cérémonie*, takes the telescope from his fingers. Then bringing it to his eye, sights for himself.

Less than twenty seconds suffice for him to determine the character of the vessel. Within that time, his glance taking in her hull, traversing along the line of her bulwarks, and then ascending to the tops of her tall smooth masts, he recognises all as things with which he is well acquainted.

He, too, almost lets drop the telescope, as, turning to the others, he says in a scared but firm voice: '*The Condor!*'

'*Condor!* Impossible!' cry the four Spaniards, speaking together.

'It is, for all that,' rejoins Striker. 'How so, I don't understand' any more than yourselves. But that yonder craft be the Chili barque, or her spectre, I'll take my solemn affydvay.'

Striker's speech calls up strange thoughts, that take possession of the minds of those listening to it. How could it be the *Condor*, long since scuttled—sent to the bottom of the sea? Impossible! The sail seen must be a spectre!

In their weak state, with nerves unnaturally excited, they almost believe this—one and all impressed with wild weird fancies, that strike terror to their guilty souls.

Something more than mortal is pursuing to punish them. It is the hand of Vengeance. For days they have been thinking so, and now they see it stretching farther, and coming nearer. Clearly a Fate—an avenging Nemesis!

'It's the barque, beyond a doubt!' continues Striker, with the glass again at his eye. 'Everythin' the same, 'ceptin' her sails, the which shew patched-like. That be nothin'. It's the Chili craft, and no other. Her, sure's we stan' heer!'

'Stay!' exclaims Gomez. 'Where are they who took charge of the scuttling? Can they have blundered in their work?'

Remembering the men, all turn round, looking for them. They are not among the group gathered around the staff. Blew has long ago gone down the gorge, and Davis is just disappearing into it. They shout to him to come back. He hears; but, not heeding, continues on, and is soon out of sight. It matters not questioning him, and they give up thought of it. The thing out at sea engrosses all their attention.

Now nearer, the telescope is no longer needed to tell that it is a barque, polacca-masted; in size, shape of hull, sit in the water—everything the same as with the *Condor*. And the bit of bunting, red, white, blue—the Chilian ensign—the flag carried by the barque they abandoned. They remember a blurred point in the central star: 'tis there!

Spectre or not, she is standing towards them—straight towards them—coming on at a rate of speed that soon brings her abreast the islet. She has seen their signal—no doubt of that. If there were, it is before long set at rest. For while they are watching her, she draws opposite the opening in the reef; then lets sheets loose; and, squaring her after-yards, is instantly hove to.

Down drops a boat from the davits; as it strikes the water, men seem swarming over the side into it. Then the splash of oars, their wet blades glinting in the sun; as the boat is rowed through the reef-passage. Impelled by strong arms, it soon crosses the stretch of calm water, and shoots up into the cove. Beaching it, the crew spring out on the pebbly strand—some not waiting till it is drawn up, but dashing breast-deep into the surf. There are nearly twenty, all stalwart fellows, with big beards—some in sailor garb, but most red-shirted, belted, bristling with bowie-knives and pistols; wearing tall boots, with trousers tucked in at their tops—the costume of the California gold-digger.

Two are different from the rest—in the uniform of naval officers, with caps gold-banded. These, though the youngest, seem to command, being the first to leap out of the boat; soon as on shore, drawing their swords, and advancing at the head of the others.

All this observed by the four Spaniards, who are still around the signal-staff, like it, standing fixed, though not altogether motionless: for they are shaking with fear. Their thoughts, hitherto given to the supernatural, are not less so now. Even more, those of Gomez and Hernandez. Incomprehensible to them the *Condor* being afloat; but to behold among the men who have just come out of her two they well know. For in the officers leading, De Lara and Calderon recognise their detested rivals, in love—the same who made smash of their monté bank!

For some moments, De Lara stands in sullen silence, with eyes dilated. He has watched the beaching of the boat, and the landing of her crew. Recognising the officers, he clutches Calderon by the arm. Now more vividly than ever is their crime recalled, for now its punishment is near. There is no chance to escape it. To resist, will only be to hasten their doom—sure to be death. They do not think of resistance, nor yet flight; but remain upon the hill-top, cowering and speechless. Calderon is the first to break silence, frantically exclaiming: 'The officers of the English frigate! Mystery of mysteries! What can it mean?'

'No mystery,' rejoins De Lara, addressing himself to the other three; 'none whatever. I see it all now, clear as the sun at noonday. Blew has been traitor to us, as I suspected all along. He and Davis have not scuttled the barque, but left her to go drifting about; and the frigate to which these officers belong has come across, picked her up—and lo! they are there!'

'That's it, no doubt,' says Velarde, otherwise

Diaz. 'But those fough fellows with them don't appear to be men-of-war's-men, nor sailors of any kind; more like gold-diggers—the same as crowd the streets of San Francisco. They must have come thence.'

'It matters not what they are, or where from. Enough that they're here, and we in their power.'

At this Diaz, and Padilla, now known as Rafael Rocas, step towards the cliff's edge to have a look below, leaving the other two by the staff.

'What do you suppose they'll do to us?' asks Calderon of De Lara. 'Do you think they'll—'

'Shoot, or hang us?' interrupts De Lara; 'that's what you'd say. I don't think anything about it. One or other they'll do, to a certainty.'

'Is there no chance of escaping?' piteously exclaims the ex-ganadero.

'None whatever. No use our trying to get away from them. There's nowhere we could conceal ourselves; not a spot to give us shelter for a single hour. For my part, I don't intend to stir from here. Yes; I shall go down to them, and meet death like a man. No; like a tiger. Before dying, I shall defend myself. Are you good to do the same? Are you game for it?'

'I don't comprehend you,' answers Calderon. 'Who would you fight against?'

'Whomsoever I can. Two for certain.'

'Which two?'

'Crozier and Carmen. You may do as you please. I've marked out my pair, and mean to have their lives before yielding up my own—hers, if I can't hit. She shan't live to triumph over me.'

While speaking, the desperado has taken out his revolver, and holding it at half-cock, spins the cylinder round, to see that all the six chambers are loaded, with the caps on the nipples. Sure of this, he returns it to its holster; and then glances at his *macheté*, hanging on his left hip. All this with a cool carefulness, which shews him determined upon his hellish purpose. Calderon, quailing at the thought of it, endeavours to dissuade him; urging that, after all, they may be only made prisoners, and leniently dealt with. He is cut short by De Lara crying out:

'You may stifle in a prison, if it so please you. After what's happened, that's not the destiny for me. I prefer death and vengeance.'

'Better life and vengeance,' cries Rocas, coming up, Diaz along with him, both in breathless haste. 'Quick, comrades!' he continues; 'follow me! I'll find a way to save the first, and maybe get the last, sooner than you expected.'

'It's no use, Rafael,' argues De Lara, misunderstanding the speech of the seal-hunter. 'If we attempt flight, they'll only shoot us down the sooner. Where could we flee to?'

'Come on; I'll shew you where. Courage! Don't stand hesitating; every second counts now. If we can but get there in time!—'

'Get where?'

'To the boat.'

On hearing the words, De Lara utters an exclamation of joy. They apprise him of a plan which may not only get him out of danger, but give revenge, sweet as ever fall to the lot of mortal man.

He hesitates no longer, but hastens after the seal-hunter, who, with the other two, has already started towards the brow of the cliff. But not to

stay there; for in a few seconds after, they are descending it—not through the gorge by which they came up, but another, also debouching into the bay.

Little dream the English officers, or the brave men who have landed with them, of the peril impending. If the scheme of the seal-hunter succeed, theirs will be a pitiful fate: the tables will be turned upon them!

### THAMES PIRATES.

THE back windows of my lodgings overlook the Thames, and many an hour I pass watching the ceaseless traffic below. For reasons I shall explain, Grabbum of the detective force has been staying in the floor above me; and being anxious to learn some of the experiences of that astute officer, I ventured the other evening, through the medium of Betty, my worthy landlady, to request the pleasure of his company in my parlour. We were soon in close confab; but Grabbum told me candidly that he had been pumped nearly dry of his experiences, and that he did not like to find the truths he gave to writers used merely to spice a lot of stuff, into which they dragged a woman, who always, against all justice, got the worst of it. He was now employed, he told me, by the master lightermen of London to discover a confederacy of water-pirates of the Thames, and bring them to justice. Even while with me he was on duty sitting at the window.

'It is nothing to what it was before the docks,' he remarked. 'All the docks have been made since 1800; and when you know that these docks cover an area of nine hundred acres, and all the shipping previously used to discharge their cargoes in the main river, you may guess what a body of water-rats the waifs and strays would bring together. Why, sir, the West India Docks alone have had fifty thousand pipes of rum, and eighty thousand barrels, and five hundred thousand bags of coffee, and fourteen thousand logs of mahogany—yes, and twenty-two thousand tons of logwood, in them at a time!—What do they do with the logwood? Well, that's neither here nor there. There are three thousand labourers employed in the London Docks. Fifteen thousand pipes of port, and thirteen thousand hogsheads of sherry. Look at that! The Commercial Docks pay one thousand pounds a year to remove the deposit of mud which is caused by the continual churning of the Thames by the steamers. In former days, the rafts of timber used to be left high and dry on the banks of the river, and there was a regularly organised gang of fellows, with some rich City people at the head of them, whose avocations were to cut the ropes during the night which bound these "sticks" together; and when the tide rose, the separated logs would float off, be picked up, and either kept, or salvage claimed upon them. In all the villages along the banks of the Thames and Medway, there were persons perpetually occupied in untwisting the cordage of the royal navy, to take out the silk-thread put in to identify it; others were employed in effacing the broad arrow stamped on all the metal materials used in the arsenals; and at the failure of one celebrated shipbuilding yard, no less than twenty-four marine-store shops were shut up simultaneously: a practical illustration of the enor-

mous extent of the pilfering that was going on in that one spot.

'Do I think there is much robbery now in the docks? No; it is confined within a certain limit. At one time, any man who knew his way about could buy a tasting order for twopence or so, and go down some of the vaults in the London Docks, wait for one or other particular cooper, and drink as much of the best—not the wine specified in the order, if that was inferior—the finest brands; until it has been known that certain butts and pipes have been so tapped as to leave but little in them when the merchants sent to pay the duty and remove them. This practice received its death-blow when it was discovered that gentlemen had been lured into these vaults, treated with wine, which they could imbibe to a great extent in the equalised atmosphere of the cellars, but which, upon their ascending into the open air, took effect upon the brain, permitting them to be led to some concerted rendezvous of thieves in the neighbourhood, and there ill-treated and robbed.

'The thieves on the Thames are known by distinctive names, and they keep pretty much to their especial departments. The tip-toppers are regular river-pirates; then there are heavy and light horsemen, game-watermen, game-lightermen, mud-larks, scuffle-hunters, and copemen. The river-pirates consist of the boldest and most desperate of the robbers; they carry on their operations in the night against all vessels badly watched, and whose crews are sometimes murdered, and thrown overboard, that the vessel may be the more securely pillaged, and detection avoided.'

'May I ask if you are now watching for anything of that kind?'

'Yes,' returned Grabbum, 'I am waiting here for four of these fellows, who are sure to fall into my hands, perhaps before the week is out; but it is only a matter of time. More frequently, these chaps confine themselves to taking the cordage, oars, poles, and bales of merchandise. The captain of an American brig, hearing a noise, went on deck to look out: he saw a boat row away, and found they were pirates, who, wishing him good-evening, told him that they had just parted his cable; and of course he was adrift. Having an understanding with the watchmen charged with taking care of the cargoes at night, they plundered with the greatest facility. When they cannot effect such collusions, they cut the cables of the lighters, and let them float until they get to a place where they can effect their object without any fear of discovery. Small coal-barges have been found entirely emptied during the night. Russian tallow, which, from the difficulty of moving the enormous barrels containing it, would seem to be safe, is not so; for an instance, I know of the nocturnal removal of seven of these casks, each weighing between thirty and forty hundredweight.

'The light-horsemen also plundered during the night, but principally those vessels coming from the West Indies. This species of robbery arises from a concerted plan between some of the crew and the receivers who buy the scrapings; that is, the samples of sugar, the refuse of the coffee, or the drippings of the spirits, which remain in the hold when the cargo has been discharged. It is an easy matter to increase these by piercing the casks, and loosening the hoops of the barrels. This, a Canadian merchant, who sent a great deal



of oil annually, discovered to his great astonishment. Always finding a deficit much greater than could arise from common leakage, and unable to arrive at a satisfactory solution from his correspondents, he determined on making a voyage to London, to penetrate the mystery. Resolved to pursue his investigations with the most minute research, he was on the quay waiting with much impatience for a lighter, laden from his ship on the previous evening, and whose delay seemed very extraordinary. At length it appeared, and the merchant saw a pack of fellows of very bad appearance jump on board with as much eagerness as a crew of corsairs into a prize. He went down into the hold, and was completely stupefied on seeing the barrels placed with their bungs downwards. When they began to unload the lighter, he found as much oil left floating in the hold as would fill nine barrels. The proprietor having had a few planks taken up, there was found more than enough to fill five casks; so that the load of one lighter had made a diminution of fourteen barrels. It would be scarcely credited that the crew, far from being ashamed of this, had the impudence to assert that they had a right to it, as a perquisite that belonged to them.

'Not content with these thefts, the light-horsemen, united with the lightermen, opened, during the night, barrels of sugar, which they entirely emptied, carrying them off in black bags which they call "black straps." In one night there has been carried off from various vessels as much as twenty hogsheads of sugar; also rum, drawn by means of a pump called a jigger, and conveyed away in bladders. The ships on board which this traffic is carried are called "game-ships." At this period the robberies of liquors and spirits were, besides, very common even in the royal navy. A well-known and remarkable instance occurred on board the *Victory*, which brought to England the dead body of Lord Nelson. To preserve the remains, they were put into a puncheon of rum. On reaching Plymouth, the puncheon on being opened was entirely empty and dry. During the voyage, the sailors, very certain that the purser would not visit this cask, had drawn up all the rum by straw pipes or jiggers. They called this "tapping the admiral."

'The "game"-boatmen on board vessels are those who, unloading the cargoes, abstract and carry off all stolen goods. As they are the parties who treat with the receivers, the eye of the police is constantly upon them. Yet they make a profitable business of it, and spend a great deal of money. I knew one, Tom Nelson, who kept a handsome house and a brougham, out of this traffic.

'The mud-larks are those lads who grope about the shores at low-tide, or under the bottoms of vessels, pretending to look for old pieces of cord, iron, coals, &c., but, in fact, to receive, and conceal various articles thrown over to them by confederates.

'The scuffle-hunters are workmen with long aprons who pretend to ask for work, go in a body on shipboard, and find opportunities of stealing during the confusion.

'Last of all are the receivers, who, not content with buying all that the thieves bring to them, sometimes have understandings with the captain, the pilot, or some of the crew, whom they may find not indisposed to deal with them. These

transactions are made in slang terms, intelligible only to the parties concerned. Sugar is sand; coffee, beans; pepper, small peas, &c.; so that they could deal for any portion of the cargo in the presence of the supercargo of the ship, whilst he was not aware that it was his cargo that was being the subject of the intended robbery.'

'But, my good friend,' said I, 'how do these fellows get over those in charge of a ship; say, the pilot?'

'Did you not know, sir, that a pilot could be bought over? Well, it is, to the credit of their craft, not very common. I was once after a strong gang of river-thieves. I knew that one Tim Brown was a leading man amongst them. He was in the employ of a respectable firm of lightermen (one of my patrons). A smart fellow was Tim, and above all suspicion—but mine. I knew most of his "runs," and one was the *Weeping Gridiron*. I found him in the parlour there one day. He chaffed me—the owdacious scamp!—for being a Thames policeman.

"There are fellows," says I, "who are treading with nailed shoes upon gunpowder; I know their names, their haunts, and their intentions."

'The fool then sprang to his feet and dared me to name one of them. I walked quietly up to him and whispered *Monarch* in his ear. His jaw fell, and the blood forsook his face, and he tottered out of the room. One of the gang was a certificated pilot. He was to arrange that he should go on board the *Monarch*, which was richly freighted, and bring her on to the shallows opposite the Kentish marshes—the spot to be indicated by a certain light from the shore. The weather looked dirty at the mouth of the Thames, and the captain asked the pilot whether they had better go up the river or lie to. The pilot was for proceeding, which was likewise the captain's wish, as the vessel was under demurrage; so he promised the pilot additional pay to carry the ship safely to Gravesend. About midnight, the captain, who would not quit the deck, spied some lights which were strange to him, on the port side, and asked the pilot what they indicated. The pilot feigned ignorance. The speed of the vessel was slackened, when the lookout announced a boat off the starboard bow. The next moment, I and my lads—picked men—swarmed on deck. The captain's astonishment was great; but I at once declared the purport of my errand. The captain was indignant, and spoke of being under the protection of the pilot. "If this," said I, "is the *Monarch* from Calcutta, captain, I take temporary command of her, and my first act in office is to seize Botley."

"You are a parcel of maniacs," cried the captain in a rage. "Botley is the pilot."

"Really, captain," I rejoined, "you must let me have my own way here. This honest pilot in another few minutes would have run you aground, and those lights ahead tell him exactly where, and the river-pirates would have been on board like bees. Indeed, I can hear them now coming. Listen! There is no time to lose. Muster your men, and arm them at once: there will be some blood spilt here."

'The men were shortly ready for anything, with the captain at their head; myself and men being so disposed as to cut off the retreat of the gang. They came up the sides of the ship using coarse language,



and rendered more murderous with rum, cutlass or pistol in hand. Great was their consternation when they found that they had been outwitted. Some were wounded, or driven overboard, while the rest implored mercy. Chief amongst the last was Tim Brown, whom I made my particular prisoner. I was sorry for Tim, and would have done him a good turn if I could. He was the son, by the first wife, of a baronet of good family, but had been badly brought up. I wished to save him if I could. It was to be otherwise: he was tried and sentenced to twenty years' penal servitude.'

### A RAILWAY ADVENTURE.

I NEVER saw such a change in a man in my life ! When we last met, Jack—well, I must not give his real name, considering what I am going to relate, so I'll call him Jack Pallant—was, as he had ever been since I knew him, one of the lightest-hearted, cheeriest fellows in the world, full of fun, and up to everything, and as gentle and tender as a woman, with the courage of a lion. And now, what did I find him ? Even though but three months had elapsed, he had become a grave, dejected, saddened man ; in a word, hardly recognisable, either mentally or physically. I was shocked, and of course he saw that I was. He came to see me, indeed, the moment he heard I was in town, that I might learn from his own mouth what had happened, instead of at second-hand.

Jack had always been more or less a spoiled boy—only sons are always more or less spoiled—and having lost his mother when quite a child, it was not wonderful that his poor old dad made much of him. But he had taken the spoiling kindly, and, beyond making him perhaps a little idle and thoughtless, it had done him no harm. There was no vice in the fellow ; he spent more money than he should, but many young soldiers do that, without coming to much grief in the long-run ; and his father, a soldier before him, regarded the failing leniently, paid his bills, and looked pleasant. Beyond adding that he was a rather short, dapper little fellow, I need not say much more about him ; I have only to try and put into coherent shape the strange and tragical business which had so fearfully altered him. His account of it was so disconnected, and so faltering at times, through the emotion which the recital cost him, that I make no attempt to reproduce his story in his own words. It all happened in a railway carriage ; and though we have had enough and to spare of tales of murders, robberies, strange meetings, ghosts and lunatics, which have had a railway carriage as their place of action, I venture to believe that there is still something novel in the circumstances which led to my friend's sad transformation.

He was coming to town one autumn evening for a few days' leave from Gunnersholt, where he was quartered. I can see him as plainly as if I had been there, springing into the first carriage that

offered room, without regard to who was in it ; for he was the least fastidious of men, without the slightest particle of 'haw-haw' pride and nonsense, or that stand-off-ishness of manner, too usual with men in his position ; ready to make himself happy wherever he was, or in whatever company. Fond of talking to everybody, liking to draw them out, as he said, and studying character with the full conviction that there was something to be learned from everybody ; chaffing and laughing, or sympathising and helping according to the occasion. Why, I have seen him helping a mother or nurse with half-a-dozen children in charge, as if he had been a Paterfamilias, dandling the baby, or chucking it under the chin, or squeaking at it, tickling the little boys under the ribs until they went into fits, or making the little girls laugh with his comical stories and humorous ways. Quite at variance, indeed, was the private life of Jack Pallant with that of the ordinary British soldier ; his brother-officers were oftentimes aghast at his proceedings, until they came to know and like him. Therefore, I say, I picture him taking the first seat that offered, and ready to talk to any one in the carriage who would talk to him.

But it so happened, it appears, on this occasion that he got into an empty carriage ; at least he thought so, for it was twilight, and he did not observe for the first moment the figure of a woman, seated in a farther corner, dressed in dark clothes, and thickly veiled.

The sudden discovery that he was not alone rather startled him for a moment, and it may be, as he said, that the evening before having been a guest-night at mess, his nerves were not quite up to their usual tone. He was not the lad, however, to be long in such a situation without making some remark to his fellow-traveller, though in this case an unusual hesitation to do so came over him, owing to her mysterious appearance and extreme stillness. The between-lights of the carriage-lamp and the evening sky prevented him from discerning details ; but there she sat, perfectly rigid, and with not a vestige of her face visible, through the thick black veil.

'Ahem ! ahem !' he said at last, shifting one seat nearer to her and nearly opposite ; 'I hope I have not intruded on you ; I thought the carriage was empty. I may be disturbing you, I fear.' He would say anything, in a random sort of way, to break the ice, as he called it.

No answer. A long pause. 'Very singular,' he thought ; and he moved to a seat exactly opposite to the figure, making another commonplace observation. No response, or any movement.

'Asleep, I suppose,' he said to himself ; and he sat, quietly watching her, whilst the train rattled on for a mile or two. A station was reached, and a stoppage made, with the usual accompaniments of screech, and whistling, and slamming of doors, but without producing any change in the posture of the occupant of the opposite corner. The train again moved on. 'Can't be asleep,' he muttered.

'What's the matter with her?' The window was close shut; he let it down, with a tremendous clatter and bang, remarking, that 'he hoped as the evening was fine, the weather warm, and the carriage close' (for he declared to me there was a peculiar odour hanging about which struck him from the first), 'she would not object to a little air?'

Still, no reply. Then he said: 'He feared she was not well; would she like him to pull the bell for the guard, and have the train stopped again?' But nothing he could say or do elicited any sign of life from her.

Jack now became seriously uncomfortable and alarmed on her account. He thought she could not be asleep, but had fainted. Suddenly, it crossed his mind that she was dead! Night had now closed in, but as the last tinge of twilight faded from the sky, the carriage-lamp gained its full power, and revealed every object more plainly than hitherto.

Jack leaned towards the motionless form. A long black veil, falling from a close-fitting hat-like bonnet, enveloped nearly the whole upper part of her figure; indeed, on close inspection, it hardly looked like an ordinary veil, but more like a large thin black silk handkerchief. Her dress was of common black stuff, much worn and frayed, from amidst the folds of which appeared the ends of a piece of rope that must have been fastened round her waist; and one hand, encased in an old ill-fitting black glove, lay placidly on her lap.

Full of uncomfortable sensations, Jack was about to lift the veil, when, for the first time, the figure moved; its other hand stole slowly from beneath the folds of the dress, and the veil was gradually lifted, and thrown up over the head.

Involuntarily my friend shrank back into the corner of his seat, for a face was revealed to him which no one could have looked upon without a sense of awe. It was that of a woman somewhat past middle age, thin, haggard, and pale to a degree which only death could parallel. The features, finely chiselled and proportioned, shewed that at one time there must have been supreme beauty, whilst, though the iron-gray hair looked a little dishevelled and unkempt, the glance of the eye was steady, calm, and determined.

In this glance lay, chiefly, the awe-inspiring expression of the face, for, in addition to the penetrating look, there was a persistency in it, and at the same time a fascination, quite terrible. It fixed itself upon Jack from the first moment that eye met eye, and for several minutes not a word was spoken on either side. Presently, however, he tried to pull himself together, and to assume his usual light-hearted manner, which had thus for a minute been so strangely and unusually disturbed, and he said briskly: 'I beg your pardon; I was afraid you were ill.'

She slightly bent her head, but spoke not a word, nor withdrew her glance.

He felt more and more that it was costing him an effort to be himself. Her slow, stealthy, albeit lady-like demeanour added greatly to the effect already produced, and a curious sensation was gradually creeping over him, that—impossible as it might seem—that face was not strange to him. Little as he, with his temperament, was given to speculation or introspection, he found himself striving to look back for some event or circum-

stance in his life which might give him a clue. Had he ever dreamed of such a face, or had he seen it in childhood? He was puzzled, affected, quite put out. And still the deep penetrating eyes were fixed on his, piercing as it were into his very soul. And the hands! what were they doing? Taking off the gloves as with a set, deliberate purpose; and the long white, thin, almost claw-like fingers worked strangely and nervously, slowly closing and opening upon the palm, as if preparing to grasp something.

Again, he strove to throw off the unpleasant, unusual sensation which had crept over him.

'I can't stand this,' he thought; 'I was never so uncomfortable in my life! I must do something, or say something to put a stop to this, to make her take her eyes off me!'

He moved abruptly to the farther corner of the carriage, and to the same side on which the woman sat.

'I'll try and dodge her in that way,' he said to himself; 'she shall not sit and glare at me in this fashion!'

But she too immediately shifted her place, and, rising to her full height, which was very great, went, over to the seat exactly opposite to him, never for one single second dropping her eyes from his. He looked out of window with a vague notion of getting out of the carriage; when suddenly, passing a little station which he recognised, but at which the train did not stop, an idea struck him—an idea after his own heart—a comic idea! He availed himself of it on the instant, and assuming an ease which doubtless sat ill upon him, and which he was far from feeling, he pointed with his thumb back towards the station they had just passed, as he said mysteriously in a hollow voice: 'Do you know that place?'

She seemed to answer in the affirmative by a slight inclination of the head as before.

'Ah! you do. Good! Longmoor,' he went on; 'then I don't mind telling you a secret.' He paused. ('I'll frighten her,' he thought.) 'Criminal lunatics,' he said aloud; 'I am one of them. I have just escaped from there!'

He leaned forward, as if to impress her with his words; she also bent forward until her lips almost touched his ear, as she hissed into it: 'So have I!'

With what had already gone before, this put the finishing touch to Jack's uneasiness of mind. It was not, as he said, the mere presence of the woman, or the revelation which his joke had elicited, which scared him, though the circumstance in itself might be unpleasant enough.

'I should have faced it right away from the first, as any man would have done, had it not been for the remarkable influence her face and look had upon me; that unaccountable feeling that she was no stranger to me, it was, that unnerved, and even appalled me.'

No sooner had she uttered the words, 'So have I,' than Jack sprang to the cord communicating with the guard's van, for he felt their truth, and saw in them a key to the whole mystery. But ere his hand had reached the cord, she had seized him round the waist with one arm as with the grip of a vice, and at the same instant he felt one of those terrible hands at his throat.

Every effort to release himself was fruitless; her strength seemed superhuman, and was as far

beyond his as was her stature. Her face glowered close down upon his now, still with the same fell expression. 'The only thing I could have done,' went on Jack, in describing the scene to me—and just here, he shall speak for himself: 'the only means by which I might perhaps have made her relax her hold would have been by aiming one or two tremendous blows with my right fist (which was at liberty) at her face. Had it been a man's, there would have been no hesitation; had it been indeed that of an ordinary woman, at such a pass I should not have hesitated to strike her, to stun her, if I could, by any means; but that face—that face, that I seemed to know so well, yet so mysteriously, I could not raise my hand against it, and, as my arm swung up with the first impulse, to deal her a blow, it fell helpless by my side. Vain were my efforts to get her hand away from my throat; there was a terrible swaying to and fro for a minute or two, I felt the grip of the long fingers tightening, and myself choking. Suddenly we fell, the whole carriage seemed to be falling—there was a fearful jerk or two, a strange upheaving of the floor, a tremendous rattle and crash—I appeared to be thrown headlong to some great distance, and—all was darkness!'

The termination of that deadly struggle was brought about in a manner as marvellous and unlooked for as could well have been imagined.

Some fifty souls, say, were travelling in that train; all, save one, in apparent security. Jack's life alone was in danger, when, lo! by one of those marvellous coincidences which do happen at times in the supreme moments of existence, the rescue came, but at the cost of many a life, which, but just before, would have seemed worth treble the purchase of Jack's.

At the very instant that his might have depended upon another tightening grip or two from the hand of a maniac, a frightful catastrophe occurred to the train. The tire of an engine-wheel broke, and half-a-dozen carriages were hurled down a steep embankment. The scene that succeeded is, unhappily, of too common an occurrence to need more than a word of reference here. Seven passengers were killed outright; double that number slightly or badly hurt; the remainder escaping, as by a miracle, with nothing worse than a severe shaking.

My friend was amongst the shaken. He had been thrown clear of the debris, on to a soft grassy spot, half-bank, half-hedge; emphatically, his life was saved!

But what followed it was that which caused the suffering, that wrought the terrible change in Jack.

In the darkness of that soft autumn night, he strove, foremost amongst those who had been spared, to render such help as was possible to the less fortunate. When the official assistance came, and fires were set blazing to give light, almost his first care was to try and seek out his dangerous fellow-traveller. In the confusion, nobody was prepared, of course, to listen to Jack's account of her, even had he been prepared then to give it. She was not, evidently, moving about amongst the crowd; he assured himself of that; but supposing her, like himself, to have escaped injury (and he concluded that this was likely), might she not, with the stealth and cunning incidental to her malady, be hiding, and by thus farther

eluding detection, become, with her homicidal mania, as dangerous to the community at large, as some fierce, wild animal would be? The thought made him shudder; he must lose no time in assuring himself of her fate.

As soon as an approach to order could be evolved out of that awful chaos, he had convinced himself that she was not amongst the injured. Then he turned to the dead. His eye fell upon several mutilated and motionless forms, which had been laid in an ominous row at the foot of one part of the embankment; hers was not amongst them; he could find no trace of her.

At length, as a sickly dawn was beginning to make the search easier, he endeavoured to discover the spot where the carriage he had occupied had fallen, and to retrace his steps (quite to the rear of the train, by the way) to the place where he found himself lying after the catastrophe. By this time he had made known briefly to some officials that a woman was missing, who had been in the carriage with him, and one or two of them followed him in his quest. Presently he realised pretty well where he had been thrown; he all but identified the spot. Then he scrambled through the hedge, and there, on the opposite side, on the sloping bank of a ditch, he beheld, lying quite still, her dark unmistakable form. He ran forward, and bending over her, and looking down upon the marble, upturned face, saw at a glance that there was nothing dangerous about her now; those terrible eyes were closed for ever! Except for a slight wound on one temple, whence a little blood had trickled, and the distorted but now rigidly closed hand, which had been so lately at his throat, she looked as calm and uninjured as if she were merely sleeping, whilst death had restored for a brief period much of that beauty, the traces of which had struck him when her veil was first lifted.

One of the surgeons here came hurrying up, in answer to a summons. 'Good heavens!' he exclaimed; 'here she is, then, at last! Why, she must have been in the train. How on earth did she manage it?'

'Who is she?' inquired Jack earnestly, with a strange return of the old inexplicable sensation. 'Who is she? You appear to know her. Pray, tell me.'

'Oh, one of our inmates: she got away yesterday morning; no one knows how,' was the answer.

'You are from Longmoor, then. How long has she been there? What is her name?'

'Oh, she has been there upwards of twenty years, I believe; long before my time.'

'And her name?'

'Upon my word, at this moment, I can hardly,' went on the doctor, mechanically passing his fingers over one of the pulseless wrists before him, and with a calm hesitation which contrasted strongly with Jack's earnest impetuous manner—'I can hardly remember. I think she was committed for the murder of her own little girl. It was a sad case, I know.—Ah! her name; I have it,' went on the doctor suddenly: 'her name was Pallant—Rachel Pallant.'

Jack sprang from the kneeling posture in which he was, as if he had been shot. Why, that was his own dead mother's name! But pshaw! what of that? Well, it was rather a startling coincidence; that was all! Ay, but was it all? Indeed, no.

The inquest led to a revelation. That inquiry fully explained what had been the nature of the influence which the weird pale face and strange presence had had upon my friend.

The strong but subtle link which no time or absence can quite sunder, existing between mother and son, had made itself felt the instant those two sat face to face, for the unhappy woman was indeed none other than Jack's own mother!

He had never been told; in fact, it had been carefully kept from him: why run the risk of clouding for life that bright and happy temperament? He was only four years old when the dreadful business happened. Hence he had scarcely known a mother's care; she was lost to him, to the world, as completely as if she had died. Nay, death would have been a mercy by comparison, and it was generally assumed that she was dead; only a few very intimate friends knew the truth. The poor lady's mind had given way suddenly after the birth of a child, who did not live. Within a week, the homicidal mania possessed her: by the merest chance she had been prevented from committing some frightful outrage upon her little boy, my poor friend Jack; and restraint not having been put upon her in time (for her malady had hardly been suspected, so unlooked-for was its appearance), she consummated her deadly propensity upon her eldest child, a girl, fifteen years of age: killed her, in a word, as she lay asleep.

And here, after a lapse of twenty years, was the climax and end of the tragedy, as dreadful as anything that had gone before. The order for release, when it came, brought with it as much suffering (to all but one) as had the order for captivity. No wonder that Jack was an altered man: I have never seen a smile on his face since—though I trust that time, with its healing influence, may at least soften the blow.

#### A NEW PAPER-MAKING MATERIAL

It is perhaps not generally known that but for the large importation of esparto, a species of tough grass, from Spain, to be used in paper-making, great difficulty would long since have existed in producing the enormous quantity of paper now required by the ever-increasing demands of the press. Though inferior to rags in the manufacture of the article, esparto is excellent as an auxiliary, and the possibility of procuring it has been a consolation to paper-makers. Alas! there now comes a pinch. The demand for esparto has been the death of it. We have all heard of that infatuated proceeding, familiarly known as 'killing the goose that laid the golden eggs.' The Spaniards who had the supply of esparto have killed their 'goose.' Instead of cutting their esparto with scythes, so as to leave it to grow a fresh crop, they have habitually pulled it up by the roots, and according to last accounts, whole districts of country were desolate. The esparto was gone. So much for reckless mismanagement. A great source of traffic is dried up, or very nearly so.

We need not waste words on the folly committed by Spanish esparto growers and collectors. They are deaf to remonstrance, and past pity or hope of improvement. Leaving them to their

wretched poverty and ruin, the question we have to consider is how we are to find a due supply of materials for the paper-manufacturer? The mountain plateaux of Africa, as we understand, would yield a good supply of esparto, but it is of inferior quality, and much cost and trouble would be incurred in bringing it to any sea-port. Accordingly, it has to be given up, and we must think of something else. In contemplation of the exigency, Mr Thomas Routledge, of Sunderland, has been seriously considering the subject of cheap substitutes for esparto, and has alighted on what he thinks will answer the purpose. The article is bamboo. In a pamphlet entitled *Bamboo, considered as a Paper-making Material* (London and New York: E. and F. N. Spon), he has just made known the result of his investigations and experiments. Fortunately for the paper-trade, he says, and its supply of materials in the future, two *raw fibrous substances* exist, to one of which his pamphlet is chiefly devoted.

From time immemorial, several varieties of fine paper have been made from bamboo in China and Japan, and this induced Mr Routledge to enter upon some experiments to see if it could not be advantageously utilised, although it had previously been tried with results which, commercially speaking, were not a success. Mr Routledge believes that, with his new system of treatment, bamboo will prove to be as superior to esparto in every respect, as esparto was found to be superior to straw, and he has accordingly patented his invention. The following is a brief sketch of the way in which he proposes to deal with bamboo for the manufacture of fibrous *paper-stock*: 'First and foremost, it is essential to operate on the stems of the plant when young, and preferably when fresh cut. Brought to a factory in this condition, the stems are passed through heavy crushing rolls, in order to split and flatten them, and at the same time crush the nodes. The stems are then passed through a second series of rolls, which are channelled, or grooved, in order further to split or partially divide them longitudinally into strips or ribbons; these being cut transversely into convenient lengths by a guillotine-knife or shears, are delivered by a carrier, or automatic feeder, direct to the boiling-pans. Both the boiling and washing processes ordinarily in vogue for producing *half-stuff* or *semi-pulp*, Mr Routledge conducts in a battery, or series of vessels connected together by pipes or channels, furnished with valves or cocks, so that communication between the vessels may be maintained, disconnected, and regulated as desired, in such manner that the vessels being methodically charged in succession, the heated lyes (composed of caustic alkali) can be conducted from vessel to vessel. The lyes are thus used again and again (each successive change or charge of lye carrying forward the extractive matters it has dissolved from the fibre with which it has been in contact) until exhausted or neutralised (when they are discharged), fresh lyes being methodically and

successively supplied, until by degrees the extractive matters combined with the fibre have been rendered sufficiently soluble, when hot water for washing or rinsing is, in the same continuous manner, run from vessel to vessel, until the extractive matters rendered soluble by the previous alkaline baths have been carried forward and discharged, leaving the residuary fibre sufficiently cleansed. A final cooling-water is run on and through the fibre, which is then drained, and the contents of the vessel are placed in a press, in order to abstract as much of the remaining moisture as possible. The dry or semi-dry fibre is then submitted to the action of a 'willow' or 'devil,' by means of which it is opened or 'teased' out, and converted readily into a tow-like condition, when it is dried by a current of heated air, induced by a fan-blast, and finally baled up for storage or transport. In this condition of *paper-stock* it may be kept for an indefinite length of time without injury; and when received by the paper-manufacturer, it has only to be soaked down and bleached, in order to fit it for making paper, either by itself or as a blend with other materials. It may here be mentioned that the *brochure* of which we are speaking is printed on paper made by the author from bamboo.

To turn Mr Routledge's invention to practical account, it will of course be necessary to form plantations of bamboo in those countries where it flourishes and grows untended, with almost inconceivable rapidity; and, further, to erect there the works and machinery requisite for the manufacture of the *paper-stock* just described, because, owing to its bulk, and the consequent cost of carriage, it will never pay to bring bamboo to this country in any other form.

The second material which, in Mr Routledge's opinion, fulfils the main conditions demanded by a paper-manufacturer, is 'megasse,' or 'begasse,' the fibrous residue of the sugar-cane after it has been crushed to extract the juice. This, when 'properly prepared, affords a strong, nervous fibre, or fibrous stock, which bleaches well, and possesses all the characteristics of a first-class paper-making material.' For obvious reasons, megasse would also have to be 'converted into a fibrous stock at or near the sugar-factory where it is produced, then dried, and put up in hydraulic-pressed bales for economical transport.' At present, megasse is only made use of as fuel in the sugar-factories and in some countries as manure. 'As its value, thus considered, is very low,' Mr Routledge thinks that 'factories established in connection with existing sugar-mills for the manufacture of paper-stock, where sufficient quantities of so bulky a material could be concentrated, and where other favourable conditions exist (of which an abundant supply of water is an essential), would yield a large profit to the planter or sugar manufacturer; indeed, he has 'made both paper-stock and paper of good quality from megasse, and determined the profitable nature of such a manufacture beyond dispute.' It may be interesting to mention here that bamboo and megasse yield sixty and forty per cent. of fibre respectively.

As Mr Routledge alludes to it in commenting on the present position of the paper-trade in relation to the supply of raw material, we shall perhaps be pardoned for adding a few words with regard to the attempt which has been made to utilise wood

as a material for paper-manufacture, but which has not turned out well. Wood has been tried in two different forms, the one mechanically, and the other chemically prepared. In the former case, pieces of wood, as cut from the tree, are reduced, by means of a grindstone, to pulp, or to the condition of flour; this pulp or flour, however, contains but a small amount of 'fibre, and that fibre possesses very little *felting* property, an essential for a good sheet of paper; so that it can only be used as, in point of fact, a kind of adulterant in the manufacture of the commonest papers. Of wood chemically prepared, Mr Routledge remarks that it is 'costly in production, as it is only possible to reduce it into pulp by boiling under very high pressure with very strong caustic alkali; several mills established both in England and Scotland to carry out this manufacture, have abandoned it, and such pulp as is now used in the trade is derived exclusively from the countries where the wood is grown. The pulp thus produced, although somewhat hard and harsh, if the wood be carefully selected and properly prepared, will, blended with other material, produce a fair quality of paper.' Wood-pulp, thus chemically prepared, sells (unbleached) at from L.24 to L.25 per ton, but is never likely to be used to any considerable extent.

#### A STORY OF CAPTIVES IN CEYLON.

IN the year 1659, a storm-beaten East Indiaman took shelter in Cotair Bay, Ceylon. The natives shewed such a friendly disposition, that the captain thought he could not do better than stay there to repair damages; and he and his men went ashore as often as duty permitted, feeling secure no harm would befall them. No sooner, however, was the coming of the vessel known at Kandy, than orders were sent down, resulting, not in the capture of the ship, for those on board took the alarm in time, and stood out to sea, but in Captain Knox, his son—a youth of nineteen—and fourteen of the crew, being made prisoners.

The captain, his son, and a negro boy, were allowed to remain together, but the rest were taken to Hottercourly and separated, each prisoner being assigned to a district, out of which he might not go. It was a sort of captivity made easy; as long as they did not stray beyond bounds, the captives could do pretty well as they liked, going from house to house in turn for a meal, and sleeping where they happened to sup. With sufficient to eat always forthcoming, and no work to do, Jack, not unnaturally, took it into his head that he was a privileged individual, dubbed himself 'king's man,' and claimed to be treated as a person of consequence; and when the restrictions upon his intercourse with his shipmates were removed, he proved himself, in more senses than one, a troublesome customer to his good-natured keepers. The latter had not to supply clothing for their charges, and finding themselves getting bare that way, the seamen came to the conclusion that they must pinch their stomachs for the sake of their backs. They desired their allowance of food should be

given them uncooked. This their suppliers readily agreed to; and it was settled that each man should receive a double allowance of rice, a little flesh meat, and a fair quantity of cocoa-nuts, limes, pumpkins, salt, and pepper. By selling what they did not consume, and knitting caps for sale, the Englishmen managed to live pretty comfortably. Then they insisted that if they wished to buy anything, the seller must let them fix the price; and when a potter, who could not understand the new method of doing business, assaulted a would-be purchaser, the latter actually lodged a complaint against him, and the poor potter was ordered to let the complainant have any pots he chose without any payment at all, and the sailor was authorised to give him a thrashing besides, which he did not forget to do. Soon afterwards, a wine-seller was foolish enough to decline serving a party of the Englishmen, who immediately began to help themselves. His outcry brought some neighbours to his assistance, but all they got for their pains was a good drubbing, and the satisfaction of being told, when they sought redress, that they had been very properly punished by the strangers for denying them drink for their money.

The captain, not so easily reconciled to his fate, took his misfortunes so much to heart that he died in a few months, leaving Robert Knox, his son, destitute of any companionship save that of his black boy; his only occupation angling in the brooks, his only solace the reading and re-reading of his limited library, consisting of *The Practice of Piety*, Roger's *Practice of Christianity*, and an English Bible, bought of an old Portuguese, a purchase over which he shed tears of joy. After living thus for more than twelve months, he obtained permission to roam where he listed, and was not long in discovering the whereabouts of his countrymen, most of whom had by this time set up housekeeping, taken wives unto themselves, and adopted the costume of the country. Following their example, Knox took to cap-making, and asked to have his provisions delivered to him undressed, but was told it was not fitting that a captain's son, who would one day be promoted to a place of honour, should cook his own victuals. This objection he overcame; and his house being anything but convenient, they also consented to build him another in a cocoa-nut tree plantation, but left him and his boy to finish the work, which they did; contriving at the same time to commit an offence that would have cost a native his head, by lime-washing the house, a method of decoration sacred to the palaces and temples of the land. Knox found his condition greatly improved by the change of quarters; he was able to rear pigs and poultry; his caps brought him in something; and as he was allowed all the cocoa-nuts that fell from the trees surrounding his abode, he had plenty of oil for his lamp and his cooking, without trenching on his slender stock of cash.

In 1664 the governor of Fort St George tried to obtain the release of the prisoners, his intervention only resulting in their being sent off singly to different towns, and forbidden to shew themselves near the coast. Knox, who took Fortune's buffetings with exemplary patience, at once set about making a new home for himself, and was soon comfortably established again; so comfortably,

that his Cingalese friends urged him to marry, that he might have somebody to keep his house in order, as he had parted with his boy; and thought to remove any objection he might have, by assuring him, if it so happened that he was ever permitted to leave the country, he could without offence leave wife and family behind. Although he had no intention of taking the advice, Knox promised to do so when he saw a maiden to his mind. A couple of years passed away without his finding one, and then the Dutch set up a fort not far from his domicile, and he and three other Englishmen were, without any warning, removed to Kandy Uva; Knox having to sacrifice the fruits of his careful industry, and depart as poor as he came. Nor was this the worst. He and his companions in misfortune were, in modern phrase, interned in a miserable mountain hamlet, a place to which criminals were banished, called Laggendenny. It is true the inhabitants were notified that the new-comers were men held in such high esteem at court, that if necessary they must turn out of their houses to accommodate them, and part with their goods and cattle, their wives and children, rather than allow their involuntary guests to want for anything; but the latter did not find much comfort in the compliments paid them, particularly as they were not long in learning that they were quartered in Laggendenny to punish the people dwelling there for having taken part in an unsuccessful rebellion.

After a monotonous existence in this dreary place for eight long years, Knox was allowed to migrate to the town of Elledat, ten miles south of Kandy; and on payment of five dollars he became the proprietor of a small estate, and forty-eight cocoa-nut trees. Here he and three other Englishmen set up a joint-stock establishment, each undertaking to retire from the concern upon taking a wife, and it was not long before Knox found himself with but one partner. They reared goats, poultry, and pigs; and lent out corn and rice in the husk, conditionally upon receiving at the following harvest the quantity lent, and half as much more by way of interest, and made such a good thing of it, that they were able to improve their surroundings until they could boast as good a house as any grandee in the neighbourhood. Seeing he was able to keep himself without their assistance, the Laggendenny folks declined to send in their usual supplies, and upon complaining to the official whose duty it was to see about such matters, Knox was directed in future to draw his allowance monthly, at Kandy. This led to his being ordered to appear at court; but dancing attendance there was not at all to his liking, so, after obeying the mandate once, he pleaded bodily infirmities, and was suffered to go on in his own way; but had thenceforth to depend on his own resources.

Things having come to this pass, Knox determined to get away from Ceylon, if it were possible; and upon sounding his partner, found him to be of the same mind. But it was easier to make the resolution than to carry it out; neither of them was acquainted with the country; to get any native to guide them to the sea-coast was out of the question; and they dared not make any geographical inquiries, for fear of losing the liberty they enjoyed. The most feasible plan they could hit upon was to pretend they were going on a trading expedition. Accordingly, they gathered together a stock of likely articles, and travelling



where the way led them, in three days reached the boundaries of the kingdom; but by that time they had sold all their wares, and being, therefore, without any excuse for rambling, thought it best to make their way home again. Journey after journey did they make, but with the self-same result, except that, upon one occasion, both of them fell ill from drinking unwholesome water, and they were asked by their native friends if they went to such unfrequented parts of the country on purpose that they might die. At last it seemed as if the long-hoped-for opportunity had come. Knox accidentally came across his black boy, grown into the father of a family; and he, for a consideration, agreed to conduct his old master and his friend to a Dutch settlement as soon as the harvest was over. Then, Knox, unfortunately, was not able to leave his bed, and by the time he was on his legs again, the negro had left for another part of the island, and that chance was gone.

In no way disheartened by eight years of disappointments, on the 22d of September 1679, Knox, his partner, and another Englishman, troubled with home-sickness, set out once more. After passing unscathed through 'a wilderness filled with wild elephants, tigers, and bears,' they found themselves nearing Anarodgburro; but hearing the tax collectors were busy there just then, they made a detour westward to Colliroilla. Their way lying right through the court-yard of the governor's residence, Knox, putting a bold face on the matter, desired to see the governor, and informed him he and his companions had come there in hopes of bartering their wares for dried fish, at the same time entreating his acceptance of a red Tunis cap, a parcel of knives, and some tobacco. The gifts were graciously received, and the givers assured they should have every facility afforded them to make their visit a profitable one. Here they staid sufficiently long to keep up appearances before making for Anarodgburro, beyond which place Kandian rule did not extend. At Anarodgburro they staid three days, picking up a little useful information, while they got rid of the remainder of their stock in trade. Then they gave out that they must return to Colliroilla for more goods, and were consequently obliged to burden themselves with enough provisions to last out a ten days' journey, so that with utensils for cooking, tallipat leaves for tents, calabashes for water, tinder-boxes, sweetmeats, betel, and tobacco, the fugitives were somewhat heavily laden. Clothing they had none to speak of, and their only weapons were a small axe, attached to a long staff, and a knife, which they thought would suffice to defend them against the bears and tigers; as for the elephants, they could outrun them.

The adventurous three kept to the regular road until the sun went down, when they turned into the forest, taking care, upon coming to sandy or muddy ground, to walk backwards, that their foot-prints might mislead those who chanced to notice them. At dark, they bivouacked under their tallipats until the moon rose, when, disencumbered of all superfluous baggage, they moved on, until brought up by an obstinate elephant, that insisted on barring their way, and compelled them to halt till dawn came, and the enemy retired. Even then they were not able to make much progress, for, following the windings of the river, they were brought to a village, and fearing discovery, retraced

their steps, and passed the rest of the day in a hollow tree. Darkness found them afoot once more, creeping cautiously along the river-side, working their way painfully through the forest and jungle. The journey, however, proved a less perilous undertaking than they had anticipated. After the first night's fright, elephants troubled them not, the smaller beasts fled at their approach, and they took care not to give the alligators a chance of improving the occasion. Barring the tearing of their unprotected bodies by the thorns, they suffered little. Once, indeed, they narrowly escaped falling into the untender clutches of the savages haunting the forest. 'All along,' says Knox, 'as we went by the side of the river, had been the tents of the wild men, made only of boughs of trees; but, God be praised! they were all gone, though but very lately before we came, as we perceived by the bones of cattle and shells of fruits which lay scattered about. Once, about noon, sitting down upon a rock by the river-side to take a pipe of tobacco and rest ourselves, we had almost been discovered by the women of these wild people coming down to wash themselves in the river, who, being many of them, came talking and laughing together. At the first hearing of the noise, being at a good distance, we marvelled what it was: sitting still and listening, it came nearer, a little above where we sat; and at last we could plainly distinguish it to be the voices of women and children. Whereupon we thought it best to sit no longer, since we could escape undiscovered, and so took up our bags, and fled as fast as we could.'

In five days' time, the little party reached the river Coranda, which they forded, and immediately afterwards came upon two men boiling rice under a tree. A palaver with the fingers followed, ending in the Englishmen sitting down to dinner, and, dinner over, filling their hosts' pipes in payment. Knox contrived to make them understand that he wanted to go to Mynheer's territory; and one of them consented to act as guide upon receiving all the money of which the travellers were possessed—some five shillings or so. He shewed them the way for a mile, and then was about to make off, but, tempted with a knife and a red cap, he agreed to take them another mile, and bade them good-bye with the comforting assurance that they were safe from all danger of capture. Next day they met a man who understood Cingalese, and were rejoiced to learn that a walk of six miles would bring them to the Dutch fort of Arrepa; and there they arrived at four o'clock in the afternoon, on the 18th of October 1679; and in something less than a year, were once again in England; their captivity, according to Knox's calculation, having lasted nineteen years, six months, and some odd days.

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*On Saturday, January 1, 1876, will be commenced in this JOURNAL, a NOVEL, entitled*

### FALLEN FORTUNES.

By JAMES PAYN,

*Author of Lost Sir Massingberd, Walter's Word, &c.*

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Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, 47 Paternoster Row, LONDON, and 339 High Street, EDINBURGH. Also sold by all Booksellers.



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No. 626.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 25, 1875.

PRICE 1½d.

## CHRISTMAS!

How brightly the sun shines up in the blue wintry sky, and how dazzlingly white the earth looks in her pure robe of snow! The church bells ring out merrily on the crisp air, and the holiday folk look bright and happy in their Sunday clothes and cheery smiles. For it is Christmas-day! And to many what does that word not mean? Enjoyment, comfort, and a good hot dinner for, at any rate, once in the long year. Christmas, to all children's ears, whether rich or poor, has a delightful, charmed sound. For weeks before the eventful day arrives, they think of it and talk of it, joyously anticipating all the wonders it will bring forth. For those that are rich, it acts the part of some kind fairy, who loves little children, and comes to them with lips warm with kisses, and what is better, arms full of beautiful gifts. Before they are awake, she comes softly into the room, and with her magic wand touches the chair or table by their bedsides, and lo! it blooms into a rich luxuriance of toys! Beautiful dolls, in wonderful flaxen tresses and superb toilets; elegant china tea-services, and chairs and tables for their use, and dainty *bonbon* boxes to prevent their starving before their new mistresses awake; giant Noah's arks, tops, puzzles, books, bags—all these and other wonders come to life by the enchanter's wand on Christmas morning. Perhaps, if the little folks woke earlier, they might be struck with the fairy's likeness to a familiar figure they have known and loved all their little lives; but they are young, and the young sleep so soundly.

To the poor man's child, Christmas is almost as wonderful. The poor child who rarely tastes meat, looks forward with perhaps greater pleasure to the hot beef and potatoes, than does the rich one to the turkey, plum-pudding, and mince-pies! Yes, Christmas is a never-ending delight to children; but as we grow older, we grow wiser and sadder, and somehow jovial Father Christmas seems to grow sadder too. For then the Past rises out of the darkness of oblivion, and lives once more, brightening us with its remembered joys, or

shadowing us with its sorrows. The very air we breathe seems full of memories; our minds, our homes, are filled with them. Sometimes they are bright and happy, and then we are bright and happy too; but often they are sad, and our eyes grow dim with quiet tears, and our hearts throb with forgotten pain. But for the children these things are not; they live in the present, joyous and unthinking. See how delighted they are! How they laugh and rejoice over their new toys, that the bright fairy brought them when they were asleep, and how they fling their little arms round their mother's neck, and kiss her with their rosy lips. She clasps them to her, and wishes them a merry Christmas, with a bright smile on her face; and they do not know that behind that smile she is thinking of another little figure with bright eyes, and warm arms and lips, who on former Christmas mornings used to kiss and thank her as they are doing now. They cannot tell that while they are eating their breakfast, chatting and disputing merrily, she had (in spirit) gone out through the cold into the little churchyard where her darling's grave lies pure and white under the soft winter snow, and glistens like diamonds in the sunshine. Then comes church; which, somehow, the children do not welcome quite so heartily as the other items of the day; but frequent mental peeps at the glorious dinner that is coming suffice to sustain them through the sermon (with its sweet old familiar story, which tells of the opening scenes of that most loving and beautiful of all lives), and when they come out into the sharp cold air, their spirits rise, and they run and skip merrily homewards through the pretty snow-clad meadows and lanes, where every block glistens with nature's gems, and every twig, and stalk, and leaf is a miracle of crystallised beauty. The crimson breast of robin shews like a splash of blood on the dazzling white hedge—he is going home to his dinner too, for he knows of a certain crumb-strewed window—and jerks his tail, and looks at the children with his bright black eyes, as they patter along, awaking the echoes of the air with their sweet treble voices, and snow-balling one

another till their cheeks and hands are as red as the robin.

The walk home is not so pretty for the town children—but they have the merry-making at the end of it just the same; for after that walk the real business of the day begins. Rat-tat-tat! Ring-ring-ting! go the knocker and the bell in a discordant duet; and soon the house is overflowing with uncles, aunts, and cousins. Every one is familiar with the dinner—in that there is usually not much variety—a fact which only serves to make it a better medium for memory. We take our places, and the warm room echoes with the hum of voices; we glance round at the many faces bent over the well-filled plates. The children's bright heads and flushed cheeks look so softly warm in the mellow lamplight, and the gray hair of their elders shines like silver. Those two round-faced, innocent-looking boys opposite, who have apparently laid a wager as to who shall eat the most in the shortest possible time, will certainly choke, even if they escape ruining their digestions. Feeling slightly nervous on their account, we turn away, and again look round at the sea of heads; and with a sudden pang we remember that one bright young face—that but a little while ago sat and laughed with the others—is missing now; for the angel of death came and stole the light from the loving eyes, and the colour from the rosy cheeks; and so missing her, our eyes grow dim with tears as they travel on to where another face is not—this time it is a sweet old face, with kind eyes and silver hair, that we have known and loved from childhood.

The charming thing about an English Christmas is, that it is the national festival for the renewal of early friendships. Relations rally round the head of the family. Petty differences are forgiven and forgotten. Good Christian feeling is demonstrated in a way perfectly unobjectionable. Those who, from necessity, are absent from the family circle are not forgotten. Some are married and gone; some, a son or brother perhaps, are away fighting life's battle far from home. Oh! how our hearts go out to them as we sit there. If our blessings have effect, how happy must they be! Could they but return to us for this one day, how happy we should be! Most likely that joy is in store for us, hidden away somewhere in the future. And we may be sure that they too are thinking kindly of us, and wishing they could be with us to help us to demolish the good cheer.

On Christmas-day the world's heart throbs in sympathetic unison from end to end; it enlarges and expands, and its sympathies are greater and reach farther than at other times. Even though it renews our sorrows and uncovers our sacred dead, yet it softens us, and deepens our feelings for others, and makes us more willing to be charitable to the poor. We like to know that they have their hot meat and even pudding for dinner, and we cannot bear to think of starving and homeless thousands, whom we know exist, and whom we are powerless to help. Then our thoughts take more frequent and longer flights than on other days—they traverse continents and oceans, carrying with them to our dear absent ones our love and our blessings—and they strive to pierce the thin, dark, mysterious veil which shuts us out from those other dear ones whom we have loved and lost. Human nature is vibrating with the

electricity of sympathy and love—and how can we tell that the vibration ceases here? Astronomers tell us that when a disturbance occurs among the electrical forces on the sun's surface, a corresponding disturbance takes place among those forces on the earth—causing auroras and magnetic storms.

May not the inhabitants of the spirit-world also feel, by sympathy, the vibration that is thrilling us here? Perhaps that day awakes memories in them, as it does in us! We look at the vacant places at the table through our tears, and feel sorrow in our hearts, and all the while the bright happy spirits of the dead we so loved may be there still—looking at us with sweet eyes, and radiant smiles that never fade—watching us—loving us—waiting for us—who knows? Only 'whilst this muddy vesture of decay doth grossly close us in, we cannot hear'—we cannot see them.

But all this time that we are growing so sad and puzzled with our thoughts, what a noise the children are making! how they laugh, how rosy their cheeks are, and how brightly their eyes shine in the yellow lamplight! Each cracker and each motto is greeted with fresh merriment—and as we look at them we envy them, and are inclined to wonder how they can be so happy and light-hearted. Ah, well! let them enjoy their young lives as long and as heartily as they can. They will not always be children—man is born to sorrow as the sparks fly upwards—and trouble may come soon enough. We were like them once, and revelled in our toys and our puddings and the mere wonderful fact of our existence, as keenly as they are doing—with never a thought of sorrow or weeping behind. And so at last, to the sound of laughter, and music, and dancing, the evening wears away. The pale moon shines up in the frosty star-spangled sky, making the earth seem a vast sea of white, as if she were some giant bird, and had lain down to rest. Once more the peaceful night closes us in, seeming to breathe over all nature as she comes with noiseless tread, threading her way through the golden stars. 'Peace on earth, goodwill to men!' and sleep comes gently to us, and blots out all our tired thoughts, and closes the children's laughing eyes, and hushes their merry voices, whilst the Night enfolds the tired earth more closely in her arms, and clasps it lovingly to her breast.

## THE FLAG OF DISTRESS.

### CHAPTER LIII.—THE TABLES NEARLY TURNED.

At the cliff's base, the action simultaneous, is yet more exciting. Having left their boat behind, with a man to take care of it, the rescuers advance towards the inner end of the cove. At first with caution, till, passing the rock-portal, they see the platform and those on it. Then the young officers rush forward, with no fear of having to fight. Instead of armed enemies to meet them, they behold the dear ones from whom they have been so long separated. Beside them, half-a-dozen figures, more like spectres than men—with cowed, craven faces, seeming so feeble as to have a difficulty in keeping their feet! With swords sheathed, and pistols returned to their holsters, they hasten on, the girls rushing out to receive them. Soon they are together, two and two, breasts touching, and arms enfolded in mutual embrace. For a while no

words—the hearts of all four too full for speech. Only ejaculations and kisses, with tears, not of sorrow. Soon follow speeches, necessarily brief and half-incoherent; Crozier telling Carmen that her father is still alive, and aboard the barque. He lives! he is safe! that is enough! Then, in answer to his questions, a word or two on her side; but without waiting to hear all, he turns abruptly upon Harry Blew, who is seen some paces off. Neither by word nor gesture has the sailor saluted him. He stands passive, a silent spectator; as Crozier supposes, the greatest criminal on earth.

In quick retrospect of what has occurred, and what he has heard from Don Gregorio, how could it be otherwise? But he will not condemn without hearing; and, stepping up to the ex-man-of-war's-man, he demands explanation of his conduct, sternly saying: 'Now, sir, I claim an account from you. Tell your story straight, and don't conceal aught, or prevaricate. If your treason be as black as I believe it, you deserve no mercy from me. And your only chance to obtain it, will be by telling the truth.'

While speaking, he draws his sword, and stands confronting the sailor, as if a word were to be the signal for thrusting him through.

Blew is himself armed, with both pistol and knife. But, instead of drawing or making any show of defence, he remains cowed-like, his head drooping down to his breast. He gives no response. His lips move not; neither his arms nor limbs. Alone, his broad chest heaves and falls, as if stirred by some terrible emotion. His silence seems a confession of guilt.

Taking, or mistaking, it for this, Crozier cries out: 'Traitor! Confess, before I run this blade through your miserable body!'

The threat elicits an answer. 'You may kill me, if you wish, Master Edward. By rights, my life belongs to ye. But, if you take it, I'll have the satisfaction o' knowin' I've done the best I could to prove my gratefulness for your once savin' it.'

Long before he has finished his strange speech, the impending stroke is stayed, and the raised blade dropped point downward. For, on the hand which grasps it, a gentler one is laid, a soft voice saying: 'Hold, Eduardo! What would you do? You know not. This brave man, to him I owe my life—I and Inez.'

'Yes,' adds Inez, advancing; 'more than life. 'Tis he who protected us.'

Crozier stands trembling, the sword almost shaken from his grasp. While sheathing it, he is told how near he has been to doing that which would ever after have made him miserable. He feels like one withheld from a crime—almost parricide. For, to have killed Harry Blew, would have been like killing his own father.

The exciting episode is almost instantly succeeded by another, still more stirring and longer sustained. While Carmen is proceeding to explain her interference on behalf of Blew, she is interrupted by cries, coming up from the beach. Not meaningless shouts, but words of ominous import: 'Ahoy, there! help! help!' Coupled with them, Crozier hears his own name, then the 'Help, help!' reiterated; recognising the voice of the man left in charge of the boat. Without hesitating an instant, he springs off toward the strand, Cadwallader and the gold-diggers following; two staying to keep

guard over those of the robbers who have surrendered. On clearing the rocky portal, they see what is causing the boat-keeper to sing out in such terrified accents—a sight which sends the scare through their own hearts, with cries of alarm from their lips. He in the boat is on his feet, with a boat-hook in his hands, which he brandishes in a threatening manner, shouting all the while. Four men are making towards him fast as their legs can carry them. They are coming along the strand from the right side of the cove. At a glance the young officers see who they are; at least two of them—De Lara and Calderon—sooner from their not meeting them unexpectedly. For aware that these are on the isle, they were about to go in quest of them, when summoned by the cries. No need to search for them now. There they are, with their confederates, rushing direct for the boat—already within pistol-shot of it! There can be no doubt as to their intent, and the certainty of it sends a cold shivering fear through the hearts of those who see them, all suddenly recognising a danger seeming as death itself. They remember having left only two or three men on the barque. Should the pirates succeed in boarding her, they may carry her off to sea, leaving the rescuers on the isle, and then—

An appalling prospect, they have no time to dwell on, nor need; for it comes before them like a flash in all its horrid details. Without waiting even to exchange word with one another, they rush on to arrest the threatened catastrophe, bounding over the rocks, crashing through shells and pebbles. But they are behind time, and the others will reach the boat before them! Crozier seeing this, shouts to the man: 'Shove off! Into deep water!'

The sailor, understanding what is meant, brings the boat-hook point downward, and with a desperate effort pushes the keel clear, sending the boat adrift. But before he can repeat the push, pistols are fired, and, simultaneous with their reports, he is seen to sink down, and lie doubled over the thwarts. A yell of vengeance peals from the pursuing party; and maddened, they rush on. They will be too late. Already the pirates have reached the boat, now undefended; and all four together, swarming over the gunwale, drop down upon the thwarts, each laying hold of an oar, and shipping it. In agony, Crozier cries out: 'Oh, they cannot surely get away—those guilty wretches?' But it would seem so. They have dropped their oar-blades in the water, and commenced pulling, while they are beyond pistol-range. Ha! something stays them! An avenging Power stays them. Their arms rise and fall, but the boat moves not! Her keel is on a coral bottom; her bilge caught upon its rough projections. Their own weight pressing down, holds her fast, and their oar-strokes are idly spent!

They had not thought of being thus stayed; which proves the turning-point of their fate. No use their leaping out now, to lighten the boat; no time for that, nor any chance to escape. But two alternatives stare them in the face—resistance, which means death, and surrender, that seems the same. De Lara would resist and die; so also Rocas. But the other two are against it, instinctively holding on to whatever hope of life may be left them.

The craven Calderon cuts short the uncertainty by rising erect, stretching forth his arms, and

crying out in a piteous appeal for mercy. In an instant after they are surrounded, the boat grasped by the gunwale, and dragged back to the shore. Crozier with difficulty restrains the angry gold-diggers from shooting them down on the thwarts. Well for them the boat-keeper was not killed, but only wounded, and in no danger of losing his life. Were it otherwise, theirs would be taken on the spot. Assured of his safety, his rescuers pull the four wretches out of the boat; then disarming, drag them up to the platform, and bestow them in the larger cave; for a time to be their prison, though not for long. There is a judge present, accustomed to sit upon short trials, and pass quick sentences, soon followed by execution. It is the celebrated Justice Lynch.

Represented by a stalwart digger—all the others acting as jury—the trial is speedily brought to a termination. For the four of Spanish nationality the verdict is guilty—the sentence, death on the scaffold. The others, less criminal, to be carried on to Panama, and there delivered over to the Chilean consul; the crime being mutiny, with robbery, and abandonment of a Chilean vessel. An exception is made in the case of Striker and Davis. The 'Sydney Ducks' receive conditional pardon, on promise of better behaviour throughout all future time. This they obtain by the intercession of Harry Blew, in accordance with the hint he gave them while they stood beside the spread tarpauling.

Of the four sentenced to be hanged, one meets his fate in a different manner. The gold-dust has been recovered, packed, and put into the boat. The ladies are cloaked, and impatient to be taken back to the barque, yearning to embrace him they so long believed dead. The young officers stand beside them; all awaiting the last scene of the tragedy—the execution of the condemned criminals. The stage has been set for it; this the level plot of ground in front of the cavern's mouth. A rope hangs down with a running noose at one end; the other, in default of gallows arm and branch of tree, rigged over the point of a projecting rock. All this arranged, De Lara is led out first, a digger on each side of him. He is not tied, nor confined in any way. They have no fear of his making escape. Nor has he any thought of attempting it; though he thinks of something else, as desperate and more deadly. He will not die like a scared dog, but as a fierce tiger, to the last thirsting for blood, to the end trying to destroy—to kill! The oath sworn to Calderon on the cliff, he is still determined on keeping. As they conduct him out of the cave, his eyes, glaring with lurid light, go searching everywhere, till they rest upon a group some twenty paces distant. It is composed of four persons: Crozier and Carmen Montijo, Cadwallader and Inez Alvarez, standing two and two. At the last pair De Lara looks not, the first enchainning his attention. Only one short glance he gives them; another to a pistol which hangs holstered on the hip of a gold-digger guarding him. A spring, and he has possession of it; a bound, and he is off from between the two men, rushing on the group standing apart.

Fortunately for Edward Crozier—for Carmen Montijo as well—there are cries of alarm, shouts of warning, that reach him in time. He turns on hearing them, sees the approaching danger, and takes measures to avert it. Simple enough these

—but the drawing of his revolver, and firing at the man who advances.

Two shots are heard, one on each side, almost simultaneous; but enough apart to decide which of the two who fired must fall. Crozier's pistol has cracked first; and as the smoke of both swirls up, the gambler is seen stretch upon the sward, blood spurting from his breast, and spreading over his shirt bosom!

Harry Blew, rushing forward, and bending over him, cries out: 'Dead! Shot through the heart—brave heart too! What a pity 'twas so black!'

'Come away, *mia!*' says Crozier to Carmen. 'Your father will be suffering from anxiety. You've had enough of the horrible. Let us hope this will be the end of it.'

Taking his betrothed by the hand, he leads her down to the boat—Cadwallader with Inez accompanying them.

All seat themselves in the stern-sheets, and wait for the diggers; who soon after appear, conducting their prisoners—the pirate crew of the *Condor*—short four left behind, a banquet for the vultures and sea-birds.

#### CHAPTER LIV.—A SAILOR'S TRUE YARN.

It is the second day after the tragic scene upon the isle, and the Chilean barque has sailed away from the Veraguan coast, out of that indentation known upon modern maps as 'Montijo Bay.' She has long since rounded Cabo Mala, and is standing in for the port of Panama. With a full crew—most of them old and able seamen—no fear but she will reach it now. Crozier in command, has restored Harry Blew to his situation of first-officer; which, so far from having forfeited, he is deemed to doubly deserve. But still weak from his long privation, the ex-man-o'-war's man is excused from duty, Cadwallader doing it for him. Harry is strong enough, however, to tell the young officers what they are all ears to hear—the story of that *Flag of Distress*. Their time hitherto taken up attending upon their fiancées, they have deferred calling for the full account, which only the English sailor can give them. Now having passed Cabo Mala, as if with the 'wicked cape' all evil were left behind, they are in the mood to listen to the strange narration in all its details; and summon the chief-officer to their side.

'Your honours!' he begins, 'it's a twisted-up yarn, from the start to the hour ye hove in sight; an' if ye hadn't shewed yerselves just in the nick o' time, an' ta'en the twist out o' it, hard to say how 'twould a ended. No doubt, in all o' us dyin' on that desert island, an' layin' our bones there. Thank the Lord, for our delivery—without any disparagement to what's been done by both o' you, young gentlemen. For that He must ha' sent you; an' has had a guidin' hand throughout the whole thing, I can't help thinkin', when I look back on the scores o' chances that seemed goin' against the right, an' still sheered round to it after all.'

'True,' assents Crozier, honouring the devout faith of the sailor. 'You're quite right in ascribing it to Divine interference. Certainly, God's hand seems to have been extended in our favour. But go on!'

'Well, to commence at the beginnin', which is when you left me in San Francisco. As I told Master Willie that day he come ashore in the

dingy, I war engaged to go chief-mate in the Chili barque. She war then a ship; afterward converted into a barque as ye see, through our shortness o' hands. When I went aboard her, an' for several days after, I war the only thing in the shape o' sailor she'd got. Then her captain—that poor crazed creetur below—put advertisements in the papers, offering big pay; the which, as I then supposed, brought eleven chaps, callin' themselves sailors, an' shippin' as such. One o' 'em, for want o' a better, war made second-mate—his name bein' entered on the books as Padilla. He war the last o' the three swung up, an' if ever man deserved hangin', he did, bein' the cruellest scoundrel o' the lot. After we'd waited another day or two, an' no more makin' appearance, the skipper made up his mind to sail. Then the old gentleman, along wi' the two saynoreetas, came aboard; when we cleared an' stood out to sea. Afore leavin' port, I had a suspishun about the sort o' crew we'd shipped. Soon's we war fairly afloat, it got to be somethin' worse than suspishun; I war sartin then we'd an ugly lot to deal with. Still, I only believed them to be bad men—an', if that war possible, worse seamen. I expected trouble wi' them in sailin' the vessel; an' a likelihood o' them bein' disobedient. But on the second night after leavin' land, I found out somethin' o' a still darker stripe—that they war neither more nor less than a gang o' piratical conspirators, an' had a plan already laid out. A lucky chance led to me discoverin' their infarnal design. The two we've agreed to let go, Striker an' Bill Davis—both old birds from the convict gangs o' Australia—war talkin' it over atween themselves, an' I chanced to overhear them. What they sayed made everythin' clear—as it did my hair to stand on end. 'Twar a scheme to plunder the ship o' the gold-dust Don Gregorio hed got in her; an' carry off your young ladies. Same time they war to scuttle the vessel, an' sink her; first knockin' the old gentleman on the head, or drownin' of him as well as the skipper. Your humble sarvint an' the darkey war to be disposed o' same sweet fashion. On listenin' to the dyabolikal plot, I war clear dumfounded, an' for a while didn't know what to do. 'Twar a case o' life an' death to some o' us; an' for the saynoreetas, somethin' worse. At first, I thort o' tellin' Captain Lantanas, an' also Don Gregorio. But then I seed if I shud, that't would only make death surer to all as were doomed. I knowed the skipper to be a man o' innocent, unsuspishus nature, an' mightn't gie belief to such 'trocious rascality, as bein' a thing possible. More like he'd let out right away, an' bring on the bloody bizness sooner than they intended it. From what Striker an' Davis said, I made out, that it war to be kept back till we should sight land near Panama. After a big spell o' thinkin', I seed a sort o' way out of it—the only one appearin' possible. 'Twar this: to purtend joinin' in wi' the conspirators, an' put myself at thar head. I'd larnt from the talk o' the two Sydney Ducks, there war a split 'mong them, 'bout the dividin' o' the gold-dust. I seed this would gie me a chance to go in along wi' them. Takin' advantage o' it, I broached the bizness to Striker that same night, an' got into thar councils; afterwards obtainin' the influence I wanted. Mind ye, gentlemen, it took a smart show o' trickery an'

maneuvin'. Among other things, I had to appear cool to the cabin people throughout all the voyage—specially them two sweet creeturs. Many's the time my heart ached a-thinkin' o' yourself, sir, as also o' Master Willie—an' then o' your sweet-hearts, an' what might happen, if I shed fail in my plan for protectin' 'em. When they wanted to be free an' friendly, an' once began talkin' to me, I hed to answer 'em gruff an' growlin' like, knowin' that eyes war on me all the while, an' ears a-listenin'. As to tellin' them what was before, or givin' them the slimmiest hint o' it, that would a spoilt my plans. They'd a gone straight to the old gentleman, an' then it would a been all up wi' us. 'Twar clear to me they all couldn't then be saved, an' that Don Gregorio himself would hev to be sacrificed, as well as the skipper an' cook. I thought that dreadful hard; but thar war no help for't, as I'd have enough on my hands in takin' care o' the women, without thinkin' o' the men. As the Lord has allowed, an' thank Him for it, all have been saved!

The speaker pauses in the fervour of his gratitude, which his listeners respecting, in silence wait for him to continue. He does so, saying: 'At last, on sightin' land, as agreed on, the day had come for the doin' o' their dark deed. It war after night when they set about it, myself actin' as a sort o' recognised leader. I'd played my part so's to get control o' the rest. We first lowered a boat, puttin' our things into her. Then we separated, some to get out the gold-dust, others to seize the saynoreetas. I let Gomez look after them, for fear of bringin' on trouble too soon. Me an' Davis—who chanced to be a sort o' ship's carpenter—were to do the scuttlin'; an', for that purpose, went down into the hold. There, I proposed to him to give the doomed ones a chance for their lives, by lettin' the *Condor* float a bit longer. Though he be a convict, he warn't nigh so bad as the rest. He consented to my proposal, an' we returned on deck 'ithout tappin' the barque's bottom timbers. Soon's I had my head over the hatch combin', I seed them all below in the boat, the girls along wi' them. I didn't know what they'd done to the Don an' skipper. I had my fears about 'em, thinkin' they might ha' been murdered, as Padilla had proposed. But I daren't go down to the cabin then, lest they might shove off, an' leave us in the lurch; as some war threatenin' to do, more than one wantin' it, I know. If they'd done that—well, it's no use sayin' what might ha' been the upshot. I seed 'twould a knocked all my plans on the head; an' tharfor, hurried down into the boat. Then, we rowed right away; leavin' the barque just as she'd been the whole o' that day. As we pulled shoreward, we could see her standin' off, all sails set—same as tho' the crew war aboard o' her workin' 'em.'

'But her ensign reversed?' asks Cadwallader. 'She was carrying it so, when we came across her. How came that, Harry?'

'Ah! the bit o' buntin' upside down! I did that overnight myself in the dark; thinkin' it might get them a better chance o' bein' picked up.'

'And you did the very thing!' exclaims Crozier. 'I see the hand of Providence in that, surely! But for the distress signal, the *Crusader* would have kept on without giving chase; and—'

But, proceed! Tell us what happened afterwards.'

'Well; we landed in the island, not knowin' it to be a island. An' theer's another o' the chances, shewin' we've been took care o' by the little cherub as sits up aloft. If 't had been the mainland—well, I needn't tell ye, things would now be different. Arter landin', we stayed all night on the shore; the men sleeping in the biggest o' the caves, while the ladies occupied a smaller one. I took care 'bout that separation myself, detarmined they shouldn't come to no harm, that night. There war a thing happened which I daresay they've told you; an' 'twar from them I afterwards larned that Gomez an' Hernandez war no other than the two chaps you'd trouble wi' at San Francisco. They went into the cave, an' said some insultin' things to the saynoreetas; but I warn't far off, an' would a made short work wi' them, hed it goed further than talk. Up at a early hour next mornin', we found the boat hed drifted off seaward, an' got bilged on the breakers. But supposin' we shouldn't want her any more, nobody thought anythin' about it. Then comed the dividin' o' the gold-dust, an' after it the great questyun—leastwise, so far as I war consarned—as to who should take away the girls. I'd been waitin' for this, an' now for the settlin' o't I war ready to do or die. Gomez an' Hernandez war the two who laid claim to 'em—as I knowed, an' expected they would. Pretendin' a likin' for Miss Carmen myself, an' puttin' Davis up to what I wanted, we too made our claim. It ended in Gomez an' me goin' in for a fight; which must a tarminated in the death o' one or other o' us. I hed no dread o' dyin'; only from the fear o' its leavin' the poor creeturs unprotected. But thar war no help for 't, an' I agreed to the duel; which war to be fought first wi' pistols, an' finished up, if need be, wi' the steel. Everythin' settled, we war 'bout settin' to, when one o' the fellows—who'd gone up the cliff to take a look ahead—just then sung out, that we'd landed on a island. Recallin' the lost boat, we knew that meant a dreadful danger. In coorse it stopped the fight, an' we all rushed up to the cliff. When we saw how things stood, there war no more talk o' quarrellin'. The piratical scoundrels war scared nigh out o' thar senses; an' would a been glad to get back aboard the craft they'd come out o', the which all, 'ceptin' Davis an' myself, supposed to be at the bottom o' the sea. After that, 'twar all safe, as far as consarned the saynoreetas. To them as would ha' took 'em, they war but a second thought, in the face o' starvation; which soon tamed the wolves down, an' kep 'em so till the last o' the chapter. Now, gentlemen; ye know how Harry Blew hav behaved, an' can judge for yourselves, whether he's kep the word he gied you 'fore leavin' San Francisco.'

'Behaved nobly, grandly!' cries Crozier. 'Kept your word like a man: like a true British sailor! Come to my arms—to my heart, Harry! And forgive the suspicions we had, not being able to help them. Here, Cad! Take him to yours; and shew him how grateful we both are to the man who has done more for us than saving our lives.'

'Bless you, Blew! God bless you!' exclaims Cadwallader, promptly responding to the appeal; and holding Harry in a hug that threatens to strangle him.

The affecting scene is followed by an interval

of profound silence; broken by the voice of Grummet, who, at the wheel, is steering straight into the port of Panama, now in sight.

'Mr Crozier!' calls out the old coxswain, 'ye see that craft, sir—the one riding at anchor, out yonder in the roadstead?'

All turn their eyes in the direction indicated; soon as they have done so, together exclaiming: 'The Crusader!'

The last scene of our story occurs at Cadiz, in a grand cathedral church. Before its altar stand two English naval officers, alongside each a beautiful Spanish damsel, soon to be his wedded wife. It scarce needs to tell, that the bridegrooms are Edward Crozier and Willie Cadwallader. Nor need it be told who are the brides; since they are to be given away by Don Gregorio Montijo. Nor is it necessary to describe the ceremonial splendour of that double wedding—for long time the great topic of Cadiz. Enough to say, that present at it are all the wealth and fashion of the old Andalusian city, with foreign consuls, and the commanders of war-ships in the port; conspicuous amongst these, Captain Bracebridge, and the officers of H.B.M. frigate *Crusader*. Also two other men of the sea—of its merchant service; to hear of whose presence there, will no doubt make the reader happy, as it does both brides and bridegrooms to see them. They belong to a ship lying in the harbour, carrying polacca masts, on her stern lettered *El Condor*; one of the two being her captain, called Lantanas; the other her chief-officer, by name Blew. The good fates have been just and kind to the gentle Chilian skipper, having long since lifted from his mind the cloud that temporarily obscured it. He now knows all, above all, Harry Blew in his true colours; and, though on the *Condor's* deck they are still captain and mate, when below by themselves in her cabin, all distinction of rank disappears, and they are affectionate friends—almost as brothers. In the prosperous trading-craft, *Condor*—reconverted into her original ship-rig—regularly voyaging between Valparaiso and Cadiz—exchanging the gold and silver of Chili for the silks and sweet wines of Spain—but few recognise a barque once chased over the South Seas, believed to be a spectre; and, it is to be hoped, no one will ever again see her sailing under a FLAG OF DISTRESS.

THE END.

#### CRAGSMEN AND THEIR PERILS.

THOSE who risk their lives by clambering up and down precipitous cliffs are, so far as public appreciation goes, generally to be met with in alpine countries, where walls of rock two or three thousand feet high are to be encountered. Readers are never tired of narratives of their adventures, if told with graphic effect. There are three classes of such adventurers. In the first class are the men of science, who, in the laudable pursuit of knowledge, risk their lives in the ascertainment of facts bearing upon botany, ornithology, astronomy, geology, climatology, the formation and movements of glaciers, &c. All honour to the Humboldts and Bonplands, the Saussures and Deluc, the Forbeses and Tyndalls. In the second class may be placed those who clamber up and down for the glory of the thing, to excel (and perhaps to crow over) their



stay-at-home friends. These are the tourists who 'do' Mont Blanc, Monte Rosa, the Matterhorn, the Oertler Spitze, and other break-neck mountains. Of course, we hope that they, especially the lady-tourists, will not break their necks; but still such adventures, though involving a certain amount of endurance and not a little excitement, deserve only secondary commendation, when no scientific discoveries result therefrom. The real cragsmen, who may be grouped by themselves, are the hunters, whose lives are imperilled in the search for their daily bread. True, the chamois-hunter and the hunters of other mountain animals do not reach such wonderful ledges and jutting rocks as do the animals themselves; nevertheless, they climb to very perilous spots to get a shot at their quarry, and to pick it up when shot.

There is another kind of cragsmen or cliffmen, however, much less frequently talked of and written about; namely, those who capture wild-fowl on the precipitous cliffs of rugged coasts. We know comparatively little concerning them, because travellers and tourists seldom find their way to the scenes of their dangerous calling, almost always desolate and inhospitable, though sublime in natural features.

This word 'fowl' is rather a puzzling one. What is a fowl? Some will give an answer by enumerating the varieties of Dorking, Bantam, Cochín-China, Sumatra, Jungle, Polish, Spanish, Frizzled, Fork-tailed, &c. Some, knowing that many kinds of fowl patronise the lake and the pond rather than the field and yard, feel that the answer must make some mention of Swans, Wild Ducks, Widgeon, Dunbirds, Teal, Sheldrakes, Coots, Curlews, Snipes, Lapwings, and other feathered bipeds so well known to the fowler of fen countries. But besides these two groups, there is one comprising those sea-birds or cliff-birds which shun the haunts of man and his belongings. These consist chiefly of Gannets, Guillemots, Razor-bills, and Puffins. Living mostly on fish, they roost near where fish can be caught; and no home pleases them better than the shaggy precipitous wall of a sea-cliff, which is sure to present numerous holes and corners, nooks and shelves, where the birds can nestle. As the flesh of the young birds is eatable, though of a fishy flavour, and as the feathers, down, and oil can always find a market, the birds are of considerable commercial importance. But what a life of peril is their capture, what a hard way of earning one's daily bread!

George and Peter Anderson describe the work of the sea-bird catchers at Handa, an island off the north-west coast of Scotland, opposite Scourie. On the seaward side of that small island is a cliff two miles long by six or seven hundred feet in height, almost perpendicular, and so smooth as to offer few facilities for foot-hold. There are here and there indentations and detached columnar masses, which are known alike to the birds and to their pursuers. On the narrow horizontal ledges of the cliffs, thousands of gannets, razor-bills, puffins, guillemots, and other sea-fowl, sit as closely together as they can be wedged, while thousands of others are on the wing during the breeding season—which is the best time for the fowler. A shot fired sets inconceivable numbers of birds on the wing. \* But some, either through natural stubbornness or from some other cause, stick to their roosting-places with the utmost pertinacity; stones and even shots failing to dislodge them. It is a common thing

for the daring fowlers, after much climbing up and down, to enter crevices into which we could hardly imagine men venturing, to take the birds by hand, or collect the large richly tinted, spotted eggs. Where the face of the cliff is too precipitous to permit even a cragsman to do this, he is let down by a rope from above, to a spot where he can capture his prey with a noose, or a hook, fastened to a short stick; sometimes the catch is very abundant in a short space of time. Whether the fowler heaves the killed birds to a boat stationed at the base of the cliff, or ties them round his waist, or signals to have them drawn up by a line to which many are strung at once, depends on the conformation of the cliff at each particular spot. The nesting season usually lasts from the middle of May to the middle of August; and it is only at such time that the sea-birds congregate there in any considerable number. Desolate Handa has few visitors except the fowlers. Once a ship was wrecked on the coast, and the yards tilted over so close to the face of the cliff as to enable some of the hapless seamen to clamber upon ledges and into recesses. How long they remained there, we are not told; but fortunately some fowlers, or it may be some fishermen, attracted to the spot by seeing the wreck of the vessel, espied the poor fellows, and rescued them while a little life still remained.

More wild, more perilous, more exciting even than that of Handa, is the sea-fowling at St Kilda. Indeed, an ordinary landsman can with difficulty conceive how the work can be carried on. St Kilda is a lonely island, eighty miles out westward beyond Lewis and Harris, two of the Hebrides. Strangers seldom approach the small island—it is only three miles long by two in breadth—except by an occasional steamer or a government cutter; but fishermen from Harris occasionally venture thither in open boats. There is only one landing-place, and this very difficult of access; all the rest of the coast is a rugged cliff from eight hundred to a thousand or more feet in height. A few inhabitants pick up a living on the island, partly by cultivating small patches of poor land, partly by fowling during the summer months. A fowling-party generally consists of four persons. Each party has at least one rope, about two hundred feet long, three-ply, and of strong raw cowhide prepared for the purpose; it is covered with dressed sheepskin to save it from chafing against the edges of the rock. A well-made rope of this kind is highly valued, and is even bequeathed by the owner to his successor, or given as a dowry with his daughter. A fowler descends the face of the cliff, suspended by the rope, which is held from above by two or three men. Armed with a staff or pole, to one end of which is fastened a piece of hair-line, he proceeds to search for birds. The hair-line is formed into a running noose, which he throws over the head of any bird sufficiently near; and by pulling it towards him the noose tightens upon the bird's neck, and secures its capture. Sometimes, linked together in couples, each with the rope fastened round his body, the fowlers clamber along the face of the cliff. When one is moving, the other plants himself on a ledge or shelf, obtains a firm foot-hold, and holds himself in readiness for exigencies; if his companion slips or stumbles, unflinching steadiness and a strong rope can alone avert disaster.



When the first man has arrived at a safe landing-ledge, he maintains a firm hold while the second follows. Some authorities state that one single man on the top of the cliff holds and manages the rope by which the fowler is suspended; but others assert—and we think with more probability—that two or more are generally employed.

The coasts of Norway, which are in some places more rugged, and grander in scale, than any of those in Scotland or the Hebrides, exhibit the characteristics of cliff-fowling with remarkable completeness. Mr Lloyd, who knew Norway better than almost any other Englishman, gives a graphic account of the system there pursued, in his *Scandinavian Adventures*. On some of the magnificent cliffs, two modes of getting at the birds and their nests are adopted—from the sea beneath, if the height to be climbed is not too great; from the edge of the cliff above, in other cases. When the men see their work fairly before them, as viewed from below, they approach the foot of the cliff in a boat. A pole, twenty or twenty-four feet long, has an iron hook at one end. This hook is looped into the strong waistband of the fowler's dress, and he is lifted or pushed up by men in the boat, or from any ledge of rock flat enough to sustain them; the lifting is something like that adopted by a butcher when he hooks up a leg of mutton in front of his shop; but the fowler aids his own ascent, partly by his hands, partly by a bird-pole which he carries with him. When he is safely lodged on any shaft or ledge of projecting rock that may afford foot-hold, a companion is hoisted up in a similar way. The two men then tie the rope to their bodies, the length of rope depending on the probable work required of it. One begins to climb up as high as he can, being pushed up by the flattened end of the pole held by his companion. When the uppermost man has reached a ledge that affords him anything like standing-room, however narrow and precarious, he pulls up the other by means of the rope. And so they proceed: No. 2 pushing up No. 1, and then No. 1 pulling or drawing up No. 2. The bird-pole having a hook at one end and a flattish top at the other, is invaluable on these occasions. When the two men reach a height at which the birds can be met with, one plants himself as firmly as possible on a ledge, to act as a stay or check; while the other gropes with hands and hook to capture the birds. If the latter slips, the former holds him up by the sheer resistance of the rope which binds the two together. Alas for both of them, if there be any weakness of muscle or of nerve at this moment!

The birds, not expecting to be disturbed so high up the face of the cliff, are comparatively tame, and are captured without resistance; a knock on the head seals their fate, prior to being heaved out into the sea and picked up by the attendant boat. To avoid being struck by a falling bird requires very great caution on the part of the boatmen, who accordingly give the rock a pretty wide berth, until the cragsmen, ceasing their labours for a while, permit the floating birds to be gathered. The velocity of a falling, full-fledged gannet would suffice to stave the stoutest open boat. If the weather be fine, the fowlers will remain several days and nights together aloft, when they can find ledges broad enough to sleep on, or recesses into which they can creep; food and other necessaries can be hauled

up by them from below—a hard way of earning a living, truly. In bygone times there was a law in Norway, strikingly illustrative of the dangers of this employment. When a fowler was killed by falling from the scarp of these terrible cliffs, his nearest relative was required to attempt the same adventure; if he succeeded, Christian burial was allowed to the body of the deceased; but if he could not or would not make the attempt, it was concluded that the death had been caused by recklessness, or want of judgment; the deceased was declared to have been the cause of his own death, and his corpse was awarded the un-Christian interment of a suicide. This strange law has not been acted upon in recent times.

Where the cliff is too high to be reached from the water, the fearless cragsmen of Norway commence their operations from above. A strong rope or rock-line, five or six hundred feet long, and two or even three inches in thickness, is fastened at one end round the waist of a fowler, and then passed between his legs in such a way that he can sit upon it. Six men at the top hold the rope, and 'pay it out,' lowering it by degrees; a smooth piece of wood being placed at the edge of the precipice, to shield the rope from chafing against rock. A smaller rope, also coiled round the fowler's waist, enables him to transmit such signals as 'higher,' 'lower,' 'right,' 'left,' 'stop,' &c. In constant peril from loose pieces of rock striking him in their fall, his chief defence is a thickly-lined fur cap to protect the head; his body and limbs defending themselves as best they may. The bird-pole is dexterously wielded. By thrusting the end of the pole against the vertical face of the rock, the cragsman can spring out to a considerable distance, and approach the cliff again at a different spot; he can do this even by the pressure of his feet alone against the rock, if his bound is to be of smaller range. This springing out and in again is much adopted where recesses occur beneath jutting portions of rock; the birds like to nestle in such spots, and the fowler gets a good haul each time his spring brings him to a fresh place. In some situations, where the recess is large enough, he loosens himself from the rope, which he temporarily fastens to a stone, and, moving about more easily, captures the birds with both hands; these he ties together with a small line, and signals to have them drawn up. Again he fastens himself to the rope, when his harvest at that spot has been gathered. Thus he will pass several hours of the day, until fatigue or appetite impels him to signal to be hauled up. If he be not firm and steady, and if the rope by which he is attached rotates, his chance becomes very precarious. An old Norwegian pastor said that these fowlers 'often expose themselves to the most imminent danger, merely to get a subsistence for their poor families, trusting in God's mercy and protection; to which the greater part of them seriously recommend themselves before they undertake the perilous work.'

It is evident, from the above details, that where the face of the cliff is exceptionally lofty and scarped, the co-operation of several men is necessary. If the suspension rope is really three inches thick, as Lloyd states, a cable of it five or six hundred feet in length must be very heavy; but we surmise that a thickness of two inches or thereabouts is more probable. Six men at

the top of the cliff will scarcely be needed to hold it at one time; more probably they work by relays. Where the operations are not of so formidable a character, one man will sometimes make the descent unaided; he fastens the rope round a post at the top of the cliff, lowers himself by it to a small depth, and, when he has caught a bird or two, hauls himself up again hand over hand. Be it done how it may, the daring exhibited is almost inconceivable to inland folk; for a ledge that can only be grasped by the fingers, and is wide enough only for half the length of the foot, will be made available as holding-ground by the fowler. Where the circumstances are favourable, ropes of moderate length are firmly fastened to jutting pieces of rock, and allowed to hang down at full length, ready to assist the fowlers at any time during the season, and removed when winter is coming on. There is a code of honour among these men: nothing belonging to one is used or removed by another without the owner's consent; there is a community of feeling among those who incur a common danger.

At the Bass Rock, a lonely islet in the Firth of Forth, where hundreds of young gannets or solan geese are annually taken, one man sometimes suffices to lower away the cragsman and attend to his signals. The number of young gannets taken in a season ranges from eight hundred to fourteen or fifteen hundred, according as the weather permits: these are stripped of their down, and either baked for eating, or boiled down for oil. This isolated rock is uninhabited save by sea-fowl, and in squally weather is exceedingly difficult to land upon, so that the 'keeper' or lessee, who dwells on the mainland two miles off, is entirely dependent upon moderately good weather for his season's take. This season (1875) has been a poor one, many of the young gannets having become fledged—and flown—before the weather would permit of cliff-operations. And here we may take the opportunity of informing our readers that the stock of solan geese on the Bass is now much smaller than it formerly was, the number of mature birds being estimated—though *myriads* are spoken of—at not more than twelve to fourteen thousand.

## THE CLYTIE.

### CHAPTER I.

NEAR an open window, overlooking the Square, sat Marian Elton writing a letter, as an Italian boy came by hawking some plaster images. The morning was so lovely that she felt the influence of its brightness with a warm glow of heart-gladdness which sunlight upon flowers has the power of imparting; and just then the dancing rays shone so beamingly upon the flower-box on the window-ledge, that she looked up to watch the dazzling effect, and inhale the perfume which the fragrant blossoms, as it seemed to her, exhaled gratefully.

The Italian boy, catching her eye as she thus paused, looked entreatingly, and begged her to buy one of his images. A glance at his woe-begone face touched her heart. 'Perhaps he is hungry,' she thought; and she beckoned him to call, while she rang the bell to have him admitted—not that she wanted any of his wares, but she felt some compunction in suffering a fellow-creature who

looked hungry to leave her door unopened, or without the means of procuring food. There were many very well designed images in his basket; but as her object was to relieve him, she took the first that offered—a miniature bust of Clytie. For the little image she paid him the price he asked, which was double its real worth. She knew he was cheating her, but she was one of those who could make allowance for the temptations of grim poverty, which finds honesty an almost impossible virtue when running a race with want.

On coming back to the room, she placed the Clytie on an empty bracket, and continued her writing; while every now and then she paused to take a glance at her purchase, with a feeling of compassion, as she recalled the mythological legend, and thought it but symbolised a fact of common occurrence. She regarded the Clytie (the water-nymph, whose love for the sun-god Apollo being unreturned, she was changed into a sun-flower, that she might ever follow his course) as the ideal of unrequited but constant affection—the unhappiest of woes for a woman to bear; so it seemed to her just then, and a shadow fell upon her spirits in the contemplation. 'Would her purchase prove an omen?' was a question which kept tormenting her mind, as she wrote to her friend the following:

'I have just bought a Clytie. O Amy, suppose I also love in vain! I feel that, like her, I too would for evermore turn, spell-bound, towards the sun of my world. It is appalling to think how utterly my heart has gone from me; and I have no sure hope that I shall ever find it where alone I care to keep it.

'We met again last night, when his coldness amounted to repulsion, but a repulsion which attracts me more than all the compliments I receive from the many who seem to court me. My life is now but weariness, unspent in his society. I live but in the hours when I know he is by; although, oddly enough, while full of conversation with those around, he rarely ever addresses me.

'And yet—and yet—*intuition!* I am mad to use the word; it is, after all, but a delusion of my overwrought brain, which imagines what it longs for. Forgive me, Amy; but I know that with you my feelings will be held sacred; and as it eases my overfull heart to pour them out to one so sympathetic and *safe*, you will not deny me the luxury my friendship calls thus largely upon your good-nature to honour, knowing, as I do, that your love is equal to any demands of mine on that score.

'It seems little else than a fatality which has overtaken me! You know, I may speak thus to you without vanity—that I have never lacked for that chivalrous attention which is gratifying to most girls. I have accepted it with appreciation, but nothing more; my heart, throughout, has remained intact; until, or even *before* he came. It is so strange; my interest awoke from the moment my cousin Harry's wife said to me one day, about a year ago: "We expect a visitor; an old friend of Harry's; they were at college together. I have heard so much of him, that I am quite curious to see this Mr Leonard Faithfull. Charming name, is it not?"

'I *felt* it so, and recalled what Balzac says in other words, "Who shall account for the attraction

of a name?" Laugh at me, Amy; I deserve it, for these confessions of mine are those of a girl who is but too alive to her foolishness!

"Yes, I conjured up visions of the man; visions which were more than realised when I met him for the first time at the Nugents, and he took me into dinner. I can only describe him to you as he then impressed me. A tall, fair, Saxon type of man on a grand scale; with light hair and beard, who spoke little, and was perfectly self-contained. Imagine my being attracted by such an opposite! but so it was.

"His remarks were few, and I was tongue-tied; so much so, that Harry said to me across the table: "Marian, why are you so silent? You are usually lively enough.—I hope, Faithfull, you have not overpowered my little cousin."

"He turned quietly towards me, and smiled, saying: "I should regret such a catastrophe for you, Miss Elton. I hope I am not so formidable as all that."

"I stammered out some senseless reply not at all to the purpose; but we advanced to a better understanding after that, for he began telling me of his travels, and I am sure that I rivalled Desdemona in the interest with which I listened. How I regretted the move to the drawing-room, which obliges ladies to yawn together for half an hour in each other's company! As I sat meditating after dinner, in a corner by myself, I could not help exclaiming, mentally: "You poor, foolish Marian! the serpent has got at last into your happy Eden of girlhood, and stolen away your peace for ever!"

"It is awful to awake to the truth of the situation; and how was I to hide it?—I, who am afflicted with a temperament that cannot bear the burden of a secret. I was ready to cry with vexation, to find that my independence of mind and will had so utterly gone from me; and yet, across my tears there gleamed a flash of such glorious electric sunlight, that I was nearly blind with joy when I realised for an instant the bare possibility of my ever winning the love of such a man! And then—transcendent folly!—I began to catalogue my qualities silently. What had I to attract one who, to my mind, was so far above me? At that moment, Amy, dear, I felt that I was the plainest, most commonplace woman in existence! and—will you believe the human heart is capable of such base intricacies?—began to look jealously upon every pretty woman in the room, who possessed in this respect chances so much greater than my own!

"If you do not think that I am a fit subject for the Commissioners in Lunacy to take note of after this confession, your forbearance reaches even unto the ideal of friendship, so rarely to be met with in this terrestrial sphere of perpetual disappointments.

"I was surrounded shortly after the gentlemen came into the room, and could scarcely disguise the boredom I felt, until that most pertinacious of men, William Blakeney, who vows he will never take my "No" for an answer, worried me to death by asking me why I was out of spirits—was it the weather, &c.—until I became so irritated that I rose from my seat and left him.

"To my dismay, as I was crossing the room, I found Mr Faithfull's eyes intently fixed on me, as if he had been watching my proceedings, and was striving to read my character. He turned away as soon as he saw I noticed him, but throughout the

evening I observed him bent on the same study, until I became so conscious and embarrassed I did not know what to do; for the odd part of it was, he never once spoke to me. He only flung about me a chain of fascination, from which I found it impossible to escape.

"He remained with the Nugents for a time, and then removed to his club, I imagine. I saw him frequently. He never sought, and he never avoided me; while I—and this, Amy, is my shame and torment—could not hide from him how much I felt. He must have seen it in my face each time we met. How I have detested—how I abhor myself when I remember that it is I who am the wooer, and he just suffers my attentions! Our positions are entirely reversed; and the worst of it is, I can no more help its being so than the poor little needle, or the miserable steel-filing, can help being attracted by the magnet. He visits at our house, is liked by my family, I, each day, growing more and more feverish and impatient for some sign of preference, which, alas! he never gives. Polite he always is, but as cold as death; while I, poor lost soul that I am, have grown more hopelessly infatuated than ever, until I fear I am fast becoming a monomaniac.

"This, dear Amy, is my miserable story, which I have been wishing some time to confide to you. Clytie looks mournfully at me, as though she said: "I, too, suffered as you do; they suffer most whose natures are strongest to love most, for they are faithful even unto death." Is his name to be woven *thus* into my life? God forbid! And yet, unmaidenly as the speech may sound to other ears than yours, I know but too well that his name *will* be woven into my life, whether as faithful unto death in sorrow, or worn with joy for ever. Adieu!"

She finished writing, and was about to close her letter, when a fresh thought struck her, and she continued: "It is said, not without some truth in my case, that the most important part of a woman's letter lies in the odd piece of intelligence she just remembers when it is about to be posted. I was going to omit telling you that I know nothing whatever about Mr Faithfull, except that Harry Nugent says he is a man of good means and family in the North; beyond this, he is so singularly reticent on all points concerning himself, that I do not know if he has a relation living. That he has been travelling for some time, is the single information he gives, and he is only warmed into communicativeness when on the subject of the countries he has visited. His reticence on other points is painfully tormenting, since it arouses all my curiosity to strive to fathom him. I sometimes think there is a mystery about him, for when he imagines himself unobserved, there comes into his face an expression of melancholy so profound, that it is with difficulty I restrain the longing I have felt at such times to snap the bands of conventionality, and ask him its cause; for, alas! as I have already told you, he sees but too well, I fear, that my heart is utterly his; and—but how can I describe to you the pain and shame of this disclosure?—the more he sees it, the more he shrinks from me. Does he despise me? I dread to ask the question of myself.

"It is positively inhuman to despise a woman for the offering of her soul's richest blossom, even if there is no heart left to pluck it. If he does not

care for me, I feel that I have done nothing worthy of his contempt, for I have simply loved him beyond the power of my will to control. Love, the lord of all, has taken the helm of my small bark, and while he holds the rudder in his hand, I shall be kept floating ever on *faithful* waters.

'How I can see you smile as you read this, and suggest to yourself the necessity of coming to stay with me for a little, as you consider my case such a bad one that I am hardly responsible. Come, dear friend; the Clytie has unloosed my speech, and made me tell you all. It is more than probable that I shall need you, for loving as are those about me, the fear of paining them, especially my dear mother, forbids my disclosing all I have written to you; and if the worst comes to the worst, and he goes away without a word, then, Amy, let me have you near me, that my heart may not be left to break utterly without sympathy. Human suffering has its depths, but I question if it has one, psychologically speaking, that will equal mine in such a case. Come, therefore, as soon as you can.'

Having at length written all she wished, she closed her letter, and sent it to the post. Feeling the vacuum left by the accomplishment of a pleasant duty, she sat back in her chair, and with her hands clasped across her eyes, indulged in a reverie.

Marian Elton was a girl of twenty-five; in all the glory of early womanhood: bright, fascinating, intelligent, and accomplished, she was the centre of attraction wherever she went. She had more than one offer; from rich men, who would have given their wealth to endow her; and from poor men, who only asked to toil for her. But she was a woman 'true to herself' in her determination only to marry whom she loved; and there was not a man among those she rejected who did not feel that they valued her more in her refusal of their love, than its acceptance, if that were possible; for it shewed them a true womanly nature, whose goodness converted their failure to win her love into friendship. She healed their wounds by making them feel, that though unsuccessful, they had not loved unworthily, which was flattering at least to their discernment, and upheld their self-respect; for if we are to be judged by the affections we aspire to gain, it is surely more ennobling to have aimed high even to failure, than to have sought and won only the inferior.

Her reverie was interrupted by a startling double-knock at the hall-door, and from her point of observation at the window, she saw that it was Leonard Faithfull who was calling. 'Should she receive him? Her mother was out. Perhaps he would not ask for her.' Further surmise was cut short by his entering the room. She found it difficult to speak to him; with her mind so intensely occupied as we have seen, calmness and an absence of self-consciousness were out of the question. Every nerve within her was vibrating so keenly that she felt cold and speechless with emotion. His embarrassment was scarcely less than her own, but it was the agitation of a man determined *not* to see or feel. They sat for some time making commonplace remarks about the weather and society, and then his eye fell upon the Clytie.

'Do you believe such constancy possible, Miss Elton? Do you think the woman lives, apart from mythology, who is capable of loving continuously where it is not returned?'

He asked the question pointedly, almost savagely, she thought. Her quick, warm feelings were so shaken by it, that she replied nervously: 'It is more a question of experience and principle than of opinion, I fancy. If a woman thinks she has loved worthily, she would be doing violence to her better nature were she untrue to her faith. I can quite understand the constancy of Clytie, who could not be satisfied with or give her heart to other than the sun-god. Once she had become penetrated by the rays of his perfection, how was it possible she could offer the tribute of her highest love and worship to any lesser light? Therefore, the Clytie for me is but the symbol of the truth, that constancy to what one considers the noblest, becomes the law of necessity.'

He held his eyes on the ground while she spoke, nor raised them once while she uttered, with pathetic earnestness, a truth he had made her feel all too keenly. He offered no reply when she finished, and a pause ensued, which he was the first to break in a voice which repulsed all tenderness, as he said with apparent carelessness: 'I am sorry Mrs Elton is not at home, for I called to wish you all good-bye. I resume my wanderings to-morrow, after having been a sad idler. This time, I am going west: I daresay you will hear of me as having come to grief in some of the wilds of South America. I fear I cannot stay until Mrs Elton returns,' he added hurriedly, with averted eyes. Unable to meet her look of agony, he opened his watch, and then, as if late, he said: 'I have several visits to pay, and must wish you good-bye, Miss Elton; kindly present my compliments and adieux to your family.' She was just conscious that he took her hand, had shaken it coldly, and was gone!—gone! without even one kind word or look!

'Oh, how cruel! how inhuman!' she exclaimed, as she flung herself into a chair, benumbed with an anguish that was tearless. 'He is unworthy!' was her first decision, which buoyed her up with relentless endeavour to fling his memory from her heart; but all in vain! He was the sun-god of her woman's worship, towards whom her gaze would ever turn; for the voice of her own soul, stronger than opinion, louder than fact, whispered she had not been mistaken, and that he was worthy of her homage; even though he left the blossom of her love to pine for ever on its stem.

#### CHAPTER II.

Five long years had passed, each repeating its story of the seasons, and still Marian Elton was unmarried. One suitor after another came and went, to the disappointment of her family and the wonder of her friends. Her faithful friend and confidant, Amy, alone knew the truth which her mother partially guessed when she used to say: 'That Clytie has bewitched you, Marian. I hope you are not grieving after some impossible hero. I declare, some day I shall enter into a conspiracy to throw her from her pedestal; you have never been the same girl since the day you bought her.'

To this, the only secret of her life, Marian offered no reply, for she knew her mother's

surmises were but too true, and she feared to pain her by confirming them.

It must not be supposed, however, that she was unhappy all this while—far from it. After the first wild burst of sorrow was over, she found consolation in duty, study, and the affection of those around her. To all these she returned with redoubled energy, and the result was, that at thirty years of age Marian Elton, so far from developing a tendency to old-maidishness, had ripened into a character of ennobled worth. The only problem people ever hazarded about her was 'why she never married.'

Occasionally, when alone with her Clytie, the old sorrow would bleed anew, as she thought of the past, and the similarity of their fate. But suffering, she argued, though differing in intensity, was the lot of all. There was no life without its hidden wounds, some scarred over by the healing hand of Time; others, again, that would never cicatrise; but one and all were bearing on their hearts some mark of painful encounter on the battle-field of life. Well is it for those who come forth from the strife 'perfected through suffering,' as did Marian Elton.

Her friend Amy had married so happily that she never wearied urging upon her to let go the past, and find consolation in bestowing herself upon William Blakeney, who, with exemplary patience, was proving the truth of his determination never to take her 'No' for an answer.

'It is positively cruel of you, Marian, to waste his life as you are doing, all for an idea! for as long as you are single he will never marry,' said Amy, who at this time was on a visit to the Eltons. 'It is now five years,' she continued, 'since that unfortunate craze of yours, and it seems to me you really are little short of a monomaniac, as you used to tell me to call you, to have preserved thus long the recollection of such an unpleasant abstraction—for he was nothing more.'

'Please, don't talk of my marrying any one, Amy. I am happier far as I am. Dear good Blakeney! I would do anything in the world to reward his kind faithfulness—anything, that is to say, but marry him. I have told him so repeatedly, and it is his own fault, not mine, that he continues as he does. But do not vex yourself about him; he knows my mind, and is content to be my very good friend.'

'Content! No! Resigned, you mean. He will never marry as long as you are single. I am sure he is only waiting to see what becomes of you.'

'Poor man! What unnecessary trouble do give himself on my account. I fear it will keep him occupied all his life; for this is a point upon which I am resolute, not from obstinacy, but necessity.'

'I begin to believe that your mother is right, and that yon Clytie has indeed bewitched you. You may depend upon it, Marian, that you are under a spell, which will not be broken until that unhappy little nymph falls a sacrifice. I have half a mind to be the priestess who shall deal her the blow.'

They were sitting together working in Marian's boudoir at the time, and the Clytie stood on a slight table near. Without the least intention of fulfilling her words, Amy pretending she was about to carry her design into execution, rose hastily in play, when her dress catching in a chair, she stumbled, and in her fall knocked over the table,

and the little image fell to the ground smashed to pieces!

'Oh, what *have* you done!' cried Marian as she sprang forward, too late to save her favourite. The tears were in her eyes as she picked up the broken fragments; and she looked reproachfully at her friend, unable, in her distress, to believe that she had not wilfully carried out her intention.

'I am so grieved!' said Amy with genuine vexation at the accident which pained Marian so visibly. 'Indeed, I was not in earnest about breaking it. I will get you another in Parian; this was only plaster of Paris.'

'Ah! it would never be the same,' she sighed. 'This one has been my companion since the first hour of my sorrow, and I have found strength in her companionship. Poor Clytie! No, Amy, no other model shall ever take her place.'

'I am so sorry. Still, if the spell be only broken, how I shall rejoice; I shall have done poor Blakeney a good turn, for which he will always bless me,' said Amy, smiling.

'You are adding insult to injury,' replied Marian sadly. 'Come; it is time to dress for dinner; the Nugents dine with us.' And her hands were full of the broken pieces of the Clytie as she was leaving.

'What are you going to do with them?'

'Bury them in a silken shroud in my drawer.'

'Was there ever such infatuation as yours, Marian! You have earned the name of Faithful with reference to the owner, and might inscribe it on your tablets without any permission of his.'

'Amy! hush! His name has never passed my lips since that day.'

'Never mind; the spell is broken at last, and there is hope once more for others.'

As it was only a family party, Marian, who had been indulging in some private grieving over the remains of her Clytie, was the last to appear.

'I've got some news for you,' greeted her on entering the drawing-room, from her cousin Harry. 'I had a letter just as I came out: from whom, do you think?'

'How can I tell, Harry?'

'Guess.'

'Impossible; you have such a host of friends.'

'No, I don't suppose you ever will guess, for I had almost forgotten him. I thought he was dead; I have not heard from him since he left us five years ago. You know now whom I mean—Faithful—he is in England.' There was an exclamation of surprise from all in the room but Marian, through whose frame the announcement passed like an electric shock, although she had sufficient presence of mind to listen passively. 'And he sent me the oddest piece of news in the world—that his wife is dead! I never knew he had a wife before.'

'Poor man,' said Mrs Elton sympathetically.

'Poor man! you may well say, when you hear the rest of the story. It seems he was married privately, some eight years ago, in Italy, and that his wife went out of her mind almost immediately after their marriage.'

'Then he must have been a married man all the time he was with us!' exclaimed Mrs Elton with dismay, not unmixed with thankfulness. 'How very extraordinary, not to say wrong of him, not to have told us. It is so dangerous when married

men pass themselves off as bachelors; they are nothing less than wolves in the fold, to my mind. Only think, if some of you girls had fallen in love with him!

'Well, I suppose he trusted to not making his attentions pointed enough to raise any question of that kind,' said Mr Nugent; 'and I can quite understand his not caring to talk about or publish such a painful fact of his life, especially as his marriage, it seems, was a secret one. Men, as a rule, don't like condolences on such events.'

'I suppose not,' said Mrs Elton, who, perceiving that her fold had escaped damage from such a calamity as might have overtaken it, was ready to be magnanimous towards the culprit, by admitting the excuses in his favour; and was about to let the subject drop, when Mr Nugent continued: 'He seems not to have forgotten the time he was with us, for he makes minute inquiries after every one, and wants to know who Miss Elton married.'

'Indeed, you can tell him, with my compliments, that Miss Elton has been very remiss on that point,' said her mother, smiling; while Marian, hardly knowing how she endured it all, remained silent, struggling with the faintness such strange tidings produced.

Amy, who alone saw and knew what she was suffering, came to her rescue at last by pretending she had forgotten something. As she was about to leave the room, she beckoned Marian to follow her.

'Bless you for this!' cried Marian, as soon as the door was closed. Rushing up to her room, she fought with her agitation until restored to calmness, and she could go among them again as though nothing special had occurred.

A week later, and Harry Nugent came one morning to tell her that Faithfull had accepted an invitation to stay with them. 'He begged particularly to be remembered to you, Marian, and expressed great surprise at hearing you were not married.'

To paint her feelings as her cousin thus brusquely touched upon her most cherished secret is not possible. She blushed crimson, and begged him to desist, as he rallied her upon what he termed 'her strange infatuation for single-blessedness.'

Meanwhile, in her heart, the sickness of deferred hope was blossoming into a tree of life! But for what? she asked herself. For nothing but the bitterness of a greater disappointment, perhaps; to find that she was as powerless to win him in his freedom, as his honour forbade him to be won in his bondage!

The thought of how, and where, she should first meet him, gave her uneasiness. What would he say? Would her tell-tale face betray her, or had the years which had passed brought her the power she before lacked? What days and hours of suspense, that fled all too quickly, and yet seemed interminable, through her mingled sensations of hope and dread, which longed for, yet dreaded the hour of meeting!

It was some days before the one fixed for his arrival, that she was startled one morning by having his card put into her hand by a servant, who summoned her to the drawing-room.

She scarcely knew how she ever reached or entered the room; she can only think that she must have turned deadly pale on seeing him, and that he read on her face the history of her faithful heart, which had been true to him throughout the years; for without being able to remember how

it happened, she found herself in his arms sobbing out her welcome.

'Thank God, you read me rightly, Marian!' he murmured, as soon as the first outburst of feeling permitted him to speak. 'Your heart must have told you intuitively, in years gone by, that, had I dared, I would gladly have returned the love I saw was mine; but not for worlds would I, at that or any time, have wounded your self-respect and sense of honour, by allowing you to know that you had given your heart to one whom it is counted a wrong to love. I judged it better, therefore, by my coldness, to wean, or even repulse you—though in so doing I left myself open to the pain of being charged with want of feeling and heartlessness—rather than leave you the double suffering of finding that you were beloved by one who was powerless to claim you. You know, I think from Nugent, one portion of my story; I will tell you the rest.'

'When in Italy, I married without the knowledge, and therefore without the consent of my family (from whom I wished to keep it secret), a lovely girl for her beauty, and found her temper, alas! owing to the latent seeds of madness, execrable. We had not been married very long before the disease became developed, and she was pronounced by the ablest doctors incurable. The passion her beauty inspired, her infected brain and temperament quickly exhausted, until I had soon no feeling for her but one of great pity, while I endeavoured to surround her with every care and attention that means could procure; but the love and companionship which is bound up in that most sacred word *wife*, was gone for ever.'

'I left her under medical care, and strove to forget my misfortunes, and avoid all questioning on the part of my family, by travelling; but it was not until I came to England and met you, that I knew *how* doomed was my life! May you never know what I suffered when I used to watch you pleading silently, with eloquent dumbness, for the affection I loved you far too well to declare; for I determined that no shade of dishonour should ever trouble the heart I had learned to reverence above all others on earth. But as soon as I was free, Marian, my first thoughts were for you. My first visit, on hearing from Nugent, is to you, to see if your heart is still, as I prayed it might be, all my own; and, ah! I have been well rewarded; for this meeting more than compensates for years of sorrow.—And Clytie! I have not forgotten her.'

'Broken!' she whispered, 'on the very day I heard of you again. She kept me faithful to my sun-god, and vanished only on his return.'

'When he came, to gather the rich blossom of your love, and wear it on his heart for ever!'

#### THE MONTH: SCIENCE AND ARTS.

At the opening meeting of the Epidemiological Society, Mr N. Radcliffe stated in his address, that the obscurity in which epidemic diseases were involved arose mainly from their having been talked and written about in a hazy way and in indefinite terms. But a change has taken place since Sir Thomas Watson said, some years ago, in one of his lectures: 'You will hear persons disputing about the term contagion; but such



disputes can only arise from the want of a distinct definition of the sense in which it is employed ; I understand a disorder to be contagious when it is in any way communicable from person to person.' Since then, medical men have discovered that there are different forms and modes of contagion ; and they now know that there is a difference between typhus and typhoid fever, that their modes of communication are totally unlike. 'This discovery,' said Mr Radcliffe, 'has prompted researches into the habits of particular diseases, which have shewn contagion acting widely on one hand on common inflammatory diseases which fall within the surgeon's sphere of duty, and on the other in certain wide-spread chronic maladies.' Hence it is that of late years there has been so much progress made in exact researches into the nature and habits of contagious diseases of all kinds. 'Recent astronomical and meteorological investigation,' said Mr Radcliffe, in concluding his address, 'have established a relationship between certain larger cyclical meteorological phenomena, and successions of good and bad crops with particular cyclical solar phenomena. Here is the clue for the beginning of an analysis of the cosmical relations of epidemics, of periods of dearth (relapsing and typhus fevers), and of epidemics most sensitive to meteorological changes (diarrhoea, typhoid, cholera). Such an analysis, so far as this country is concerned, has been made possible by the prescient labours of Dr W. Farr, F.R.S. (of the General Register Office), which, beginning in 1837, have been continued to the present time.'

Dr Van Buren of New York says something to the same effect in an American periodical. Diseases once classed together, are now recognised as distinct, as occasioned by different poisons. The poison of measles, for example, is different from that of scarlet fever, and the poison of small-pox is different from that of whooping-cough. With our advancing knowledge of the difference between typhus and typhoid, we learn that those diseases may be regarded as 'preventable.' 'Pyæmia,' remarks Dr Van Buren, 'is now distinguished from phlebitis, and established as a blood disease. In like manner there are, probably, diseases now grouped together and treated of in surgical works as identical (erysipelas, pyæmia, and diffuse cellular inflammation), which not many years hence will be recognised as entirely distinct in their origin and nature. It is worth while to remark that advance in knowledge consists, in a large degree, in learning to discriminate, or make distinctions, where before no distinctions had been recognised.'

Mr Moon has stated, in a communication to the Odontological Society, that the stump of a tooth may be preserved as the basis of an artificial tooth, and rendered painless, by leaving the root canal empty, and drilling a hole into it just below the free edge of the gum. This hole becomes a permanent vent, and thus saves the stump from disturbing influences, which, if deprived of means

of escape, would ultimately destroy it by a painful process.

It is known to agriculturists that nitrogenous manures favour the growth of abundant crops of grain, and yet the grain when ripe contains but a comparatively small percentage of nitrogen. On the other hand, leguminous plants, such as beans and peas, which grow best when treated with a mineral manure containing potass, and are 'almost abolished' by a nitrogenous manure, yield a very high percentage of nitrogen. This is a case worth inquiring into, and we learn from Dr J. H. Gilbert, that he and Mr Lawes have often felt that 'if they could determine the source of the nitrogen of the fungi growing in fairy rings, some light might perhaps be thrown on the question of the source of the nitrogen of the leguminosa.' They have made experiments and observations ; but have not yet settled the question. Meanwhile, an account thereof is published in the *Journal* of the Linnean Society, where it may be studied by any one interested in the subject. It is remarkable that one-third of the dry substance of fungi consists of nitrogenous matters. 'In fact,' says Dr Gilbert, 'fungi would appear to be among the most highly nitrogenous of plants, and to be also very rich in potass. Yet the fungi have developed in fairy rings only on the plots poorest in nitrogen and potass.' Such being the facts, 'the questions obviously arise, whether the greater prevalence of fungi under such conditions be due to the manurial conditions themselves being directly favourable for their growth ; or whether, other plants, and especially the grasses, growing so sluggishly under such conditions, the plants of the lower orders are the better able to overcome the competition, and to assert themselves.' It is in the hope of eliciting an answer to these questions that the subject has been laid before the Linnean Society.

It has been noticed in the United States that trees raise themselves, and seem to grow taller, when, in fact, they have done growing. The thickening of the roots was supposed to be the cause ; but Dr Lapham, botanist and State geologist of Wisconsin, has investigated the subject, and finds that frost exerts a lifting power on full-grown trees ; and his conclusions have been confirmed by observations made near Philadelphia. The way in which it shews itself is thus explained in a communication to the Academy of Natural Sciences in that city. What we know of the action of frost on growing plants, says the writer, is that, as farmers say, it 'draws out.' 'When the land freezes, expansion ensues, drawing the clover up with it, leaving, of course, a cavity from whence the root was drawn. When the first thaw comes, the liquid, carrying earthy matter, enters the cavity, and thus the clover root is prevented from descending to its original position. The same process takes place with trees. The roots, when once elevated, cannot descend to their original position.' These particulars have led to the suggestion, that 'one of the chief offices of the tap-roots may be to



guard the tree as much as possible from this frost-lifting.

Some members of the Academy are investigating the question, Whence do leaves get their colouring matter in autumn? The English oak, if planted in America, never assumes the gorgeous tints of American trees; and American trees, if planted in Europe, go on producing the rich colours just as when they were at home. The observers, at the present stage of the inquiry, are of opinion that the colour is produced by 'vital action of some sort,' and that it is not due merely to sunshine, air, or decay.

In a recent *Month*, we noticed the discovery of minute animals, rotifers, in the joints of pavements in Philadelphia. Here is a description of another small creature, *Gromia*, taken from the Proceedings of the Academy above mentioned. 'Imagine,' says Professor Leidy, 'an animal, like one of our autumnal spiders, stationed at the centre of its well-spread net; imagine every thread of this net to be a living extension of the animal, elongating, branching, and becoming confluent so as to form a most intricate net; and imagine every thread to exhibit actively moving currents of a viscid liquid both outward and inward, carrying along particles of food and dirt, and you have some idea of the general character of a *Gromia*.'

This complicated creature is a cream-coloured ball about one-sixteenth of a line in diameter, and it lives on the pavements. 'When placed in water, in a few minutes it projects in all directions a most wonderful and intricate net. Along the threads of this net (which are less than one-thirty thousandth of an inch in diameter) float minute naviculæ from the neighbourhood, like boats in the current of a stream, until reaching the central mass they are there swallowed.' Professor Leidy's observations lead him to conclude that during dry weather the tiny creature remains quiet in the dust, and that when rain falls it spreads its net and gathers food; and thus passes through periods of activity and repose.

Mercury in a watch-glass with a small quantity of very dilute sulphuric acid and bichromate of potassium, will, when touched with a needle, alternately dilate and contract. The explanation is, that a process of oxidation and deoxidation takes place. The same phenomenon may be produced by an electric current. This movement of the mercury has been taken advantage of as a motive-power in the working of a small machine. By the sinking and swelling of mercury in two cups placed in a trough of acidulated water, an up-and-down motion is originated, which can at pleasure be converted into a rotary motion. So feeble a current suffices to keep this machine going, that the suggestion has been made that it (the machine) may be employed as a very sensitive electrometer; and probably, though only a curiosity at present, it may be found available for other purposes.

Chemists have discovered further purposes of the metallic character of hydrogen—namely, that hydrogen will unite with potassium and sodium, and form a hydride of each of the two metals. These products are described as having a metallic lustre, and the general physical appearance of a metal.

Syrups are largely used in the United States, and it appears that there are certain manufacturers who, by chemical hocus-pocus, convert starch into grape-sugar, as a cheap way of getting a material

out of which they make the syrup. A Report on the subject has been published, and from this we learn, that of seventeen samples of sugar examined, not more than two were cane-sugar: all the others were concocted from the artificial product, and were found to contain many impurities—lime, sulphuric acid, iron, lead, and 'dirt' being among them. The use of syrups at evening-parties and in summer drinks is thus seen to be attended by disagreeable consequences; and in this fact we have another example of the employment of the arts for purposes of fraud.

And there are manufacturers who, in printing and finishing calicoes and muslins, make use of arseniate of glycerine and acetate of clay, instead of the usual harmless gum. The consequence is, that in every yard of those calicoes or muslins sold to customers there is a small amount of poison.

In Saxony, a method of hardening sandstone has been tried with success. The stone is soaked, in a solution of alkaline silicates and of alumina, which penetrate some inches, and impart so great a degree of hardness to the surface, that it will bear polishing, and has the look of marble. If exposed to great heat, the surface vitrifies, and may be coloured at pleasure.

A solution of castor-oil with two or three times its bulk of absolute alcohol, if spread on thin drawing-paper with a sponge, will make it transparent, and convert it into tracing-paper. The alcohol evaporates, and the paper is then ready for use. The drawing may then be traced in crayon or Indian ink. If then the paper is soaked in alcohol, the oil is dissolved and removed, and the sheet is restored to its opaque condition.

It is a common saying among sailors that heavy rain falling on the sea stills the motion of the waves—or, as they phrase it, the 'rain soon knocks down the sea.' Professor Osborne Reynolds, of Owens College, Manchester, has made experiments which demonstrate that the saying is founded on fact; for when drops of water fall on the surface of water, they not only produce the usual rings, but they drive some of the surface-water downwards in series of rings which increase in size. To replace the water carried down, some of the under water would have to rise to the surface. 'When,' says the Professor, 'the surface is disturbed by waves, besides the vertical motion, the particles move backwards and forwards in a horizontal direction, and this motion diminishes as we proceed downwards from the surface. Therefore, in this case the effect of rain-drops will be to convey the motion which belongs to the water at the surface down into the lower water, where it has no effect so far as the waves are concerned, and hence the rain would diminish the motion at the surface, which is essential to the continuance of the waves, and thus destroy the waves.'

The end of the year brings the time when meteorologists as well as merchants take stock, and sum up their annual accounts. Hence, we shall soon have particulars of the memorable rain-fall of 1875. It was in many places of the kind described by observers as 'torrential,' and not a few among them have had to record the 'wettest days' within their experience. In Oxfordshire and adjacent counties, nearly eight inches of rain fell in the single month of October; five inches more than the average. No wonder that floods prevailed!

## OUR OLD DOG JACK.

OLD Jack ! we scarce yet count him dead ;  
The unforgotten never dies !  
Though mound of earth with primrose set,  
'Neath hawthorn tree shows where he lies.

A faithful friend for thirteen years,  
Grateful for every kindness shewn ;  
And were there any fault to find,  
He ever held that fault his own.

No new friend came 'twixt us and him ;  
No fortune tried his fealty fast ;  
Come weal or woe, whate'er might 'tide,  
Old Jack was loyal to the last.

Had danger come, no thought of self ;  
No matter what the odds, a raid,  
To guard his household friends from harm,  
Upon a hundred he had made.

His gratitude, unwavering love,  
His patience, trust, outstrip who can ?  
His courteous ways to those he loved,  
For Jack was quite a gentleman.

O Darwin ! were thy theory true  
How great a race might walk the earth,  
When dogs, to full perfection brought,  
Had found Development's last birth—

Ay, whether pure, or mongrel cur,  
Such qualities in them abound,  
Which in the prouder human race  
Are, to our shame, oft lacking found.

Old Jack ! I sometimes wondering muse  
If that thy being can be o'er ;  
Or whether for the canine race  
Some planet may not be in store,

Where dogs may have a little peace,  
After rough life of kicks and blows,  
Scant meals, hard words, and shelter poor ;  
Some compensation for their woes—

And where the vivisector's knife  
May never meet their pleading eyes,  
For Science, blest with finer sense,  
Needs not the cruel sacrifice—

And though some scoff, and bid me drive  
As wild, profane, the theory hence ;  
I ask, why so ? Why should there be  
A waste of such intelligence ?

Look all around—no atom lost,  
Say, where do wonders cease—or lead ?  
How shall ye fathom out the end,  
Who the beginning cannot read ?

Ay, call it folly, if you will,  
Such idle lines as these to pen ;  
But truer friend than poor old Jack  
One finds not 'mongst our vaunted men—

Through love to him, the love I bore  
To all his kind took deeper root,  
And pleading dumb creation's rights,  
Shall be of old Jack's life the fruit—

Yes, long as I a pen can hold  
'Gainst cruelty a line to trace,  
Old Jack shall live in every line  
The benefactor of his race.

J. G.

## THE HOUSE-FLY.

The familiar house-fly (*Musca domestica*) is apt to be considered an unmitigated pest. It is therefore time to call attention to some recent investigations of a chemist, which go to bear out the pious axiom that everything has its use. This observer, noticing the movements of flies after alighting, rubbing their hind-feet together, their hind-feet and wings, and their fore-feet, was led to explore into the cause ; and he found that the fly's wings and legs, during his gyrations in the air, become coated with extremely minute animalcula, which he subsequently devours. These microscopic creatures are poisonous, and abound in impure air, so that flies perform a useful work in removing the seeds of disease. Leanness in a fly is *prima facie* evidence of pure air in the house, while corpulency indicates foulness and bad ventilation. If these observations are well founded, the housekeeper, instead of killing off the flies with poisonous preparations, should make her premises as sweet and clean as possible, and then, having protected food with wire or other covers, leave the busy flies to act as airy scavengers.—*Hardwicke's Science Gossip.*

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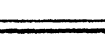
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# INDEX.

## Familiar Sketches and Essays.

	Page
American English, . . . . .	609
Troubles (w. c.), . . . . .	769
Animal Volunteers, . . . . .	257
Annesley, Story of James (w. c.), . . . . .	273
China Mania, the Old, . . . . .	241
Christmas! . . . . .	817
Coaching-days, Recollections of the Old (w. c.), . . . . .	225
Coffin Question, the (w. c.), . . . . .	465
Countess of Eglintoun (w. c.), . . . . .	145
Dalrymple, Story of the (w. c.), . . . . .	705
Dangerous Classes, the (w. c.), . . . . .	113
Duchess of Queensberry, Story of Kitty (w. c.), . . . . .	209
Early Recollections, Some (w. c.)—353, 401, 417, . . . . .	513
Factory Life in Lancashire, . . . . .	545
Fairy Folk, the, . . . . .	574
Fever Infection, Curiosities of (w. c.), . . . . .	561
'Genius, About, . . . . .	17
Glencairn, a Dramatic Story (w. c.): First Act, . . . . .	721
Second Act, . . . . .	738
Third Act, . . . . .	755
Gospel of Idleness, the (w. c.), . . . . .	177
Green Yule, a (w. c.), . . . . .	81
Hints for the Sick-room, Practical, . . . . .	577
Horses and their Treatment (w. c.), . . . . .	289
Kettle-drum, the, . . . . .	737
Lady Forbes (w. c.), . . . . .	785
— Jean Gordon (w. c.), . . . . .	33
London Street-dealers, . . . . .	65
Marriage Laws, Our (w. c.), . . . . .	53
New Forest, the (w. c.), . . . . .	481
Nursing Sisters, . . . . .	305
Pilohard-driving, . . . . .	689
Practical Hints for the Sick-room, . . . . .	577
Recollections of the Old Coaching-days (w. c.), . . . . .	225
Recollections, Some Early (w. c.)—353, 401, 417, . . . . .	513
Rough, the, . . . . .	694
Social Pressure, . . . . .	51
Soldier's Friend (Sarah Robinson), . . . . .	369
Story of James Annesley (w. c.), . . . . .	273

	Page
Story of Kitty, Duchess of Queensberry (w. c.), . . . . .	209
Story of Lady Forbes (w. c.), . . . . .	785
— of Lady Jean Gordon (w. c.), . . . . .	33
— of Susannah, Countess of Eglintoun (w. c.), . . . . .	145
Story of the Dalrymple (w. c.), . . . . .	705
Street-dealers, London, . . . . .	65
Treatment of Horses (w. c.), . . . . .	289
Venerable Errors, . . . . .	122
Yule, a Green (w. c.), . . . . .	81

## Poetry.

	Page
Address to a Wife, . . . . .	464
Anniversary, an, . . . . .	208
Ballad in the Olden Time, . . . . .	704
Darling Dorel, . . . . .	448
Fairy Shell, the, . . . . .	480
Flowers' Choice, the, . . . . .	672
Flying Hours, . . . . .	496
Frosty Night—a Sonnet, . . . . .	128
Garden, the, . . . . .	704
Glenormiston, Lines on, . . . . .	608
Going out with the Tide, . . . . .	416
Gone Away, . . . . .	368
Grave's Voices, the, . . . . .	336
Heartsease: a Song to my Wife, . . . . .	240
He Giveth his Beloved Sleep, . . . . .	400
Hortus Siccus, . . . . .	394
Lane, In the, . . . . .	640
Lonely Heart, the, . . . . .	288
Love's Whisper, . . . . .	688
Maiden Sleeps, the, . . . . .	304
Memories, . . . . .	544
Missing Slip, the, . . . . .	656
Morning, . . . . .	576
Mother's Prayers, a, . . . . .	432
Our Old Dog Jack, . . . . .	832
Polly Partan, . . . . .	752
Reapers, the, . . . . .	512
Rest, . . . . .	592
Resurgam, . . . . .	192
Song to my Wife, . . . . .	240
Sonnet, . . . . .	528
Sonnet—a Frosty Night, . . . . .	128
Spirits of the Wind, the, . . . . .	352
Stranger's Grave, the, . . . . .	736
Strength of Home, the, . . . . .	96

	Page
Tasto, . . . . .	64
Twoside Pastoral, Fragment of a, . . . . .	608
Waiting, . . . . .	48
— . . . . .	144
Winter Brook, the, . . . . .	32
Winter's Hope, . . . . .	784
Young Girl, To a, . . . . .	16

## Popular Science.

	Page
Animal Life in Madagascar, . . . . .	310
Assyrian Discoveries (w. c.), . . . . .	97
Axolotl (A-chólatl), the, . . . . .	511
Bamboo, a New Paper-making Material, . . . . .	813
Birds of the Polar Regions, . . . . .	490
Botanising, Holiday, . . . . .	560
Brain, Vagaries of the, . . . . .	593
Carnivorous Plant, a, . . . . .	529
Carved Work, Wonders in, . . . . .	713
Colorado Beetle, the, . . . . .	94
Deep-sea Explorations—281, 295, 318, 329	
Engineering Science (Railway in Peru), . . . . .	457
Fever Infection (w. c.), . . . . .	561
Flora of Madagascar, the, . . . . .	408
Frog, the, . . . . .	106
Fungi, . . . . .	365
Glass-making, a Revolution in, . . . . .	478
Ices, Penny, . . . . .	399
Infection, Curiosities of Fever (w. c.), . . . . .	561
Infection, Spread of, . . . . .	732
Log-book of Mr Frank Buckland, . . . . .	801
Man, Alleged Degeneration of, . . . . .	655
Narcotics, . . . . .	396
Organisms, Reproduction of, . . . . .	186
Other, the, . . . . .	388
Polar Bird (the Knot), . . . . .	351
Prince Rupert's Drops, . . . . .	478
Recent Visit to Kent's Cavern, . . . . .	641
Salmon, Growth of the, . . . . .	160
Science and Arts—78, 142, 205, 270, 349, 413, 494, 557, 622, 702, 766, 829	
Sharks, About, . . . . .	380
Snails, . . . . .	45





## vii

<p><b>Jamson's History of Advertising</b>, 131</p> <p><b>Senior's (Red Spinner) Waterside Sketches</b>, 569</p> <p><b>Smith's Assyrian Discoveries (w. c.)</b>, 97</p> <p><b>Tinno's Wonderland of the Antipodes</b>, 173</p> <p><b>Warburton's Journey across the Western Interior of Australia</b>, 673</p> <p><b>Wilson's Abode of Snow</b>, 603</p> <p><b>Wynter's Borderlands of Insanity</b>, 593</p>	<p><b>Cats</b>, 430</p> <p><b>Centenary Festivals, Jubilees and</b>, 60</p> <p><b>Ceylon, a Story of Captives in</b>, 814</p> <p><b>Cheap Railway Travelling</b>, 681</p> <p><b>Children, Management of</b>, 782</p> <p><b>China and Japan, a Lady's Notes about</b>, 788</p> <p><b>China Mania, the Old</b>, 241</p> <p><b>Christmas!</b>, 817</p> <p><b>Circus Life</b>, 834</p> <p><b>Claimant, a Sixteenth Century</b>, 616</p> <p><b>Club Books</b>, 286</p> <p><b>Coaching-days, Recollections of the Old (w. c.)</b>, 225</p> <p><b>Coal-pit, an Adventure in a</b>, 213</p> <p><b>Coffin Question, the (w. c.)</b>, 465</p> <p><b>Colonial Experiences</b>, 73</p> <p><b>Colorado Beetle, the</b>, 94</p> <p><b>Conversation, a Professor of</b>, 208</p> <p><b>Convict System, the Present (w. c.)</b>, 191</p> <p><b>Corporation of London and the Peerage</b>, 112</p> <p><b>Countess of Eglintoun, Story of</b>, 145</p> <p><b>Susannah (w. c.)</b>, 822</p> <p><b>Cragmen and their Perils</b>, 139</p> <p><b>Cromwell's Head, Oliver</b>, 421</p> <p><b>Crowns, About</b>, 150</p> <p><b>Cruise to Baffin's Bay, a</b>, 14</p> <p><b>Cures, Odd</b>, 561</p> <p><b>Curiosities of Fever Infection (w. c.)</b>, 516</p> <p><b>Curious Case of Stealing or Not Stealing</b>, 292</p> <p><b>Curious Companion, a</b>, 361</p> <p><b>Polar Bird (the Knot)</b>, 705</p> <p><b>Dalrymple, Story of the (w. c.)</b>, 113</p> <p><b>Dangerous Classes, the (w. c.)</b>, 619</p> <p><b>Day's Betrothal, a</b>, 281, 295, 318, 328</p> <p><b>Deep-sea Explorations</b>, 655</p> <p><b>Degeneration of Man, the Alleged</b>, 643</p> <p><b>Deposit Structures, Safe</b>, 609</p> <p><b>Diamond Necklace, Affair of the</b>, 63</p> <p><b>Dictionary of Anecdotes, a</b>, 120</p> <p><b>Dinner-table, About the</b>, 193</p> <p><b>Discoveries Regarding Burns, Recent</b>, 686</p> <p><b>Dream, a Remarkable</b>, 84</p> <p><b>Droll Selections of Names</b>, 209</p> <p><b>Duchess of Queensberry, Story of</b>, 513</p> <p><b>Kitty (w. c.)</b>, 471</p> <p><b>Early Recollections, Some (w. c.)</b>, 208</p> <p><b>East India Museum, the</b>, 527</p> <p><b>Eat, What We</b>, 145</p> <p><b>Edible Birds' Nests</b>, 12</p> <p><b>Eglintoun, Countess of (w. c.)</b>, 122</p> <p><b>Eliza Fenning</b>, 371</p> <p><b>Errors, Venerable</b>, 554</p> <p><b>European in India, the (w. c.)</b>, 31</p> <p><b>Eviction, an</b>, 736</p> <p><b>Exhibitions, Greek</b>, 545</p> <p><b>Explosives, the Storage of</b>, 574</p> <p><b>Factory Life in Lancashire</b>, 657</p> <p><b>Faithy Folk, the</b>, 799</p> <p><b>Feathered Neighbours, Our: Partridges</b>, 60</p> <p><b>Female Nail-makers</b>, 501</p> <p><b>Festivals, Jubilees and Centenary</b>, 443</p> <p><b>Fever Infection, Curiosities of (w. c.)</b>, 779, 796</p> <p><b>Fletcher, Mrs (Eliza Dawson)</b>, 408</p> <p><b>Flittermouse Well</b>, 734</p> <p><b>Flora of Madagascar, the</b>, 785</p> <p><b>Football</b>, 312</p> <p><b>Forbes, Story of Lady (w. c.)</b>, 91</p> <p><b>Fortune, a Turn in</b>, 215</p> <p><b>France, Horse-racing in</b>, 331</p> <p><b>Free Libraries</b>, 215</p> <p><b>French Revolution, Incident in the</b>, 331</p>	<p><b>Friendly Gift, a</b>, 140</p> <p><b>Frog, the</b>, 106</p> <p><b>Fungi, About</b>, 365</p> <p><b>Garibaldi, Visit to</b>, 264</p> <p><b>Gas-meters, About</b>, 543</p> <p><b>'Genius' About</b>, 17</p> <p><b>Girl He Left Behind Him, the</b>, 661</p> <p><b>Glass-making, a Revolution in</b>, 478</p> <p><b>Glencairn, a Dramatic Story in</b>, 721, 738, 755</p> <p><b>'Three Acts (w. c.)</b>, 33</p> <p><b>Gordon, Story of Lady Jean (w. c.)</b>, 177</p> <p><b>Gospel of Idleness, the (w. c.)</b>, 26</p> <p><b>Granville's Autobiography</b>, 500, 752</p> <p><b>Great Intervals of Time, Bridging Over</b>, 31</p> <p><b>Greek Exhibitions</b>, 81</p> <p><b>Green Yule, a (w. c.)</b>, 200</p> <p><b>Gunpowder, the Transport and Storage of</b>, 663</p> <p><b>Himalaya, Wanderings in the</b>, 794</p> <p><b>Hints for Nile-boat Invalids</b>, 251</p> <p><b>Historical Manuscripts</b>, 131</p> <p><b>History of Advertising</b>, 580</p> <p><b>Holiday Botanising</b>, 223</p> <p><b>Honoured Hearts</b>, 91</p> <p><b>Horse-racing in France</b>, 289</p> <p><b>Horses and their Treatment (w. c.)</b>, 832</p> <p><b>House-fly, the</b>, 341</p> <p><b>Hulls, Jonathan</b>, 36</p> <p><b>Ice-harvest, the American</b>, 741</p> <p><b>Iceland, About</b>, 399</p> <p><b>Ice, Penny</b>, 177</p> <p><b>Idleness, the Gospel of (w. c.)</b>, 492</p> <p><b>Illegal Writing, a Story about</b>, 331</p> <p><b>Incident in the French Revolution</b>, 371</p> <p><b>India, the European in (w. c.)</b>, 561</p> <p><b>Infection, Curiosities of Fever (w. c.)</b>, 732</p> <p><b>Infection, Spread of</b>, 794</p> <p><b>Invalids, Hints for Nile-boat</b>, 540</p> <p><b>Ireland, an Adventure in</b>, 60</p> <p><b>Jubilees and Centenary Festivals</b>, 12</p> <p><b>Judicial Puzzles—Eliza Fenning</b>, 641</p> <p><b>Kent's Cavern</b>, 737</p> <p><b>Kettle-drum, the</b>, 337</p> <p><b>Knot of Blue Ribbon, a</b>, 777</p> <p><b>Knowledge Papers, Bartley's (w. c.)</b>, 33</p> <p><b>Lady Jean Gordon (w. c.)</b>, 788</p> <p><b>Lady's Notes about China and Japan, a</b>, 545</p> <p><b>Lancashire, Factory Life in</b>, 254, 266</p> <p><b>Recreations</b>, 687</p> <p><b>Legend from the French</b>, 505</p> <p><b>— of the Thames, a</b>, 215</p> <p><b>Libraries, Free</b>, 93</p> <p><b>Life-boat and its Work, the</b>, 715</p> <p><b>Life or Death, For</b>, 625</p> <p><b>Life's Rogret, a</b>, 687</p> <p><b>Lighthouse, the Penitent's</b>, 238</p> <p><b>Little Old Gentleman, the</b>, 173</p> <p><b>— Paradise, a</b>, 801</p> <p><b>Log-book, Frank Buckland's</b>, 65</p> <p><b>London Street-dealers</b>, 82</p> <p><b>Lovitts of Purcell's Inn, the</b>, 763</p> <p><b>Macao, Adventure at</b>, 129</p> <p><b>Madernotte of Ballybahe, the</b>, 310</p> <p><b>Madagascar, Animal Life in</b>, 408</p> <p><b>— the Flora of</b>, 782</p> <p><b>Management of Children</b>, 251</p> <p><b>Manuscripts, Historical</b>, 53</p> <p><b>Mariage Laws, Our (w. c.)</b>, 591</p> <p><b>Married Room</b>, 29</p> <p><b>Marvellous Country, the</b>, 627</p> <p><b>Migratory Birds, Our Summer</b>, 572</p> <p><b>Mint, Notes about the</b>, 589</p> <p><b>Mistakes, Reporters'</b></p>
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	Page		Page		Page
Moral Value of Amusement, . . .	304	Professor of Conversation, a, . . .	208	Stealing or Not Stealing, Curious Case of, . . .	516
Morley Fell, . . .	385	Protection of Wild Birds, the, . . .	321	Stephen Bell, the Usher— . . .	422, 436, 453, 467, 484
Museum, the East India, . . .	471	Purcell's Inch, the Lovitts of, . . .	82	Still Night, In the, . . .	382
Nail-makers, Female, . . .	790	Queensberry, Story of Kitty, . . .	209	Storage of Explosives, the, . . .	736
Names, Droll Selections of, . . .	84	Duchess of (w. c.), . . .	209	Gunpowder, the, . . .	200
Narcotics, . . .	396	Railway Adventure, a, . . .	810	Storm-warnings, . . .	7
Nations, the Vanities of, . . .	763	Railway, a Peruvian, . . .	457	Story about Illegible Writing, a, . . .	492
Natural History and Sport of South-eastern Africa, . . .	503	Travelling, Cheap, . . .	681	of Bassot, . . .	600
New Forest, the (w. c.), . . .	481	Recent Discoveries Regarding Burns, . . .	193	Captives in Ceylon, a, . . .	814
Paper-making Material, a, . . .	813	Recent History of the Pitcairn Islanders, . . .	730	James Annesley (w. c.), . . .	273
Treasures at the British Museum, . . .	537	Recollections of the Old Coaching-days (w. c.), . . .	225	Kitty, Duchess of Queensberry (w. c.), . . .	209
New Zealand, Scotland's New-year's Gift to, . . .	159	Recollections, Some Early (w. c.)— . . .	323, 401, 417, 513	Story of Lady Forbes (w. c.), . . .	785
Nicknames, American, . . .	171	Recreations, Lancashire, . . .	254, 286	Jean Gordon (w. c.), . . .	33
Night in the Backwoods, a, . . .	108	Remarkable Dream, a, . . .	666	Susannah, Countess of Eglington (w. c.), . . .	145
— In the Still, . . .	382	Reporters' Mistakes, . . .	639	Story of the Dalrymples (w. c.), . . .	705
Wile-wast Invalids, Hints for, . . .	794	Reproduction of Organisms, . . .	186	Wandering Jew, the, . . .	637
Norman Sea-side, Summer by the, . . .	525	Rough, the, . . .	694	Street-dealers, London, . . .	65
Notes about the Mint, . . .	572	Royal Bengal Tiger, . . .	728	Summer by the Norman Sea-side, . . .	525
Nursing Sisters, . . .	305	'Rubbish,' . . .	749	Swans, . . .	461
O'Connell, Anecdotes of Dan, . . .	606	Safes and Safe-deposit Structures, . . .	648	Terrible Wedding-trip, a, . . .	49, 75
Odd Cures, . . .	14	Salvage, . . .	684, 697	Thames, a Legend of the, . . .	505
Old-china Mania, the, . . .	241	Sandwich Islands, a Visit to the, . . .	248	Transit of Venus, the, . . .	161
— Gentleman, the Little, . . .	238	Sarah Robinson, . . .	369	Transport of Gunpowder, the, . . .	200
Oliver Cromwell's Head, . . .	139	Scenes, Again Behind the, . . .	178	Treatment of Animals, . . .	174
Organisms, Reproduction of, . . .	186	— on the Spanish Roads, . . .	125	Horses (w. c.), . . .	280
Ostrich-farming in Africa, . . .	719	Scotland's New-year's Gift to New Zealand, . . .	159	Trip by Rail in the Tropics, a, . . .	445
Otter, a Plea for the, . . .	388	Seal, a Plea for the, . . .	433	— on an Incline, . . .	100
Our Feathered Neighbours: Part-ridges, . . .	657	Sea-side Adventure, a, . . .	473	Turn in Fortune, a, . . .	312
Our Marriage-laws (w. c.), . . .	53	Selections of Names, Droll, . . .	84	Two Bachelors, the, . . .	580, 604
— Summer Migratory Birds, . . .	627	Sequel to an Adventure on the Applan Way, . . .	559	Vagaries of the Brain, . . .	593
Paper-making Material, a New, . . .	813	Seventeen Years among Savages, . . .	562	Vanities of Nations, the, . . .	763
Paradise, a Little, . . .	173	Sharks, About, . . .	380	Venerable Errors, . . .	129
Partridges, . . .	657	Shipwrecks, . . .	356	Visit to Arachon, a, . . .	47
Pawnbroking Incident, a, . . .	284	Sick-room, Practical Hints for the, . . .	577	Garibaldi, . . .	264
Peerage, Corporation of London and the, . . .	112	Sisters, Nursing, . . .	305	the Sandwich Islands, a, . . .	248
Penitent's Lighthouse, the, . . .	637	Sixteenth-century Claimant, a, . . .	616	Volunteers, Animal, . . .	257
Penny Loes, . . .	399	Spain and Spain's, . . .	45	Wandering Jew, the Story of the, . . .	637
Peruvian Railway, a, . . .	457	Snow-stayed, . . .	180, 202	Wanderings in the Himalaya, . . .	663
Pitcairn Islanders, Recent History of the, . . .	730	Social Pressure, . . .	51	Waste Materials (w. c.), . . .	95
Plea for the Otter, a, . . .	388	Soldier's Friend (Sarah Robinson), . . .	369	Waterside Sketches, . . .	569
Seal, a, . . .	433	Some Broken Loves, . . .	232	Wedding-trip, a Terrible, . . .	49, 75
Polar Bird, a Curious, . . .	351	Spanish Roads, Scenes on the, . . .	125	Welcome Windfall, a, . . .	460
Regions, the Birds of the, . . .	490	Spiders, About, . . .	235	Westminster Aquarium, the, . . .	748
Practical Hints for the Sick-room, . . .	577	Sporting Reminiscences, Some, . . .	10	What We Eat, . . .	268
Present Convict System, the (w. c.), . . .	191	Sport of South-eastern Africa, . . .	503	Wild Birds, the Protection of, . . .	321
Prince Rupert's Drops, . . .	478	Spread of Infection, . . .	732	Wilmington Giant, the, . . .	8
				Wonders in Carved Work, . . .	713
				Yule, a Green (w. c.), . . .	81
				Zuider Zee, the, . . .	586











